43013

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE
DRAMA, MUSIC, ART
FINANCE

FOUNDED 1865

43918

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

VOLUME CXIX

FROM JULY 2, 1924, TO DECEMBER 31, 1924

THE NATION, Inc.
20 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

43018

INDEX TO VOLUME CXIX

JULY 2, 1924, TO DECEMBER 31, 1924

(Nos. 3078-3104)

The following letters are used to indicate the type of article:

A Art
C Correspondence
D Drama
Dt Driftway
E Editorial Article
EP Editorial Paragraph
F Fiction
I International Relations, Documents
IP International Relations, Foreign Press
IS International Relations, Signed Article
M Music
P Poetry
S Signed Article

Book reviews and reviewers are indexed separately in the Book Review Section.

A

Accidents. See also Automobile accidents
Acquiescence. I. Edman; P..... 624
Adams, Huntington
"Usual crime"; C..... 97
Adee, Alvey A. Obituary; EP..... 59
Adult education. See also Workers' education
Advertising
Freedom through advertising; E..... 89
Newspapers and the Bible; EP..... 175
Aeronautics. See also Airships; Aviation
Aeronautics—Laws and regulations
Uncle Sam as air boss; E..... 559
Africa
Primitive black man. W. E. B. Du Bois; S..... 675
After winter. D. Morton; P..... 76
L'Aiglon. E. Rostand; D..... 527
Airships
In the air; E..... 485
Akali movement. A. Smedley; S..... 15
Alexander, Ruth S.
Reading on shipboard; S..... 118
Aliens
Alien's dilemma. L. A. Malkiel; C..... 339
Incoming-tax on these foreigners. H. W. van Loon; C..... 522
Nordic honor. W. F. Ellis; C..... 18
Perennial patriot. W. H. Powers; C..... 96
Allen, Devere
School for workers' children; S..... 417
Aluminum trust
Secretary Mellon and the trust; EP..... 403
"America." Moving picture; EP..... 203
American association of university professors
Condemns administration of Clark; EP.. 532
American bar association
Is the Bar association K. K. K.? Nildo; C..... 339
American council of learned societies devoted to humanistic studies
American "Who was who"; E..... 698
American federation of labor
American labor at El Paso. N. S. Nearing; C..... 680
El Paso convention; EP..... 612
Gompers, the end of an era; E..... 696
Green succeeds Gompers; EP..... 720
Indorses La Follette ticket; EP..... 153
American legion
Arraigns Republican party; EP..... 455
James A. Drain, new commander; EP.... 322
American music via Europe. H. Straus; M.. 268
Amritsar massacre
Labor government and Amritsar; EP.... 298
Lansbury on Justice McCardie; EP..... 174
Anderson, Maxwell, and L. Stallings
What price glory? Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 316
Anderson, Paul Y.
"Brother Charley"; S..... 442
Andrews, C. F.
From a friend of Gandhi; C..... 495
Andrews, H. G.
"Ask your banker"; S..... 308
Angoff, Charles
What is jealousy?; C..... 365
Annunzio, Gabriele d'
Retirement; EP..... 275
Apeman in Washington; Dt..... 143
Arabia
Hussein's abdication; EP..... 405
Ararat; EP; P..... 299
Archaeology
Cities in the sand; E..... 722
Digging up Carthage. E. Knowlton; S... 466
Architecture
What is modern architecture? F. Kimball; S..... 128
Arctic exploration
Saga of the S. S. Iceberg; E..... 206
Armenia. See also Ararat
Art, Icelandic
Iceland's new birth. E. Knowlton; S.... 374
Art, Mexican
Art and revolution in Mexico. B. D. Wolfe; S..... 207
Artistic temperament; D..... 715
Ashes; D..... 527
"Asia for the Asiatics"; EP..... 174
Associated press
Helpless Associated press; E..... 230
Atwood, Wallace W.; EP..... 532
Austria
Is Austria rehabilitated? H. Kanner; IS. 25
Automobile accidents; EP.....349, 721
Automobile industry
Automobile ups and downs; E..... 301
Automobiles
Subduing the desert; EP..... 667
Autumn. A. Pushkin; P..... 570
Autumn, forsake the hills. F. E. Hill; P.... 444
Aviation
Transcontinental flight; EP..... 3
See also Aeronautics; Airships
Awful Mrs. Eaton; D..... 451

B

Badges; D..... 715
Bahr, Hermann
Mongrel. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D.... 736
Bailey, Warren Worth; EP..... 612
Baker, George P.
Yale wins again; E..... 616
Bakeries
Baking your own bread. J. P. Warbasse; S 163
Baldwin, Celia
General Weaver, young and old; C..... 312
Baldwin, Roger N.
Strike against the government; S..... 120
Ballad. C. Norman; P..... 732
Banks and banking
"Ask your banker." H. G. Andrews; S... 308
Banker saves the farmer. P. H. Millar; S 439
Bankers on Russian bonds; EP..... 86
Bankers' part in Europe; EP..... 532
Banks and banking—Mexico
Mexico's credit, the vital issue. R. Nieto; S..... 209
Barnes, Arthur S.
Snappy work; C..... 313
Baseball; EP..... 431
Baxter, Percival P.; EP..... 29
Bear, U. S. S. C; Dt..... 262
Beffel, John Nicholas
Line-up in Washington state; S..... 492
Bejarano, J. M.
Progressive Latin-Americans; C..... 338
Bell, Clive
Anatole France again; E..... 512
Benton, Paul
Liberal who won; C..... 572
Berries is berries. F. Bradley; S..... 597
Best, Mollie
Quaker revolutionaries; S.....706, 729
Best people. A. Hopwood and D. Gray; D.... 393
Bewitched; D..... 451
"The Big Noise." B. Goodman; F..... 363
Bingham, Hiram. Candidacy; EP..... 612
Biography
American "Who was who"; E..... 698
Birga, B. E.
Offer to Central Europe; C..... 19
Birth-rate
They were born . . . they die; IP..... 130
Black, Helen
New Mexican melodrama; S..... 181
Secret balloting openly arrived at; C..... 574
Black, MacKnight
Give not with your hands; P..... 146
Blackwell, Alice Stone
Married women's titles; C..... 165
Blair, Francis Preston
Who has these letters? W. E. Smith; C. 546
Blake. H. L. Cook; P..... 49
Blanshard, Paul
Liberalism in the colleges; S..... 284
Blasco Ibáñez, Vicente
Campaign against the government; EP.. 457
Courage of Blasco Ibáñez. A. Livingston; C..... 601
Blumgart, Leonard
New psychology and the Franks case; S.. 261
Blunt, Wilfrid Scawen
Wind and the whirlwind; P..... 626
Bodenheim, Maxwell
Poet's love letter; P..... 599
Sonnet to Minna; P..... 467
Truth and realism in literature; S..... 373
Bogan, Louise
Cassandra; P..... 599
Bonds
Bankers on Russian bonds; EP..... 86
Boni, Charles and Albert
Financing freedom. H. Weinberger; C.. 19
Books and reading
Offer to Central Europe. T. S. Harding and B. E. Birga; C..... 19
Borah, William Edgar
Address on war; EP..... 719
How to end war; IS..... 738
Senator Borah's opportunity; E..... 592
Borchard, Edwin
La Follette and the courts; C..... 468
Borden, Hilda. Valedictorian; EP..... 3
Boston police strike, 1919; EP..... 481
Boston university
Spelling test; EP..... 249
Boyd, Ernest
Unpopularity of Anatole France; S..... 488
Bradley, Frances
Berries is berries; S..... 597
Young America; S..... 336
Brazil
Rebellion; EP..... 107
Brenner, Anita
Jew in Mexico; S..... 211
Brewster, Dorothy
Clarifying and interesting; C..... 192
Brite, Mary D.
"Gang" loses in Cincinnati; C..... 708
British East Africa
Anglo-Italian agreement in Jubaland. G. Glasgow; IS..... 55
British humor; E..... 177
British women's symphony orchestra
Musicians militant. H. Straus; M..... 80
Brown, Martin
Great music. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D 450
Brown, Otes E.
New Hampshire; C..... 681
Brownies
Father of the Brownies; E..... 137
Bryan, Charles W.
Acceptance speech; EP..... 202
"Brother Charley." P. Y. Anderson; S.. 442
Davis and Bryan; E..... 88
Wheeler and Bryan and Dawes. W. Hard; S..... 111
Bryan, William J.
At the Democratic convention; EP..... 85
Buck, Pearl S.
Chinese student mind; S..... 358
Buffalo dance at Santo Domingo. W. Bynner; P..... 310
Bullard, Robert Lee; EP..... 693
Bushido. Criticism by O. Meyer; D..... 101
Business
Business makes wars; EP..... 532
Business swung the election. M. H. Hedges; C..... 573
"Governmental interference"; EP..... 588
$10,000,000 verdict. F. P. Sibley; S..... 726
Butler, Nicholas Murray
On power of judicial review; EP..... 322
Butler, Smedley
Philadelphia machine protests; EP..... 202
Butterscotch pie?; E..... 5
Byington, Steven T.
Average citizen's thinking; C..... 731
Bynner, Witter
Buffalo dance at Santo Domingo; P..... 310

C

Cadigan, John A.
"Mother of exiles"; C..... 166
Caillaux, Joseph; EP..... 86
Cain. E. V. Cooke; P..... 186
California
Anti-La Follette arguments in California. U. Sinclair; C..... 496
California supreme court does its bit. M. Stern; S..... 491
La Follette and the far West. J. Harrowby; C..... 445
La Follette electors off ballot; EP..... 347
Science or superstition? M. Shipley; C.. 495
Stay east, young man. J. Y. Kimball; C. 217
California. See also Los Angeles
Calles, Plutarco Elias
Calles speaks; I..... 222
Calles, the teacher and statesman. H. Lamb; S..... 595
Campaign funds
Can the election be bought?; E..... 458
Republican expenditures; EP..... 508
Campbell, M. M.
Hunting red witches; E..... 178

Canada
Canada's publicly owned electrical power. H. W. Laidler; S.... 354
Hunting red witches; E.... 178
Independent treaties; EP.... 30
Canada—Postal service. See Postal service—Canada
Canada—Strikes. See Strikes—Canada
Canby, Henry Seidel
Henry Seidel Canby; S.... 375
Candida. G. B. Shaw; D.... 736
Capital punishment; EP....299, 588
Carib canoe under sail. G. H. Conkling; P.. 732
Caribbean region
"Theirs not to reason why"; E.... 251
Carnegie endowment for international peace
Seven million dollars for peace; E.... 351
Carpenter, Edward. 80th birthday; EP.... 323
Carsey, Ed. A.
Help wanted; C.... 601
Carter, Nick. See Clay, Bertha M.
Carthage
Digging up Carthage. E. Knowlton; S.. 466
Cartoons.....114, 138, 207, 209, 213, 564, 569, 671
Cartoons. See also van Loon, Hendrik Willem; Young, Art
Cassandra. L. Bogan; P.... 599
Cathedrals. See also St. John the Divine
Catholic church. See Roman Catholic church
Cats of Manhattan; Dt.... 627
Cave dwellers misjudged; EP.... 483
Cavell, Edith
Memorial inscription changed; EP.... 203
Censorship
Breaking ranks; E.... 511
Financing freedom. H. Weinberger; C... 19
Officers or gentlemen?; E.... 352
Radio censorship. R. B. Guinness; C.... 446
Chafin, Don; EP.... 612
Chambers, Whittaker
Quag-hole; P.... 732
Chapman, John Jay; EP.... 556
Chass, Benjamin P.
Library censorship; C.... 628
Cheering at Cornell; EP.... 457
Cheevers, Sarah
Woman's battalion. M. Best; S.... 729
Chicherin, George
China and Russia agree; IP.... 102
Child, S. R.
Child labor and Congress; C.... 239
Child labor
Berries is berries. F. Bradley; S.... 597
Child labor and Congress. S. R. Child; C. 239
Child labor must end; E.... 590
Federal amendment; EP.....509, 666
Children. See also Illegitimacy
Children—U. S.
Young America. F. Bradley; S.... 336
Children's literature
Books for children. D. Graffe; S.... 660
Chile
Ousting President Alessandri; EP.... 299
China
British labor and Chinese brigands; IP.. 503
Chinese warfare; Dt.... 364
Civil war; EP.....274, 456, 482
Liang Shih-yi in America. C. F. Liu; C.. 312
Western imperialism in China; IP.... 553
China—Foreign relations
Bossing the Far East; I.... 199
China and Germany settle up; I.... 426
China and Russia agree; IP.... 102
China—Railroads. See Railroads—China
Chinese student mind. P. S. Buck; S.... 358
Christian century; EP.... 613
Christmas ship of friendship; EP.... 431
Church
Plight of the country church; EP.... 613
Churchill, Winston S.
Shall we commit suicide?; IP.... 608
Cincinnati
"Gang" loses in Cincinnati. M. D. Brite; C.... 708
Cities in the sand; E.... 723
Citizenship, Education for
What your child learns. M. J. Herskovits and M. M. Willey; S.... 282
City and country school
New education. A. De Lima; S.... 116
Civic education. See Citizenship, Education for
Civil service
Republican platform; EP.... 86
Civilization
Advancing backward; E.... 723
"White Indians"; Dt.... 165
Clam chowder
Clam chowder on Olympus. H. Economidy; C.... 469
"Eats"; E.... 408
Yum-yum!; E.... 231
Clark university; EP.....457, 532
Clarksburg, West Virginia. W. Hard; S.... 215
Classical education
General education board report; EP.... 349
Clay, Bertha M.
Literature in limbo; E.... 110
Obituary; EP.... 509
Clayton anti-trust law
Jolt for the judges; E.... 485
Cleghorn, Sarah N.
Jim Denson, a fragment of history; S.... 306
Cleveland, Ohio
La Follette carried Cleveland. R. A. Loveland; C.... 546
Close harmony; D.... 686
Clothing and dress
Dress for men; Dt.... 287, EP.... 613
Clugston, W. G.
Reporter's mirror; S.... 361
Cock o' the roost; D.... 502
Coffin, Robert P. Tristram
Dew and bronze; P.... 290
College students
Chinese student mind. P. S. Buck; S.... 358
Industrial service group resolutions; EP.. 349
Colleges and universities—United States
As it will be soon; E.... 697
College lecture courses. M. P. Whitney; C.... 469
Liberalism in the colleges. P. Blanshard; S.... 284
Colleges and universities—U. S. See also American association of university professors; Clark university; Cornell university; Dartmouth college; Harvard university; Michigan university; Northwestern university
Colonial furniture. See Furniture, American
Columns, Newspaper
Snappy journalism. F. Frankfurter; C.. 122
Communism in the *Evening post;* IP.... 296
Communist party (Russia)
Leon Trotzky, down but not out. L. Fischer; IS.... 81
Private trade in soviet Russia; I.... 84
Strength of the Russian Communist party; I.... 27
Communists and the experts; I.... 150
Congreve, William
Way of the world. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D.... 606
Conkling, Grace Hazard
Carib canoe under sail; P.... 732
Conrad, Joseph
Conrad and his fame; E.... 157
Joseph Conrad. H. L. Mencken; S.... 179
Conscience. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D.... 343
Conscription
Of men, not capital; EP.... 58
Contemporary disillusion. L. Mumford; S.... 636
Convention notes. A. Young (cartoons).... 40
Cook, Harold Lewis
Blake; P.... 49
Cooke, Edmund Vance
From the book of extenuations: The serpent; Cain; Moses; Ruth; David; P.... 186
Cooking
Do women cook for men?; Dt.... 731
Coolidge, Calvin
"Adequate brevity"; Dt.... 444
Coolidge and the police strike; EP.... 481
Death of son; EP.... 57
Message to Congress; EP.... 665
Mr. Coolidge stands pat; E.... 205
Speeches; EP.....247, 274, 297, 482
Two excellent deeds; EP.... 248
Cooperation
Baking your own bread. J. P. Warbasse; S.... 163
Making cooperation succeed in America. A. D. Warbasse; S.... 673
Progress in United States; EP.... 667
"Corn on cob"; EP.... 323
Cornell university; EP.... 457
Coryell, John R. See Clay, Bertha M.
Cost of living and wages; EP.... 247
Courts—France
Ernest Judet case; EP.... 59
Courts—United States
La Follette and the courts. E. Borchard; C.... 468
Legislative functions; EP.... 106
Our despotic courts; E.... 300
Courts—United States. See also Supreme court of the United States
Courts, Municipal
Unto the least of these . . .; E.... 459
Couzens, James
On the war-path; EP.... 133
Cows. M. Luhrs; P.... 543
Cox, Palmer
Father of the Brownies; E.... 137
Crane, Stephen
Stephen Crane and the genius myth. F. Dell; S.... 637
Credit
$10,000,000 verdict. F. P. Sibley; S.... 726
Credit. See also Loans, Foreign
Crime and criminals
Jim Denson, a fragment of history. S. N. Cleghorn; S.... 306
New life in the law. F. Toksvig; IS.... 716
Critics
Critic criticized. E. B. Patton; C.... 681
Henry Seidel Canby. H. S. Canby; S.... 375
Unknown critic. By Himself; S.... 638
Croatia
Croatian peasant movement. S. Radich; C.... 217
Cross-word puzzles; Dt.... 680
Cullen, Countee P.
Wise; P.... 522
Cunningham, J. C.
Negro and the G. O. P.; C.... 419

D

D., M. B.
General Hertzog's policy, an interview; IS. 452
Dana, H. W. L.
Hurting France; C.... 145
Danics
Europe at peace! J. Lachenbruch; C.... 339
d'Annunzio, Gabriele. See Annunzio, Gabriele d'
Darien, The Colony of
White Indians; E.... 33
Dartmouth college
As students see it; E.... 156
Liberalism in the colleges. P. Blanshard; S.... 284
Daugherty, Harry M.
Gaston B. Means indictment; EP.... 321
David. E. V. Cooke; P.... 186
Davis, John W.
Clarksburg, West Virginia. W. Hard; S. 215
Cleveland, Wilson, ——?; E.... 4
Davis and Bryan; E.... 88
Davis the double-edged. W. Hard; S.... 94
Important law cases; EP.... 173
Labor day speech; EP.... 247
Lawyer for President? What lawyer?; E.. 324
Lawyers' campaign committee; EP.... 404
Mr. Davis accepts; E.... 176
On curbing Supreme court's power; EP.. 348
Party government ebbs. W. Hard; S.... 189
Walsh's notification speech; EP.... 201
Who is John W. Davis?; E.... 327
Davis, Owen
Lazybones. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 394
Dawes, Charles G.
Dawes, first aid to swindlers. D. E. Lilienthal; S.... 414
Friend of the workingman; EP.... 455
Lorimer case; EP.... 403
Wheeler and Bryan and Dawes. W. Hard; S.... 111
Dawn; D.... 686
Day and night; D.... 736
Dearborn independent on crime; EP.... 57
Death penalty. See Capital punishment
Death-rate. See Mortality
Debts, Public
Inter-allied debts; EP.... 694
Mexico's debt; I.... 223
Our claims against Germany; E.... 535
Declamation. See Elocution
Defense day
Controversy; EP.....29, 87, 133, 297
Dollar patriotism. G. Seibel; C.... 263
"Mobilization" or "Defense test"?; E.... 253
New York *Herald* headlines; EP.... 227
Red cross call to colors; EP.... 274
Sword-rattling; E.... 155
"Threat to the world." E. H. Sund; C.. 263
Degeneration
Inbreeding and degeneracy. C. E. Parsons; C.... 96
Delaney, William W.
When we spoke "pieces"; E.... 302
De Lima, Agnes
New education; S.....9, 116
Dell, Floyd
Stephen Crane and the genius myth; S.. 637
Dell, Robert
Europe moves toward peace; S.... 518
Democratic party
Democrats are different. W. Hard; S.... 38
Disintegrating Democrats; E.... 60
Forty years ago; E.... 61
South breaking party shackles; EP.... 555
Why should the Democratic party survive?; E.... 534
Democratic party. See also National conventions, Democratic; Tammany Hall
Denmark
Danish disarmament; I.... 716
Disarmament bill; EP.... 273
New life in the law. F. Toksvig; IS.... 716
Scandinavia moves to disarm; France takes alarm; IP.... 529
Denson, Jim, a fragment of history. S. N. Cleghorn; S.... 306
Deportation of aliens; EP.... 482
De Silver, Albert; E.... 670
Desire under the elms. E. O'Neill; D.... 578
Deutsch, Babette
Leningrad; P.... 218
Old women; P.... 218
Sustenance; P.... 624
Dew and bronze. R. P. T. Coffin; P.... 290
Dey, Frederick Van Rensselaer; EP.... 509
Diesel engines, Marine
Transforming commerce; EP.... 589
Dinners and dining
Butterscotch pie?; E.... 5
Diplomacy
Roosevelt's "private papers"; EP.... 173
Directions for burial. W. A. Norris; P.... 417
Disarmament
"Ain't goin' to study war no more"?; E.. 406
American plan; EP.... 2
Danish disarmament;.....EP 273, I 716
Disarmament treaty; I.... 131
League protocol; EP.... 430
Precondition of security?; EP.... 348

Scandinavia moves to disarm; France takes alarm; IP ... 529
Way to disarm; E ... 325
Working toward disarmament. J. T. Shotwell; S ... 112
Disarmament. See also Peace
Disillusion, Contemporary. L. Mumford; S ... 636
Divorces and suicides in Germany; IP ... 428
Dixie to Broadway; D ... 552
Dole, Charles F.
La Follette and imperialism; C ... 313
Doremus, Robert P.
We break up the home; C ... 191
Drain, James A.
Commander of the Legion; EP ... 322
Dreams. R. Humphries; P ... 19
Du Bois, William Edward Burghardt
Primitive black man; S ... 675
Duke, James B.
As it will be soon; E ... 697
Dumay, Henri
Rescue of exiles; EP ... 175

E

Eastman, Crystal
Feminists must fight; C ... 523
Eastman, Max
Russian summer resort; S ... 568
To Lisa in summer; P ... 635
Eastman, Max, translator
Autumn. A. Pushkin; P ... 570
Eaton, Walter Prichard
Introducing our ancestors; E ... 559
Economidy, H.
Clam chowder on Olympus. H. Economidy; C ... 469
Edman, Irwin
Acquiescence; P ... 624
Education—United States
As students see it; E ... 156
Catholicism and education; EP ... 557
Education week; EP ... 323, 532
New education. A. De Lima; S ... 9, 116
"Scouts with a difference." N. Thomas; C. 680
Education—United States. See also Colleges and universities—United States; Schools; Workers' education
Edward Albert, prince of Wales; EP ... 275
Edwards, Robert H.
"Swashbuckling"; C ... 339
Egypt
Beyond Egypt; E ... 614
British ultimatum; EP ... 587
England and Egypt in the Sudan; I ... 224
England and Egypt; the rights and wrongs. H. W. Nevinson; S ... 701
League ahoy!; E ... 697
Return to Jerusalem. L. Lewisohn; S ... 724
What England wants in the Sudan; IP ... 688
Wind and the whirlwind. W. S. Blunt; P. 626
Eight-hour day. See Hours of labor
Eighteenth century
Indispensable century; E ... 591
Einstein, Albert
Rejoins the League; EP ... 87
Elder, Benedict
Catholicism and the state; C ... 709
Elections—France
Comments of *Evening post;* EP ... 31
Elections—Germany
Effect on political situation; EP ... 720
Moving to the center; EP ... 666
National election; EP ... 456
Elections—Great Britain
Bolshevik bogy; EP ... 456
England's choice; E ... 511
Hazards of "hustling"; EP ... 509
Elections—Mexico
Victory of Calles; EP ... 106
Elections—United States
Business wins; E ... 510
52.8 per cent vote; EP ... 556
"Gang" loses in Cincinnati. M. D. Brite; C ... 708
Liberal who won. J. W. Nixon, P. Benton; C ... 572
Now that the smoke of battle . . . I. S.; C ... 546
Point of the election. W. Hard; S ... 521
Results; EP ... 274, 507, 531
Secret balloting openly arrived at. H. Black; C ... 574
Elections—United States. See also Presidents—United States—Election
Ellis, William F.
Nordic honor; C ... 18
Elocution
When we spoke "pieces"; E ... 302
England—Social conditions
Nobody's children; E ... 135
England and Egypt in the Sudan; I ... 224
English Channel
Tunnel project abandoned; EP ... 107
English literature
Indispensable century; E ... 591
English peace society; EP ... 59
Esthonia
Private property in Esthonia. A. Ruhl; C. 145
Esthonia—Land tenure. See Land tenure—Esthonia
Ethical culture school
New education. A. De Lima; S ... 9
Ethics
Communist puritans. L. Fischer; S ... 235
Women—free for what? E. Muir; S ... 140
Ethics, Sexual. See Sexual ethics
Europe
Bankers' part in Europe; EP ... 532
Europe moves toward peace. R. Dell; S. . 518
Political pot boils again; EP ... 531
Violation of Europe; I ... 630
Europe—Politics
New peace in Europe; E ... 205
European war, 1914-1918
German vs. allied soldiers; EP ... 693
How France went to war. L. S. Gannett; S ... 113
1914-1924; E ... 108
Open letter to ex-soldiers. T. Q. Harrison; C ... 709
Violation of Europe; I ... 630
What every veteran knows. A. H. Gibbs; S ... 537
European war, 1914-1918—Diplomatic history
Open the secret archives; EP ... 30
Evangelists
Against blasphemy. H. v. L.; C ... 145
Evans, Catherine
Woman's battalion. M. Best; S ... 729
Evans, Ernestine
Here are ladies; S ... 41
Everest, Mount
Everest wins; E ... 33
Evolution
Science or superstition? M. Shipley; C .. 495
Ewer, W. N.
Morel and MacDonald; C ... 731
Excavations (archaeology)
Cities in the sand; E ... 723
Digging up Carthage. E. Knowlton; S ... 466
Experimental schools. See Schools, Experimental

F

Fake; D ... 474
Famines—Russia
Fight against Russia. J. Smith; S ... 570
Russia's harvest; I ... 245
Far cry. A. Richman; D ... 451
Farmer-labor party. See also National conventions, Farmer-labor-progressive
Farmers
Banker saves the farmer. P. H. Millar; S. 439
Department of Agriculture report; EP ... 248
Farmers and their debts. G. Lloyd; C .. 709
Politicians betray the farmer. G. M. Shelby; S ... 593
Shoes, eggs and *The Nation.* J. F. M.; C. 18
Farmer's wife; D ... 502
Fauré, Gabriel
Puccini and Fauré. P. Sanborn; M ... 714
Federal council of churches of Christ in America
"Mobilization" or "Defense test"?; E ... 253
Feis Ceoil. H. Straus; M ... 550
Ferguson, Miriam A. W. Election; EP ... 507
Fiction
Martha Ostenso wins prize; EP ... 557
Filene, Edward A.
Freedom through advertising; E ... 89
Filene, Edward A., peace prizes
Plans of winners; EP ... 248, 405
Finance—Mexico
Mexico's credit, the vital issue. R. Nieto; S ... 209
Finck, Henry T. Resignation; Dt ... 47
Firebrand. E. J. Mayer; D ... 501
Firpo, Luis
Deportation controversy; EP ... 299
Fischer, Louis
Communist puritans; S ... 235
Greased wheels of diplomacy; S ... 357
Leon Trotzky, down but not out; IS ... 81
Nepman is passing; S ... 564
Sinclair *vs.* Standard oil in Russia; S ... 138
Soviet Georgia's little revolution; S ... 671
Fisher, Mary
Woman's battalion. M. Best; S ... 729
Fisk university
Endowment fund; EP ... 107
Flecker, James Elroy
Hassan. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D ... 423
Flettner, Anton; EP ... 589
Foch, Ferdinand
Marshal Foch on peace; I ... 554
Folklore
First glance. M. Van Doren; S ... 710
Ford, Henry
Five-day week, no vacation; EP ... 3
Ford, Henry. See also *Dearborn independent*
Foreigners. See Aliens
Forest fires
Burning forests; E ... 536
Forests and forestry. See also National forests
Forsaken love. Criticism by O. Meyer; D ... 101
Fosdick, Harry Emerson
Mr. Fosdick and the Presbyterians; E ... 433
Fossil; Dt ... 122
Fox grave. Criticism by O. Meyer; D ... 101
France, Anatole
Anatole France; E ... 434, 512
Anatole France, the host. P. Sanborn; S. 489
First glance; S ... 497
Master Anatole. J. Macy; S ... 487
Unpopularity of Anatole France. E. Boyd; S ... 488
France
Communist peril; EP ... 720
France sets an example; I ... 690
How France went to war. L. S. Gannett; S ... 113
Hurting France. H. W. L. Dana; C ... 145
Recognition of Russia; EP ... 508
Scandinavia moves to disarm; France takes alarm; IP ... 529
Stifling communist revolution; EP ... 666
Swiss border "free zones"; EP ... 666
France—Courts. See Courts—France
France and Germany
Commercial treaty menace to Britain; EP. 248
Difficulties of Dawes plan; EP ... 86
Frankfurter, Felix
Snappy journalism; C ... 122
Franks murder case
Loeb-Leopold case; EP ... 175
New psychology and the Franks case. L. Blumgart; S ... 261
Free speech
Breaking ranks; E ... 511
Freedom of the press
Gagging the press in Italy; I ... 269
New Mexican melodrama. H. Black; S .. 181
Freedom or imperialism? J. Vasconcelos; S .. 212
Freeman, Douglas
Virginia, a gentle dominion; S ... 68
Friends, Society of
Quaker meant friend. M. Kelsey; C ... 445
Quaker revolutionaries. M. Best; S..706, 729
Friendship week; IP ... 530
From the book of extenuations. E. V. Cooke; P ... 186
Frost, Robert
Life fellowship at Michigan; EP ... 533
Fuchs, James
Why Matteotti had to die; S ... 114
Furniture, American
Introducing our ancestors; E ... 559

G

G., L.
Real Jewish Babbitt; C ... 47
Gale, Zona
Drafting La Follette; C ... 96
Gandhi, Mohandas Karamchand
Against Gandhi. F. Kunz; C ... 144
For Gandhi. B. Watson; C ... 289
From a friend of Gandhi. C. F. Andrews; C ... 495
Religious-unity conference; EP ... 404
Gannett, Lewis S.
How France went to war; S ... 113
Gardner, Gilson
Our next president, La Follette or Wheeler?; S ... 279
Garment workers
Gottlieb and Seiff; E ... 459
Revolution, new style. G. Soule; S ... 93
Unemployment insurance gains; EP ... 59
Geiser, Karl F.
Will Germany live again?; IS ... 318
Gemier, M. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D ... 607
Genius
Stephen Crane and the genius myth. F. Dell; S ... 637
Where are the women geniuses? S. Kopald; S ... 619
Georgia (republic)
Soviet Georgia's little revolution. L. Fischer; S ... 671
Germany
China and Germany settle up; I ... 426
Divorces and suicides in Germany; IP ... 428
Impossible economic hurdles; EP ... 349
Will Germany live again? K. F. Geiser; IS ... 318
Germany. See also France and Germany
Germany—Politics and government
Effect of election; EP ... 720
Emerging from political crisis; EP ... 430
Moving to the center; EP ... 666
Germany—Reparations
American citizens on boards; EP ... 273
Britain and our reparations; E ... 669
Germany—Reparations—Dawes plan
Bankers and statesmen; EP ... 134, 430
Comments of O. D. Young; EP ... 693
Communists and the experts; I ... 150
Dawes plan, the knell of internationalism. C. Southworth; C ... 494
Europe declares peace; EP ... 153
New peace in Europe; E ... 205
Our claims against Germany; E ... 535
Program of reconciliation; I ... 150
Reichstag approves; EP ... 248
Will Germany live again? K. F. Geiser; IS ... 318
Gibbs, A. Hamilton
What every veteran knows; S ... 537
Giddy. R. L. Wolf; P ... 124
Gifts. M. W. Ward; P ... 376
Give not with your hands. M. Black; P 146
Glasgow, George
Anglo-Italian agreement in Jubaland; IS .. 55
Gluck, Christoph Willibald
Note on Gluck. P. Sanborn; M ... 661
Golden, John; EP ... 431
Golden book. New magazine; EP ... 694
Goldenweiser, Alexander
Man the creator; S ... 622

Goldmark, Josephine
In honor of Mrs. Kelley; C..... 469
Gompers, Samuel
Gompers, the end of an era; E..... 696
Porto Rico A. F. of L.; EP..... 58
Gooch, G. P.; EP..... 721
Goodman, Blanche
"The Big Noise"; F..... 363
Gorki, Maxim
Lenin the man; IS..... 584
Gottlieb and Seiff; E..... 459
Government employees
Try it on with ships. W. Hard; S..... 563
Government employees. See also Civil service
Government employees—Salaries
Living costs and salaries; EP..... 247
Government ownership
Canada's publicly owned electrical power. H. W. Laidler; S..... 354
Contrary to our policies?; EP..... 106
Government ownership to the fore; E.... 407
Try it on with ships. W. Hard; S..... 563
Wisconsin and socialism. W. Hard; S.. 160
Government ownership. See also Hydroelectric plants, Municipal
Graffe, Dorothy
Books for children; S..... 660
Graham, Stephen V.; EP..... 532
Gray, David, and A. Hopwood
Best people. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 393
Great Britain
Archives opened; EP..... 721
Beyond Egypt; E..... 614
Britain and our reparations; E..... 669
England and Egypt in the Sudan; I..... 224
England and Egypt; the rights and wrongs. H. W. Nevinson; S..... 701
League ahoy!; E..... 697
Opium and England. E. N. La Motte; S. 232
Ultimatum to Egypt; EP..... 587
What England wants in the Sudan; IP.. 688
Great Britain—Cabinet
Baldwin's new cabinet; EP..... 532
Great Britain—Colonies and dominions
Tendency to independence; EP..... 30
Terrorism revived in India; EP..... 556
Great Britain—Elections. See Elections—Great Britain
Great Britain—Foreign relations
Abdication of Hussein; EP..... 405
Anglo-Italian agreement in Jubaland. G. Glasgow; IS..... 55
Anglo-Russian treaty; I 243, 269, EP 174, 611
British labor and Chinese brigands; IP.. 503
England and Russia agree. P. J. Rabinovitch; S..... 237
Russia answers Britain; I..... 717
Trouble with Mexico; EP..... 2
Western imperialism in China; IP..... 553
Zinoviev letter; EP..... 694
Great Britain—Politics and government
German Rhodes scholars; EP..... 135
Irak-Mosul problem; EP..... 30
Labor government; EP.....154, 298, 405
Ramsay MacDonald's achievement; E.... 432
Great Britain—Social conditions. See England—Social conditions
Great music. M. Brown; D..... 450
Greece
Labor in Greece. G. Saranton; IS..... 197
Greece — Trade unions. See Trade unions — Greece
Greek language
General education board report; EP..... 349
Green, Frederick
"Our despotic courts"; C..... 469
Green, William; EP..... 720
Greenback party
General Weaver, young and old. C. Baldwin; C..... 312
Greenland
Buried past of Greenland. P. Nörlund; S. 161
In the days of Eric the Red; EP..... 154
Griggs, J. W.
Campaign contribution; C..... 239
Grounds for divorce. E. Vajda; D..... 393
Guardsman. F. Molnàr; D..... 501
Guinness, Ralph B.
Radio censorship; C..... 446

H

H., A. H.
Nation among royalty; C..... 123
Haiti
"Helping Haiti." J. Mirault; C..... 419
New bonds and the railroads; EP..... 134
Stepping on Haiti; E..... 177
United States withdrawal demanded; EP. 31
Hamilton, Cosmo
Parasites. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D.. 686
Harbaugh, Thomas C. Obituary; EP..... 509
Hard, William
Bolshevism and populism; S..... 12
Clarksburg, West Virginia; S..... 215
Crystal-gazing for parties; S..... 493
Davis the double-edged; S..... 94
Democrats are different; S..... 38
Direct voting for president; S..... 236
Honorary degree; Dt..... 46
In bad all round; S..... 598
In sympathy with Mr. Hard. C. Nagel; C. 681
Instructive New Hampshire; S..... 332
La Follette and Standard oil; S..... 286
La Follette's party, will it last?; S..... 142
La Follette's "strategy"; S..... 260
National village notelets; S..... 625
Nicaragua pecking the shell; S..... 416
One-party system; S..... 703
Party government ebbs; S..... 189
Plymouth, Clarksburg, Madison; S..... 305
Point of the election; S..... 521
"Politics ain't what it was"; S..... 441
She does not list so much; S..... 545
Shipstead tells some stories; S..... 462
Ted, jr.; S..... 353
That man La Follette; S..... 65
Try it on with ships; S..... 563
Wheeler and Bryan and Dawes; S..... 111
Wisconsin and socialism; S..... 160
Harding, T. Swann
Offer to Central Europe; C..... 19
Harem. E. Vajda; D..... 686
Harrison, Thomas Q.
Open letter to ex-soldiers; C..... 709
Harrowby, John
La Follette and the far West; C..... 445
Harvard university
Objection to Catholic fellow; EP..... 556
Yale wins again; E..... 616
Hassan. J. E. Flecker; D..... 423
Haste, R. A.
What is Wheeler?; S..... 465
Hays, Arthur Garfield
Modern marriage and ancient laws; S.... 187
Hearst, William Randolph
Helpless Associated press; E..... 230
Heaven and hell; E..... 460
Hedges, M. H.
Business swung the election; C..... 573
La Follette up to date; C..... 239
Tragedy of the *Minnesota star;* C..... 73
Hell and heaven; E..... 460
Herreshoff shipyard, Bristol, R. I.; EP..... 228
Herrin, Illinois
Klan riot; EP..... 248
Herriot, Edouard
Conference with MacDonald; EP..... 1
Swiss border "free zones"; EP..... 666
Tending toward reaction; EP..... 666
Herskovits, Melville J., and M. M. Willey
What your child learns; S..... 282
Hertzog, J. B. M.
General Hertzog's policy; an interview. M. B. D.; IS..... 452
Hibben, Paxton
It's a way we have in the army; E..... 301
Russian red cross; C..... 419
Hill, Frank Ernest
Autumn, forsake the hills; P..... 444
Hinkle, Beatrice M.
Women and the new morality; S..... 541
Hobson, John A.
E. D. Morel; C..... 600
Holby, Lilian
America and peace; C..... 74
Hoover, Herbert C.
Government ownership to the fore; E.... 407
Hopwood, Avery, and D. Gray
Best people. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 393
Horace Mann school
New education. A. De Lima; S..... 9
Hotels; Dt.....522, 546
Hours of labor
8-hour day in Europe; EP..... 134
Hourwich, Isaac A.
Jews must stick together; C..... 48
Howard, Sidney
They knew what they wanted. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 662
Huerta, Adolfo de la
Mexico's debt; I..... 223
Hughes, R. O.
Schoolbooks and propaganda; C..... 629
Humor
British humor; E..... 177
Humphries, Rolfe
Dreams; P..... 19
Rational man; P..... 635
Hungary
Countess Karolyi. E. Lengyel; S..... 520
Europe at peace! J. Lachenbruch; C.... 339
Government corruption; EP..... 611
Hunting with gun or camera; Dt..... 494
Hurst, Fannie
Comments on Russia; EP..... 249
What Fannie Hurst really thinks; C..... 313
Hydroelectric plants, Municipal
Canada's publicly owned electrical power. H. W. Laidler; S..... 354

I

Iceberg (steamship)
Saga of the S.S. Iceberg; E..... 206
Icelandic art. See Art, Icelandic
Icelandic literature
Iceland's new birth. E. Knowlton; S.... 374
If some grim tragedy. N. M. Smith; P..... 167
Illegitimacy
Nobody's children; E..... 135
North Dakota law; EP..... 299
Immigration and emigration
International migration service; EP..... 457
Immigration and emigration—United States
Klan at work. Klansman; C..... 75
"Mother of exiles." J. A. Cardigan; C.. 166
Imperialism
Beyond Egypt; E..... 614
Income tax
1922 receipts; EP..... 57
Publication of returns; EP.....481, 508
Independent
Dawes and the Lorimer case; EP..... 403
India
Akali movement, an heroic epic. A. Smedley; S..... 15
Greatest power in the world; E..... 61
Progress of the Swarajists; EP..... 322
Religious-unity conference; EP..... 404
Terrorism revived; EP..... 556
India. See also Amritsar massacre
Indians. White Indians; E..... 33
Industrial workers of the world
Deportation of ex-prisoners; EP..... 482
San Pedro. M. Reed; S..... 45
Injunctions
Gottlieb and Seiff; E..... 459
Jolt for the judges; E..... 485
Insects
Cimex lectularius, etc.; Dt..... 238
Institute of politics, Williams college
"Theirs not to reason why"; E..... 251
Insurance, Unemployment; EP..... 612
International conference for world peace
Peace conference in Berlin; I..... 529
International friendship week; IP..... 530
Irak. See Mesopotamia
Ireland
Boundary question; EP..... 227
Ulster and the Free State; EP..... 298
Irvine, A. C.
Everest wins; E..... 33
Irwin, Will
Patriotism that pays; S..... 513
Italy
Anglo-Italian agreement in Jubaland. G. Glasgow; IS..... 55
Gagging the press in Italy; I..... 269
Is fascism shaken?; EP..... 611
Letter by Matteotti; I..... 172
Mussolini and the klan; E..... 5
Why Matteotti had to die. J. Fuchs; S.. 114

J

J.
We see our finish; C..... 446
Jacobstein, Meyer
Liberal who won. J. W. Nixon, P. Benton; C..... 572
Japan
Exchange of gifts with United States; EP. 107
Greased wheels of diplomacy. L. Fischer; S..... 357
Missionary protest. W. Woodward; C.... 217
Retaliation against United States; EP.... 107
Roosevelt's "private papers"; EP..... 173
Japanese drama
Four plays from old Japan. O. Meyer; D. 101
Jaurès, Jean Léon
Jaurès at the Pantheon. I. Treat; S.... 677
Jazz music
American music via Europe. H. Straus; M..... 268
Jerusalem
Return to Jerusalem. L. Lewisohn; S.... 724
Jews
Bertrand Russell and the Jewish law. M. Jung; C..... 191
Common clay. B. Wallerstein; C..... 48
Jew in Mexico. A. Brenner; S..... 211
Jews must stick together. I. A. Hourwich; C..... 48
Mythical cohesion of the Jews. D. Meirowsky; C..... 47
Real Jewish Babbitt. L. G.; C..... 47
Jews in Poland
Departure. L. Lewisohn; S..... 335
Jokes, Practical; EP..... 695
Jolibois, L., fils
"Helping Haiti." J. Mirault; C..... 419
Journal of social forces; EP..... 556
Journalist as prime minister; E..... 6
Journalists
We see our finish. J.; C..... 446
Jubaland. See British East Africa
Judet, Ernest. Court's decision; EP..... 59
Jugoslavia
Radich returns to government; EP..... 430
Jugoslavia. See also Croatia
Jung, M.
Bertrand Russell and the Jewish law; C.. 191
Jusserand, Jean Adrien Antoine Jules
Going of M. Jusserand; E..... 560

K

Kanner, Heinrich
Is Austria rehabilitated?; IS..... 25
Kansas
W. A. White runs for governor; EP..... 322
Karakhan, L. M.
Bossing the Far East; I..... 199
Karger, Gus. Obituary; EP..... 589
Karolyi, Catherine, countess
Countess Karolyi. E. Lengyel; S..... 520
Menken protests admission to United States; EP..... 483
Karolyi, Michael, count; EP..... 720
Kaufman, George
Minick. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D.... 423

Kelley, Florence
In honor of Mrs. Kelley. J. Goldmark; C. 469
Testimonial dinner; EP. 533
Women's wages and the law; C. 288
Kelsey, Mary
Quaker meant friend; C. 445
Kendig, Isabelle
Women in the progressive movement; S. 544
Kennell, Ruth Epperson
Kuzbas in 1924; S. 566
Kimball, Fiske
What is modern architecture?; S. 128
Kimball, Jessie Y.
Stay east, young man; C. 217
Klansman
Klan at work; C. 75
Klosner, Morris
Free the air!; C. 497
Knowlton, Elizabeth
Digging up Carthage; S. 466
Iceland's new birth; S. 374
Koch, Theodore W.
Correction and a rebuke; C. 74
Kopald, Sylvia
Where are the women geniuses?; S. 619
Kremers, Edward
Motto for La Follette; C. 217
Krutch, Joseph Wood
Accomplished actress; D. 527
Average citizen's thinking. S. T. Byington; C. 731
Compromise; D. 662
Dramatic editor; EP. 228
God of stumps; D. 578
Hopwood versus Vajda; D. 393
Melodrama and aspirations; D. 450
Mimicry and realism; D. 423
Miscellany; D. 736
Our best war play; D. 316
Pinero the timid; D. 551
Problem; D. 343
Pure theater; D. 715
Too much Main Street; D. 686
Two comedies; D. 501
Two experiments; D. 474
Utopia of gallants; D. 606
Ku Klux Klan
As campaign issue; EP. 29, 227
Is the Bar association K. K. K.? Nildo; C. 339
Judge Lindsey in Denver. B. B. Lindsey; C. 573
Klan at work. Klansman; C. 75
Klan in the election. C. R. Long; C. 600
Shed a tear for the klan; E. 351
Kunz, F.
Against Gandhi; C. 144
Kuzbas colony, Siberia
Kuzbas in 1924. R. E. Kennell; S. 566
Kuznetz Basin concession. See Kuzbas colony

L

Labor and laboring classes—Great Britain. See also Trade union congress
Labor and laboring classes—United States
Resolutions of college students; EP. 349
Labor and laboring classes—United States. See also Trade unions—United States
Lachenbruch, Jerome
Europe at peace!; C. 339
Lafayette motors corporation
Automobile ups and downs; E. 301
La Follette, Robert Marion
Anti-La Follette arguments in California. U. Sinclair; C. 496
"Appalling confusion" in the New York *World;* E. 136
California supreme court does its bit. M. Stern; S. 491
Campaign items; EP. 105, 133, 153, 173, 321, 482, 588
Critic of La Follette. W. Taylor; C. 366
Drafting La Follette. Z. Gale; C. 96
Honest convention. O. G. Villard; S. 63
How dangerous is La Follette?; E. 229
La Follette and imperialism. C. F. Dole; C. 313
La Follette and Standard oil. W. Hard; S. 286
La Follette and the far West. J. Harrowby; C. 445
La Follette and the one-track liberal mind. D. K. Niles; C. 288
La Follette carried Cleveland. R. A. Loveland; C. 546
La Follette in America. A. Warner; S. 214
La Follette in California. A. Van Aver.; C. 165
La Follette in Washington. A. Warner; S. 180
La Follette in Wisconsin. A. Warner; S. 158
La Follette the wrecker; E. 32
La Follette up to date. M. H. Hedges; C. 239
La Follette's foreign policy; I. 476
La Follette's party, will it last? W. Hard; S. 142
La Follette's "strategy." W. Hard; S. 260
Motto for La Follette. E. Kremers; C. 217
Parties and our foreign policy; E. 276
Republican slush fund charge; EP. 429
Snappy work. A. S. Barnes; C. 313
That man La Follette. W. Hard; S. 65
Winning of the West. O. G. Villard; S. 435
La Follette. W. E. Leonard; P. 363
Laidler, Harry W.
Canada's publicly owned electrical power; S. 354
Lamb, Howard A.
Calles, the teacher and statesman; S. 595
Lamont, Thomas W.
Bankers and statesmen; EP. 430
La Motte, Ellen N.
Opium and England; S. 232
Land tenure—Esthonia
Private property in Esthonia. A. Ruhl; C. 145
Laski, Harold J.
Trade union congress, 1924; IS. 345
Latin America
United States domination; EP. 31
Latin-Americans
Progressive Latin-Americans. J. M. Bejarano; C. 338
Latin language
General education board report; EP. 349
Lawrence, David; EP. 719
Lawyers
Fair day's fee; EP. 349
Lawyers. See also American bar association
Lazybones. O. Davis; D. 394
League of nations
Einstein rejoins; EP. 87
League ahoy!; E. 697
Marshal Foch on peace; I. 554
Security and disarmament; EP. 298
Shall we commit suicide? W. S. Churchill; IP. 608
Turco-Irak frontier question; EP. 508
Way to disarm; E. 325
League of nations. Assembly
"Ain't goin' to study war no more"?; E. 406
Europe moves toward peace. R. Dell; S. 518
League of nations. Council
Twenty-ninth session; EP. 1
League of nations. Protocol for the pacific settlement of international disputes
"Ain't goin' to study war no more"; E. 406
Europe moves toward peace. R. Dell; S. 518
Peace resolution; EP. 273, 430
Leavenworth, Isabel
Virtue and women; S. 42
Lee, Algernon
Would it be a misalliance?; C. 74
Lee, Lawrence
Lines to a dead lady; P. 331
Leete, John H.
Library censorship; C. 628
Leigh-Mallory, George H.
Everest wins; E. 33
Leisure
Freedom or imperialism? J. Vasconcelos; S. 212
Leiv Eiriksson, sloop; EP. 535
Lengyel, Emil
Bandit caliph; IS. 54
Countess Karolyi; S. 520
English for the Viennese; C. 600
Rumanian oil and foreign money; IS. 295
Lenin, Nikolai
Lenin the man. M. Gorki; IS. 584
Leningrad
"Leningrad" and Boston symphony; EP. 457
Leningrad. B. Deutsch; P. 218
Leonard, William Ellery
La Follette; P. 363
Leopold, Nathan F. See Franks murder case
Lewis, Samuel
1848-1860-1924; C. 144
Lewis, Sinclair
Be brisk with Babbitt; S. 409, 437, 463
Main street's been paved!; S. 255
Lewisohn, Ludwig
Departure; S. 335
On love in marriage; S. 464
Return to Jerusalem; S. 724
Liang Shih-yi in America. C. F. Liu; C. 312
Libbey, Laura Jean. Obituary; EP. 483
Liberalism in the colleges. P. Blanshard; S. 284
Liberia
Primitive black man. W. E. B. Du Bois; S. 675
Libraries
Library censorship. B. P. Chass, J. H. Leete; C. 628
Lilienthal, David E.
Dawes, first aid to swindlers; S. 414
Lima, Agnes de. See De Lima, Agnes
Lincoln school
New education. A. De Lima; S. 8
Lindsey, Ben B.
Defeat turns into election; EP. 507, 531
Judge Lindsey in Denver; C. 573
Lines to a dead lady. L. Lee; P. 331
Liquor traffic
Fashions in newspaper hoaxes; E. 251
Wholesale dealers supply co.; EP. 555
Literary criticism. See also Censorship; Critics
Literature
Contemporary disillusion. L. Mumford; S. 636
Few *vs.* the good; E. 486
International literature; E. 669
Truth and realism in literature. M. Bodenheim; S. 373
Literature, Icelandic. See Icelandic literature
Little clay cart; D. 715
Littleton, Martin W.; EP. 482
Liu, C. F.
Liang Shih-yi in America; C. 312
Livingston, Arthur
Courage of Blasco Ibáñez; C. 601
Livy at last?; E. 325
Lloyd, George
Farmers and their debts; C. 709
Loans, Foreign
Concern of our State department; EP. 86
Lodge, Henry Cabot
Henry Cabot Lodge, a scholar in politics. O. G. Villard; S. 539
Loeb, Richard. See Franks murder case
London
Ends search for motto; EP. 589
London *vs.* Paris; Dt. 467
Long, Clarence R.
Klan in the election; C. 600
Look out! E. L. Masters; P. 240
Looking on. A. Young (cartoons). 356
Los Angeles
San Pedro. M. Reed; S. 45
Lossiemouth. F. H. Simonds; S. 330
Louisiana
La Follette electors off ballot; EP. 347
Loveland, Ralph A.
La Follette carried Cleveland; C. 546
Luhrs, Marie
Cows; P. 543
Sonnet; P. 543
Lynching
Richmond *Times-Dispatch* on New York; EP. 274
Sharp decline; EP. 483

M

M., J. F.
Shoes, eggs and *The Nation;* C. 18
McAdoo, William G.
At the Democratic convention; EP. 85
MacCurdy, Mrs. George G.; EP. 483
McDonald, James G.
Conference; an analysis; E. 198
MacDonald, James Ramsay
Conference with Herriot; EP. 1
Geneva speech; EP. 273
Journalist as prime minister; E. 6
Lossiemouth. F. H. Simonds; S. 330
Morel and MacDonald. W. N. Ewer; C. 731
Motor car incident; EP. 298
Ramsay MacDonald's achievement; E. 432
McKibben, William K.
Sign the opium petition!; C. 523
Macy, John
Master Anatole; S. 487
Madame Pompadour; D. 607
Magazines. See Periodicals
Magee, Carl C.
New Mexican melodrama. H. Black; S. 181
Main street's been paved! S. Lewis; S. 255
Malkiel, Leon A.
Alien's dilemma; C. 339
Mallory, George H. Leigh-. See Leigh-Mallory, George H.
Man
Man the creator. A. Goldenweiser; S. 622
Man, Prehistoric. See also Cave dwellers
Marriage
Modern marriage and ancient laws. A. G. Hays; S. 187
On love in marriage. L. Lewisohn; S. 464
Married women
Maiden names; Dt. 73, 122, EP 3, 202, 695
Married women's titles. A. S. Blackwell; C. 165
Mars (planet); EP. 721
Martino-Fusio, Mario de
Livy at last?; E. 325
Masaryk, Thomas G.
Savinkov and Masaryk. C. Pergler; C. 628
Mask and the face; D. 317
Massachusetts
Minimum wage law decision; EP. 106
Women's wages and the law. F. Kelley; C. 288
Massingham, Henry William
In memory of H. W. Massingham. H. W. Nevinson; S. 329
Noble editor; E. 252
Masters, Edgar Lee
Look out!; P. 240
Matteotti, Giacomo
"Here"; EP. 201
Letter by Matteotti; I. 172
Mussolini and the klan; E. 8
Why Matteotti had to die. J. Fuchs; S. 114
Matthews, Brander
Exit; E. 62
Maughan, Russell L.; EP. 3
Maxim, Hudson
Radio, the fulcrum; S. 91
Mayer, Edwin Justus
Firebrand. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 501
Means, Gaston B.
Daugherty and the Means indictment; EP. 321
Meirowsky, Dorothee
Mythical cohesion of the Jews; C. 47
Mellon, Andrew W.; EP. 1, 403, 694
Memoir. G. Taggard; P. 635
Men
Men who understand women. F. G. Seabury; S. 516
Mr. Mencken on the sex comedy. H. L. Mencken; C. 444
Men—Dress. See Clothing and dress
Mencken, Henry L.
Clown show; S. 8
Joseph Conrad; S. 179
Mr. Mencken on the sex comedy; C. 444
Sex uproar; S. 91

Menken, E. Stanwood; EP..... 483
Merchant marine
Try it on with ships. W. Hard; S..... 563
Mesopotamia
Irak does not want Mosul; EP..... 30
Mesopotamia. See also Mosul
Metropolitan museum of art
Introducing our ancestors; E..... 559
Mexican art. See Art, Mexican
Mexican literature
Art and revolution in Mexico. B. D. Wolfe; S..... 207
Mexico
Calles speaks; I..... 222
Calles, the teacher and statesman. H. Lamb; S..... 595
Claims against United States; EP..... 58
Freedom or imperialism? J. Vasconcelos; S..... 212
Jew in Mexico. A. Brenner; S..... 211
Knickers and bobbed hair; EP..... 135
Mexico's debt; I..... 223
Murder of Mrs. Evans; EP.....2, 153
Our southern neighbors; E..... 204
Mexico—Banks and banking. See Banks and banking—Mexico
Mexico—Elections. See Elections—Mexico
Mexico—Finance. See Finance—Mexico
Mexico university
Publications; EP..... 203
Meyer, Annie Nathan
Be honest to the South; C..... 627
Meyer, Ouida
Four plays from old Japan; D..... 101
Michigan university
Robert Frost fellowship; EP..... 533
Middleton, Scudder
To W. E. Burghardt Du Bois; P..... 39
Millar, Paul Harwood
Banker saves the farmer; S..... 439
Minick, G. Kaufman; D..... 423
Minimum wage—United States
Massachusetts decision; EP..... 106
Women's wages and the law. F. Kelley; C. 288
Mining laws
Rumanian oil and foreign money. E. Lengyel; IS..... 295
Minnesota daily star
Tragedy of the *Minnesota star*. M. H. Hedges; C..... 73
Mirault, Joseph
"Helping Haiti"; C..... 419
Mobilization day. See Defense day
Moeller, Philip
Word of approval; C..... 601
Moens, Herman M. Bernelot; EP..... 249
Molnàr, Ferenc
Guardsman. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 501
Monday opera club; EP..... 694
Mongrel. H. Bahr; D..... 736
Monopolies
La Follette's "strategy." W. Hard; S.... 260
Morel, Edmund D.
E. D. Morel. J. A. Hobson; C..... 600
E. D. Morel's work. C. Nagel; C..... 629
Nevinson on Morel; IP..... 718
Obituary; EP..... 557
To Morel. M. C. Percy; C..... 629
Morocco
Bandit caliph. E. Lengyel; IS..... 54
Mortality
They were born . . . they die; IP..... 130
Morton, David
After winter; P..... 76
Nostalgia; P..... 490
Moscow *Pravda*
Communism in the *Evening post;* IP..... 296
Moses. E. V. Cooke; P..... 186
Mosul, Mesopotamia
Problem of oil; EP..... 30
Turco-Irak frontier; EP..... 508
Moving pictures
"America" barred from England; EP.... 203
Mugerdichen, Mike
Nordic honor. W. F. Ellis; C..... 18
Muir, Edwin
Women—free for what?; S..... 140
Mumford, Lewis
Contemporary disillusion; S..... 636
Murder in the Whistler room. E. Wilson; D. 474
Muscle Shoals project
Bills before Congress; EP..... 719
Muscle Shoals—ours; E..... 668
Music. See also Jazz music
Music—Ireland
Feis Ceoil. H. Straus; M..... 550
Musical festivals
Feis Ceoil. H. Straus; M..... 550
Musicians as conversationalists; Dt..... 190
Mussolini, Benito
Bright red past; EP..... 275
Mussolini and the klan; E..... 5
Muste, A. J.
Workers' education in the United States; S..... 333
My son; D..... 394

N

Nagel, Charles
E. D. Morel's work; C..... 629
In sympathy with Mr. Hard; C..... 681
Names, Personal
Married women's names; Dt 73, 122, EP 3, 202, 695
Married women's titles. A. S. Blackwell; C..... 165
Nation, The
California blues. C. E. Stowe; C..... 97
Nation among royalty. A. H. H.; C..... 123
Poetry prize..486, 527, 551, 578, 606, 662, 686, 713, 735
We make him mad. C. E. Stowe; C..... 338
Word of approval. P. Moeller; C..... 601
National conventions, Democratic
Agony of the Democrats. H. W. van Loon; S..... 66
Cleveland, Wilson, ——?; E..... 4
Convention notes; EP.....1, 29, 85
Convention notes. A. Young (cartoons).. 40
Davis the double-edged. W. Hard; S.... 94
Here are ladies. E. Evans; S..... 41
Maccabees of 1924. H. W. van Loon; S.. 37
Radio-convention year; E..... 34
Snappy journalism. F. Frankfurter; C.. 122
Unconventional convention. O. G. Villard; S..... 35
National conventions, Farmer-labor-progressive
Bolshevism and populism. W. Hard; S... 12
National conventions, Progressive
Honest convention. O. G. Villard; S.... 63
National conventions, Republican
Clown show. H. L. Mencken; S..... 8
Us poor liberals. H. W. van Loon; S.... 7
National council for the prevention of war
Sword-rattling; E..... 155
National forests
Burning forests; E..... 536
National forests and the Northern Pacific. E. Richards; S..... 71
National minorities in Poland; I..... 26
National Republican league; EP..... 429
National woman's party
Women's bloc?; E..... 230
Naturalization
Alien's dilemma. L. A. Malkiel; C..... 339
Nature-books. First glance. M. Van Doren; S..... 470
Nearing, Nellie Seeds
American labor at El Paso; C..... 680
Negro songs
Black voices; E..... 278
Negroes
"Usual crime." H. Adams; C..... 97
Negroes in Africa
Primitive black man. W. E. B. Du Bois; S..... 675
Negroes in the United States
Are Negroes "workers"?; E..... 89
Be honest to the South. A. N. Meyer; C. 627
Darby high school case; EP..... 3
Garvey's parade; EP..... 154
Negro and the G. O. P. J. C. Cunningham; C..... 419
Negroes in the United States—Education
Fisk university endowment; EP..... 107
Nevinson, Henry Wood
Anatole France again; E..... 512
England and Egypt; the rights and wrongs; S..... 701
In memory of H. W. Massingham; S..... 329
Nevinson on Morel; IP..... 718
New Hampshire
Instructive New Hampshire. W. Hard; S. 332
New Hampshire. O. E. Brown; C..... 681
New Hampshire, not yet abandoned. R. D. Paine; S..... 183
New Mexican melodrama. H. Black; S..... 181
New Mexico
Secret balloting openly arrived. H. Black; C..... 574
New morals for old..42, 91, 140, 187, 235, 280, 464, 516, 541
New schools. See Schools, Experimental
New York (city)
Fifth avenue; Dt..... 599
Pedagogues in revolt; E..... 433
New York (state)
Campaign for governorship; EP..... 347
New York *Evening post*
Communism in the *Evening post;* IP..... 296
On French elections; EP..... 31
New York *Herald Tribune*
Fashions in newspaper hoaxes; E..... 251
Headlines on Defense day; EP..... 227
New literary supplement; EP..... 228
New York *Times*
Reporting La Follette campaign; EP..... 531
New York *World*
"Appalling confusion" in the New York *World;* E..... 136
On United States imperialism; EP..... 719
Newspapers
Radio or newspaper—can both survive? M. A. Rose; S..... 699
Newspapers. See also Columns, Newspaper
Newspapers—Italy
Gagging the press in Italy; I..... 269
Newspapers—Russia. See also Moscow *Pravda*
Newspapers—United States
Fashions in newspaper hoaxes; E..... 251
Reporter's mirror; S..... 361
Reporting La Follette campaign; EP.... 531
Newspapers—United States. See also Minnesota *daily star;* New York *Evening post;* New York *Herald Tribune;* New York *Times;* New York *World;* Richmond *Times-Dispatch;* Springfield *Republican*
Nicaragua
Nicaragua pecking the shell. W. Hard; S..... 416
Railroads and election prospects; EP..... 202
Nieto, Rafael
Mexico's credit, the vital issue; S..... 209
Nildo
Is the Bar association K. K. K.?; C..... 339
Niles, David K.
La Follette and the one-track liberal mind; C..... 288
Nixon, Justin W.
Liberal who won; C..... 572
Nobel prizes
Literature prize to W. Reymont; EP.... 557
Non-resistance
Greatest power in the world; E..... 61
Nörlund, Poul
Buried past of Greenland; S..... 161
Norman, Charles
Ballad; P..... 732
Norris, William A.
Directions for burial; P..... 417
October end; P..... 444
North Dakota
Illegitimacy law; EP..... 299
Northern Pacific railroad company
National forests and the Northern Pacific. E. Richards; S..... 71
Northwestern university
Correction and a rebuke. T. W. Koch; C. 74
Norton, Mary. Election; EP.....507, 531
Nostalgia. D. Morton; P..... 490
Novels. See Fiction

O

Obregón, Alvaro
Mexico's debt; I..... 223
Ocean travel
Reading on shipboard. R. S. Alexander; S..... 118
Ocean travel. See also Voyages
Ochs, Adolph S.
American "Who was who"; E..... 698
October end. W. A. Norris; P..... 444
Odors
"Smells of a great city"; Dt.....18, 95
Odum, Howard W.; EP..... 556
Oil. See Petroleum
Old women. B. Deutsch; P..... 218
Olympic games; EP..... 87
O'Neill, Eugene
Desire under the elms. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 578
S. S. Glencairn. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 578
Open ocean. R. L. Wolf; P..... 124
Opium trade
All-India Congress committee; EP..... 228
Fight against opium; I..... 503
Opium and England. E. N. La Motte; S. 232
Sign the opium petition! W. K. McKibben; C..... 523
Orchestras
Musicians militant. H. Straus; M..... 80
Ostenso, Martha. Prize winner; EP..... 557

P

Pacifism
Average citizen's thinking. S. T. Byington; C..... 731
Paine, Ralph D.
New Hampshire, not yet abandoned; S.. 183
Palaces and parks; Dt..... 216
Palestine
Palestine problem; IP..... 345
Return to Jerusalem. L. Lewisohn; S.... 724
Parasites. C. Hamilton; D..... 686
Paris *vs.* London; Dt..... 467
Parsons, Charles E.
Inbreeding and degeneracy; C..... 96
Passive resistance. See Non-resistance
Passports; EP..... 667
Paterson, New Jersey
Strikers and free speech; EP..... 430
Patriotism that pays. W. Irwin; S..... 513
Patton, Emma B.
Critic criticized; C..... 681
Peace
America and peace. L. Holby; C..... 74
Coolidge's Legion speech; EP..... 297
Freedom through advertising; E..... 89
Marshal Foch on peace; I..... 554
Peace conference in Berlin; I..... 529
Peace. See also Carnegie endowment for international peace; English peace society; Filene, Edward A., peace prizes; League of nations; Pacifism; War; Women's international league for peace and freedom
Percy, Mary Cruttenden
To Morel; P..... 629
Pergler, Charles
Savinkov and Masaryk; C..... 628
Periodicals
English for the Viennese. E. Lengyel; C. 600
Offer to Central Europe. T. S. Harding and B. E. Birga; C..... 19
Periodicals. See also names of periodicals
Persia
American official's death; EP..... 135
Imbrie indemnity; EP..... 556

Petroleum
Greased wheels of diplomacy. L. Fischer; S ... 357
Rumanian oil and foreign money. E. Lengyel; IS ... 295
Rumanian wells nationalized; EP ... 58
Petroleum—Russia
Sinclair *vs.* Standard oil in Russia. L. Fischer; S ... 138
Philadelphia
Protest against Butler; EP ... 202
Photoradiograms; EP ... 613
Pinero, Arthur Wing
Second Mrs. Tanqueray; D ... 551
Pioneer youth of America
"Scouts with a difference." N. Thomas; C ... 680
Platforms, Political
Forty years ago; E ... 61
Republicans on civil service; EP ... 86
Platt, Chester C.
Handicaps of the Progressives; C ... 573
Play school. See City and country school
Plunkitt, George Washington
Plunkitt's way; E ... 591
Poe, Edgar Allan
Mystery of Poe; E ... 615
Poems
Acquiescence. I. Edman ... 624
After winter. D. Morton ... 76
Ararat; EP ... 299
Autumn. A. Pushkin ... 570
Autumn, forsake the hills. F. E. Hill ... 444
Ballad. C. Norman ... 732
Blake. H. L. Cook ... 49
Buffalo dance at Santo Domingo. W. Bynner ... 310
Carib canoe under sail. G. H. Conkling. 732
Cassandra. L. Bogan ... 599
Cows. M. Luhrs ... 543
Dew and bronze. R. P. T. Coffin ... 290
Directions for burial. W. A. Norris ... 417
Dreams. R. Humphries ... 19
From the book of extenuations: The serpent; Cain; Moses; Ruth; David. E. V. Cooke ... 186
Giddy. R. L. Wolf ... 124
Gifts. M. W. Ward ... 376
Give not with your hands. M. Black ... 146
If some grim tragedy. N. M. Smith ... 167
La Follette. W. E. Leonard ... 363
Leningrad. B. Deutsch ... 218
Lines to a dead lady. L. Lee ... 331
Look out! E. L. Masters ... 240
Memoir. G. Taggard ... 635
Nostalgia. D. Morton ... 490
October end. W. A. Norris ... 444
Old women. B. Deutsch ... 218
Open ocean. R. L. Wolf ... 124
Poet's love letter. M. Bodenheim ... 599
Quag-hole. W. Chambers ... 732
Rational man. R. Humphries ... 635
Sonnet. M. Luhrs ... 543
Sonnet to Minna. M. Bodenheim ... 467
Sustenance. B. Deutsch ... 624
Taking away the banking. W. Snow ... 264
To a song of Sappho. L. Speyer ... 596
To Lisa in summer. M. Eastman ... 635
To Morel. M. C. Percy ... 629
To W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. S. Middleton ... 39
Wind and the whirlwind. W. S. Blunt ... 626
Wise. C. P. Cullen ... 522
Poetry
Nation's poetry prize..486, 527, 551, 578, 606, 662, 686, 713, 735
Poet's love letter. M. Bodenheim; P ... 599
Poland
Get rich quick in Poland. A. L. Strong; IS ... 171
National minorities in Poland; I ... 26
Police courts. See Courts, Municipal
Political parties—United States
Crystal-gazing for parties. W. Hard; S. 493
1848-1860-1924. S. Lewis; C ... 144
La Follette's party, will it last? W. Hard; S ... 142
One-party system. W. Hard; S ... 703
Party government ebbs. W. Hard; S ... 189
Shall the Progressives organize?; E ... 558
Would it be a misalliance? A. Lee; C ... 74
Political parties—United States. See also Democratic party; Farmer-labor party; Greenback party; National conventions; Progressive party; Republican party
Porto Rico
Workers' movement and A. F. of L.; EP. 58
Postage stamps
Mussolini's advertising space; EP ... 695
Postal service—Canada
Strike against the government. R. N. Baldwin; S ... 120
Poverty's felicity; Dt ... 571
Powderly, Terence V. Obituary; EP ... 59
Powers, William H.
Perennial patriot; C ... 96
Preparedness maniac again; E ... 722
Presbyterian church
Mr. Fosdick and the Presbyterians; E ... 433
Presidential campaigns—1924
Aftermath; E ... 484
Be brisk with Babbitt. S. Lewis; S.. 409, 437, 463
Business swung the election. M. H. Hedges; C ... 573
California supreme court does its bit. M. Stern; S ... 491
Campaign contribution. J. W. Griggs; C. 239
Can the election be bought?; E ... 458
Chances in the election; E ... 250
Democrats are different. W. Hard; S ... 38
Disintegrating Democrats; E ... 60
1848-1860-1924. S. Lewis; C ... 144
Get out the issues!; E ... 350
Handicaps of the Progressives. C. C. Platt; C ... 573
Instructive New Hampshire. W. Hard; S. 332
La Follette electors off the ballot; EP ... 347
La Follette news; EP ... 321
Lawrence on campaign speakers; EP ... 719
Line-up in Washington state. J. N. Beffel; S ... 492
Main street's been paved! S. Lewis; S.. 255
Mr. Hughes's logic; EP ... 429
Our despotic courts; E ... 300
Our next president, La Follette or Wheeler? G. Gardner; S ... 279
Parties and our foreign policy; E ... 276
Please save the Republic!; E ... 326
Plymouth, Clarksburg, Madison. W. Hard; S ... 305
"Politics ain't what it was." W. Hard; S ... 441
Prairies catching fire. S. Lewis; S ... 412
Progressive Latin-Americans. J. M. Bejarano; C ... 338
Progressive prospects; EP ... 297
Prophecies; EP ... 455
"Robbery of party names"; EP ... 105
Shipstead tells some stories. W. Hard; S. 462
Summing up the campaign. O. G. Villard; S ... 461
Winning of the West. O. G. Villard; S... 435
Presidential campaigns—1924. See also Bryan, Charles W.; Coolidge, Calvin; Davis, John W.; Dawes, Charles G.; La Follette, Robert Marion; Wheeler, Burton K.; also Platforms, Political
Presidents—United States
Lawyer for President? What lawyer?; E. 324
Our next president, La Follette or Wheeler? G. Gardner; S ... 279
Presidents—United States—Election
Direct voting for president. W. Hard; S. 236
When election is thrown into House; EP. 348
Prices
Shoes, eggs and *The Nation*. J. F. M.; C. 18
Princess April; D ... 686
Progress
Advancing backward; E ... 723
In Papeete, Moscow, etc.; Dt ... 418
Progressive party
Aftermath; E ... 484
Handicaps of the Progressives. C. C. Platt; C ... 573
La Follette's party, will it last? W. Hard; S ... 142
Shall the Progressives organize?; E ... 558
Summing up the campaign. O. G. Villard; S ... 461
United States Chamber of commerce speaks; EP ... 588
Wheeler invades New York. O. G. Villard; S ... 303
Women in the progressive party. I. Kendig; S ... 544
Progressive party. See also National conventions, Progressive
Propaganda
Patriotism that pays. W. Irwin; S ... 513
Protocol for the pacific settlement of international disputes. See League of nations—Protocol for the pacific settlement of international disputes
Psychoanalysis
New psychology and the Franks case. L. Blumgart;; S ... 261
Public debts. See Debts, Public
Public libraries. See Libraries
Public officers
Debunking; E ... 137
Puccini, Giacomo
Puccini and Fauré. P. Sanborn; M ... 714
Puritans
Introducing our ancestors; E ... 559
Pushcart; EP ... 457
Pushkin, Alexander
Autumn; P ... 570
Putnam, Frank
Historical parallels; C ... 123

Q

Quag-hole. W. Chambers; P ... 732
Quakers. See Friends, Society of

R

Rabinovitch, Philip J.
England and Russia agree; S ... 237
Radio broadcasting
Free the air! M. Klosner; C ... 497
"Freedom of the air"; EP ... 85
Freedom of the air. D. Sarnoff, G. A. Whalen, H. Maxim; S ... 90
Radio censorship. R. B. Guinness; C ... 446
Radio or newspaper—can both survive? M. A. Rose; S ... 699
Revolutionizing home life; EP ... 203
Radio-convention year; E ... 34
Radich, Stephen
Croatian peasant movement; C ... 217
Returns to government; EP ... 430
Railroads—China
China, Russia, the Allies, and the Chinese eastern railway; I ... 368
Railroads and state
Government ownership to the fore; E ... 407
Raisuli (Achmed ben Mohammed er Raisuli)
Bandit caliph. E. Lengyel; IS ... 54
Rational man. R. Humphries; P ... 635
Reading on shipboard. R. S. Alexander; S.. 118
Red cross
Defense day call to colors; EP ... 274
Red cross. See also Russian red cross
Red falcon; D ... 474
Reed, Mary
San Pedro; S ... 45
Relief work
Ship of friendship; EP ... 431
Reparations conference, London, 1924
Conference; an analysis; I ... 198
Germans at the conference; EP ... 174
Just another conference?; E ... 109
New peace in Europe; E ... 205
Reporters and reporting
Debunking; E ... 137
Reporter's mirror. W. G. Clugston; S ... 361
Republican party
Democrats are different. W. Hard; S ... 38
La Follette's slush fund charge; EP ... 429
Scandals and the campaign; EP ... 347
Republican party. See also National conventions, Republican
Reymont, Wladislaw
Wins Nobel literature prize; EP ... 557
Rhode Island
Rhode Island's revolution. O. A. Welsh; S ... 14
Rhodes scholarships
For German students; EP ... 135
Richards, Edward
National forests and the Northern Pacific; S ... 71
Richman, Arthur
Far cry. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D ... 450
Richmond *Times-Dispatch*
On New York lynchings; EP ... 274
Rivera, Diego
Art and revolution in Mexico. B. D. Wolfe; S ... 207
Rodeos. See Wild west shows
Rodgers, W. L.
Arm for war; EP ... 175
Roman Catholic church
"Bigoted protestant?" D. Y. Thomas; C.. 239
Catholicism and the state. B. Elder; C.. 709
Catholics in education; EP ... 557
Roosevelt, Theodore, jr.
Ted, jr. W. Hard; S ... 353
William Hard on Roosevelt; EP ... 404
Rose, Marc A.
Radio or newspaper—can both survive?; S. 699
Rosenbluth, Robert
Indictment dismissed; EP ... 456
Ross, Mary
Standard oil's death factory; S ... 561
Rostand, Edmond
L'Aiglon. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D.. 527
Ruhl, Arthur
Private property in Esthonia; C ... 145
Rumania
Oil wells nationalized; EP ... 58
Rumanian oil and foreign money. E. Lengyel; IS ... 295
Russell, Bertrand
Bertrand Russell and the Jewish law. M. Jung; C ... 191
British labor and Chinese brigands; IP.... 503
Western imperialism in China; IP ... 553
Russia
Advice from G. B. Shaw; EP ... 667
Agricultural offensive; I ... 585
Bankers on Russian bonds; EP ... 86
Communist puritans. L. Fischer; S ... 235
Fannie Hurst's comments; EP ... 249
Fight against famine. J. Smith; S ... 570
Grand Duchess Cyril in New York; EP.... 694
Leon Trotzky, down but not out. L. Fischer; IS ... 81
National minorities in Poland; I ... 26
New famine year in Russia; I ... 103
Reported revolution; EP ... 299
Russian summer resort. M. Eastman; S.. 568
Russia's harvest; I ... 245
Savinkov's story; EP ... 275, 452
Seven years of soviet Russia; EP ... 555
Soviet Georgia's little revolution. L. Fischer; S ... 671
Strength of the Russian Communist party; I ... 27
What Fannie Hurst really thinks. F. Hurst; C ... 313
Russia. See also Kuzbas colony; Moscow
Russia—Economic conditions
Nepman is passing. L. Fischer; S ... 564
Private trade in soviet Russia; I ... 84
Russia's industrial progress. L. Talmy; IS. 582

Russia—Foreign relations
Anglo-Russian treaty; I 243, 269, EP 174, 611
Bossing the Far East; I..... 199
China and Russia agree; IP..... 102
China, Russia, the Allies, and the Chinese eastern railway; I..... 368
England and Russia agree. P. J. Rabinovitch; S..... 237
Greased wheels of diplomacy. L. Fischer; S..... 357
Hunting red witches; E..... 178
Meddling of United States; EP..... 57
Recognition by France; EP..... 508
Russia answers Britain; I..... 717
Russia's bill of damages; I..... 102
Zinoviev letter; EP..... 694
Russia—Social conditions
Nobody's children; E..... 135
Russian red cross
Russian red cross. P. Hibben; C..... 419
Ruth. E. V. Cooke; P..... 186

S

S., I.
Now that the smoke of battle . . .; C.... 546
S. S. Glencairn. E. O'Neill; D..... 578
Saad Zaghlul
England and Egypt in the Sudan; I..... 224
Sacco-Vanzetti case
New trial denied; EP..... 405
Sadoul, Jacques; EP..... 666
Sahara Desert
Motor expeditions; EP..... 667
Sailing vessels. See Ships
Saint. S. Young; D..... 474
St. John the Divine; EP..... 533
St. Louis (steamship)
Another good ship gone; E..... 109
Salaries. See also Government employees—Salaries
Salvage
Raising sunken treasure; EP..... 405
Sanborn, Pitts
Anatole France, the host; S..... 489
Note on Gluck; M..... 661
Puccini and Fauré; M..... 714
San Pedro. M. Reed; S..... 45
Sap; D..... 736
Saranton, George
Labor in Greece; IS..... 197
Sarnoff, David
Uncensored and uncontrolled; S..... 90
Satire
Few *vs.* the good; E..... 486
Savinkov, Boris
Savinkov and Masaryk. C. Pergler; C.... 628
Savinkov's story .....EP 275, I 452
Schemers. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 344
Schools, Experimental
New education. A. De Lima; S.....9, 116
Pedagogues in revolt; E..... 433
School for workers' children. D. Allen; S.. 417
Seabury, Florence Guy
Men who understand women; S..... 516
Second Mrs. Tanqueray. A. W. Pinero; D.... 551
Securities
Interest rates denounced; EP..... 1
Sedgwick, Anne Douglas
Adrienne Toner, saint; C..... 628
Seibel, George
Dollar patriotism; C..... 263
Serpent. E. V. Cooke; P..... 186
Sex
Another dominant female. R. L. Wolf; C. 339
Dominant sexes. M. Vaerting; S..... 280
Mr. Mencken on the sex comedy. H. L. Mencken; C..... 444
Sex equality of our ancestors. R. H. Towner; C..... 192
Sexual ethics
Clarifying and interesting. D. Brewster; C..... 192
Communist puritans. L. Fischer; S..... 235
Does Mr. Mencken know? B. Sobel; C.... 365
Dominant sexes. M. Vaerting; S..... 280
Men who understand women. F. G. Seabury; S..... 516
Modern marriage and ancient laws. A. G. Hays; S..... 187
New morals for old. Criticisms. E. Waldstein, R. P. Doremus, M. Jung, D. C. Shapiro, R. H. Towner, D. Brewster; C. 191, 192
Old immorals. E. Waldstein; C..... 191
On love in marriage. L. Lewisohn; S.... 464
Sex uproar. H. L. Mencken; S..... 91
Toward moral shipwreck. A. L. Whittaker; C..... 365
Virtue and women. I. Leavenworth; S.. 42
We break up the home. R. P. Doremus; C. 191
What is jealousy? C. Angoff; C..... 365
Women and the new morality. B. M. Hinkle; S..... 541
Women—free for what? E. Muir; S..... 140
Shapiro, Dora C.
Parasites or partners; C..... 191
Shaw, George Bernard
Advice to Russia; EP..... 667
Candida. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D.... 736
Catching up with Shaw; E..... 407
Shelby, Gertrude Mathews
Politicians betray the farmer; S..... 593
Sherman, Stuart P.
Anatole France again; E..... 512
Shipley, Maynard
Science or superstition?; C..... 495
Ships
Flettner windship; EP..... 589
Shipstead, Henrik
Educating Mellon; EP..... 1
Shipstead tells some stories. W. Hard; S. 462
Shipwrecked; D..... 607
Shopping and shoppers; Dt..... 311
Short stories
"The Big Noise." B. Goodman; F..... 363
Shotwell, James T.
Working toward disarmament; S..... 112
Sibley, Frank P.
$10,000,000 verdict; S..... 726
Sikhs
Akali movement, an heroic epic. A. Smedley; S..... 15
Silence; D..... 607
Silver (as money). "Cartwheels"; EP..... 721
Simonds, Frank H.
Lossiemouth; S..... 330
Simone, Madame. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 527
Sinclair, Upton
Anti-La Follette arguments in California; C..... 496
Sinclair oil company
Sinclair *vs.* Standard oil in Russia. L. Fischer; S..... 138
Single tax
Help wanted. E. A. Carsey; C..... 601
Smedley, Agnes
Akali movement, an heroic epic; S..... 15
Smell. See also Odors
Smertenko, Johan J.
Critic criticized. E. B. Patton; C..... 681
Smith, Alfred E.
At the Democratic convention; EP..... 85
Campaign for governor; EP.....347, 507
Smith, Jessica
Fight against famine; S..... 570
Smith, Ninna May
If some grim tragedy; P..... 167
Smith, W. E.
Who has these letters? C..... 546
Smuts, Jan C. Defeated; EP..... 2
Snow, Wilbert
Taking away the banking; P..... 264
Sobel, Bernard
Does Mr. Mencken know? C..... 365
Somebody-Nothing. Criticism. O. Meyer; D.. 101
Songs. See also Negro songs
Sonnet. M. Luhrs; P..... 543
Sonnet to Minna. M. Bodenheim; P..... 467
Soule, George
Revolution, new style; S..... 93
South
Breaking political shackles; EP..... 555
South Africa
Defeat of Gen. Smuts; EP..... 2
General Hertzog's policy. M. B. D.; IS... 452
Population worries; EP..... 588
Southworth, Constant
Dawes plan, the knell of internationalism; C..... 494
Spain
Bandit caliph. E. Lengyel; IS..... 54
Dictator in difficulties; EP..... 86
Spelling at Boston university; EP..... 249
Speyer, Leonora
To a song of Sappho discovered in Egypt; P..... 596
Sport is elected; E..... 278
Springfield Republican
One hundredth birthday; EP..... 275
Stallings, Laurence, and M. Anderson
What price glory? Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 316
Stamps. See Postage Stamps
Standard oil companies
La Follette and Standard oil. W. Hard; S..... 286
Sinclair *vs.* Standard oil in Russia. L. Fischer; S..... 138
Standard oil's death factory. M. Ross; S.. 561
Steam roller; D..... 607
Steamships and steamboats
Another good ship gone; E..... 109
Stern, Max
California supreme court does its bit; S... 491
Stone, Harlan F.
Department of justice; C..... 496
Stowe, Charles E.
California blues; C..... 97
Stowe, Charles Edward
We make him mad; C..... 338
Strasbourg university
Hurting France. H. W. L. Dana; C..... 145
Straus, Henrietta
American music via Europe; M..... 268
Feis Ceoil; M..... 550
Musicians militant; M..... 80
Strikes—Canada
Strike against the government. R. N. Baldwin; S..... 120
Strikes—U. S.
Paterson strikers; EP..... 430
Police strike and Coolidge; EP..... 481
Supreme court ruling; EP..... 154
Strong, Anna Louise
Get rich quick in Poland; IS..... 171
Sudan
England and Egypt in the Sudan; I..... 224
Sudan
What England wants in the Sudan; IP.... 688
Suicide
Divorces and suicides in Germany; IP.... 428
Sun Yat-sen; EP..... 456
Sund, E. H.
"Threat to the world"; C..... 263
Supreme court of the United States
Anti-trust law and strikes; EP..... 154
Coolidge's eulogy; EP..... 274
La Follette and the courts. E. Borchard; C..... 468
Mr. Davis on curbing court's power; EP.. 348
Our despotic courts; E..... 300
"Our despotic courts." F. Green; C..... 469
Sustenance. B. Deutsch; P..... 624
"Swashbuckling." R. H. Edwards; C..... 339
Sweden
Scandinavia moves to disarm; France takes alarm; IP..... 529
Sweeney, Charles Patrick. Obituary; EP.... 695
Switzerland
Border "free zones"; EP..... 666
France sets an example; I..... 690

T

Taggard, Genevieve
Memoir; P..... 635
Taking away the banking. W. Snow; P..... 264
Talmy, Leon
Russia's industrial progress; IS..... 582
Tammany hall
Plunkitt's way; E..... 591
Tariff commission. See United States—Tariff commission
Taxation
Mellon's policies; EP..... 694
Taxation. See also Income tax
Taylor, William
Critic of La Follette; C..... 366
Teachers' union
Pedagogues in revolt; E..... 433
Teaching
As students see it; E..... 156
College lecture courses. M. P. Whitney; C. 469
Teapot Dome scandal
Indictments; EP..... 29
Teddy (steamship)
Saga of the S. S. Iceberg; E..... 206
Telephone
Why wasn't I born a judge? W. Waldron; C..... 366
Temperley, Harold; EP..... 721
Tetra-ethyl lead
Standard oil's death factory. M. Ross; S. 561
Textbooks
Schoolbooks and propaganda. R. O. Hughes; C..... 629
War in the textbooks; E..... 277
What your child learns. M. J. Herskovits and M. M. Willey; S..... 282
Theater—United States
Plea for revivals; EP..... 589
These United States
New Hampshire. R. D. Paine; S..... 183
Virginia. D. Freeman; S..... 68
These United States. For earlier articles see indexes to previous volumes
They knew what they wanted. S. Howard; D. 662
Thibault, Jacques Anatole. See France, Anatole
Thomas, David Y.
"Bigoted protestant?"; C..... 239
Thomas, Norman
Candidate for governor; EP..... 133
"Scouts with a difference"; C..... 680
Thoroughbreds; D..... 317
Tiger cats; D..... 527
To a song of Sappho. L. Speyer; P..... 596
To Lisa in summer. M. Eastman; P..... 635
To Morel. M. C. Percy; P..... 629
To W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. S. Middleton; P. 39
Toksvig, Frithjof
New life in the law; IS..... 716
Towner, R. H.
Sex equality of our ancestors; C..... 192
Trade union congress, 1924. H. J. Laski; IS. 345
Trade unions—Greece
Labor in Greece. G. Saranton; IS..... 197
Trade unions—United States
Are Negroes "workers"?; E..... 89
Revolution, new style. G. Soule; S..... 93
Supreme court on strikes; EP..... 154
Trade unions—United States. See also American federation of labor; Garment workers; Industrial workers of the world; United mine workers of America
Treat, Ida
Jaurès at the Pantheon; S..... 677
Tree-planting
In America and Europe; EP..... 203
Trotzky, Leon
Trotzky, down but not out. L. Fischer; IS..... 81
Trusts. See also Clayton anti-trust law
Truth and realism in literature. M. Bodenheim; S..... 373

Tunnels and tunneling
English Channel project; EP. 107
Turkey. See also Mosul

U

Unemployment—United States
Progress in insurance; EP. 612
Various reports; EP. 431
Unicorn
First glance. M. Van Doren; S. 602
Union of democratic control
Program of reconciliation; I. 150
United mine workers of America
Adult education in sub-district 5; EP. . . . 483
United States
America and peace. L. Holby; C. 74
United States—Army
It's a way we have in the army; E. 301
Officers or gentlemen?; E. 352
United States—Chemical warfare service
Patriotism that pays. W. Irwin; S. 513
United States—Congress
She does not list so much. W. Hard; S. . 545
United States—Courts. See Courts—United States
United States—Education. See Education—United States
United States—Federal farm loan bureau
Politicians betray the farmer. G. M. Shelby; S. 593
United States—Foreign relations
America's part in Europe; EP. 153
Bossing the Far East; I. 199
Control in Latin America; EP. 31
Government as debt collector; EP. 228
Japanese relations; EP. 107
La Follette's foreign policy; I. 476
Missionary protest. W. Woodward; C. . . . 217
New York *World* editorial; EP. 719
Nicaragua pecking the shell. W. Hard; S. 416
Parties and our foreign policy; E. 276
Roosevelt's "private papers"; EP. 173
Russian relations; EP. 57, 174
Victims of Persian mob; EP. 135
Withdrawal from Haiti demanded; EP. . . . 31
United States—Foreign relations. See also Haiti
United States—Justice department
Department of justice. H. F. Stone; C. . 496
United States—Navy
$110,000,000 for "modernization"; EP. . . . 693
"Theirs not to reason why"; E. 251
United States—Politics and government
Get out the issues!; E. 350
National village notelets. W. Hard; S. . . . 625
Politics and fundamentals; E. 615
Senator Borah's opportunity; E. 592
She does not list so much. W. Hard; S. 545
United States—President
Coolidge's message; EP. 665
United States—Supreme court. See Supreme court of the United States
United States—Tariff commission
Tariff commission scandal; E. 156
United States—Veterans' bureau
American legion charges; EP. 455
United States—War department
On women's organizations; EP. 2
United States Chamber of commerce
On the Progressives; EP. 588
Unknown critic. By Himself; S. 638
Untermyer, Samuel
Violation of Europe; I. 630

V

v. L., H.
Against blasphemy; C. 145
Vaerting, M.
Dominant sexes; S. 280
Vajda, Ernest
Grounds for divorce. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 393
Harem. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. . . . 686
Van Aver, Albert
La Follette in California; C. 165
Van Doren, Irita
Joins New York *Herald Tribune*; EP. . . . 228
Van Doren, Mark
First glance; S. 420, 446, 470, 497, 524, 547, 574, 602, 640, 682, 710, 732
Literary editor; EP. 228
van Loon, Hendrik Willem
Agony of the Democrats; S. 66
Incoming-tax on these foreigners; C. 522
Maccabees of 1924; S. 37
Us poor liberals; S. 7
Vasconcelos, José
Freedom or imperialism?; S. 212
Vienna
English for the Viennese. E. Lengyel; C. 600
Villard, Oswald Garrison
Henry Cabot Lodge, a scholar in politics; S. 539
Honest convention; S. 63
National Republican league letter; EP. . . . 429
Prairies catching fire; S. 412
Summing up the campaign; S. 461
Unconventional convention; S. 35
West, tamed and combed; S. 617
Wheeler invades New York; S. 303
Winning of the West; S. 435
Virgin Islands
Civil government bill; EP. 3
Virginia
Virginia, a gentle dominion. D. Freeman; S. 68
Voyages
Our own Vikings; E. 535

W

Wages—United States
Coolidge on cost of living and wages; EP. 247
Walden school
New education. A. De Lima; S. 116
Waldron, Webb
Why wasn't I born a judge?; C. 366
Waldstein, Ernst
Old immorals; C. 191
Wales, Edward Albert, Prince of. See Edward Albert, prince of Wales
Wallerstein, Bertha
Common clay; C. 48
Walsh, Thomas J.
Notification speech to Davis; EP. 201
Wanderer (bark); EP. 249
War
Admiral Rodgers's prediction; EP. 175
"Ain't goin' to study war no more"?; E. . 406
Business makes wars; EP. 532
Demand of the *Christian century*; EP. . . . 613
How to end war. W. E. Borah; IS. 738
Open letter to ex-soldiers. T. Q. Harrison; C. 709
Preparedness maniac again; E. 722
Revising the rules; EP. 298
Senator Borah's address; EP. 719
Shall we commit suicide? W. S. Churchill; IP. 608
War in the textbooks; E. 277
What every veteran knows. A. H. Gibbs; S. 537
War. See also National council for the prevention of war; Peace; Women's international league for peace and freedom
Warbasse, Agnes D.
Making cooperation succeed in America; S. 673
Warbasse, James P.
Baking your own bread; S. 163
Ward, May Williams
Gifts; P. 376
Warner, Arthur
La Follette in America; S. 214
La Follette in Washington; S. 180
La Follette in Wisconsin; S. 158
Warsaw
Departure. L. Lewisohn; S. 335
Washington (state)
Line-up in Washington state. J. N. Beffel; S. 492
Watson, Blanche
For Gandhi; C. 289
Way of the world. W. Congreve; D. 606
Weaver, James B.
General Weaver, young and old. C. Baldwin; C. 312
Weed, Helena Hill. Candidacy; EP. 508
Weeks, Ruth Mary
Rodeo emigrates; C. 288
Weinberger, Harry
Financing freedom; C. 19
Welsh, Orville A.
Rhode Island's revolution; S. 14
West
West, tamed and combed. O. G. Villard; S. 617
West Virginia
Federal judge on Chafin case; EP. 612
Western union telegraph company; Dt. 708
Whalen, Grover A.
Radio control; S. 90
What price glory? M. Anderson and L. Stallings; D. 316
What price glory?
Officers or gentlemen?; E. 352
Wheeler, Burton K.
Nomination; EP. 105
What is Wheeler? R. A. Haste; S. 465
Wheeler and Bryan and Dawes. W. Hard; S. 111
Wheeler invades New York. O. G. Villard; S. 303
White, William Allen
Candidate for governor; EP. 322
Whitney, M. P.
College lecture courses; C. 469
Whittaker, Albert L.
Toward moral shipwreck; C. 365
Wieck, Agnes Burns
Mrs. Mason marches; S. 309
Wilbur, Curtis D.
San Francisco speech; EP. 322
Wild west shows
In England; EP. 87
Rodeo emigrates. R. M. Weeks; C. 288
Willey, Malcolm M., and M. J. Herskovits
What your child learns; S. 282
Wilson, Edmund
Murder in the Whistler room. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 474
Wind and the whirlwind. W. S. Blunt; P. . . . 626
Wisconsin
La Follette in Wisconsin. A. Warner; S. 158
Wisconsin and socialism. W. Hard; S. . . . 160
Wise. C. P. Cullen; P. 522
Wolf, Robert L.
Another dominant female; C. 339
Giddy; P. 124
Open ocean; P. 124
Wolfe, Bertram D.
Art and revolution in Mexico; S. 207
Wolff, Theodore
Anatole France again; E. 512
Woman
Man the creator. A. Goldenweiser; S. . . . 622
Men who understand women. F. G. Seabury; S. 516
Sex uproar. H. L. Mencken; S. 91
Virtue and women. I. Leavenworth; S. . 42
Where are the women geniuses? S. Kopald; S. 619
Women and the new morality. B. M. Hinkle; S. 541
Women—free for what? E. Muir; S. . . . 140
Woman. See also Married women
Woman—Employment
Parasites or partners. D. C. Shapiro; C. 191
Woman—Equal rights
Feminists must fight. C. Eastman; C. . . . 523
Historical parallels. F. Putnam; C. 123
Woman's party. See National woman's party
Women and politics
Here are ladies. E. Evans; S. 41
Mrs. Mason marches. A. B. Wieck; S. . . . 309
Women in the progressive movement. I. Kendig; S. 544
Women's bloc; E. 230
Women as musicians
Musicians militant. H. Straus; M. 80
Women's clubs
Bolshevik propagandists; EP. 2
Women's international league for peace and freedom
America and peace. L. Holby; C. 74
Woodward, William
Missionary protest; C. 217
Work; Dt. 338
Workers' education—United States
United mine workers' plan; EP. 483
Workers' education in the United States. A. J. Muste; 333
Workers' educational association
Coming of age celebration; EP. 202

Y

Young, Art
Cartoons. . . . 63, 64, 214, 253, 318, 328, 414, 415
Convention notes (cartoons). 40
Democrats all (cartoons)
Looking on (cartoons). 356
Young, Owen D.; EP. 693
Young, Stark
Saint. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 474
Young America. F. Bradley; S. 336
Young women's Christian association
International migration service; EP. 457
Repudiates education week; EP. 532

Z

Zaghlul. See Saad Zaghlul
Zeppelins. See Airships
Ziang Sun Wan
Unto the least of these . . .; E. 459
Ziegfeld's follies; D. 552
Zinoviev, G.
Russia's harvest; I. 245
Zinoviev letter. See Russia—Foreign relations
Zionism
Departure. L. Lewisohn; S. 335
Palestine problem; IP. 345
Zueblin, Charles. Obituary; EP. 323

BOOK REVIEWS

Books are indexed under author and title, and in some cases under subject.

The following explanatory letters are used in the index:

B Book review
AN Brief annotation
R Reviewer

A

Abbott, Frank Frost
Roman politics; B..... 388
Acropolis of Athens. M. Schede; AN..... 735
Adams, Bill
Fenceless meadows; AN..... 170
Adel. R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi; B..... 22
Adler, Felix
Reconstruction of the spiritual ideal; B... 167
Agricultural crisis, 1920-1923. R. R. Enfield; B..... 420
Aksakov, Sergei Timofeievich
Chronicles of a Russian family; B..... 420
Albrecht, Arthur Emil
International seamen's union of America; AN..... 474
Aldington, Richard, compiler
Book of characters; B..... 420
Alexander, Ruth S.; R.....169, 548
Alie, Tant', of Transvaal, her diary; translated by E. Hobhouse; B..... 169
Allen, H. Warner. See Celestina
Allport, Floyd H.
Social psychology; B..... 127
Altgeld of Illinois. W. R. Browne; B..... 499
America. G. P. Krapp; AN..... 685
American colonies in the eighteenth century. H. L. Osgood; B..... 192
American democracy today. W. S. Myers; B.. 646
American problems. W. E. Borah; B..... 314
American revolution, George III and the. F. A. Mumby; B..... 192
American social history as recorded by British travelers. A. Nevins; B..... 264
Ancient rhetoric and poetic. C. S. Baldwin; AN..... 501
Anderson, Sherwood
Story teller's story; B..... 640
Andrews, Charles M.; R..... 192
Anglican church principles. F. J. F. Jackson; AN..... 659
Animal life in the Yosemite. J. Grinnel and T. I. Storer; B..... 470
Annin, Robert Edwards
Woodrow Wilson, a character study; B... 378
Anthony, Joseph, editor
Best news stories of 1923; B..... 422
Anthropology, travel and exploration. Sir R. Burton; B..... 643
Apes and angels. R. Connell; AN..... 343
Apple of the eye. G. Westcott; B.....654, 685
Arkell, Reginald, and R. Thorndike
Tragedy of Mr. Punch; AN..... 550
Arlen, Michael
Green hat; B..... 499
Arnold Waterlow. M. Sinclair; B..... 548
Art, History of. E. Faure; B..... 657
Aspects of the study of Roman history. T. S. Jerome; B..... 388
Asquith, Herbert Henry
Studies and sketches; B..... 314
Atkins, David
Economics of freedom; B..... 265
Auer, Leopold
My long life in music; B..... 195
Augustus Carp, Esq. By himself; AN..... 294
Author's Thames. G. S. Maxwell; AN..... 450
Autobiography of an idea. L. H. Sullivan; B. 147
Autocracy and revolution in Russia. Baron S. A. Korff; B..... 292
Awakening of Italy. L. Villari; B..... 652

B

Babbitt, Irving
Democracy and leadership; B..... 293
Bagesu and other tribes of the Uganda protectorate
Mackie ethnological expedition to Central Africa; B..... 100
Baldwin, Charles Sears
Ancient rhetoric and poetic; AN..... 501
Bandello
Tragical tales; AN..... 550
Bare souls. G. Bradford; B..... 500
Barnes, Harry Elmer; R.....378, 646
Bartlett, F. C.
Psychology and primitive culture; B..... 51
Bashan and I. T. Mann; AN..... 474
Battle of Alcazar. W. W. Greg; B..... 219
Beauty, truth and humour. H. C. Duffin; B. 168
Beer, Thomas
Sandoval; B..... 125
Before the mast and after. Sir W. Runciman; B..... 242
Belloc, Hilaire
Contrast; B..... 264
Benedict, Ruth; R..... 51
Bercovici, Konrad; R..... 386
Beresford, John
Gossip of the 17th and 18th centuries; AN..... 450
Beresford, John, editor
Diary of a country parson; AN..... 527
Best news stories of 1923. J. Anthony, editor; B..... 422
Best short stories of 1923. E. J. O'Brien, editor; B..... 240
Bianchi, Martha Dickinson
Life and letters of Emily Dickinson; B.. 376
Bible. Thomas Jefferson Bible; B..... 170
Das bilderbuch meiner jugend. H. Sudermann; B..... 170
Binkley, Robert C., and M. W. Malbone, jr.
New governments of Central Europe; B..... 315
Birrell, Augustine
More obiter dicta; AN..... 527
Bizzell, William Bennett
Rural Texas; B..... 53
Blankenhorn, Heber
Strike for union; B..... 99
Blanshard, Paul
Outline of the British labor movement; B. 448
Bogardus, Emory S.
Fundamentals of social psychology; AN.. 527
Book of characters. R. Aldington, compiler; B..... 420
Borah, William E.
American problems; B..... 314
Boswell's journal of a tour to the Hebrides; AN..... 734
Botha, General. E. Buxton; B..... 548
Boy in the bush. D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner; B..... 710
Boyd, Ernest
Portraits, real and imaginary; B..... 574
Boyd, Ernest; R..... 266
Boyson, V. F.
Falkland Islands; AN..... 659
Bradford, Gamaliel
Bare souls; B..... 500
Brandes, Georg
Wolfgang Goethe; B..... 647
Brandon, Dorothy
Outsider; AN..... 343
Braybrooke, Richard Lord, editor
Diary of Samuel Pepys; AN..... 735
Brewster, Dorothy; R..... 712
British labor movement. P. Blanshard; B.... 448
Bromfield, Louis
Green bay tree; B..... 78
Brooks, Charles Franklin, and others
Why the weather?; AN..... 501
Brothers of no kin. C. Richter; B..... 240
Brown, Abbie Farwell
Boyhood of Edward MacDowell; B..... 341
Brown, Irving
Gypsy fires in America; B..... 547
Browne, Lewis; R..... 170
Browne, Waldo R.
Altgeld of Illinois; B..... 499
Burrell, Angus; R..... 548
Burton, Sir Richard
Selected papers on anthropology, travel and exploration; B..... 643
Bushrangers. C. J. Finger; AN..... 713
Butterfield, H.
Historical novel; B..... 473
Buxton, Earl
General Botha; B..... 548
Byron and Greece. H. Spender; B..... 149
Byron in England. S. F. Wicks; B..... 50
Byron, Political career of. D. N. Raymond; B..... 50
Byron, the last journey. H. Nicolson; B..... 149

C

Cabell, James Branch
From the hidden way; B..... 470
Straws and prayer-books; B..... 470
Cadman, S. Parkes
Christianity and the state; AN..... 393
Cannan, Gilbert
Sembal; B..... 21
Carlyle and Mill. E. Neff; B..... 382
Carson, Gerald Hewes; R.....79, 169, 342
Carter, Huntly
New theatre and cinema of soviet Russia; B..... 53
Cayrou, G.
Le français classique; AN..... 128
Celestina; translated by J. Mabbe, edited by H. W. Allen; B..... 148
Chambers, E. K.
Elizabethan stage; B..... 219
Chance, love and logic. C. S. Peirce; B..... 498
Changing conceptions in Jewish education. E. Gamoran; B..... 98
Chase, Daniel
Middle passage; AN..... 170
Chase, Stuart; R.....99, 148, 734
Cheat-the-boys. E. Phillpotts; AN..... 343
Chekhov, Anton
Letters on the short story, the drama, and other literary topics; B..... 652
Cheney, Sheldon
Primer of modern art; B.....
Chesterton, Gilbert K.
Fancies versus fads; B..... 342
Chew, Samuel C.
Byron in England; B..... 50
Chew, Samuel C.; R.....149, 219, 645
Chills and fever. J. C. Ransom; B..... 446
Christianity and the state. S. P. Cadman; AN..... 393
Chronicles of a Russian family. S. T. Aksakov; B..... 420
Clark, Emily; R..... 147
Clemens, Samuel Langhorne
Autobiography; B..... 524
Coal industry. A. T. Shurick; B..... 472
Coasts of illusion. C. B. Firestone; B..... 602
Cobb of "The World." J. L. Heaton, editor; B..... 711
Cody, Sherwin
Poe: man, poet and creative thinker; AN. 450
Collins, Dale
Ordeal; B..... 449
Collins, Frederick L.
Our American kings; AN..... 474
Collins, Joseph
Taking the literary pulse; B..... 472
Colum, Padraic
Island of the mighty; B..... 660
Columbia university
Copy 1924; B..... 79
Columbus, Christopher
Journal of first voyage to America; B.. 193
Come, let us walk together. G. Heatter; AN.. 149
Comments and impressions. H. Ellis; B..... 640
Common sense of music. S. Spaeth; AN.... 605
Commons, John R.
Legal foundations of capitalism; B..... 315
Conceited count. Destouches, P. N.; AN.... 316
Confusion. J. G. Cozzens; B..... 100
Conkling, Hilda
Silverhorn; B..... 660
Connell, Richard
Apes and angels; AN..... 343
Constant, Benjamin. E. W. Schermerhorn; B..... 712
Contemporary criticisms of Dr. Samuel Johnson. J. K. Spittals, editor; B..... 525
Contemporary drama of Russia. L. Wiener; B..... 576
Contrast. H. Belloc; B..... 264
Conversations in Ebury street. G. Moore; B. 645
Cooke, Sidney Russell, and E. H. Davenport
Oil trusts and Anglo-American relations; B..... 20
Copy 1924. Columbia university; B..... 79
Corbeau, Adrien Le. See Le Corbeau, Adrien
Coss, John Jacob
Autobiography of J. S. Mill; AN..... 685
Coudenhove-Kalergi, Richard N.
Adel; B..... 22
Krise der weltanschauung; B..... 22
Pan-Europa; B..... 22
Country people. R. Suckow; B..... 194
Coupland, R.
Wilberforce; B..... 683
Cozzens, James Gould
Confusion; B..... 100
Crane, Frank
Why I am a Christian; B..... 526
Crane, Nathalia
Janitor's boy; B..... 660
Crapsey, Algernon S.
Last of the heretics; B..... 342
Craven, Thomas; R.....99, 290
Critical ventures in modern French literature. A. Whitridge; B..... 241
Croly, Herbert
Willard Straight; B..... 471
Culture and democracy in the United States. H. M. Kallen; B..... 146
Cyrano de Bergerac, Savinien
Voyages to the moon and the sun; AN.. 316

D

D., H.
Heliodora and other poems; B..... 526
D'Angelo, Pascal
Pascal D'Angelo, son of Italy; B..... 682
Dark, Sidney, and R. Grey
W. S. Gilbert, his life and letters; B.... 98
Daumier. R. Escholier; B..... 79
Davenport, E. H., and S. R. Cooke
Oil trusts and Anglo-American relations; B..... 20
Davidson, Laura Lee
Isles of Eden; B..... 470
Davis, Elmer
I'll show you the town; AN..... 242
Davis, Jefferson. H. J. Eckenrode; B..... 126
Days of delusion. C. E. Sears; B..... 22
Dell, Floyd
Looking at life; B..... 472
Democracy and leadership. I. Babbitt; B.... 293
Dennis, Alfred L. P.
Foreign policies of soviet Russia; B..... 575
Dennis, Charles H.
Eugene Field's creative years; B..... 650
Depths of the universe. G. E. Hale; AN.... 501
De Silver, Albert; R..... 267
Destino de un continente. M. Ugarte; B..... 52
Destouches, Philippe Néricault
Conceited count; AN..... 316
Diary of a country parson. J. Woodforde; AN..... 527
Dibble, R. F.; R.....500, 682

Dick, H. K.; R..... 98
Dickens, Charles, Critical studies of the works of. G. Gissing; AN..... 550
Dickinson, Emily
Complete poems; B..... 376
Dickinson, Emily, Life and letters of. M. D. Bianchi; B..... 376
Dobie, Frank, editor
Legends of Texas; B..... 710
Doctor Dolittle's circus. H. Lofting; B..... 660
Dodd, William E.; R..... 126
Douglas, A. Donald; R....473, 603, 656, 662, 734
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan
Memories and adventures; B..... 682
Drake, William A.; R..... 241
Dram-shop. E. Zola; AN..... 734
Dream. H. G. Wells; B..... 21
Du Bois, W. E. Burghardt; R..... 267
Duffin, Henry Charles
Beauty, truth and humour; B..... 168

E

East window and the car window. B. L. Taylor; B..... 168
Eaton, Richard
Under the red flag; AN..... 578
Eckenrode, H. J.
Jefferson Davis, President of the South; B..... 126
Economics of freedom. D. Atkins; B..... 265
Edman, Irwin; R.....384, 526, 641
Education of Ernest Wilmerding. E. C. Wentworth; AN..... 24
Elephant man. Sir F. Treves; B..... 240
Eliot, T. S.
Homage to John Dryden; B..... 732
Elizabethan stage. E. K. Chambers; B..... 219
Elizabethan stage abridgments. W. W. Greg; B..... 219
Ellis, Havelock
Comments and impressions; B..... 640
Enfield, R. R.
Agricultural crisis, 1920-1923; B..... 420
England's Labour rulers. Iconoclast; B..... 49
Epic of the beast; AN..... 550
Erskine, John; R..... 341
Escholier, Raymond
Daumier; B..... 79
Espina, Concha
Mariflor; B..... 168
Red beacon; B..... 168
Ethics of opium. E. N. La Motte; B..... 23
Eulenspiegel, Till
Master Tyll Owlglass; AN..... 316
Expansion of Europe. R. Muir; B..... 220

F

Fabulous forties. M. Minnigerode; AN..... 343
Fadiman, Clifton P.; R..... 524
Falkland Islands. V. F. Boyson; AN..... 659
Fancies versus fads. G. K. Chesterton; B.... 342
Farrar, John, editor
Literary spotlight; B..... 574
Faure, Elie
History of art; B..... 657
Feats on the fiord. H. Martineau; B..... 660
Felsenthal, Bernard, teacher in Israel. E. Felsenthal; B..... 98
Felsenthal, Emma
Bernard Felsenthal, teacher in Israel; B. 98
Fenceless meadows. B. Adams; AN..... 170
Fichter, W. L.; R..... 683
Field, Eugene. Eugene Field's creative years. C. H. Dennis; B..... 650
Figures in modern literature. J. B. Priestley; AN..... 578
Finck, Henry T.; R..... 292
Finger, Charles J.
Bushrangers; AN..... 713
Tales from silver lands; B..... 660
Fire in the flint. W. F. White; B..... 386
Firestone, Clark B.
Coasts of illusion; B..... 602
Flower, Newman
George Frederick Handel; B..... 390
Footlights and spotlights. O. Skinner; AN.. 450
Ford, Ford Madox
Some do not; B..... 734
Foreign policies of soviet Russia. A. L. P. Dennis; B..... 575
Forest giant. A. Le Corbeau; AN..... 423
Forster, E. M.
Passage to India; B..... 379
Fox, Dixon Ryan
Herbert Levi Osgood, an American scholar; B..... 192
Fox's paw. R. Pérez de Ayala; B..... 683
Le français classique. G. Cayrou; AN..... 128
France, Anatole
Latin genius; B..... 220
France, Anatole. L. May; B..... 497
Francke, Kuno; R..... 421
Frank, Tenney; R.....388, 652
Fraycar's fist. M. H. Vorse; B..... 265
French comedies of the XVIIIth century. J. F. Regnard and others; AN..... 316
Frey, Carroll
Bibliography of the writings of H. L. Mencken; AN..... 501
Friendship of God. A. M. Royden; B..... 602
Fripp, Edgar I.
Master Richard Quyny; AN..... 501
From the hidden way. J. B. Cabell; B..... 470
Fuller, Henry B.; R..... 650
Fundamentals of social psychology. E. S. Bogardus; AN..... 527

G

Galsworthy, John
White monkey; B..... 603
Game of love and chance. P. C. de C. de Marivaux; AN..... 316
Gamoran, Emanuel
Changing conceptions in Jewish education; B..... 98
Gannett, Lewis S.; R.....20, 148, 380, 711
Gaus, John M.; R..... 125
Gentle reactions. G. Wells; B..... 473
Genzmer, George; R..... 647
George III and the American revolution. F. A. Mumby; B..... 192
Germinal. E. Zola; AN..... 734
Gesta Romanorum; B..... 420
Gilbert, Clinton W.
You takes your choice; AN..... 474
Gilbert, W. S., his life and letters. S. Dark, and R. Grey; B..... 98
Gissing, George
Critical studies of the works of Charles Dickens; AN..... 550
Goethe. H. G. Gräf; B..... 421
Goethe, Wolfgang. G. Brandes; B..... 647
Gold. J. Wassermann; B..... 218
Goldenweiser, Alexander; R....124, 500, 644, 733
Goldschmidt, Richard
Mechanism and physiology of sex determination; B..... 340
Gorki, Maxim
Judge; AN..... 577
Goslings. U. Sinclair; B..... 340
Gossip of the 17th and 18th centuries. J. Beresford; AN..... 450
Gräf, Hans Gerhard
Goethe; skizzen zu des dichters leben und werken; B..... 421
Graham, Malbone W., Jr., and R. C. Binkley
New governments of Central Europe;; B.. 315
Grattan, C. Hartley; R.....193, 293, 340, 525
Greek anthology; AN..... 550
Greek black-figured vases. J. C. Hoppin; B... 390
Greek life and thought. L. Van Hook; B.... 447
Green bay tree. L. Bromfield; B..... 78
Green hat. M. Arlen; B..... 499
Greg, W. W.
Two Elizabethan stage abridgments; Battle of Alcazar and Orlando Furioso; B.. 219
Grey, Rowland, and S. Dark
W. S. Gilbert, his life and letters; B..... 98
Grinnell, Joseph, and T. I. Storer
Animal life in the Yosemite; B..... 470
Gruening, Ernest H.; R.....19, 314
Gruening, Martha; R..... 684
Gusev, Sergey Ivanovich
Land of the fathers; B..... 712
Gypsies. C. G. Leland; B..... 547
Gypsy fires in America. I. Brown; B..... 547

H

Hale, George Ellery
Depths of the universe; AN..... 501
Hamlin, Talbot Faulkner; R..... 604
Hammond, J. L. and Barbara
Lord Shaftesbury; B..... 291
Handel, George Frederick. N. Flower; B..... 390
Hansen, Henry; R.....147, 422, 640
Happy traveller. F. Tatchell; AN..... 149
Harrison, Hubert; R..... 78
Harzberg, Hiler, and A. Moss
Slapstick and dumbbell; AN..... 550
Haynes, Fred E.
Social politics in the United States; AN.. 550
Heaton, John L., editor
Cobb of "The World"; B..... 711
Heatter, Gabriel
Come, let us walk together; AN..... 149
Hebrides. Johnson's journey to the western islands of Scotland; AN..... 734
Heir. V. Sackville-West; B..... 240
Heliodora and other poems. H. D.; B..... 526
Hero of the Filipinos. C. E. Russell and E. B. Rodriguez; B..... 77
Herskovits, Melville J.; R..... 100
Hespelt, Ernest Herman; R..... 195
Hewett-Thayer, Harvey
Modern German novel; B..... 473
Hewlett, Maurice
Last essays; B..... 169
Historical novel. H. Butterfield; B..... 473
History of art. E. Faure; B..... 657
Hodgetts, E. A. Brayley
Moss from a rolling stone; AN..... 605
Homage to John Dryden. T. S. Eliot; B..... 732
Hooker, Richard
Story of an independent newspaper; B.... 386
Hoppin, Joseph Clark
Greek black-figured vases, with a chapter on the red-figured southern Italian vases; B..... 390
Horwill, Herbert W.; R.....314, 448
Houdini, Harry
Magician among the spirits; B..... 682
House, Roy Temple; R.....170, 448
Huddleston, Sisley
Those Europeans; B..... 605
Hulme, T. E.
Speculations; AN..... 343
Hurley, Frank
Pearls and savages; B..... 500
Huxley, Aldous
Young Archimedes; B..... 499
Huysmans, J. K.
Oblate; B..... 575

I

Iconoclast
England's Labour rulers; B..... 49
J. Ramsay MacDonald; B..... 49
I'll show you the town. E. Davis; AN..... 242
Imaginary lives. M. Schwob; B..... 500
Industrial worker, 1840-1860. N. Ware; B.... 549
Inge, W. R.
Personal religion and the life of devotion; B 602
Inigo Sandys. E. B. C. Jones; B..... 125
International seamen's union of America. A. E. Albrecht; AN..... 474
Irresistible movement of democracy. J. S. Penman; B..... 78
Island of the mighty. P. Colum; B..... 660
Isles of Eden. L. L. Davidson; B..... 470

J

Jacks, L. P.
Living universe; B..... 167
Lost radiance of Christianity; B..... 167
Realities and shams; AN..... 24
Jackson, F. J. Foakes
Anglican church principles; AN..... 659
Janitor's boy. N. Crane; B..... 660
Jastrow, Joseph; R.....24, 498
Jerome, Thomas Spencer
Aspects of the study of Roman history; B. 388
Jespersen, Otto
Philosophy of grammar; B..... 647
Jessen, Sydney
Die weltinteressen der englischen petroleumindustrie; B..... 20
Jeudwine, J. W.
Studies in empire and trade; B..... 220
Jewish education, Changing conceptions in. E. Gamoran; B..... 98
Jews. Patriotism of the American Jew. S. W. McCall; B..... 98
Johnson, Samuel. Contemporary criticisms. J. K. Spittals, editor; B..... 525
Johnson, Samuel
Johnson's journey to the western islands of Scotland and Boswell's Journal of a tour to the Hebrides; AN..... 734
Johnston, H. H.; R..... 643
Joint committee on preventing delinquency
Three problem children; AN..... 392
Jones, E. B. C.
Inigo Sandys; B..... 125
Jornadas triunfales de un golpe de estado. R. Martínez de la Riva; B..... 448
Josslyn. H. J. Smith; AN..... 221
Judge! M. Gorki; AN..... 577

K

Kalaw, Maximo M.; R..... 77
Kalergi, Richard N. Coudenhove-. See Coudenhove-Kalergi, Richard N.
Kallas, Aino
White ship; Esthonian tales; B..... 194
Kallen, Horace M.
Culture and democracy in the U. S.; B.... 146
Kent, Rockwell
Voyaging; B..... 684
Kern, Robert
Super-city; B..... 734
King, Henry Churchill
Seeing life whole; B..... 167
Klenze, Camillo von; R..... 647
Klingberg, Frank J.; R..... 683
Korff, Sergiei A., baron
Autocracy and revolution in Russia; B.... 292
Krapp, George Philip
America; AN..... 685
Krise der weltanschauung. R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi; B..... 22
Krutch, Joseph Wood; R....21, 51, 125, 194, 218, 241, 382, 447, 499, 575, 644, 710

L

La que no perdonó. H. Wast; B..... 195
La Motte, Ellen N.
Ethics of opium; B..... 23
Land of the fathers. S. I. Gusev; B..... 712
Lane, Winthrop D.; R.....194, 472
Larsen, J. Anker
Philosopher's stone; B..... 51
Laski, Harold J.
Autobiography of J. S. Mill; AN..... 685
Last of the heretics. A. S. Crapsey; B..... 342
Latin genius. A. France; B..... 220
Latitudes. E. Muir; B..... 472
La Tramerye, Pierre l'Espagnol de
World struggle for oil; B..... 20
Lawrence, D. H., and M. L. Skinner
Boy in the bush; B..... 710
Leaves from a Russian diary. P. Sorokin; B.. 577
Le Corbeau, Adrien
Forest giant; AN..... 423
Lee, Rose; R..... 449
Legal foundations of capitalism. J. R. Commons; B..... 315

Legends of Texas. F. Dobie, editor; B..... 710
Leland, Charles Godfrey
Gypsies; B..... 547
Lengyel, Emil; R.....292, 315, 525
Lenotre, G.
Two royalist spies of the French revolution; B..... 422
Leonard, William Ellery; R..... 50
Lesage, Alain René
Turcaret or the Financier; AN..... 316
Letters on the short story, the drama, and other literary topics. A. Chekhov; B..... 652
Lettres à un ami. A. Ribot; B..... 148
Lewisohn, Ludwig; R..... 22
Lilienthal, David E.; R.....315, 499
Lindeman, E. C.; R..... 53
Literary spotlight. J. Farrar, editor; B..... 574
Little French girl. A. D. Sedgwick; B..... 447
Living universe. L. P. Jacks; B..... 167
Lofting, Hugh
Doctor Dolittle's circus; B..... 660
Porridge poetry; B..... 660
Logic of conduct. J. MacKaye; B..... 128
London adventure. A. Machen; AN..... 501
London school of economics
Yea and nay; AN..... 392
Long, Clarence R.; R..... 343
Looking at life. F. Dell; B..... 472
Lost radiance of Christianity. L. P. Jacks; B. 167
Lottery. W. E. Woodward; B..... 575
Love days. H. Waste; AN..... 242
Lowie, Robert H.
Primitive religion; B..... 733
Lubin, Isador
Miners' wages and the cost of coal; B.... 194
Lutoslawski, Wincenty
World of souls; B..... 549
Lynch, Bohun
Perfect day; AN..... 170
Lynch, Frederick, editor
Mobilizing for peace; AN..... 713
Lynd, Robert
Solomon in all his glory; B..... 342

M

Mabbe, James. See Celestina
MacAlarney, Robert Emmet; R..... 422
McCall, Samuel Walker
Patriotism of the American Jew; B..... 98
MacDonald, J. Ramsay
Margaret Ethel MacDonald; B..... 49
MacDonald, J. Ramsay. Iconoclast; B..... 49
MacDonald, Margaret Ethel. J. R. MacDonald; B..... 49
MacDonald, William; R..... 547
MacDowell, E. Carleton; R..... 340
MacDowell, Edward, Boyhood of. A. F. Brown; B..... 341
Machen, Arthur
London adventure; AN..... 501
MacKaye, James
Logic of conduct; B..... 128
Mackenzie, Compton
Parson's progress; AN..... 221
Mackie ethnological expedition to Central Africa. Bagesu and other tribes of the Uganda protectorate; B..... 100
Madagascar. C. S. Osborn; B..... 124
Magician among the spirits. H. Houdini; B... 682
Mancroft essays. A. M. Samuel; B..... 168
Manin and the Venetian revolution. G. M. Trevelyan; B..... 77
Mann, Thomas
Bashan and I; AN..... 474
Mariflor. C. Espina; B..... 168
Marivaux, Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de
Game of love and chance; AN..... 316
Mark only. T. F. Powys; B..... 524
Marquis, Don, and C. Morley
Pandora lifts the lid; AN..... 293
Martin, Helen R.
Snob; B..... 127
Martineau, Harriet
Feats on the fiord; B..... 660
Martínez de la Riva, Ramón
Las jornadas triunfales de un golpe de estado; B..... 448
Master Richard Quyny. E. I. Fripp; AN..... 501
Master Tyll Owlglass. T. Eulenspiegel; AN... 316
Masters, Edgar Lee
New Spoon River; B..... 388
Maxwell, Gordon S.
Author's Thames; AN..... 450
Maxwell, Marius
Stalking big game with a camera in equatorial Africa; AN..... 550
May, Lewis
Anatole France, the man and his work; B 497
Mechanism and physiology of sex determination. R. Goldschmidt; B..... 340
Mediterranean races. M. I. Newbegin; B..... 642
Memories and adventures. Sir A. C. Doyle; B. 682
Mencken, H. L. Bibliography. C. Frey; AN.. 501
Mencken, Henry L.; R..... 290
Meyers, James
Representative government in industry; B.. 148
Michel, Friedrich
Deutsche und englische gedichte; AN..... 24
Middle passage. D. Chase; AN..... 170
Middleton, John
Wrap me up in my Aubusson carpet; B... 645
Mill, John Stuart
Autobiography; AN..... 685
Carlyle and Mill. E. Neff; B..... 382
Miners' wages and the cost of coal. I. Lubin; B 194
Minnigerode, Meade
Fabulous forties; AN..... 343
Mobilizing for peace. F. Lynch, editor; AN.. 713
Modern essays. C. Morley; B..... 168
Modern German novel. H. Hewett-Thayer; B.. 473
Modern thinkers and present problems. E. A. Singer; B..... 384
Montenegro, E.; R..... 52
Moods of earth and sky. E. L. G. Watson; B.. 470
Moore, George
Conversations in Ebury street; B..... 645
Moore, George, editor
Pure poetry; B..... 645
Moore, Harry H.
Public health in the United States; AN.... 393
More obiter dicta. A. Birrell; AN..... 527
Moritz, Carl Philipp
Travels in England in 1782; AN..... 735
Morley, Christopher
Modern essays. Second series; B..... 168
Morley, Christopher, and D. Marquis
Pandora lifts the lid; AN..... 293
Moskowitz, Henry
Alfred E. Smith; B..... 19
Moss, Arthur, and H. Harzberg
Slapstick and dumbbell; AN..... 550
Moss, Arthur; R..... 53
Moss from a rolling stone. E. A. B. Hodgetts; AN..... 605
Muir, Edwin
Latitudes; B..... 472
Muir, Edwin; R..... 379
Muir, Ramsay
Expansion of Europe; B..... 220
Mukerji, Dhan Gopal
My brother's face; AN..... 713
Mullin, Glen; R..... 684
Mumby, Frank Arthur
George III and the American revolution; B 192
Mumford, Lewis
Sticks and stones; B..... 604
Munro, Thomas; R..... 657
Munro, William Bennett
Personality in politics; B..... 547
Music and mind. T. H. Y. Trotter; B..... 292
Mussey, Henry Raymond; R.....265, 382, 549
My brother's face. D. G. Mukerji; AN..... 713
My dear Cornelia. S. P. Sherman; B..... 641
My long life in music. L. Auer; B..... 195
Myers, William Starr
American democracy today; B..... 646

N

Nearing, Scott
Oil and the germs of war; B..... 20
Neff, Emery
Carlyle and Mill; B..... 382
Negro from Africa to America. W. D. Weatherford; B..... 267
Neilson, Francis
Strong man's house; AN..... 685
Nevins, Allan
American social history as recorded by British travellers; B..... 264
New encyclopedia of music and musicians; B.. 449
New governments of central Europe. M. W. Graham, Jr., and R. C. Binkley; B..... 315
New Spoon River. E. L. Masters; B..... 388
New theatre and cinema of soviet Russia. H. Carter; B..... 53
Newbegin, Marion I.
Mediterranean races; B..... 642
Newman, Ernest
Wagner as man and artist; B..... 656
Newman, Frances
Short story's mutations; B..... 711
Nicolson, Harold
Byron, the last journey; B..... 149
Novel, Historical. H. Butterfield; B..... 473
Novel, Modern German. H. Hewett-Thayer; B 473
Novel, Political. M. E. Speare; B..... 473
Now that I'm fifty. A. P. Terhune; B..... 168
Number two Joy street; B..... 660

O

Oblate. J. K. Huysmans; B..... 575
O'Brien, Edward J., editor
Best short stories of 1923; B..... 240
Ogburn, William Fielding
Social change; B..... 125
Oil and the germs of war. S. Nearing; B..... 20
Oil trusts and Anglo-American relations. E. H. Davenport and S. R. Cooke; B..... 20
Ordeal. D. Collins; B..... 449
Orenburgsky, Sergey Gussiev, pseud. See Gusev, S. I.
Orlando Furioso. W. W. Greg; B..... 219
Osborn, Chase Salmon
Madagascar, land of the man-eating tree; B 124
Osgood, Herbert Levi
American colonies in the eighteenth century; B..... 192
Osgood, Herbert Levi. D. R. Fox; B..... 192
Our American kings. F. L. Collins; AN..... 474
Outsider. J. Sutherland; AN..... 343
Overstreet, H. A.; R..... 167
Ovid. P. Ovidi Nasonis Tristium liber secundus; AN..... 734

P

Pan-Europa. R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi; B... 22
Pandora lifts the lid. C. Morley and D. Marquis; AN..... 293
Parker, Cornelia Stratton
Ports and happy places; B..... 684
Parker, E. H.
Thousand years of the Tartars; B..... 525
Parks, Leighton
What is modernism?; AN..... 128
Parsons, Alice Beal; R.....78, 127, 265
Parson's progress. C. Mackenzie; AN..... 221
Passage to India. E. M. Forster; B..... 379
Patriotism of the American Jew. S. W. McCall; B..... 98
Pearls & pepper. R. P. Utter; B..... 168
Pearls and savages. F. Hurley; B..... 500
Peffer, Nathaniel; R..... 471
Peirce, Charles S.
Chance, love and logic; B..... 498
Penman, John Simpson
Irresistible movement of democracy; B.... 78
Penzer, N. M., editor
Selected papers on anthropology, travel and exploration. Sir R. Burton; B..... 643
Pepys, Samuel
Diary; AN..... 735
Pérez de Ayala, Ramón
Fox's paw; B..... 683
Perfect day. B. Lynch; AN..... 170
Personal religion and the life of devotion. W. R. Inge; B..... 602
Personality in politics. W. B. Munro; B..... 547
Petroleumindustrie, Die weltinteressen der englischen. S. Jessen; B..... 20
Phillpotts, Eden
Cheat-the-boys; AN..... 343
Philosopher's stone. J. A. Larsen; B..... 51
Philosophy of grammar. O. Jespersen; B..... 647
Pleasure and behavior. F. L. Wells; B..... 449
Plumes. L. Stallings; B..... 644
Poe; man, poet and creative thinker. S. Cody; AN..... 450
Poetry of architecture. F. Rutter; AN..... 423
Poets of the Greek anthology; AN..... 550
Points of view. S. P. Sherman; B..... 641
Political career of Lord Byron. D. N. Raymond; B..... 50
Political novel. M. E. Speare; B..... 473
Politics, the citizen's business. W. A. White; B 547
Pollard, A. W., and others
Shakespeare's hand in the Play of Sir Thomas More; B..... 219
Porridge poetry. H. Lofting; B..... 660
Porter, Stephen G.; R..... 23
Portraits, real and imaginary. E. Boyd; B.... 574
Ports and happy places. C. S. Parker; B..... 684
Powys, Llewelyn; R..... 76
Powys, T. F.
Mark only; B..... 524
Pratt, Waldo Selden, editor
New encyclopedia of music and musicians; B..... 449
Preuss, Arthur
Dictionary of secret and other societies; B 290
Price, Lucien; R..... 220
Priestley, J. B.
Figures in modern literature; AN..... 578
Primer of modern art. S. Cheney; B..... 99
Primitive religion. R. H. Lowie; B..... 733
Principles of journalism. C. S. Yost; AN..... 242
Proust, Marcel
Within a budding grove; B..... 266
Psychology and primitive culture. F. C. Bartlett; B..... 51
Psychology of reasoning. E. Rignano; B..... 24
Public health in the United States. H. H. Moore; AN..... 393
Pure poetry. G. Moore, editor; B..... 645

R

Racial realities in Europe. L. Stoddard; B.... 642
Ransom, John Crowe
Chills and fever; B..... 446
Raymond, Dora Neill
Political career of Lord Byron; B..... 50
Realities and shams. L. P. Jacks; AN..... 24
Recht, Charles
Rue with a difference; B..... 382
Recht, Charles; R..... 577
Reconstruction of the spiritual ideal. F. Adler; B..... 167
Red beacon. C. Espina; B..... 168
Red-figured southern Italian vases. J. C. Hoppin; B..... 390
Redfield, William C.
With congress and cabinet; B..... 378
Regnard, Jean F.
Residuary legatee; AN..... 316
Regnard, Jean F., and others
French comedies of the XVIIIth century; AN..... 316
Repplier, Agnes
Under dispute; B..... 76
Representative government in industry; J. Meyers; B..... 148
Residuary legatee. J. F. Regnard; AN..... 316
Ribot, Alexandre
Lettres à un ami; B..... 148
Richmond, its people and its story. M. N. Stanard; B..... 147

Richter, Conrad
Brothers of no kin; B..... 240
Richter, Gisela M. A.; R..... 390
Rickword, Edgell
Rimbaud, the boy and the poet; B..... 682
Rignano, Eugenio
Psychology of reasoning; B..... 24
Riley, Woodbridge; R.....22, 264
Rimbaud, the boy and the poet. E. Rickword; B..... 682
Rise of the Greek epic; AN..... 735
Rivers, W. H. R.
Social organization; B..... 644
Rizal. Hero of the Filipinos. C. E. Russell and E. B. Rodriguez; B..... 77
Rodriguez, E. B., and C. E. Russell
Hero of the Filipinos; B..... 77
Rogers, Leigh
Wine of fury; AN..... 221
Roman history, Aspects of the study of. T. S. Jerome; B..... 388
Roman politics. F. F. Abbott; B..... 388
Ronsard, Pierre de
Songs and sonnets; AN..... 735
Royden, A. Maude
Friendship of God; B..... 602
Rue with a difference. C. Recht; B..... 382
Ruhl, Arthur; R..... 605
Runciman, Sir Walter
Before the mast and after; B..... 242
Rural Texas. W. B. Bizzell; B..... 53
Russell, Charles, and E. B. Rodriguez
Hero of the Filipinos; B..... 77
Russia, Contemporary drama of. L. Wiener; B 576
Russia, New theatre and cinema of. H. Carter; B..... 73
Rutter, Frank
Poetry of architecture; AN..... 423

S

Sackville-West, V.
Heir; B..... 240
Sailors' union of the Pacific. P. S. Taylor; AN 474
Samuel, Arthur Michael
Mancroft essays; B..... 168
Sandoval. T. Beer; B..... 125
Sarg, Tony
Book for children; B..... 660
Schede, M.
Acropolis of Athens; AN..... 735
Scheifley, William H.; R..... 79
Schelling, Felix E.
Summer ghosts and winter topics; B..... 168
Schermerhorn, Elizabeth W.
Benjamin Constant; B..... 712
Schwob, Marcel
Imaginary lives; B..... 500
Scott, Temple; R..... 473
Sears, Clara Endicott
Days of delusion; B..... 22
Secret and other societies. A. Preuss; B.... 290
Sedgwick, Anne Douglas
Little French girl; B..... 447
Seeing life whole. H. C. King; B..... 167
Seldes, Gilbert
Seven lively arts; B..... 290
Sembal. G. Cannan; B..... 21
Seven lively arts. G. Seldes; B..... 290
Sex determination. R. Goldschmidt; B..... 340
Shaftesbury, Lord. J. L. and B. Hammond; B. 291
Shakespeare's hand in the Play of Sir Thomas More. A. W. Pollard and others; B.... 219
Shepherd, William R.; R..... 220
Sherman, Stuart P.
My dear Cornelia; B..... 641
Points of view; B..... 641
Shipley, Joseph T.; R..... 100
Short story, the drama. A. Chekhov; B..... 652
Short story's mutations. F. Newman; B.... 711
Shurick, A. T.
Coal industry; B..... 472
Silverhorn. H. Conkling; B..... 660
Since leaving home. A. Wehde; B..... 267
Sinclair, May
Arnold Waterlow; B..... 548
Sinclair, Upton
Goslings; B..... 340
Singer, E. A.
Modern thinkers and present problems; B. 384
Sitwell, Edith
Sleeping beauty; B..... 446
Skinner, M. L., and D. H. Lawrence
Boy in the bush; B..... 710
Skinner, Otis
Footlights and spotlights; AN..... 450
Slapstick and dumbbell. H. Harzberg and A. Moss; AN..... 550
Sleeping beauty. E. Sitwell; B..... 446
Smertenko, Clara M.; R..... 447
Smertenko, Johan J.; R.98, 146, 168, 240, 472, 652
Smith, Alfred E. H. Moskowitz; B..... 19
Smith, Henry Justin
Josslyn; AN..... 221
Snob. H. R. Martin; B..... 127
Social change. W. F. Ogburn; B..... 125
Social organization. W. H. R. Rivers; B..... 644
Social politics in the United States. F. E. Haynes; AN..... 550
Social psychology. E. S. Bogardus; AN..... 527
Social psychology. F. H. Allport; B..... 127
Solomon in all his glory. R. Lynd; B..... 342
Some do not. F. M. Ford; B..... 734
Sorokin, Pitirim
Leaves from a Russian diary; B..... 577
Spaeth, Sigmund
Common sense of music; AN..... 605
Speare, Morris Edmund
Political novel; B..... 473
Speculations. T. E. Hulme; AN..... 343
Spender, Harold
Byron and Greece; B..... 149
Spittal, John Ker, editor
Contemporary criticisms of Dr. Samuel Johnson; B..... 525
Springfield *Republican*. Story of an independent newspaper. R. Hooker; B..... 386
Stalking big game with a camera. M. Maxwell; AN..... 550
Stallings, Laurence
Plumes; B..... 644
Stanard, Mary Newton
Richmond, its people and its story; B.... 147
Sticks and stones. L. Mumford; B..... 604
Stoddard, Lothrop
Racial realities in Europe; B..... 642
Stolberg, Benjamin; R..... 602
Storer, Tracy Irwin, and J. Grinnell
Animal life in the Yosemite; B..... 470
Story of an independent newspaper. R. Hooker; B..... 386
Story teller's story. S. Anderson; B..... 640
Straight, Willard. H. Croly; B..... 471
Straus, Henrietta; R.....195, 390, 449
Straws and prayer-books. J. B. Cabell; B.... 470
Strike for union. H. Blankenhorn; B..... 99
Strong man's house. F. Neilson; AN..... 685
Studies and sketches. H. H. Asquith; B..... 314
Studies in empire and trade. J. W. Jeudwine; B..... 220
Suckow, Ruth
Country people; B..... 194
Suckow, Ruth; R..... 654
Sudermann, Hermann
Das bilderbuch meiner jugend; B..... 170
Sullivan, Louis H.
Autobiography of an idea; B..... 147
Summer ghosts and winter topics. F. E. Schelling; B..... 168
Super-city. R. Kern; B..... 734
Sutherland, John C.
Outsider; AN..... 343
Swan, Charles, translator
Gesta Romanorum; B..... 420
Swift, Helen
Where green lanes end; B..... 470

T

Taggard, Genevieve; R..... 376
Taking the literary pulse. J. Collins; B..... 472
Tales from silver lands. C. J. Finger; B.... 660
Talmy, Leon; R..... 575
Tant' Alie of Transvaal; her diary; B..... 169
Tatchell, Frank
Happy traveller; AN..... 149
Tate, Allen; R..... 549
Tattooed countess. C. Van Vechten; B..... 241
Taylor, Bert Leston
East window and the car window; B.... 168
Taylor, Paul S.
Sailors' union of the Pacific; AN..... 474
Terhune, Albert Payson
Now that I'm fifty; B..... 168
Treve; AN..... 128
These eventful years; B..... 380
Thibault, Jacques Anatole. See France, Anatole
Thomas, Norman; R.....291, 526
Thorndike, Russell, and R. Arkell
Tragedy of Mr. Punch; AN..... 550
Those Europeans. S. Huddleston; B..... 605
Thousand years of the Tartars. E. H. Parker; B..... 525
Three problem children. Joint committee on preventing delinquency; AN..... 392
Tragedy of Mr. Punch. R. Thorndike and R. Arkell; AN..... 550
Tragical tales. Bandello; AN..... 550
Treve. A. P. Terhune; AN..... 128
Trevelyan, G. M.
Manin and the Venetian revolution; B.. 77
Treves, Sir Frederic
Elephant man; ■..... 240
Trotter, T. H. Yorke
Music and mind; B..... 292
Tugwell, Rexford Guy; R..... 421
Turcaret or the Financier. Lesage, A. R.; AN..... 316
Twain, Mark. See Clemens, Samuel Langhorne
Twentieth century in the making; B..... 380
Two Elizabethan stage abridgments. W. W. Greg; B..... 219
Two royalist spies of the French revolution. G. Lenotre; B..... 422

U

Ugarte, Manuel
El destino de un continente; B..... 52
Under dispute. A. Repplier; B..... 76
Under the red flag. R. Eaton; AN..... 578
Utter, Robert Palfrey
Pearls and pepper; ■..... 168

V

Van Doren, Carl; R.....470, 711
Van Doren, Mark; R..388, 420, 446, 470, 497, 524, 547, 574, 602, 640, 682, 710, 732
Van Hook, La Rue
Greek life and thought; B..... 447
van Loon, Hendrik Willem; R..... 642
Van Vechten, Carl
Tattooed countess; B..... 241
Villard, Oswald Garrison; R.....242, 386
Villari, Luigi
Awakening of Italy; B..... 652
Vivas, Eliseo; R.....148, 168
Vorse, Mary Heaton
Fraycar's fist; B..... 265
Voyages to the moon and the sun. Cyrano de Bergerac; AN..... 316
Voyaging. R. Kent; B..... 684

W

Wager, Charles H.; R..... 77
Wagner as man and artist. E. Newman; B. 656
Ware, Norman
Industrial worker, 1840-1860; B..... 549
Wassermann, Jacob
Gold; B..... 218
Wast, Hugo
La que no perdonó; B..... 195
Waste, Henrie
Love days; AN..... 242
Watson, E. L. Grant
Moods of earth and sky; B..... 470
Watson, John B.; R.....128, 449
Weatherford, W. D.
Negro from Africa to America; B..... 267
Wehde, Albert
Since leaving home; B..... 267
Wells, F. L.
Pleasure and behavior; B..... 449
Wells, Gabriel
Gentle reactions; B..... 473
Wells, Herbert George
Dream; B..... 21
Die weltinteressen der englischen petroleum-industrie. S. Jessen; B..... 20
Wentworth, Edward Chichester
Education of Ernest Wilmerding; AN.... 24
West, V. Sackville-. See Sackville-West, V.
West Indies, Government of the. H. Wrong; AN..... 170
Westcott, Glenway
Apple of the eye; B.....654, 685
What is modernism? L. Parks; AN..... 128
Where green lanes end. H. Swift; B..... 470
White, Walter F.
Fire in the flint; B..... 386
White, William Allen
Politics, the citizen's business; B..... 547
White monkey. J. Galsworthy; B..... 603
White ship. A. Kallas; B..... 194
Whitridge, Arnold
Critical ventures in modern French literature; B..... 241
Whitridge, Arnold; R..... 712
Why I am ■ Christian. F. Crane; B..... 526
Why the weather? C. F. Brooks and others; AN..... 501
Wicks, Sidney F.; R..... 49
Wiener, Leo
Contemporary drama of Russia; B..... 576
Wilberforce, a narrative. R. Coupland; B.... 683
Wilson, Woodrow. R. E. Annin; B..... 378
Wine of fury. L. Rogers; AN..... 221
With congress and cabinet. W. C. Redfield; B..... 378
Within a budding grove. M. Proust; B..... 266
Woodforde, James
Diary of a country parson; AN..... 527
Woodward, W. E.
Lottery; B..... 575
World of souls. W. Lutoslawski; B..... 549
World struggle for oil. P. l'E. de La Tramerye; B..... 20
Wrap me up in my Aubusson carpet. J. Middleton; B..... 645
Wright, F. A., translator
Poets of the Greek anthology; AN..... 550
Wrong, Hume
Government of the West Indies; AN..... 170

Y

Yarmolinsky, Avrahm; R..... 576
Yea and nay. London school of economics; AN..... 392
Yeats, W. B.
Later poems; AN..... 128
Plays in prose and verse; AN..... 128
Yost, Casper S.
Principles of journalism; AN..... 242
You takes your choice. C. L. Gilbert; AN.... 474
Young, Kimball; R..... 127
Young Archimedes. A. Huxley; B..... 499

Z

Zola, Emil
Dram-shop; AN..... 734
Germinal; AN..... 734

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1924 No. 3078

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 1
EDITORIALS:
Cleveland, Wilson, ——? 4
Mussolini and the Klan 5
Butterscotch Pie? 5
The Journalist as Prime Minister 6
US POOR LIBERALS. By Hendrik Willem van Loon 7
THE CLOWN SHOW. By H. L. Mencken 8
THE NEW EDUCATION:
II. In the Ethical Culture, Horace Mann, and Lincoln Schools. By Agnes de Lima 9
BOLSHEVISM AND POPULISM. By William Hard 12
DEMOCRATS ALL. By Art Young 13
RHODE ISLAND'S REVOLUTION. By Orville A. Welsh 14
THE AKALI MOVEMENT—AN HEROIC EPIC. By Agnes Smedley 15
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 18
CORRESPONDENCE 18
DREAMS. By Rolfe Humphries 19
BOOKS:
An American Career. By Ernest Gruening 19
This Oil Age. By Lewis S. Gannett 20
The Disinherited. By J. W. Krutch 21
A Philosopher of Liberalism. By Ludwig Lewisohn 22
Prepare! Prepare! By Woodbridge Riley 22
Opium. By Stephen G. Porter 23
A Survey of Human Logicality. By Joseph Jastrow 24
Books in Brief 24
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Is Austria Rehabilitated? By Heinrich Kanner 25
National Minorities in Poland 26
The Strength of the Russian Communist Party 27

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN
FREDA KIRCHWEY IRITA VAN DOREN
MANAGING EDITOR LITERARY EDITOR
ISABEL LA MONTE, ADVERTISING MANAGER
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS
ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

ON THE EVE OF THE CONVENTION Mr. McAdoo violently assails the New York press and our "invisible government" and gives voice to admirable and glittering generalities as to the misgovernment of the United States—the kind of harmless but effective pap politicians are supposed to give to voters on all occasions. But when you ask what are his precise views as to Europe, as to government ownership of railroads, as to the Klan, as to prohibition, and everything else that really counts, why, he and "Al" Smith are twins in their eager avoidance of the concrete and clearcut. "We must play our part in Europe and we must enforce all the laws." Yes, but are you *for* prohibition or against it? Are you afraid to say you are for the Klan? Yes, *Klan*—we do not mean that vague thing "law and order." Governor "Pat" Neff of Texas at least can hit a nail on the head. At the very moment when Mr. McAdoo was assuring a crowd: "I love California, and I love Idaho, Utah, Oregon, and South Dakota"—and similar stuff *ad nauseam*, Governor Neff put the issue as to the two leading candidates concisely enough when he said: "Smith is too wet. McAdoo is too oily." So the convention is bound to be as to candidates a fine, open battle, tending to a compromise agreement by exhaustion upon some man whom the American people would never in the world of their own free choice pick for the Presidency.

HENRIK SHIPSTEAD of Minnesota has just completed another stage in the financial education of Andrew W. Mellon of Pittsburgh. Mr. Mellon has a way of telling Congress and the country just what is what in financial matters and of being very indignant if they do not accept his word as if it were a tablet from Sinai. His reckonings, however, have a deplorable habit of being wrong. Treasury surpluses have repeatedly contradicted his gloomy predictions. When, on February 1, Senator Shipstead denounced the high interest rates on government securities, declaring that they were at least one per cent too high, causing a loss to the American people of more than a billion dollars a year, Secretary Mellon replied with heat that he set the rate as the market demanded, and that it was nonsense to imply that the government rate or the federal-reserve discount rates could determine the market. The Senator returned to the charge on May 17; and the latest government offering was made at 2¾ per cent—as compared with a minimum of 4 per cent throughout 1923. Secretary Mellon had declared that the public would not have accepted a lower rate. But when he offered $150,000,000 at 2¾ per cent the subscriptions totaled more than $600,000,000! The reduced rate of interest on that loan alone will save more than a million dollars a year, and Senator Shipstead deserves the credit for forcing a reluctant Mr. Mellon to save it.

MACDONALD AND HERRIOT met at Chequers, and they liked each other. Where two die-hard premiers never met without suspicion and national jealousy these two liberals were able to speak without reserve, and apparently agreement was not difficult. Their actual decisions amount to little—they have agreed to invite Italy to a conference in July upon the application of the Dawes Report—but they have created an atmosphere which should mean much. They might better have invited Germany to the July conference, instead of perpetuating the old method of meeting as Allies before presenting a completed program to the Central Powers. But the spirit matters more than the form. If the correspondents are right that Herriot has agreed to evacuate the Ruhr as soon as the Germans begin to apply the Dawes recommendations, and that England will support the desire of Germany to be admitted to the League Council on the same terms as the major Allies, then indeed Europe is making progress.

THE COUNCIL OF THE LEAGUE of Nations has met in its twenty-ninth session, passed resolutions, received reports, and adjourned. It continues to display patience, hard work, and hopefulness. The League's own suggestions relative to disarmament having failed, discussion this time centered around an American plan, which may, perhaps, become the foster child of the League of Nations. Austria's request to be released from further League control in view of her prosperity during the past year was refused by the Council, but a commission will be sent to investigate her finances. The Russian refugee problem was turned over to the International Labor Office, as it is now

BIRMINGHAM PUBLIC LIB

more a question of finding employment than of politics. "Steps were taken" to advance Mr. Morgenthau's land settlement plan, which would care for a million Greek refugees. Further investigation of slavery, traffic in women and children, and opium was provided for. In the health field plans for a League of Nations intelligence bureau in Singapore for combating epidemics in the East were announced. Action on the German protest about conditions in the Sarre was postponed until August.

THAT AMERICAN PLAN FOR DISARMAMENT and the outlawry of war is one of the brightest peace rifts in the armament clouds. The Council of the League of Nations at once voted to distribute the draft to the governments concerned. Through its Permanent Commission of government representatives and its Temporary Mixed Commission of experts the League has been trying vainly to settle upon a disarmament plan. England, France, and Japan held back even from agreement not to exceed the annual military expenditures provided for in their present budgets. We hardly need add that the American plan is not "official." Professor J. T. Shotwell of Columbia and General Tasker H. Bliss with eight others worked it out. Whatever else it is or is not, it is a real challenge of our desire for peace. It subtracts not one jot from our sovereignty, but defines channels through which peace efforts may flow. It does not require membership in the League of Nations, although it does utilize the World Court.

BEGINNING WITH THE SOLEMN declaration that "aggressive war is an international crime," the proposed treaty proceeds to define aggression:

> In the absence of a state of war measures of force by land, by sea, or in the air taken by one state against another and not taken for purposes of defense or for the protection of human life shall be deemed to be acts of aggression. Any signatory which claims that another signatory has violated any of the terms of this treaty shall submit its case to the Permanent Court of International Justice. A signatory refusing to accept the jurisdiction of the court in any such case shall be deemed an aggressor within the terms of this treaty.

This provides as effective a definition of international aggression as we have seen, and the absolute statement that aggressive war is a crime should go far to interest those who have looked to the outlawry of war as the first step toward disarmament and world peace. When a state is adjudged the aggressor, this plan suggests that

> All commercial, trade, financial, and property interests of the aggressor and of its nationals shall cease to be entitled, either in the territories of the other signatories or on the high seas, to any privileges, protection, rights, or immunities accorded by either international law, national law, or treaty.

The provisions for actual disarmament are vaguer, and, utilizing the machinery of the League itself, will hardly find acceptance in the United States.

ENGLAND'S LABOR GOVERNMENT has acted like any stupid Tory bully, and Mexico has behaved like an oversensitive small boy, with the result that the tenuous diplomatic relations between the two countries have been broken off. The dispute arose because of the impertinence of the British chargé d'affaires, Mr. Cummins, in writing letters to the Mexican Government instructing it in his code of ethics and informing it that "the constitution and the law of Mexico forbid the course taken by the Government" in turning over the landed estates of a certain Mrs. Evans to Mexican peons. Possibly he was right; we do not know the facts. Certainly Mr. Cummins's language was outrageously undiplomatic and we cannot understand Ramsay MacDonald's inability to see anything "objectionable" in it. If any diplomat used such language to the British Government his departure by the next boat would be certain. It is only because Mexico is small and weak that the unwanted Mr. Cummins has been retained in Mexico. The Obregon Government long ago informed London that he was *persona non grata.* When no action was taken it ordered him to leave. He stayed, and it adopted the unusual course of blockading the embassy; and it refused to modify its decree of expulsion as was requested. The old diplomatic banners were unfurled; both countries felt that their "national prestige" was at stake. It is disgraceful that two labor governments should set such an example of pettiness.

GENERAL SMUTS has lost his office and his seat and most of his party. All he appears to have left, as the final returns from the South African election come in, is a part of the old Unionist Party in the Cape and a scattering of South African Party Dutch members in the Transvaal, the Cape, and Natal. The Transvaal went against him in an astonishingly complete reversal of allegiance, and the Rand, which bitterly resented the Government's methods in putting down the "revolution" in the mines two years ago, voted almost solidly for Labor candidates. So Smuts, on a variety of local and personal issues, is gone; but what has come to take his place? A Nationalist-Labor coalition, an unstable compound of dissimilar elements, with no positive policy worth mentioning. The Nationalists gave up their chief issue—republicanism and secession—to win Labor's support; Labor will have to forget its economic hopes. They agree perhaps on one issue: keeping the colored majority in its place, and keeping that place a low one. The two parties have no economic interests in common; no international policy or attitude to the Empire to unite them. The result of the election is merely an expression of a variety of legitimate discontents; it leaves South Africa's future more than ever uncertain.

THE RIDICULOUS ATTEMPT which originated in the War Department to depict the leading women's organizations of the country as propagandists of Russian communism is still working mischief, although repudiated three months ago by Secretary Weeks. Acting on instructions from Mr. Weeks, General Amos A. Fries, head of the Chemical Warfare Service, wrote to persons to whom the notorious "spider-web chart" had been sent, asking them to destroy it. Naturally, however, this gave it an added value to most of its possessors, while the woman librarian of the Chemical Warfare Service, who prepared the chart, declares that it is her personal property and she intends to continue its circulation unofficially. Meanwhile it has been given wide publicity. Without any evidence whatever, it lists the Women's Joint Congressional Committee and the National Council for Prevention of War as the main arteries of bolshevism, connecting with them such organizations as the National League of Women Voters, the National Federation of Women's Clubs, the Women's Christian Temperance

Union, the National Consumers' League, the Young Women's Christian Association, and even the Daughters of the American Revolution! This is another revelation of the extent to which our administrative departments have abandoned administration to take up propaganda and log-rolling.

ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES that a nation encounters when it tries to administer its outlying territory through officers of the army or navy is that as officers of the army or navy these men have no right to take part in national politics, but as colonial governors they are more or less inevitably drawn into them. We told in our issue of May 7 how Governor Philip Williams of the Virgin Islands, who is a captain of the navy, was propagandizing against the bill in Congress to give civil government to the natives. Later the two Colonial Councils of the islands came out against the measure. This was to be expected, since the Colonial Councils are a survival of early Danish rule, and are elected on a property franchise for which only about one in twenty-five of the natives can qualify. Captain-Governor Williams, also on the side of aristocracy and privilege, at once sent the resolutions of the Colonial Councils to Washington by the naval radio station. Then a large mass meeting of the natives was held. Resolutions in favor of the bill were passed, and Captain-Governor Williams was asked to transmit them also by radio. He replied: "I consider that the naval radio station here should not be utilized for this matter, and I have therefore forwarded it by mail." First or second class, we wonder?

BECAUSE SHE STOOD HIGHER than any other student Hilda Borden, a Negro, was named valedictorian of the graduating class of the Darby High School in Pennsylvania. Because she was named valedictorian, thirty-one other students—about half of the class—refused to attend commencement. They did not give as a reason that Hilda Borden was a Negro; they said that other than scholastic qualifications should have been considered in choosing the commencement orator and that no adequate notice was given of the basis of selection. But a majority of the student body, the whole faculty, members of the school board, and the principal had this to say in answer:

> Announcement was made to the entire school at the beginning of the year that athletic activities and such things would not count. In the second place, even were the standings so calculated, Hilda Borden would still win, because throughout her school life she has taken part in every school activity but athletics. She didn't take part in that because the students themselves wouldn't let her.

And Polly Baccini, who stood second in the class and was the only possible contestant for the honor, attended the exercises and characterized the "strikers" as poor sports. The action of these embryo Klansmen was vicious and cruel, and they probably succeeded in turning Hilda Borden's happy pride into bitterness and resentment. But the incident gave encouraging evidence of how swiftly a reaction toward generosity and decency often follows such an exhibition of intolerance.

JUDGE GARY is a frank, unashamed sort of despot. He weeps no crocodile tears; he has no benevolence and he pretends to none. Henry Ford is known as widely, we are sure, for his welfare work among his employees as for the canny scheming that has made his Gargantuan profits. But we suspect Mr. Ford, none the less, of being at heart no better than the Walrus and the Carpenter, who wept—but ate them up just the same. Mr. Ford has granted his 23,000 office employees in Detroit a five-day week. He has "many times expressed the view that five days a week is enough for anyone to labor." How benevolent, and how different from the views of Mr. Gary! But observe: Mr. Ford's office employees have in the past had two weeks' vacation with pay. This year there will be no vacation; twelve weeks of five working days will cancel the two weeks of vacation. If the system is continued beyond the twelve summer weeks, the pay of the employees will thenceforth be docked for the day off. And observe further: The day which is being subtracted from the working week is Saturday. Saturday has always been a half holiday; so Mr. Ford's office employees are gaining twelve half days and losing eleven whole ones. And Mr. Ford himself is able to demonstrate a great social theory and at the same time save five days' pay on 23,000 employees. Upon the whole, we think we prefer Mr. Gary.

MRS. OR MISS—which is more honorable? In this country the vanguard of feminists insist upon the right to their own names and the prefix "Miss." They do it in the name of Lucy Stone, who never would let herself be called Mrs. Blackwell. But Lucy Stone herself, when she appeared before a congressional committee thirty years ago, was introduced by Susan B. Anthony as "Mrs. Stone." What do the Ruth Hales and Fola La Follettes say to that? Miss or Mrs. Stone evidently had the same ideas as the speaker at a recent women's congress in Finland who urged abolition of the "dishonoring designation 'Miss.'" The American moderns seem to believe that "Mrs.," with its implication of dependence upon a mere male, is more slighting. That, to be sure, is an implication born of modern days. Dr. Johnson knew that worthy maiden lady as "Mrs. Hannah More" without imputing any lack of independence to her. Does the growing tendency of married women workers to ask for jobs as "Miss," and the utter lack of any tendency among men to distinguish themselves, by title or otherwise, as wedded or unwedded have profound social significance?

FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO in 21 hours 48½ minutes! And yet there are still people who disbelieve in miracles. Well, we take off our hats to Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan. The man who crossed the continent between dawn and dusk showed amazing skill, endurance, and courage, besides demonstrating the value of long and careful preparation. We are glad he did it and, with all our internationalism, are proud that he is an American, just as we take the greatest pride in his three comrades of the army air service who are doggedly flying around the world. We are happy to think that Lieutenant Maughan has illustrated some of the finest of what we are pleased to call American characteristics—daring, initiative, resourcefulness. What Lieutenant Maughan did between sunrise and sunset reminds us that Lewis and Clark, who first crossed this Continent, were two years and four months in reaching the Pacific and six months in returning to St. Louis. Years hereafter, when a daily flight to San Francisco becomes a matter of course, Lieutenant Maughan's name will be remembered with gratitude and honor. May he fly as long as he wishes to and always with equal success!

Cleveland, Wilson, —— ?

ONCE more the Democratic Party faces a great opportunity. Once more the prospects are that it will throw it away. Twice in forty years it has risen to the need of an hour by the choice of an outstanding personality who in one case led it by sheer force of a rugged personal character, in the other by voicing an idealism which party and leader were destined never to fulfil. It is not on any advanced or original program that the party is making its appeal at this hour. Enthusiasts have not been working months and years in advance of this quadrennial meeting to set up a list of constructive reforms to which the party should be pledged. True, the daily prints report a political testament of Woodrow Wilson which is said to have been witnessed by a group of the faithful, but the very fact that it is the heritage of one no longer in the flesh will deprive it of force. As at Cleveland the program-making will ostensibly be left to a resolutions committee. If it really functions as such, the briefness of the hours at its disposal and the necessity of bringing about an agreement among a group of timid politicians will result in the usual weasel-worded platform made to escheat or to deceive, to rouse hopes never intended to be answered.

No, the interest in the Madison Square Convention relates in no wise to policies or principles or reforms. Least of all do the delegates care about these things—they are given no opportunity to debate anything. There is a languid interest in the question whether there shall or shall not be an attack on the Ku Klux Klan by name, and the sporting fraternity sees an excellent betting opportunity in the question whether there shall or shall not be mention of the once dearly beloved Democratic League of Nations. The effort is merely to give a new twist to words for partisan advantage, to be a little more or a little less outspoken about the Klan, about prohibition, the World Court, the lot of the farmer. No one thinks of carving out new issues, of occupying advanced ground, or of adopting one of Woodrow Wilson's slogans, such as "Take the Government out of Wall Street," and building the platform around that. It is as if an effort were being made to confirm the assertions of critics like *The Nation* that there is no essential difference today between Republicans and Democrats, that there is no earthly reason why an American citizen should vote for one party rather than another unless it be such a motive as leads a man to choose between two brands of cigarettes or two varieties of chewing gum.

Once more all is staked on a candidate. There is one man with whom this might be done with considerable success—John W. Davis—provided that the politicians were brave enough to grapple with the fact that he has been a member of a law firm which has served as counsel for the House of Morgan. We are not of those reformers who believe that association with such a firm necessarily stamps a lawyer as a tool of the "interests," any more than taking briefs for criminals disqualifies a criminal lawyer from high public office. Mr. Davis has admirably spoken out on this matter; we are of the opinion that if he were otherwise of the right caliber he could speedily give convincing proofs of his independence. We have not forgotten how the Republicans confidently counted upon destroying the candidacy of Grover Cleveland in 1884 by producing proof that he was the father of an illegitimate child. As it turned out, Mr. Cleveland admitted the fact in honest and straightforward fashion, and the campaign moved on to other issues; the honesty and compelling power of Mr. Cleveland carried him to victory. In Mr. Davis the party has had a man of brilliant mental powers—his legal attainments are little less than extraordinary—and his is a personality which would speedily throw into the shade so colorless and insignificant a candidate as Coolidge. He has presence, dignity, force; he is in the best sense a gentleman. In Mr. Davis the party might put its best foot forward.

Yet we are by no means sure that Mr. Davis combines in himself ideal leadership or any genuine liberalism. His relation with the House of Morgan is only a symptom of his close affiliation with the predominating business tendencies of the day. During his brief service in Congress there were some highly creditable votes recorded upon his balance-sheet, yet he has given no evidence of burning indignation at the betrayal of the people which we have witnessed. He has been a thick-and-thin supporter of the Wilson war policies, the League of Nations, and all the rest, and the Democratic situation calls not for the nomination of Mr. Wilson's Solicitor General and Ambassador to London, nor, Heaven forbid!, of that petty little betrayer of liberalism and of peace, his Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, but of a man free from any affiliation with the war-time policies and administration.

What America needs today is less than ever a mere rallying around a personality; it is clear-cut thinking on issues. To beseech us to keep cool with Coolidge and to be safe and sane with "Cal" is merely to ask us to abdicate our mental powers. To urge us to vote Democratic merely because a convention chooses a Davis or a Baker, or a McAdoo or a Glass moves us little. True, there is no foundation better than as rugged a character as Grover Cleveland's, but with character must go issues and principles. The strength of the Brights and Cobdens and Clevelands, Campbell-Bannermans and Ramsay MacDonalds is alike due to their unquestionable honesty and their being rooted in principle. Grover Cleveland rose to the highest level when in 1886 the politicians told him that to appeal for tariff reform would spell his certain defeat in 1888. "Very well, gentlemen," he replied, "then we shall go down to defeat." So he did, only to rise triumphant in 1892. Woodrow Wilson had vision and idealism; but he was never so rooted in principle that he could not abandon it to achieve a victory here or there, hence the disaster which overtook him. The need of today is a four-square man as to whose sincerity there can be no question, who shall have given proof that he is ready to pay any price for his beliefs and that he is unselfishly devoted to the public interest.

Such a man is today to be found in neither Republican nor Democratic camps, for Robert La Follette has already left the former. The hypocrisy, the deceit, the base falsity of the war policy has avenged itself upon Republicans and Democrats alike. It has blasted their leadership and deprived them of new and able accessions to that leadership. It has wiped out the distinctions between the two parties, as it virtually wiped out the distinction between Conservatives and Liberals in Great Britain, and opened the way for

the new party there. It has opened the way for a regrouping here; it has given us the hope of a new party which, though political government totters everywhere, would give us the opportunity of trying once more to right evils and inequalities in the political way. It is for American liberals to say if and how this shall be done.

Mussolini and the Klan

AFTER a long career of crime and obscenity, in the course of which they introduced the world to the pleasant custom of enforced doses of castor oil, wholesale, the Fascisti have been caught red-handed in a major murder which seems to have threatened the entire Mussolini regime. It is a little difficult to understand just why the disappearance of Deputy Matteotti should so shake all Italy; surely murder is no new trick for the black-shirted heroes. They have boasted of the radicals whom they have beaten up, of the workmen's halls which they have burned, of the dictatorship which they have established, in the words of their own chief, upon "the rotten corpse of Liberty." It is difficult also to understand why one murder more or less should so depress the American priests of Fascism; surely they have been under no illusions as to what Mussolini meant by "law and order." Yet there is hesitation on the part of such admirers of Fascist dictatorship as the editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

> Signor Mussolini [he writes] appears to be involved in one of the inescapable penalties of the Napoleonic method. . . . The post-war period left the world in a difficult quandary as to the value of the representative system, and when Mussolini rescued Italy from anarchy by rescuing her from her parliamentary politicians the brilliance of his success obscured the dangers in the method. Since then the parliaments have lost rather than gained in dignity, and our own legislators have left some people asking whether a Mussolini would not be a valuable addition to Capitol Hill. . . . Efficiency has its drawbacks as well as democracy, and it is necessary to strike the working balance.

Such talk as this is vastly more significant and sinister than appears on the surface. Italian Fascism is a defiance of the routine forms of law and order in the effort to obtain the kind of "law" and the kind of "order" which its proponents desire. Instead of working through constitutional methods and attempting to improve them, it glorified direct action and defied the "outworn" principles of civil liberties. The end justified any means, and Mussolini and his friends were alone judges of the end. With its symbols recalling the stern days of the Roman Republic, it appealed to many Americans who were revolted by the modern mummery of the Ku Klux Klan. Yet Fascism and the Klan were one at heart. The Klan also preaches patriotism; it waves the flag; it commits its worst crimes in the name of law and order. It is, in its expressions, as 100 per cent American as Mussolini's cohorts were 100 per cent Italian. Palmer as Attorney General, ignoring the law and the Constitution while persecuting the Reds; Hitler and Ludendorff plotting their own brand of monarchy in Germany; Horthy conducting a white terror in Hungary; Mussolini in Italy; the Klan in Herrin, Illinois; the *Herald-Tribune* talking about a "working balance" between efficiency and democracy—all represent the same impatient attempt to curtain a contempt for the slow processes of democratic government with fine words and patriotic phrases.

For a time these pseudo-patriots pass muster, but in the long run they fall. Mussolini may weather the present crisis, although it has revealed corruption as well as murder on the part of several of his subordinates; but in the end his despotism will meet the fate of all despotisms. The Klan is still with us, but in the South, where it began its career of money-making and of violence, it is already losing ground. The records of its membership, recently revealed through the energy of the New York *World*, show that it depends upon new members for two-thirds of its strength. At present Ohio and Indiana are its best recruiting-ground, but its members do not stick. One year is enough. Sooner or later the essential futility of an attempt to remedy the evils of our national life by secret mummery and extra-legal flummery becomes plain. People tire of dramatic shows, whether the actors wear black shirts or shroud themselves in sheets, and any secret organization tends to become a gathering-point for all sorts of ruffians and hangers-on who finally discredit the entire group.

There are, as the *Herald-Tribune* suggests, people in America who are so disgusted with our legislators—particularly when they uncover corruption—that they long for a Mussolini on Capitol Hill. Business, still in the middle ages of autocracy, always has a hankering for the despot in politics. It clings to the strong-man theory of government. Those who have been successful in making money have a tendency to believe that their success proves that they know more than other people about the proper policies for a nation. Judge Gary and other leaders of big business visited Italy and came home enamored of Mussolini's methods; they were blind to his excesses and failed to foresee his present difficulties. They could not learn the ancient lesson which mankind has slowly been absorbing through the centuries. A skilful despot may give an outward appearance of efficiency for a time, but in the end he leaves worse ruin behind him. The broader the base of government, the surer its results. Democracy works poorly enough, but there is no substitute for it.

Butterscotch Pie?

WHEN Lloyd George was in New York City he asked the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to serve him a typical American dinner. The poor man didn't seem to realize that when in New York he was beyond America's three-mile limit, nor that the typical meal of the metropolis is gulped off a quick-lunch counter or hastily assembled at home from the family ice-box and the delicatessen store around the corner. What Lloyd George got was an eyeful, if not a mouthful. The hotel set before him bluepoints, sorrel soup, mousse of sole with oyster-crab sauce, potatoes parisienne, breast of chicken, new lima beans, Waldorf salad, ice cream, cakes, and coffee.

The thought of this as a "typical American" dinner roused us to a cry of outraged patriotism, and, as readers will recall, we induced gastro-literary experts in various sections of the country to explain what those regions would have set before Lloyd George. Evidently the members of the United Restaurant Owners' Association of New York City have been regretting their shortcomings and studying the menus of our experts, for announcement was made on

the eve of the Democratic Convention of arrangements to serve dishes typical of the various sections of the United States to such delegates and visitors as might want them. Said the president of the United Restaurant Owners:

> For the delegates from the Southeastern States there will be fried chicken, Virginia ham, and old-fashioned Southern waffles. For the delegates from Louisiana and the nearby States there will be Creole dishes. For the Southwesterners there will be Mexican specialties such as hot tamales and chili con carne. The Far Westerners will get broiled squab, boiled turkey with celery sauce, boiled onions, steamed sweet potatoes, and butterscotch pie. There will be wiener schnitzel with paprika sauce, parsley potatoes, and egg noodles for those from the Middle States and Northwest.

Those menus all sound good to us, though we confess never to have tackled butterscotch pie. Just the same, we are for it. Like Jurgen, who would try any drink once, we are willing to sample anything called pie to the extent, at least, of half of it. No patriotic American could do less. But we say advisedly that those menus "sound" good to us, for we have dark suspicions of how they might taste. In the first place, New York City—which lives off products that come out of cold-storage warehouses or tin cans—hasn't the materials for these exotic specialties of the provinces. And, more important, it hasn't the cooks. The newspaper from which we get the plans of the metropolitan restaurateurs says hopefully: "In some cases experts in American food have been called in to give instruction to French and Italian chefs."

Wow! The very thought makes us writhe in the pit of the stomach. Excepting the New England grandmother and the Southern mammy (who are the culinary queens of the universe) there are probably no better cooks than the French and Italians. But you must let each stick to his last. We will back a real French chef against the world when it comes to *soupe à l'oignon* or a *vol-au-vent*, and when we hanker after *spaghetti al sugo* or *zabaione* we want none but an Italian to prepare it. On the other hand, the saddest moments of life have been those occasions when some delightful host in France has for our special benefit made an "apple pie," or when the proprietor of an Italian *pensione* has approached, all smiles, to say that he is going to cook some griddle cakes after a recipe left by an "American lady."

No, we have no faith in cookery that is taught to French and Italian chefs by "experts in American food." The experts in American food are too busy cooking—or eating—it to turn teachers. And anyhow it would be useless. Cooks—even more than poets—are born, not made. They learn out of no books; they give no recipes. It is a "dash" of this and a "suggestion" of that; "just enough" sugar and "not too much" cinnamon. It took years of pious puritanism to produce the perfect mince pie; generations of Southern culture went into the evolution of hot bread. Our great cooking is not so much a conscious art as it is a tradition, an inheritance, a consecration, a dispensation of the gods.

We thank the restaurateurs of New York City for their consideration. But we advise visitors from South Carolina to eat their "old-fashioned Southern waffles" at home; nor will our craving to learn the joys of butterscotch pie induce us to try even half of one in the second-story chop-suey parlor of On Chung Liang.

The Journalist as Prime Minister

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD has amply justified, on the score of personal competence, his appointment as Prime Minister of Great Britain. However opinions may differ as to his policies, no one doubts today that he is *capax imperii*. It is significant that he is a journalist by profession whose ability is now so generally recognized. When he first came to London Mr. MacDonald earned his living for several years as a free-lance writer, and until he became leader of the Opposition he was a regular and diligent contributor to the periodical press, including *The Nation*. Prime ministers before have added to the literature of philosophy or the Homeric problem—to say nothing of Disraeli's novels. But as writers for the press, they were amateurs; he is a professional.

When Mr. MacDonald walked into No. 10 Downing Street, a business man walked out. Mr. Baldwin's immediate predecessor, Bonar Law, had also spent a large part of his career in commercial pursuits. A few years ago there was a demand in England—as elsewhere—for business men in public office. They would be more "practical," it was supposed, than the type of man usually chosen to direct the affairs of state. Experiments with them have not, however, been conspicuously successful. To run a government something more is needed than ability to organize the work of a department. There is required, among other things, a certain power of mental initiative, approaching almost to inspiration. A prime minister should have a keen appreciation of the life and needs of the multitude, personal contacts with all sorts and conditions of men, and a sympathetic imagination.

A prosperous business man is likely to be as deficient in these qualifications as any representative of the old territorial aristocracy. The head of a flourishing industrial or commercial concern lives in another world from that of the struggling professional man, or the salaried clerk, or the small storekeeper, or the manual laborer. Stanley Baldwin came to grief at the last British election through his failure to realize the difference that a small rise in the price of everyday household commodities would make to a multitude of families that are normally separated from "hard times" by only a narrow margin. His Government was brought down by a revolt of those householders and housewives to whom a sixpenny bit means as much as a five-pound note to a wealthy ironmaster. It is, perhaps, more than a coincidence that it was the protectionist propaganda of a prosperous representative of a kindred industry, Joseph Chamberlain, that doomed the Balfour Government to defeat in 1906.

A journalist premier would not have made Mr. Baldwin's mistake. Even if he had not, like Ramsay MacDonald, felt the pinch of poverty in his own early days, his professional experiences would have brought him more or less in touch with every stratum of society. He would have known, as it were by instinct, that such an apparent trifle as a dearer Christmas pudding—a mere nothing to the city magnate or the West End clubman—would be resented in thousands of homes and would count for something at a December election. The occupation of a journalist, with its infinite variety of personal contacts and its opportunities of close observation, is no bad training for an office that is incompatible with limited sympathies and a narrow outlook.

Us Poor Liberals

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

OF course I am quoting from memory. I tried to find a copy of Fritz Reuter's Collected Works, but I was told that the last of these had been burned by Mr. Palmer's hangman early in 1918. The books had been denounced to the American Protective Society as the work of a well-known and dangerous revolutionist, a man who had done seven years at hard labor for wearing a bit of colored ribbon distasteful to the eyes of His Royal Majesty, the King of Prussia.

The owner of the books, therefore, had been dispatched to Leavenworth for the rest of his natural days and all customs officials had been instructed to confiscate and destroy further importations which bore the hated and reprehensible name of Stavenhagen's famous citizen.

I am therefore quoting from memory, but if I am not mistaken the story which old Fritz told was as follows:

> One day the good people of Mecklenburg decided that their country needed a new set of laws; that the structure of the state ought to be generally overhauled, and that it was time to call together a general assembly for the discussion of all questions pertaining to the government of the realm. That was in the year 30,000 B.C. when Mecklenburg was still a very backward country and did not yet possess that constitutional form of government which it obtained just four years ago, immediately after the great and glorious Teutsche Revolution.
>
> Well, to make a complicated matter still more complicated, the antediluvian Mecklenburgers met and they continued their sessions more than five moon-years. By that time the greater part of the plain between Rostock and Wismar was covered with enormous kitchen-middens. There was not an aurochs alive within a hundred miles. It was necessary that some decision be reached, lest all the tribes die of slow starvation. And so finally one resolution was passed amidst the loud din of a hundred thousand stone axes. It read: "Be it decided that everything remain as it has always been before."

And now that I come to think of it, isn't that the soundest, yea, the only basis, for a happy and stable existence? What use to rehash the adventures of those dreary days we spent within a hall at Cleveland, which, if my eyes do not deceive me, would be almost ideal for a festival of Bach or Haydn?

It was dull. New York will be dull.

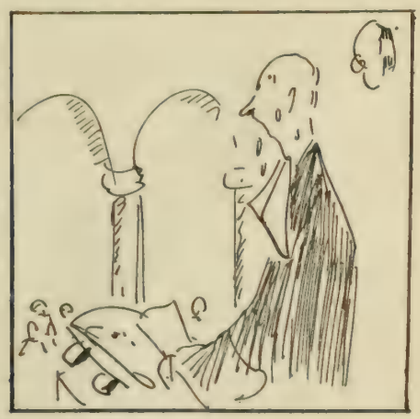
We all agreed that it was dull. We shall agree that New York is dull.

The speeches were dull. Democratic speeches will be as dull.

Old man Burton at Cleveland spoke for two hours and returned to the citadel of his eloquence through the same gate which he had left before. Young man Burton spoke for three-quarters of an hour. He was up for examination by the assembled multitude. He knew it and we knew it, and he looked and acted much as did those unfortunate "dominies" whom I remember so well from the days of my youth who came to the village of my early residence to deliver a trial sermon before the stolid school-masters and plumbers and green-grocers who ruled the destinies of the Dutch Reformed Church.

When it was over, he knew and we knew that he had failed. Even the president of a modern university cannot escape the subtle influence of certain scholarly traditions. And Burton, Jr., used good English.

The delegates laughed politely, but when the speech was over the speaker was dead. A decent respect for the grammar of the land had killed this proud Cock Robin. He will have to go back to the excavations of the Ann Arbor Construction Company (formerly the University of Michigan). The excellently comfortable vice-presidential suite of the New Willard Hotel will not know him as its tenant.



There were days (long ago) when I, together with so many others, now either dead or tired, had a vision of the great things that were to come. Mankind, awakening to its destinies, marching through the fiery forest to a new realization of its glorious possibilities.

Alas! the old Mecklenburgers, 30,000 years ago, knew better. "Everything is to remain as it has always been before."

The shambles of the fiery forest are gone. A wrecking company has carted away the last dead stump. The survivors have been sold brand-new plows and threshing-machines. They have been given a fine crop of ugly houses. A movie-theater attends to their spiritual needs. They are well enough fed, decently enough housed. They can escape from the boredom of their own company at small cost. Is there anything else? When I come to think of it, *is there anything else?*

We poor deluded liberals with visions of "man created

after God's image, striving forever upward!"—we alone are to blame for the misconception regarding this world.

We have sung the praises of *Homo sapiens*, when we should have studied the facts about *Pithecanthropus erectus*.

These political shows are dreary and stupid performances.

Granted! But they are exactly what suits 99 per cent of our neighbors, and suits them down to the ground.

They admire the heights from the distance. They like to see others scale the dangerous rocks to experience in the pictures. They like it, because there always is a chance that the fellow will slip and break his neck, and that is wonderfully exciting. As for themselves, they will stay right here where it is warm and pleasant and where the paying-teller treats them with that respect due to an honored investor.

Not a very elevated philosophy of life.

But safe and comfortable.

You think that I exaggerate!

Just wait until November!

The Clown Show

By H. L. MENCKEN

POLITICS survives as an art and mystery because *Homo sapiens*, despite the second half of his name, is almost as incapable of learning by experience as an amoeba. The lesson of the Cleveland obscenity was, in brief, that lessons are mainly in vain. Try to translate what was done there into terms of one of the more exact sciences. A patient, having swallowed by inadvertence a horse-doctor's dose of ground glass, lay upon his couch in a state of agony and collapse. What remedial measure suggested itself to his mind, still functioning powerfully? Did he send for a battery of stomach-pumps and a carboy of some puissant emetic? He did not. Instead, he reached for the keg of ground glass, poured out precisely the same dose, tried to gulp it down by main strength, and when it stuck in his throat gave it a shove with a dreadful chaser of neat hydrochloric acid.

A drunken man in a barroom, engaged publicly upon such imbecilities, would be rushed to the psychopathic ward on wings of fire. But when men and women in their political capacity indulge in them the spectacle somehow seems natural and normal. If the Cleveland clown show differed from others of its kind it was only because its machinery was more simple and its inner organization thus more obvious. It went on, so to speak, *in vitro*. All the usual gauds and disguises—of laborious reflection, of free and fair combat, of ebullient and irresistible emotion—were lacking. What was done was done in cold blood, as coal is mined and teeth are pulled. And yet what was done was completely and magnificently idiotic. If the aim of the delegates and alternates was to serve the republic, to improve the government, to safeguard liberty and democracy, then they missed it by a mile. And if it was to prosper the so-called Republican Party, then they missed it by two miles.

It is, indeed, hard to imagine any more incompetent handling of important public business, even in a democratic State. I name names at once, and confine myself to the very first flight: Prof. Dr. Burton and the Hon. Mr. Butler. Prof. Dr. Burton was chosen deliberately because, of all Americans willing to do what had to be done, he was plainly the most gifted. He was both a learned and high-toned man and an accomplished rabble-rouser. He was respected alike by the *Gelehrten* and by grand juries, by Poets Laureate and by the members of the Michigan Legislature. He could drive home a syllogism and he could plant and explode a sob. His job, in brief, was to launch good Cal with a whoop—to lift the delegates and alternates out of their natural coma and send them into the campaign with all the fiery enthusiasm of crusaders shinning up the walls of Jerusalem—to currycomb their medulla oblongatas with such subtle and devastating art that they would go home with their heads swimming, their blood boiling, and their hearts bursting with a libido for Service. To this end the professor threw himself into his studio at Ann Arbor, consecrated himself for nine days and nine nights to the composition of a speech of 7,500 words, memorized it to the last wheeze and comma, put on his Kiwanis uniform, leaped into the volcanic glare of the spotlights, and so cut loose. And with what result? With the ghastly result that Cal fell flatter than any other candidate ever heard of in human history, that the demonstration planned to shake the hall at the mention of his Awful Name was dead in two minutes. I can find in my archives no record of a more painful scene. I am surely no humanitarian, but when that grisly silence fell, and the delegates and alternates began flopping into their pews, and a Y. M. C. A. song leader was rushed upon the glacis, his arms waving and his glottis emitting encouraging yells—when the thing got that far there was a lump in my throat and my natural sneer faded into a pizzicato snicker.

So much for Aristotle, and his vain attempt upon the human heart. It seemed to me that Babbitt failed almost as dismally. He appeared in the form of the standard-model Christian business man: white hair, mustache somewhat darker, pink skin, gold-rimmed eye-glasses, comfortable paunch—in other words, in the form of the Hon. William M. Butler of Massachusetts. Whenever, in any righteous and well-barbered American community, large or small, there is a drive, crusade, or public hullabaloo of whatever sort, whether against the red menace or in favor of the American plan, against bootlegging or in favor of the Y. M. C. A.'s summer camp for diabetic bookkeepers, an exact duplicate of the Hon. Mr. Butler is sure to be its head and forefront. The type is perfectly standardized, like the parts of a Ford. Forty years ago it ran to white Burnsides, smooth lips and chins, and heavy watch chains: its perfect flower was Morris K. Jesup. Today it runs to toothbrush mustaches and Shriner badges, and its perfect flower is Butler. Such men, though they yearn for Service, are not romantic. Between hawks and handsaws they distinguish clearly. More, they have sharp eyes for correspondences as well as for differences. They know precisely how and to what extent bishops and bootleggers, detectives and labor leaders, members of Congress and shyster lawyers are brothers under their skins. In particular, they are privy to the character of politicians, great and small. They know which side a United States Senator's bread is buttered on, and how soft a whisper he can hear.

Unluckily, such knowledge is often too scientific to be

human. The expert, sorting out his politicians and hanging them upon their appropriate hooks, is only too apt to forget that they have feelings, that they are proud, that they are human. So it was with Butler. He was too new at his job to have acquired any tenderness, any delicacy, any diplomatic finesse. He simply grabbed his victims as if they were sardines and rammed them into their cans, the eminent with the obscure, the ancient with the newly hatched. Whole shoals of them went in without protest, even with loyal hosannahs—for example, the Southern jobholders, white and black. But now and then a Henry Cabot Lodge came along and there was a jet of stately tears, and now and then a Smoot came along and there was a challenging grunt, and now and then a Jim Watson came along and there was a yell to wring the heart. The cans, of course, were filled nevertheless. Not a sardine escaped. But two-thirds of them, I suspect, went in sore—and will come out sore. Do I betray a secret when I say that Dr. Lodge, when he rose to applaud the eloquence of Dr. Burton, showed under his pallid smile the vestiges of a diabolical leer? Do I babble too much when I report that Dr. Watson, leaping to the platform to second the nomination of the Hon. Hell and Maria Dawes, concealed his wounds so badly that even the galleries laughed? These men, and others like them, are not made of leather. Hit them today and they will remember it tomorrow. And tomorrow, I take it, they will be needed. It was far easier to put Cal over in Cleveland than it will be to put him over in November.

What I chiefly gathered from the whole foul and degrading spectacle, indeed, was a sense of oozing confidence. The delegates came in as if to a wedding, and they left as if from a meeting of creditors. What deflated them? Chiefly, I believe, the clumsy chamber-of-commerce technic of the Hon. Mr. Butler—a technic perfectly adapted, no doubt, to dealing with labor leaders, newspaper editors, and the rev. clergy, but somehow ineffective with politicians. The delegates to a national convention, remember, are not exactly worms. They pay their own expenses, they have reserved seats, they wear elegant gold and scarlet badges, and their minutest doings, when not downright unprintable, are recorded by the correspondents of their local papers. It thus pains them greatly to be rammed into cans like sardines. It pains them and fills them with dismay. Such dismay gradually worked its way through the free and imperial city of Cleveland. The thing began with a blast of bugles and ended with a dismal roll of drums.

Was there something else? I have a notion that there was. It took visible substance in the gaunt, archaic, almost spookish form of the Hon. Henry Cooper of Wisconsin. It would need a better psychologist than I am to work out just what happened, in all detail, on the night that Dr. Cooper rose up to read the manifesto of the rebels from the cow States. I do not recall clearly what that manifesto advocated, but the matter is of no importance, for the combat was not between ideas but between dignities. Representing Cal and the True Revelation was the Hon. Mr. Warren of Michigan—a brisk, cocky, shiny little attorney, with the manner of a butler lately elected to his master's club. Representing the contumacious husbandmen was that superb ancient, that heroic silurian, two heads taller than Warren and a thousand times the man—a wanderer in from Valhalla, somehow majestic and monumental. Was the spectacle lost on the delegates? I don't believe it was. When, in the end, they voted with Warren they had the decency to look ashamed. And looking ashamed, they also began to look uncertain.

The New Education

By AGNES DE LIMA

II. In the Ethical Culture, Horace Mann, and Lincoln Schools

EDUCATIONAL reformers are of three kinds: those who accept the established body of knowledge as necessary for the child to learn, but who admit that the methods of presenting it are at fault and must be changed; those who advocate changes in the curriculum so as to prepare children more adequately for a modern world; and those who view education as an organic process which changes and develops as the child himself changes and grows. None of these three groups works entirely independently. The difference in emphasis, however, profoundly affects what each is doing, and the future of education will be largely shaped by the degree to which one group or the other succeeds in dominating educational thought and policy.

Just now the technicians are very much in vogue; the measurement of intelligence, of classroom achievement, and improvement in method occupying the major efforts of schools of education and professional schoolmen everywhere. The second group is also much in evidence, demanding modern schools to fit children to play a worthy part in a modern world. The third group is only beginning to attract attention outside of advanced circles, and is still dismissed by the majority of educators as visionary.

There are in New York City three schools which, although private, are known as pace setters for the country in the first two types of reform. All three also have experimented in their lower grades with the principles held by the third group. The institutions are the Horace Mann and Lincoln schools, both officially connected with Teachers College, and the Ethical Culture School. Both the Horace Mann and Ethical Culture schools are frankly conservative as regards curriculum, save for the work of Miss Patty Hill in the kindergarten and first grade of Horace Mann and the primary grades in the Ethical Culture School. The Lincoln School, on the other hand, is frankly experimenting with the curriculum, seeking to adapt it to the changed demands of modern society.

The Ethical Culture School, established in 1878, is the oldest of the three. It was founded by Dr. Felix Adler as a free kindergarten for the children of working people, but it grew rapidly into a full graded school to which children were admitted from all soci' strata. Children are not excluded because of race, religion, or color—a rare policy in a private school—and scholarships, affording either full or partial tuition extended to over two-fifths of the enrolment, cut down economic barriers. In admitting children, however, preference is usually given to those with a high record of scholarship and a high intelligence rating—at least 115—and once admitted, pupils are expected to meet the

exacting requirements of the school's course of study. The result of this policy is that the school serves primarily a rather narrowly specialized intellectual type, and necessarily excludes many children whose special talents lie outside the range of measurability of the scales, or who lack ability to perform difficult academic work.

Some of these pupils are permitted to remain and take a modified course leading to a certificate instead of a diploma, but they are regarded rather as lost souls by the administration. In discussing them recently Superintendent Lewis said:

> For them the thought of the world bearing on human progress so far as it is bound up in ethics, literature, history, science, and foreign languages is very largely a sealed book. Facts they can often grasp and reproduce, but the relations of facts and reasoning generally in the abstract data of language are often beyond their capacity. Hence they do not seem to me to be those best qualified by nature to attain the school's highest aims. . . . They are not those whose intelligence can be raised to a point where they can cope successfully with the burning problems now facing mankind.

The avowed purpose of the school is to train ethical leaders, "reformers" of society, and its officers are proud of the fact that a larger proportion of its graduates than of any other school are engaged in teaching, research, or some type of social service. The ideal of service to society is held constantly before the pupils by means of formal ethics instruction as well as by numerous activities on behalf of the community.

A prevocational arts course has been established in the last two years of high school for those children who show special artistic ability. It is the ultimate hope of the school to offer similar courses to those specially endowed in music, in home-making, mechanical ingenuity, and science. Even here, however, the emphasis is placed upon academic standing and intellectual capacity, for Superintendent Lewis does not believe the course will be successful with students who do not possess at least average general intelligence in addition to special talent, nor would he give preference to the dull but talented student over the bright and equally talented one.

While all the children of the middle and upper school are thus held to the requirements of a conventional curriculum, the attempt is made through psychological study of each child to provide a rounded range of activities, mental, physical, and social. This is important, for precociously intellectual children are frequently emotionally infantile, or unable to respond normally to social situations.

Some years ago an experiment was made in the primary grades of the Ethical Culture School by Miss Mabel Goodlander to test out some of the more progressive theories of education.[1] No changes were made in size of class or in room space, but complete freedom was given in the selection of materials, use of class time, and employment of special teachers. Miss Goodlander's aim was "to create a free social environment where children in cooperation with others of the same age might make a beginning in democratic living under conditions more like life outside school than commonly considered appropriate for the school regime." Children as well as teacher were at liberty to sit where convenient, talk and move about freely so long as they did not annoy others, and to work or play either as individuals or in groups. Although the teacher directed the class when necessary, the children were mainly engaged in projects of their own.

It is one of Miss Goodlander's cardinal beliefs that the teacher must never dominate the situation. "We must learn," she says, "to appreciate more sympathetically each child's point of view, and we should be willing to accept his judgment in many things frankly and sincerely even when it differs from our own."

As regards curriculum the emphasis was shifted from formal studies to constructive work and play, to expression in varying art forms, and to first-hand knowledge of social and industrial activities related to the child's life. The three R's were mastered, but Miss Goodlander waited until the interest of the children in them had been naturally aroused.

Miss Goodlander carried her experiment forward with the same group for four years, and then started with a new class. According to Superintendent Lewis the experiment was a success, tests showing that as compared with two parallel divisions Miss Goodlander's group met the school's requirement in formal work and excelled in ability to observe, initiate, and carry projects through; in cooperation it was superior to one group and inferior to another.

While the experiment was thus held successful, no attempt has since been made to extend its methods to the upper grades, and even in the lower grades Miss Goodlander's principles are not wholly applied. Her work has served to liberalize, but not to free the elementary department from the weight of tradition.

In the Horace Mann School, also, due to Miss Patty Hill and her associates, the work of the kindergarten and primary grades is less formal and more flexible than that of succeeding years. Miss Hill's work has profoundly affected the course of kindergarten and primary education throughout the country in the direction of a freer and more democratic type of organization.

Recently she has been attempting to apply the principles of behaviorist psychology to curriculum making and has worked out with her associates a series of activities designed to develop proper habits, physical, mental, emotional, and social.[2] With the help of several hundred leaders in kindergarten and primary education a "habit inventory" was first produced listing specific habits which the majority agreed young children should form. As this inventory was used, Miss Hill discovered that the supervisors and classroom teachers "began to think of all instruction in terms of desirable change in thought, feeling, and conduct." The principles of habit formation were thus gradually applied to all school subjects. "The proper conduct of the three R's became as evident as the so-called moral and social conduct." This resulted in regarding each aspect of the curriculum, not as a formal school subject, but as a social situation rich in activities and experiences. Thus acquired, the habit takes on meaning and is associated in the mind of the child with a sense of satisfaction or pleasure.

The basis for what Miss Hill calls her conduct curriculum is indubitably sound, and most of the activities listed

[1] See "Education Through Experienc " By Mabel R. Goodlander. Bulletin No. 10, New York Bureau of Educational Experiments.

[2] "A Conduct Curriculum for the Kindergarten and First Grade." By Agnes Burke, Edith U. Conard, Alice Dalgliesh, Edna V. Hughes, Mary E. Rankin, Alice G. Thorn, Charlotte G. Garrison, Teachers of Horace Mann School. Introduction by Patty Smith Hill. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924.

in her book are wholesome and properly selected. There is always the danger, however, as Miss Hill herself recognizes, that the very explicit aims set down by her group will be used not as means of wider freedom but of more repression. Unhappily the moralists and disciplinarians manage to function, no matter what instrument is put into their hands. Their natural tendencies are not likely to be checked by the following list of "desirable" changes in thought, feeling, and conduct which should be developed: "Learning to enter room politely," "Greeting teachers and children courteously," "Gaining an attitude of respect and obedience toward parents and other adults," "Learning to use time wisely, i.e., balance between quiet and active work" (what young child consciously strikes such a balance?). In "coming to group for discussion and music," the desirable change stressed is "learning to select right-sized chair and to carry chair properly."

These imposed standards of conduct explain much of what one observes upon visiting the primary classes of the Horace Mann School. Washing the hands before the midday luncheon became in one room an event of awful import, where silence was enjoined and order kept absolute. Later, the rest period, where the children were expected to relax, became a quarter hour of exasperated nagging by the teacher to enforce immobility upon thirty wriggling youngsters.

The upper grades of the school make no pretense of free activity. The standards upheld are those which have the weight and sanctity of tradition behind them, but individual teachers are allowed a high degree of personal initiative, and a variety of experiments have been carried on, especially in method, which are of distinct value. Scientific pedagogy has an important place in education, and schools everywhere are indebted to the researches made by Teachers College and applied in the Horace Mann School. It would be stimulating to those interested in adapting education to the needs of growth if the teachings of Dewey and Kilpatrick were applied more generally to the curriculum itself.

The aim of the Lincoln School, as described by its director, Dr. Otis W. Caldwell, is "to construct a fundamental curriculum which will be representative of the important activities, interests, and possibilities of modern life." The school has been in existence only seven years, but has already effected a number of thoroughgoing changes in the course of study. Chief among these perhaps is the work of Dr. Howard A. Rugg, who has abolished the artificial divisions existing between history, geography, civics, economics, and sociology, and grouped the material under one natural heading—social studies—designed to help the student to understand and deal intelligently with the problems of contemporary life.

Dr. Rugg's approach to his job is that of the scientist. His eleven social science pamphlets, which embody for the junior high school the material as worked out to date, have been assembled after years of painstaking analysis, inventory making, trial use, and revision. The Lincoln School has obtained the cooperation of one hundred and thirty-five schools scattered throughout the country which make use of the new curricular material and test out its results as compared with those of classes following the ordinary courses. Besides breaking down unnatural subdivisions between allied fields of knowledge, Dr. Rugg has substituted human episodes for the encyclopedic rehearsal of bare facts. The course is thus not only enormously enriched and vitalized, but children are stimulated to weigh and discuss the value of one episode as compared with another, to draw their own conclusions, and test the validity of data. Dr. Rugg holds that it is only through such practice that the future citizen will resort to intelligence instead of prejudice as a guide to conduct. Four guiding principles have been defined by Dr. Caldwell as fundamental to the reorganization of any school subject: Subject matter and method must be engaging and genuine; pupils must succeed if they are to become educated; sense training is necessary (at present education is based too much on words and too little on touch, sight, and taste); children should be encouraged to work together and teach one another.

These principles find expression in a variety of ways in the school. The curriculum of the elementary school has not been subjected to the same analysis and study as that of the upper grades, but the class teachers are afforded much freedom for experimentation. The primary rooms usually present a pleasant hubbub of activity. They are large, sunny, and equipped with all manner of materials—a work bench, lumber and tools, a sand pile, large blocks, clay, paints, and large cardboard for stage scenery, with a white rabbit or two rambling about at will. A play is frequently in preparation and the children are busy composing it, painting the scenery, constructing buildings and furniture, and issuing invitations to parents and friends. One first grade recently dramatized the marketing of milk, while the second grade gave a play about New York, with skyscrapers, bridges, and elevated tracks complete. Excursions are frequent to docks, railroad stations, warehouses and markets, and upon their return the children reproduce these experiences in paint, blocks, clay, and story form.

A valuable means of reviewing class activities and of presenting material in vivid form is supplied through the school assemblies, at which a variety of programs are given by the children relating to their own special interests. Less valuable—so it seems to a visitor—are the student councils, particularly for the younger children. The councils were organized to afford machinery for a limited amount of student self-government. Meetings are held weekly and conducted according to the laws of parliamentary procedure. Minutes and by-laws and the proper methods of putting motions may amuse and instruct older children, but they appear totally unrelated to the interests of seven-, eight-, and nine-year-olds. It was only through the indefatigable efforts of class teachers working against the hopeless inertia of their pupils that delegates were duly instructed for two council meetings which were visited, and the meetings themselves were only saved from stagnation by the constant prodding of a sixth-grade teacher in attendance.

This predominance of the teacher appears to be general in most grades of the elementary school. The teacher conducts the class, controls the activities, leads the discussion, makes the criticism, assigns the work, and "keeps order" just as in any traditional school. The whole day is closely programed, a large clock in each room chopping off activity at the end of a given period. The children in general reflect the policy of the school—they are being prepared for a future society by means contrived and imposed upon them by their elders. In appearance they are accordingly sober, constrained, polite, and even occasionally somewhat bored.

Bolshevism and Populism

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

IT was a great meeting in St. Paul—the meeting between Bolshevism and Populism in the St. Paul "Farmer-Labor-Progressive" Convention. Here for the first time in the course of an American national political campaign there was a certain mingling of the ideas and purposes of the late good old James B. Weaver of Iowa, who ran on the Populist ticket for President in 1892, and of the ideas and purposes of the late but not usually called good old Nikolai Lenin, who became master of Russia without bothering with tickets or elections.

It was a fascinating spectacle. At one extreme there was William Z. Foster, bolshevik, calm, clear, quiet, without a flower of speech in him, studious, even learned, knowing exactly what he wanted and inflexibly and successfully carrying out a program the nature of which was outlined in communist publications in Europe many months ago.

At the other extreme was William Mahoney, chief signer to the call for the convention on behalf of the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota. Mr. Mahoney was worried. He was perplexed. He had helped to issue a call to which Mr. Foster's communist Workers Party could respond. The Workers Party was present, represented by Mr. Foster and others. Mr. Mahoney had been pursuing the principle that all elements opposed to big business and to predatory wealth and to the money power and to Wall Street and to privilege and to monopoly should be included in the convention in one unhappy family pursuing happiness through a political uprising. Well, here they were. Mr. Mahoney should have been pleased. He in fact was wretched.

From the opening minute of the convention he felt that something strange was happening to him. It was.

In Vienna in Austria there is a communist publication called the *International Press Correspondence*. Mr. Mahoney, by subscribing to it, could long ago have learned just what it was that was going to happen to him on June 17, 18, and 19 in St. Paul, Minnesota.

It surely is convenient that by subscribing to periodicals in, say, Austria, one can now get some quite good advance tips on things that are going to happen in some parts of American politics.

In the *International Press Correspondence* of the 28th of last February a prophetic account was given of the outcome of the St. Paul "Farmer-Labor-Progressive" Convention almost four months beforehand:

> The Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party has called a convention to take place in St. Paul. It will be a sign of the revolt of the workers, farmers, and some sections of the petit bourgeoisie against the domination of the capitalist political parties. It will be the first call to action on a mass scale that the Communists have been able to issue, for the Workers Party will be represented. The petit bourgeois third party will be formed with us. For us to support it may result in its victory. Then alone will the workers and farmers realize that petit bourgeois reformism is fruitless. All preaching has no effect. The workers and farmers must see petit bourgeois reformism in action. By ruthless, merciless criticism of the third party and of petit bourgeois reformism the Communists will unmask its character. Though supporting the third party, they must be able to criticize it pitilessly. This is a strategy that the Communist parties of Europe and America are just learning to apply. It is a hard course but is the path of the revolution. The campaign in America will allow us to enter the third party, to form a left wing within it, and to split the left wing away from the third party.

The simple soul of Mr. Mahoney and of Northwestern populism could hardly be expected to cope with a plan so incredible in its naive avowal of intended double-dealing. To call it double-dealing is perhaps indeed inaccurate. A man who tells you beforehand that he is going to sit at table with you in order to get a couple of tines off your fork is in an extraordinary sense honest. In that sense the Communists are honest to the last degree. For instance:

Robert Marion La Follette has been the idol of the whole Northwestern ex-populist farmer-labor movement. The Chicago *Daily Worker* is the mouthpiece of Mr. Foster's Workers Party. C. E. Ruthenberg is one of the great intellectual lights—deservedly so—of the Workers Party. Long before La Follette denounced the St. Paul convention Mr. Ruthenberg said in the *Daily Worker* that the Communists would unquestionably support La Follette but that nevertheless:

> We Communists are against La Follette. We know that the political victory of the workers and exploited farmers lies over the politically dead body of La Follette.

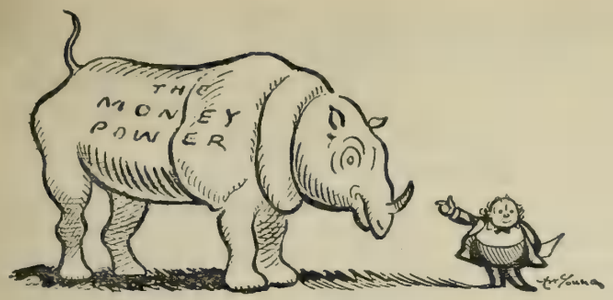
This policy of kissing in order to carry out a frank promise to stab was faithfully followed by the Communists in the St. Paul convention. They persuaded the convention to put a candidate in the field against La Follette as well as against the candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties. This new candidate—Duncan MacDonald—is an experienced leader of trade-union miners and a most likable person with a most scanty knowledge of communism in his head and with nothing communist at all in his purposes. He simply believes that there should be an outright farmer-labor party with a candidate who, unlike La Follette, will accept the party's platform and accept the party itself.

Similar views were taken by quite a few old ex-Populists and their spiritual descendants in the convention. The Communists honestly and openly aimed at taking a piece of the Northwestern radical movement away from La Follette. They succeeded sooner than they had expected.

The only important remaining fact is that the piece which they have taken is relatively a small one. The actual local Minnesota candidates of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party for office in Minnesota in the elections of this year were overwhelmingly conspicuously absent from the convention. Few people with any actual chance to get elected to anything were present. The Communists, however, did grab off something. They grabbed off the ultra-violet end of the Northwestern indigenous American political spectrum, containing many active and courageous speakers and organizers. They merited this success. They had a plan. They had discipline. They went to enormous pains to get their sympathizers into the convention as delegates. They thought. They worked. They won something—an inch.

Democrats All

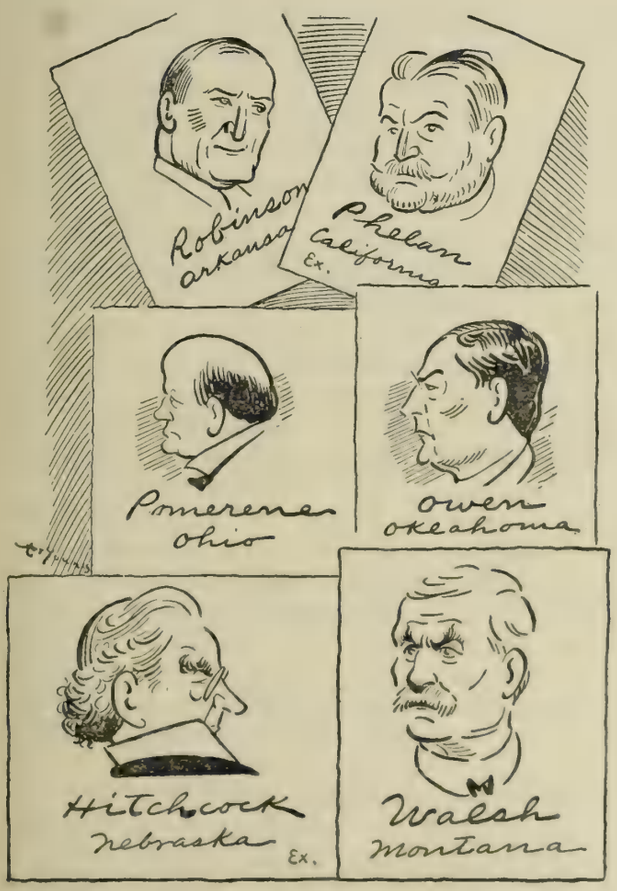
by Art Young



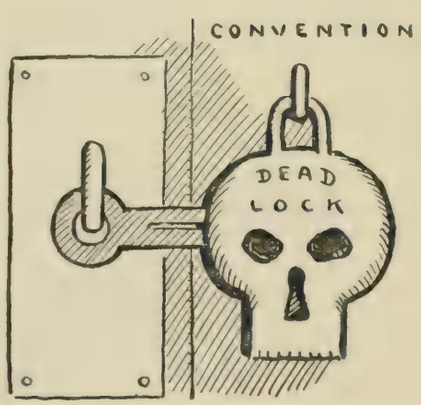
The Artist Picks the Winner

The Democracy

A composite portrait of the convention



Delegates-at-Large



Rhode Island's Revolution

By ORVILLE A. WELSH

THE conservatism of Rhode Island, the solidly intrenched position of its great industries, the influence of special privilege were described by Robert Cloutman Dexter in *The Nation* for February 27. The fight now being made by the progressive Democratic Governor, William S. Flynn, and a determined legislative minority to abolish the "rotten-borough" system by which the Republican Party has perpetuated its power in that State will serve to round out that picture. Not since 1842, when the present constitution was adopted, has there been such a good prospect of a successful assault on the citadel of the Republicans.

In 1922 Flynn, who had been a leader in the Democratic legislative fight against it, was triumphantly elected Governor on a platform that, among other things, called for a forty-eight-hour-work law for women and children, a constitutional convention to remove the inequalities of senatorial apportionment, abolition of the property qualification for voters, restoration to the Governor of authority to appoint State officials, and a change in the method of choosing sheriffs (still elected by the legislature in joint secret session and responsible to no one).

The Democrats in the Assembly with the aid of a few liberal Republicans passed the forty-eight-hour bill and a resolution for a constitutional convention. The Senate majority refused to permit a vote on either proposal.

The Senate is composed of one member from each town. No city is allowed more than one member. Thus Providence, with 250,000 population, sends one Senator (Democratic), who is outvoted by the two Republican senators from the rural communities of West Greenwich and Foster, population 367 and 905, respectively. Thirteen Rhode Island towns, with a total population of 17,807, return eleven Republicans, one Democrat, and one independent. Eleven cities, with a total population of 501,362, return eight Democrats and three Republicans.

Last year, under the leadership of Governor Flynn and Lieutenant Governor Felix A. Toupin, the Senate Democrats conducted an eighty-day filibuster against money bills, finally wresting minor concessions from the Republicans.

This year the filibuster was resumed, early in January. The House again passed the forty-eight-hour law and the constitutional convention proposal, and the senate filibuster prevented the Republicans from defeating these measures in the upper chamber. Day after day, week after week, the filibuster continued. The Republicans accused the Lieutenant Governor of refusing to recognize them; he only smiled, and intimated that sometimes it was necessary to fight fire with fire.

So it went until May 9, when after a more than usually heated partisan clash, the Republican president pro tem., Senator Arthur A. Sherman, declared that a motion to adjourn had been carried, and the Republicans left the Chamber in a body. The Democrats then proceeded with a rump session. They sat from early evening until 4 o'clock in the morning, passed the forty-eight-hour bill, a constitutional convention proposal, and a temporary appropriation bill, and confirmed a number of appointments by the Governor. The forty-eight-hour bill reached the Governor at midnight, and he signed it at 3 a.m.

The bill provides a penalty of $20 for each violation. Thus a mill-owner with 100 employees might have to pay $2,000 for a single violation by his shop. The mill-owners are determined to resist this legislation, which is now in the courts—the judges all being Republican.

Meanwhile the filibuster had tied up all State funds, and great pressure was brought to bear on the Democrats to permit action on appropriations. No State wage-earning employees have been paid since March 1, and money has been lent to them without security. A committee of the Rhode Island Bankers' Association called on Governor Flynn. He stood pat. The situation, he announced, was one for which the Republicans were clearly responsible in refusing to authorize a constitutional convention.

Among the institutions threatened with suspension were the State Sanitarium and the State College. The Democrats said this was regrettable, but that rotten boroughs must go and there was no time like the present.

The Republicans also refused to surrrender, and the filibuster continued. On June 17 open warfare broke out in the Senate Chamber, and there was a general riot in which 200 spectators, including many women, joined. A riot call was sent in and twenty policemen with riot guns hurried to the Senate Chamber, but before they arrived Governor Flynn had hastened from his office and, with the aid of sheriff's deputies, restored a semblance of order. The filibuster was kept up continuously. The presence of gunmen, thugs, etc., in the audience was charged by each side to the other. Each side had its own barbers in the Chamber to freshen up its members. The session was punctuated by occasional snores.

Early in the morning of June 19 the Lieutenant Governor, on whose ability to do without sleep the hopes of the Democrats depended, announced that the senators should leave the Chamber until the janitors had found the source of an unbearable odor near the rostrum. A newspaper saturated with a gas mixture was discovered behind the draperies. Four senators, three of them Republicans, were taken to a hospital with gas poisoning. At 8 a.m. June 19 the Senate recessed, in an effort to compromise, after a continuous session of forty-two hours.

A tentative agreement, embodying the calling of a constitutional convention, was reached at a conference in the Governor's office, but this was repudiated by James E. Dooley, a G.O.P. power, who is Reading Clerk of the Senate. Asserting that they "feared for their lives," the Republican senators accordingly refused to attend the session June 20, and twenty of them crossed the State line to avoid being arrested by order of Lieutenant Governor Toupin. The Democrats met, but lacked a quorum, and declared an adjournment until Tuesday, June 24.

The Republicans charge that Lieutenant Governor Toupin, during the conference in Governor Flynn's office, said, referring to the Republican senators: "By God, the next time we get them in here we'll kill 'em." Mr. Toupin explained that he did not mean actual physical extermination but "intended to convey the idea that we had made them sick by keeping them here so long in the present session, and that we would carry on until they either died from that sickness or submitted to the will of the people."

The situation is in a state of momentary suspension, but with public passion at high tide it is believed the Governor may yet have to call out the militia—to protect his political opponents!

The Akali Movement—An Heroic Epic

By AGNES SMEDLEY

AN heroic epic, as stirring as any of ancient times, is being enacted in the Punjab, north India, where the Akali Sikhs, unarmed and with nothing but their breasts as shields, stand as the bulwark of the Indian national movement. Against this bulwark the brutal violence of the British military in India has again dashed itself in vain. Under the benign rule of the British Labor Government another massacre as barbarous as that of Amritsar in 1919 was perpetrated in February, at Jaito, the Punjab, claiming at the least 130 dead and 300 wounded. As in the case of Amritsar, the full extent of the savagery may not be known for months.

The prisons of the Punjab are filled with those who are called Akali or "the Deathless." But they, whose faith grew in three centuries of persecution, and whose temples were reared on the bodies of their martyrs, do not shrink from martyrdom. These are the people who, martial in spirit and tradition, have, since the defeat of the Sikh nation in 1849, constituted the backbone of the British army in India. They are the ferocious fighters whom the Germans faced in the late war. They are the soldiers who, ignorant and driven by hunger, have won for England an empire in Asia. Gigantic in size, disciplined by military training, these are the people who have become nationally conscious and have at last accepted the faith and methods of Mahatma Gandhi.

The massacre at Jaito is the culminating attempt of the British Government to crush the Sikh religious reform movement, referred to generally as the Gurdwara reform movement, which, in its very modern phase, began after the Amritsar massacre in 1919. This movement, at first social and religious, has, under persecution, become political, and is now a movement of such importance that Lord Reading, from his Delhi palace, recently stated that "the Akali movement is the one branch of the national movement which yet remains to be destroyed."

The movement has grown out of the soil of India and out of the needs of the people. The aftermath of the war awakened the national consciousness of the Sikhs, and as a consequence many "affected" Sikh regiments were disbanded. Because of their awakened consciousness, aroused partly by the propaganda of Indian revolutionaries for the past twenty years, as well as because of the economic pressure, the disbanded soldiers have been drawn with other Sikhs into the Gurdwara reform movement—the movement to reform and reclaim the Gurdwaras or Sikh temples and shrines which are surrounded by large tracts of unused communal land. To accomplish this meant that the old corrupt Mahants, or priests in charge, had to be expelled and the Gurdwaras placed under the control and management of the Panth, the freely elected assembly of all followers of the Sikh religion. The reform movement meant also the return to early Sikh practices, such as the reintroduction of communal kitchens, where any person, regardless of caste or creed, may receive free food. But neither the lands nor the kitchens could be of service to the community unless the Gurdwaras were freed from the old priests, who, contrary to Sikh faith and rites, had come to regard their positions as hereditary and the Gurdwaras as their private property. Thus, the reform movement has had a social-revolutionary significance. For Sikhism, when founded by Guru Nanak, the first of the ten great teachers of Sikhism, in the fifteenth century, was also a social-revolutionary movement, which aimed at destroying all artificial barriers between man and man and establishing a free communal life. In 1849 the British defeated the Sikhs, who had, by that time, formed an empire of their own; and since the Indian War of Independence in 1857, which failed largely because of Sikh support of the British, the Sikhs have been notorious for their unthinking loyalty to their new masters. So complete was their degeneration that many of their places of worship, and later the Khalsa College in Amritsar, were under British guidance and influence.

The priests of the Golden Temple in Amritsar, and the priests of the Akal Takht, which directly faces the Golden Temple, were government appointees. The Akal Takht is the chief of the four "thrones," or seats of authority, of the Sikh religion, from which proclamations binding upon all Sikhs are from time to time issued. The use of the Akal Takht for British political purposes was therefore a foregone conclusion; and this was clearly demonstrated in 1913 in connection with the Komagata Maru affair when a few hundred Indians, under a Sikh leader, attempted to enter Canada, but were violently and illegally prevented from doing so and were forced to return to India. In Calcutta they were met by the British military and treated as criminals. Because of the resentment shown by them the military was ordered to fire, and twenty men were killed. Then it was that the government-appointed priests of Akal Takht issued a proclamation condemning the Sikhs who had taken any part in the Komagata Maru affair. This proclamation aroused the entire Sikh community to resentment, and the movement to reform the Sikh places of worship received a great impetus.

During the war the Gurdwara reform movement was held more or less in abeyance, while the Sikhs "fought for democracy" in Europe. But when, after the war, they showed signs of awakening, they were rewarded with the infamous Rowlatt inquisition acts and, in April, 1919, with the Amritsar massacre. Of the 500 Indians killed and the 1,500 wounded in the Jallianwala Bagh massacre in Amritsar, one-third were Sikhs. Then General Dyer, who was responsible for the massacre, had the insolence to present himself before the Golden Temple and the Akal Takht, and the government-appointed priests in charge awarded him with the robe of honor, a distinction which had for hundreds of years been awarded only to Sikhs who had rendered notable and distinguished service to Sikhism or to the public at large.

The use of the Akal Takht and the Golden Temple was once more blatantly demonstrated. And the iron entered the soul of the Sikhs. The Sikh League, a political body, was founded in December, 1919, at the same time that the Indian National Congress held its annual session in Amritsar; and the *Akali* and other newspapers were started as organs of Sikh opinion. In another month the Sikh League

had adopted in its entirety the non-cooperation program of Mahatma Gandhi. Demands were made that the Khalsa College be returned to the Panth, and that the keys to the Golden Temple, the Akal Takht, and a number of other Gurdwaras likewise be returned to the elected representatives of the Sikh faith. Only after months of bitter struggle were these objects attained. The Mahant of the Akal Takht was then ousted, but only after the blood of the reformers had been shed in the temple. The manager of the Golden Temple was likewise dismissed, but he, like his colleagues of the Akal Takht, refused to render any financial statement. The Government later knighted him.

At an assembly of elected Sikhs from all parts of India, held before the Akal Takht in 1920, a committee of 175 Sikhs, called the Shromani Gurdwara Parbandhak Committee, was elected, the duties of which were (1) The control of all funds from the Gurdwaras; (2) the appointment of Mahants, on a salary basis; (3) the taking over in the name of the Panth of all lands and of all places of worship; (4) the opening and the support of free communal kitchens, which had been one necessary part of the Sikh faith.

In accordance with ancient Sikh custom all Mahants were next called upon to surrender themselves and all places of worship to the Panth. Organized companies, or Jathas, of Sikhs, under a vow of non-violence, went from Gurdwara to Gurdwara taking possession of all temples and lands in the name of the Panth. These groups, which gradually came to be known as Akali Jathas, because of the old spirit of courage and purity which they exhibited, were next organized by the S. G. P. Committee into the Akali Dal, or Akali volunteer army. Black was adopted as the color to be worn by them as an indication of the intensity of their belief and courage. From that time onward the Government looked upon all black-turbaned Sikhs as revolutionaries. As a reply the Government now began openly to support, not only morally but with force, those old priests who refused to recognize the authority of the Panth.

A typical instance of the action of the old Mahants is seen in the attempt to reclaim a temple called Nankana Sahib in 1921. The priest was called before the Panth and accused of leading a corrupt and immoral life, and was ordered to surrender the temple and communal lands. A Jatha of 100 Akalis, under the pledge of non-violence, went to the temple, but were murdered to the last man by the priest and a small army of assassins, and their bodies burned within the temple compound. Where the priest was able to buy guns and ammunition to perpetrate such an atrocity in a land where no man may possess a gun without the knowledge and license of the police has never been learned.

The test of the Akali struggle, however, came in 1922 in the attempt to reclaim the Gurdwara called Guru-ka-Bagh near Amritsar. Called before the Panth, the Mahant admitted the charges against him and surrendered the temple to the Akalis. But later, for some unknown reason, he claimed the communal lands as his private property. Each day the Akalis went to the communal lands to cut firewood for the free communal kitchen which they had opened. The Government ordered the Akalis to keep away from the land and established a cordon of military police to carry out the order.

Then began the great drama of *satyagraha*, a drama which tested the mettle of every Sikh who participated in it. At first Jathas of twenty-five Akalis were arrested each day for trespassing at Guru-ka-Bagh. Then the Government ordered that no more prisoners were to be taken, and military police, armed with *lathis*, or metal-bound clubs, were stationed on the roads leading to the Gurdwara. The Jathas grew from 25 to 100 each. As they approached, the English officer in charge of the police gave the signal for attack. Not an Akali raised a finger by way of resistance or retaliation, but instead the Jatha marched forward with clasped hands and to the strains of religious hymns. Only when the last Akali was unconscious or dead did the police withdraw and leave the bodies to the mercy of the special Akali ambulance corps organized for the purpose. The police gradually drew back to the Gurdwara, and the scenes enacted there are best described in the words of the Rev. C. F. Andrews, an English Christian missionary who is teacher in Tagore's school at Bolpur and has acted as special correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*:*

> When we had gone some distance along the bank of the canal leading toward Guru-ka-Bagh, we saw two Sikhs in black turbans on the opposite bank waving their hands to us and pointing to the sky, where a great bird was circling in its flight toward Amritsar. Immediately all those who were in the tongas got down and eagerly pointed out the bird to me. They told me that every day, as soon as the beating at Guru-ka-Bagh began, the golden hawk took its flight to the Golden Temple in Amritsar. They said to me, "That was the bird. It was the golden hawk. It has gone to tell of the sufferings of the people." The whole scene—the intense faith of my companions, the look of reverence in their faces, the solemn awe mingled with joy—moved me very deeply. It put me in touch with the Akali reform movement in its spiritual aspect as perhaps nothing else could have done.
>
> Arriving at the Gurdwara I turned a corner of a building and reached a spot where I could see the beating itself. There were four Akali Sikhs with their black turbans facing a band of about a dozen police. They had walked slowly up to the line of the police just before I had arrived and they were standing silently in front of them at about a yard's distance. Their hands were placed together in prayer. Then, without the slightest provocation on their part, an Englishman lunged forward the head of the *lathi*, which was bound with brass. He lunged it forward in such a way that his fist which held it struck the Akali, who was praying, just at the collar bone with great force. It looked the most cowardly blow as I saw it struck. The blow was sufficient to fell the Akali and send him to the ground. He rolled over and slowly got up once more, and faced the same punishment over again. Time after time one of the four who had gone forward was laid prostrate by repeated blows, now from the English officer and now from the police who were under his control. On this and on subsequent occasions the police committed certain acts which were brutal in the extreme. I saw with my own eyes one of the police kick in the stomach a Sikh who stood helplessly before him. When one of the Akalis had been hurled to the ground and was lying prostrate a police stamped with his foot upon him, using his full weight. . . .
>
> The brutality and inhumanity of the whole scene was indescribably increased by the fact that the men who were hit were praying to God and had already taken a vow that they would remain peaceful in word and deed. The Akalis who had taken this vow had served in many campaigns in Flanders, in France, in Mesopotamia, and in East Africa. Now they were felled to the ground at the hands of Eng-

*In the International Relations Section of *The Nation* for April 23 appeared an account by C. F. Andrews of the massacre of the Sikh volunteers by the British at the Sikh shrine at Jaito, described later in this article.

lish officials. . . . It was a strangely new experience to these men, to receive blows dealt against them with such force as to fell them to the ground, and yet never to utter a word or strike a blow in return. The vow they had made to God was kept to the letter. I saw no act, no look of defiance. A new lesson in moral welfare has been taught to the world.

As the news of Guru-ka-Bagh spread throughout India, raising a storm of contempt for everything English, thousands of Sikhs daily arrived in Amritsar to offer themselves for the sacrifice. Many waited for days and weeks; all night their cry of "Sat Sri Akal" (Glory to the True, the Deathless!) and their hymns of praise to God could be heard. Each day a Jatha of 100 stood before the Golden Temple, took the vow of non-violence before the sacred book of the Sikhs; each man received a little wreath of white flowers about his black turban as indication that he was dedicated to the sacrifice. Seeing no end to the problem, and perhaps not having enough prisons, the Government finally attempted to save its face by setting up an Indian agent, who announced to the public that he had leased the communal lands at Guru-ka-Bagh and that the police were no longer necessary to protect him. In this manner the Government withdrew behind cover of an Indian tool, and the Akalis took possession of their land. Over 1,300 men, of whom 60 per cent were ex-soldiers, had been wounded and many had died under treatment or in prison. The number of prisoners totaled 5,605.

Throughout last year the S. G. P. Committee reclaimed Gurdwaras and brought them into order. Almost every Sikh had by this time become an Akali. Akalis and other Sikh leaders were continually arrested on the flimsiest excuses. In the vast mass, the Akalis did not depart from the method of non-violent civil disobedience. A group of sixty-one militant Akalis, however, known as the Babbar Akalis, were arrested and charged with conspiracy to "wage war against the King"—meaning, of course, King of England. The trial is still in process.

During the early winter of last year the Maharajah of Nabha, a Sikh prince ruling a small native state in the Punjab, was forced by the British Government to abdicate. His crime, ostensibly, was his sympathy for and support of the Akali movement. Each day after his forced abdication Sikhs went to the Gangsar Temple in Jaito, Nabha state, and prayed for him. The British authorities, who had taken charge of the affairs of Nabha, forbade this, and finally closed the temple. To the Sikhs this was an act of desecration, and each week Jathas of twenty-five Akalis left Amritsar pledged to reclaim the temple. Each was arrested on the Nabha frontier. Then the Government declared the S. G. P. Committee an outlaw organization and arrested all its members and other prominent Sikhs. Since that time four S. G. P. committees have taken the place of the first one, each one being arrested. Even now a committee operates regularly. The Akali volunteer army was likewise outlawed and its chief members imprisoned. The entire student body and teaching staff of the Khalsa College in Amritsar met a similar fate.

In reply, the Jathas grew from twenty-five in number to 500. On February 21 of this year a Jatha of 500, followed by 5,000 to 10,000 devout Sikhs, marched for two weeks through the peasant districts of the Punjab on its way to Jaito. The country traversed is very backward; each night the Jathas halted, called councils which were attended by 25,000 to 30,000 people, and explained the meaning of their movement and the meaning of the Indian national movement.

According to the official statement of the S. G. P. Committee, published throughout the Indian press, the massacre at the Gangsar shrine in Jaito was deliberately prepared by the British Government. In the immediate vicinity of the shrine, declares the committee, and concealed behind some buildings, the authorities erected a special barbed-wire inclosure to serve as a trap into which the Akalis were to be driven and beaten. The scene leading to the temple looked like a European battlefield. The road leading to the shrine was inclosed by a barbed-wire barricade on the one side and on the other bullock carts chained together. Behind the carts, villagers, armed with clubs and drunk with liquor which had been freely supplied them, were stationed in three rows. According to the statement of Pundit Malaviya, organizer and founder of the great Benares Hindu University, in a speech before the Central Legislative Assembly in Delhi, and according to the statement issued by the S. G. P. Committee, these villagers had been recruited from the surrounding villages, one from each family, on the threat of confiscation of land and expulsion from the state of any family which did not send one representative. A platoon of infantry, two detachments of cavalry, and sappers and miners were ready to receive the Jatha. Lewis guns were fixed at various places. And, more significant still, a trench had been dug around the temple, filled with water, and then strewn with grass and twigs to give it a deceptive appearance.

The Jatha realized its fate as it approached, but it was under a sacred pledge. In a calm and devotional mood, and singing hymns, it advanced. The English commander gave a signal with a flag, and fire was opened. The Akalis did not waver, but marched forward, with hands upraised and with voices raised in a mighty religious hymn. As their comrades fell about them they picked them up and marched on. Realizing that to stop them meant to kill the last man, the cavalry surrounded them. Some thirty Sikh women in the procession, one whose baby was killed in her arms, attended the wounded; upon their refusal to withdraw they were lashed and beaten. The dead and wounded lay for twenty-four hours without any medical assistance. Some of the dead bodies were piled on pyres, drenched with kerosene oil, and burned. Others were finally loaded on carts like so many sacks of grain, and taken to the fort where the prisoners were detained.

Since the Jaito massacre five more Jathas of 500 have reached Jaito, only to be arrested. As they leave Amritsar on their long march the streets and housetops are jammed with people crying "Sat Sri Akal." Each night they rest and educate the peasants. Crowds of people wait for hours along the routes, ready to offer them, free of all charge, food and drink.

The Akali epic is not yet ended. It has again raised India from the depression which followed Mahatma Gandhi's arrest. It has ceased to be purely one of religious reform. It is a social and political movement led by men who prefer martyrdom to surrender. Almost every Sikh now claims the honor of being an Akali, a name drawn from the deep wells of Sikh persecution which means one who is pure in spirit, "the Deathless."

The next article in the series on New Morals for Old will be Virtue and Women, by Isabel Leavenworth.

In the Driftway

ONE of the readers of a New York City daily wrote a letter to the editor recently complaining because he had noticed that the coffee-and-spice establishments which for years have made fragrant the old streets below Brooklyn Bridge were planning to move into roomier quarters out in the Borough of Queens. If this is true, the Drifter also wants to share in the complaint, for almost the nicest smells of Manhattan Island emanate from those streets.

* * * * *

AND while he is at it the Drifter wants to make another complaint that when most people talk or write about the smells of New York City they have in mind only the bad ones. Doubtless there are bad ones, but the Drifter maintains that the delightful odors of the metropolis far outnumber the objectionable ones. Theodore Dreiser has just written a book on "The Color of a Great City." The Drifter is thinking of writing a sequel called "The Smells of a Great City." There will be a chapter in it on the coffee-and-spice district.

* * * * *

OF course tastes in smells vary as they do in other matters. The Drifter would doubtless classify as delicious some odors which other people enjoy only mildly, or even find distinctly repugnant. For instance, the Drifter is inordinately fond of the odor of fresh asphalt. He loves to linger where they are putting down pavements, drinking in the perfume of boiling tar and new asphalt. Another favorite is bone fertilizer. A good many years ago the Drifter remembers there were several blocks along the waterfront of Baltimore where open sacks of bone fertilizer, fragrant and enticing, lined the sidewalks beside the dingy old warehouses. Some day the Drifter is going back to Baltimore. He will not disturb Mr. Mencken and his widely reputed wine cellar; he will make straight for the waterfront and those rows of bone fertilizer.

* * * * *

BOSTON, too, the Drifter loves, because of the smells of its hide-and-leather district. The Drifter leaves the Fenway and Commonwealth Avenue to others; he sniffs around the hide streets until it is time for his train to go.

* * * * *

BUT to return to New York. The coffee-and-spice district east of Broadway and below Brooklyn Bridge is, of course, only one of the regions of delightful odors. There is another coffee district—that where the green berries arrive—over on the Brooklyn piers at which the steamships from South and Central America dock. In order to get samples of the coffee the buyers plunge small metal tubes into the sacks, bringing out a few berries and also leaving a sizable hole. After a sack has been plugged several times it is fairly leaky, with the result that bushels of fragrant green coffee are scattered over the docks. Then, of course, there are the streets where fruits and vegetables are sold at wholesale, the molasses wharves on the North River, Italian districts with wonderful odors of cheese, the beguiling smells of East Side bakeries. But wait a minute! The Drifter does not wish to give away the material for "The Smells of a Great City," but rather to advertise it so insistently that some publisher will compel him to write the book.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Nordic Honor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* is always interested in tales of oppression or injustice. Here is a tale that includes oppression, injustice, and all the other sins of tyranny.

There was an Armenian student, Mike Mugerdichen, attending the Colorado School of Mines at Golden. He is a naturalized American citizen, a property-holder, and, incidentally, a war veteran and a member of the American Legion. He committed the sin of falling in love with a local girl, a Nordic blonde, the daughter of a local mogul, by name Duval. He wrote a letter to the president of the school, Dr. Alderson, stating that he was going to marry the girl. The storm broke. The irate father assaulted Mugerdichen and pummeled him severely. Alderson advised Mike to withdraw from the school for a few days and when he did so refused to let him reenter or to give him any credit for the semester's work that he had completed. In addition to this persecution by the school, three attempts to murder Mugerdichen have actually been made—once by a mob of students and twice by revolver bullet, sources unknown. Mugerdichen keeps a little store on the Lookout Mountain Road in which he sleeps, and twice this shack was riddled with bullets. The first time he was warned and was not at home when the visitors called, the second time he was wounded slightly in the foot and narrowly escaped with his life. I saw the bullet holes and the bullets that Mike had been able to dig out of the walls. This was attempted murder, for at least three out of the dozen fired passed through the wall at the level of the bed.

These facts are extraordinary, but the attitude taken by the townspeople and students is even more extraordinary. Most of them are indifferent; they say complacently that "they" are just trying to scare Mike. Some commend Duval, saying that it serves "the damn foreigner" right for chasing an American girl. Only a few protest. The town authorities refuse to give Mugerdichen any protection, although he has appealed to both the sheriff and the district attorney. Duval is still a respected citizen and Alderson is not criticized, although he could have prevented the whole trouble had he so wished.

If lynch law is not the law in America, since when has every man been authorized to appoint himself jury, judge, and executioner? If lynch law is the law, as it seems to be, what crime did the man commit? I am one of those "damn foreigners" and such actions are still strange to me, so I would be much obliged to you if you could answer those questions.

Austin, Texas, June 1 WILLIAM F. ELLIS

Shoes, Eggs, and *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I can hardly afford *The Nation* and I can't afford to be without it, and, above all, we can't afford to see *The Nation* go the way of the *Freeman*.

Last year I had to cut down, so I cut down on the highest and took the *Liberator*. Now I see you offer *The Nation* and the *Liberator* for $5.50, so I am going to make the effort. It seems like exploiting you to take advantage of this, but what is a fellow to do?

Last week I took some eggs over to Emigrant. Got a pair of work shoes for $6 and it took just forty dozen eggs to pay for them. Now, the labor expended in producing that pair of shoes, including the labor on the raw material and all, translated into wages, would buy perhaps twenty dozen eggs—the rest going for rent, interest, and profit.

And that's what is the matter with the American farmer.

Emigrant, Montana, May 30 J. F. M.

Financing Freedom

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The comment and discussion in this town about the action of Charles and Albert Boni in withdrawing "La Bas" at the threat of the district attorney and Mr. Sumner have taken many angles. It is admitted that the Boni brothers are new publishers, and also, in the world's wealth, quite poor.

Do their critics realize that to go to trial costs a great deal of money? Do they realize that if there should happen to be a conviction and an appeal were taken the cost of stenographer's minutes is large, the printing of the case and the briefs is expensive, and that even if the higher court finally says the conviction is improper and should never have been obtained all the large expenditure of money is not repaid by the state?

Do you remember the case against Harper and Brothers and Brainard for "Madeleine," in which the defendants were convicted, but on appeal to the Appellate Division the judgment of conviction was reversed and indictment dismissed? If Harper and Brothers and Brainard had been unable, financially, to appeal, the conviction would have remained against them. While many people would be sympathetic in a fight like this, how many would get together and raise funds so that the defendants could really have a proper defense?

I have had that lesson brought home to me in the case of the play "The God of Vengeance," now on appeal. Though a great many people stood up for the play in every way, yet the trial and the appeal are being financed by me. Assuming that I should win on appeal, the fact would remain that if I could not have financed myself the conviction would remain.

Only by the cooperation of individuals and groups who are in favor of freedom can these battles be fought. It is too much to ask the individual to bear the entire brunt of an attack by the State with its unlimited funds and by societies like the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice.

New York, June 1 Harry Weinberger

An Offer to Central Europe

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some time ago, animated by a variety of apparently misguided altruism, I wrote a note for insertion in *The Nation* begging persons in Central Europe who found it difficult to secure American periodicals to communicate with me. I desired to send them what magazines I could and also, for cultural purposes, to correspond and exchange ideas on topics of mutual interest. I was rather surprised at the paucity of the response and at the very much smaller number who acknowledged even my first sending of magazines.

Will you insert this note for me? Surely there must be half a dozen Europeans who would like to exchange intelligent ideas with a foreigner and get American periodicals in the bargain!

Beltsville, Maryland, May 1 T. Swann Harding

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to apply to the readers of *The Nation* with the following request. I am much interested in English literature (modern of course), but it is impossible for me to buy books, as, first of all, it is quite impossible to obtain books in Lithuania and I have no means to buy American editions. Therefore, I would like to ask the readers of *The Nation* who have books by modern American writers, as, for instance, London and Sinclair, which they have read to send them to me. I am prepared to send in exchange Russian or German books. My address is Kovno, Lithuania, Poste-Restante.

I hope that I may find people who will answer my appeal and I thank *The Nation* in advance for printing my letter.

Kovno, Lithuania, May 2 B. E. Birga

Dreams

By ROLFE HUMPHRIES

He thought that he had buried her
  So deeply, deeply underground
That her dead body would not stir
  Nor her stopped mouth make fluttering sound.

And then he flourished like a tree,
  New leaves of grace began to show,
And all his friends rejoiced that he
  Could have, at last, his chance to grow.

But what they could not see or know
  Was that the fiery sap which fed
His brilliant daily strength, would go
  At night down to its old dark bed.

Thus, sensitive in sleep, he found
  That on occasions he would feel
In that unconscious underground
  A palpable, direct appeal.

In an environment that suits
  A readjusted buried soul
She keeps on tugging at his roots
  Like an unkind, aggressive mole.

Books

An American Career

Alfred E. Smith. By Henry Moskowitz. Thomas Seltzer. $3.50.

THERE is no "Al" Smith myth. There couldn't be. Too many thousands have seen and heard the man. Too many millions in the most populous State of the Union have seen and felt his works. He is real—flesh and blood. No press agent, no propaganda, no newspaper connivance has had much part in making his career.

Yet it is high romance—in the most approved American tradition. Horatio Alger couldn't have done better. "Al, the Newsboy," or "From Newsboy to Governor!" A poor lad in New York's slums. His father dying at an early age and leaving the boy to support his widowed mother. He leaves school, sells papers, works in a fish market, wins favor in his district, enters politics, is elected to the Assembly, "saws wood" there until he knows the game, and begins to climb steadily, surely. He becomes Governor of the largest American commonwealth, and by all odds the most complex and difficult to govern. He is a superb executive. Even in an adverse political landslide he runs over a million votes ahead of his ticket. At the next election the voters overwhelmingly return him to office. At the national convention . . . One pauses and puts down the book—unfinished. This is good juvenile stuff if only the realities . . .

But this isn't fiction. Delve into the record. Henry Moskowitz has compiled it. It's a campaign document, of course, but then the facts, the verbatim reports, debates, messages speak for themselves. Here are actions writ into the political and social history of the State. Here is eloquence that rests on simplicity and sincerity. Here is democracy that is not demagoguery. Here is an instinctive, an unwavering faith in the American experiment. Here are works, the fruits of that faith. Here are truthfulness, vision, and courage. Here are decency and kindliness.

No one who is genuinely interested in America and its future can afford not to read this biography, written by a social

worker and student of affairs—a realist and idealist. It isn't just an account of the rise of one American named Smith, although it's a good story merely as such. It's an act from the great American drama, a piece of our national epic. And just now it's a challenge.

They have said of him—they have whispered "He's a Catholic," as if a man's race or creed should debar him from any office. It is not for him, but for the voters who cherish the American ideal to accept this challenge. Yet he himself throughout has met its furthermost implications. From the first he has been the champion of the public school—not with empty phrases, though he needed all his verbal equipment—but by raising teachers' inadequate salaries, equalizing the pay for women, and by vetoing the Lusk teachers' "loyalty" bill, so that intellectually honest and independent-minded teachers could continue in their calling without loss of self-respect.

He gave the State local option for Sunday baseball—not the most important measure per se, but considerable in its implications. "I am of the firm opinion," said he, "that those . . . who oppose all recreation on Sunday . . . have no right, in law or in morals . . . to impose their views upon the majority who disagree with them."

They have said of him that he was "wet," and the Republican Party, whose elected President never allowed the Eighteenth Amendment to interfere with previously formed habits, would doubtless try to make this an issue, hoping that the shout of "alcohol" would somehow wash it clean of oil. But whatever his *personal* views—never hypocritically concealed—his public *record* is, despite widely held misconceptions to the contrary, a rigid and vigorous adherence to the law of the land. Those who doubt it should read his clear memorandum on his approval of the Mullan-Gage law repeal. Only a fanatic would dispute his logic.

Governor Smith's record of achievements is too long and varied to detail here. But the American people have the duty of familiarizing themselves with it, and a stake in doing so. They will find it as close an approach to absolute zero in buncombe and blather as may be found anywhere in the political game that is so largely fashioned of these two ingredients.

ERNEST GRUENING

This Oil Age

The World Struggle for Oil. By Pierre l'Espagnol de la Tramerye. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

The Oil Trusts and Anglo-American Relations. By E. H. Davenport and Sidney Russell Cooke. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Oil and the Germs of War. By Scott Nearing. Ridgewood, N. J.: Nellie Seeds Nearing, Publisher. 60 cents.

Die Weltinteressen der englischen Petroleumindustrie. By Sydney Jessen. Berlin: Finanzverlag.

WHEN the history of this decade is written, a whole series of events now innocently attributed to miscellaneous causes will probably be summarized as aspects of the race for control of the empire of oil. Americans hardly suspect that their country has an "oil policy"; yet Europeans assume that it was because of oil that the United States so long failed to recognize Mexico, that Mexico was barred from the League of Nations, that the United States still fails to recognize Soviet Russia, that in 1921 she paid Colombia $25,000,000 damages for the rape of Panama in 1903, that she toppled the Tinoco Government in Costa Rica, helped the Leguia Government in Peru with financial advisers and bankers' loans, and denounced the League of Nations mandatory system. An American might add that oil dominates the attitude of the European Powers toward Soviet Russia, Rumania, and Turkey, dictates British policy in Mesopotamia, Persia, and the Caucasus, has something to do with British expeditions into Tibet, determines Japanese-Russian relations, and was not without a bearing upon the British decision to establish a naval base at Singapore, close to the oil-fields of the Dutch East Indies.

Modern war is fought with oil. Aviation is impossible without it; gasoline-driven motor trucks feed the land armies; and the navies have turned from coal to oil. Modern industry increasingly depends upon oil. We are living through a new economic revolution. Fifty years ago the world got along with ten million barrels of crude oil a year; ten years ago it used four hundred million barrels; this year the production will be close to a billion barrels. Fifty years hence this meteoric career of the oil industry may well appear as the dominant motif of our era.

In the kerosene period of the seventies and eighties the United States—or the Standard Oil Company—had almost a world monopoly; in 1898 the Russian oil-fields suddenly leaped to supremacy; four years later our mid-continental fields drove American production far above Russian; and now we produce two-thirds of the world's supply. Within the present century Mexican oil attained superiority to all the other fields in the world combined except those of the United States, and then began a rapid decline; today Persia is producing as much as Mexico did a decade ago and promises to surpass her; and enthusiasts predict a like course for Venezuelan oil, which, like that of South Persia, is British-controlled. Two years ago the experts were bewailing the exhaustion of American oil; we were producing most of the oil, they said, but we had only 14 per cent of the world's reserves. Suddenly, the South California fields were developed, wholly unreckoned in previous estimates; and from threats of exhaustion we jumped into an era of "overproduction." Three or four years ago Standard Oil was fighting the great British oil trusts in every continent in the world, and had a law passed here barring British companies from American oil-fields unless every corner of the British Empire gave American companies equal rights with British; today the Standard has formed an alliance with the British trusts, and is fighting Harry Sinclair in Persia, Russia, and South America. Fiction could hardly be more fascinating and amazing than this story of oil, only half-known outside the oil companies and the banks that finance them, and hardly understood even by the men in the state departments and foreign offices who write the notes that are the outward, polite expression of the bitter oil wars.

Yet oil is only just beginning to have a literature of its own. Francis Delaisi peeked behind the diplomatic curtain in his "Oil: Its Influence on Politics" (Labour Publishing Company) in 1920. His was perhaps an over-dramatized account of the struggle of British and American oil interests, culminating in the smashing British victory in the San Remo agreement. Pierre de la Tramerye gives a fuller and more complete history of oil. His story stops in 1921, with the British, as he thought, "in exclusive possession of 90 to 97 per cent of the future world production of oil." Future production is not to be estimated so certainly; no one, really, knows much about it. And in these last few years the Standard has not been idle. No one, however, has told the story of the rise of oil and of the tremendous world struggle between the British and American trusts more comprehensively and objectively than this Frenchman, who has a pleasant cynicism about British and American trusts and about both governments. It never occurs to him that anyone would doubt or deny that Mr. Hughes does the Standard's bidding.

Scott Nearing's pamphlet gives an excellent brief résumé of the essential facts about oil. He is concerned with the effects of oil on the nations. More oil wars, he thinks, will follow, unless the control of oil is taken out of the hands of profiteers and put into the hands of international groups of producers—a sort of proletarian league of nations. Before that comes, however, oil will find itself controlled by an international alliance of capitalists. The great oil trusts are losing their national

character. Stinnes and Sinclair and the Soviet Government seem to be allying in opposition to the British trusts and the Standard, aided by Charles E. Hughes. Persia is the most interesting battlefield today. Our Government has sent financial advisers to Persia; Harry Sinclair is negotiating for Persian oil from the Russian frontier; and the Standard and the Anglo-Persian share rights to a concession, granted in Czarist days to a Russian but canceled by the Soviet-Persian treaty of 1921.

Messrs. Davenport and Cooke are Englishmen, and see through British spectacles. Theirs are the spectacles, however, of the British oil companies rather than of the British Government. They want their Government to sell its interest in the Anglo-Persian, and set the oil companies free to chase profits without concern for imperial policy. Obviously they write from the inside. They have a vivid style reminiscent of Keynes at his best; the story of Mr. Hughes's fight for "American interests" in Mesopotamia, and how he subsided entirely when the British gave the Standard a share, ignoring all other "American interests," is a significant and revealing chapter in the economic history of American diplomacy. "The Oil Trusts" is the completest and most recent account of the world struggle for oil, well documented, and provided with a valuable appendix summarizing the oil resources of the world. The reader can redress the bias of the authors, who hope for a profiteers' alliance between British and American oil trusts to exploit the world. "Are the oil-fields of the world to lie dormant," they ask, "because the native inhabitants above prefer to graze their flocks, or turn a few sods for growing crops? It is not unreasonable to bring the diplomatic arts to bear upon countries with dog-in-the-manger policies which neither develop nor allow others to develop their oil resources." Those pleasant words, "diplomatic arts," used in such a connection reveal the sinister philosophy of Anglo-Saxon imperialism; but doubtless most Americans agree with it.

Dr. Jessen's pamphlet is a study of the interlocking directorates of the British oil interests as of 1920. Its fascinating colored charts provide a valuable graphic appendix to the more comprehensive works of the British and French authors.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

The Disinherited

Sembal. By Gilbert Cannan. Thomas Seltzer. $2.
The Dream. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

LIKE everything else the novel of social discontent grows more complicated as it grows older. Time was when the mere terms radical and conservative were sufficient labels for characters, and the different members of the two groups were lumped together like the good and the bad or the pure and the impure in sentimental romance. Nowadays, however, we know that labels make strange bedfellows; that radicalism, for instance, draws into its ranks people of such diverse aims and characters that only the cohesion natural to a minority holds them together and that, in consequence, the study of the different kinds of radicalism is more fruitful and important than the more obvious confronting of the conservative and disruptive temperaments.

Everyone must have observed, for instance, that in general there are two sorts of radicals: one sort longs for the time when, thanks to the development of science and government, everybody will belong to the cultured and leisure class; while the other insists that in that blessed "time to come" nobody will. One group is interested in the more equitable distribution of wealth in the largest sense, and the other, so it seems at least to an unsympathetic eye, is more interested in the equitable distribution of poverty. The hatred with which the members of this second group speak of leisure, luxury, and wealth (most excellent things in themselves) and the passion with which they hope for their complete elimination seem to make them the modern representatives of the Puritans and to suggest Macaulay's hoary old paradox about those who opposed bear-baiting not because it gave pain to the bear but because it gave pleasure to the people. Having suffered so much and having been so completely deprived of the good things of life that they have lost even the appetite for them, they would strip existence of those superfluities which for most people alone make it worth enduring. In their Utopia labor will be continuous, art prima facie evidence of the crime of leisure, all recreation for some useful end and love—the last refuge of useless, irrational joy—deprived of its non-utilitarian functions by being confined to state-controlled stud-farms. The members of this class, which does exist and must be reckoned with, may properly be called the Disinherited. They have been deprived by the injustice of society of their heritage and they wish to destroy it.

Mr. Cannan's new novel—first of a promised series—has for its hero a young Jew with all the passion and inward disharmony of his race. Born in a London slum, he adds to the bitterness accumulated by a hundred generations of outcasts that distilled from his own experiences of want and humiliation, and the poison so corrupts his life that he is never at peace either with society or with himself. Mr. Cannan's method is sufficiently objective to make it somewhat difficult to say just how he evaluates the character which he so acutely and with so much originality analyzes, but to me his Sembal, a typical example of the Disinherited, seems to be tortured and twisted into a form so completely unlovely as to awaken only a pity tinged with disgust. Contemptuously patronized by a rich relative, Sembal manages to acquire a degree at the University of London, and he develops a "social consciousness" of the most savage sort. All capacity for enjoyment, all susceptibility to the pleasures of society or art is dead or dying of starvation. Because he himself was fed upon bread smeared with an onion he sees no reason why anyone else should have much more, and he looks forward with savage intensity to the revolution that will "eliminate" everything except machinery and the necessities of existence. Once when he was a starving child and was brought for the first time to the house of his patron, where the atmosphere was heavy with wealth, he had vomited upon the floor, and that nausea continues to overcome him always at the spectacle of any pleasure or any comfort. He has, when confronted with any sort of serenity, what Mr. Cannan acutely calls a "nostalgia for the Ghetto" and that nostalgia, it may be remarked in passing, seems somehow related to that temperamental need for suffering, lamentation, and self-torture which makes some of the characters of the Old Testament such unpleasant persons. Volcanic passion he has, and that passion is admirably communicated in a very tense book, but it is a passion which, again like that of the Old Testament, does nothing but consume the man who generates it. Mr. Cannan leaves his hero at the moment when, having failed completely to understand or be understood by his acquaintances among the English radicals, he is on the point of suffering an undesired absorption into the ranks of the money-making wing of his race. Doubtless his career will be developed in the next volume, but at the moment when we leave him even his conservative acquaintances seem to have the better of it: they at least know what they want and get some of it, whereas he knows only what he hates. An analysis of such a character is bound to be a little repellent, but the book is one of undoubted power and importance.

Mr. Wells's new romance tells of a superman who recounts to his friends a dream in which he lived through a life in the present century. This framework permits the apparently needless confusion, stupidity, and cruelty of our times to stand out in high relief. It goes without saying that Mr. Wells's Utopianism is of the sort exactly the reverse of Sembal's; most of the other things about the book also go without saying. One is not surprised to find that Mr. Wells's customary verve is continually in evidence, but neither is one surprised that this, his forty-ninth volume, does not reveal any new side to his mind.

J. W. KRUTCH

A Philosopher of Liberalism

Pan-Europa. Von Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. Wien: Pan-Europa Verlag.

Krise der Weltanschauung. Von Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. Wien: Pan-Europa Verlag.

Adel. Von Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. Wien: Pan-Europa Verlag.

IT is almost an old story now how the World War and the ensuing peace illustrated nothing so clearly as the desperate futility of that liberalism which was the chief note of the nineteenth century in both politics and philosophy. The peace left Europe red and white, and terror, whether communist or fascist, became familiar and expected. Moderates, democrats, liberals were left. But their voices had no power because they had no conviction. These men were the leaders of a cause confessedly lost. The best they could do was to exercise a negative function, to plead, however feebly, against the grossest excesses of the parties of the right and of the left. In their innermost minds they knew that they alone stood for reason, tolerance, peace. Their inner knowledge was without vision; their outer activity was without persuasiveness and even without tangible aim.

This situation has been changed by the efforts of a notable personality, a thinker both intrepid and profound. I do not know the present membership of the Pan-European Union founded by Dr. Coudenhove-Kalergi; I do not think that its immediate numerical membership matters. What is abundantly clear is that Dr. Coudenhove has made a neo-liberalism possible in Europe, that his political vision arises from an ethical and therefore a metaphysical view of the totality of things, that in it are persuasiveness, hope, power.

He dismisses the accusation of Utopianism at once by the final and sufficient appeal to history which proves that every great reform in human affairs began as one solitary thinker's dream. Utopia becomes reality as soon as it is the Utopia of a great number of powerful personalities. We can build the City of God—by building it. The layer of the first stone is a Utopian, of the ten-thousandth as likely as not a "practical statesman."

Dr. Coudenhove rightly traces the present downfall of Europe to causes that, broadly speaking, are philosophical in their character. Christendom existed by and through an identification of the religious and scientific view of the universe. The enlightenment destroyed that identity. The modern world of science and invention, of enormous material wealth and material complications had therefore, properly speaking, no *Weltanschauung*, no ethos at all, no binding principle, and hence proceeded, under the false guise of democracy, in fact amid the scramble of rival voracities, to destroy itself. Solitary thinkers, Goethe, Nietzsche, socialists and pacifists, sowed the seeds of a new philosophy and a new order. But until material disaster overtook Europe these seeds did not germinate. War and wealth ruled; a false notion of honor, both personal and national; on the one hand complete cynicism, on the other a faith in discarded myths.

What is needed, then, to rebuild this falling world is first its grounding in new ethical conceptions: the substitution of human honor for the feudal honor of the tyrant and murderer; the recognition of form and power in place of the Manichaean antithesis of body and soul; the notion of virtue as consisting in the attainment of the highest specific beauty through action, the greatest possible heightening of life and love. I shall not go into the details of Dr. Coudenhove's philosophy. It will suffice, after this statement of some of its fundamental concepts, to add that he is an absolute pacifist, a socialist, and yet an undeviating believer in aristocracy—in the necessity for qualitative leadership.

"The aristocracy of feudalism is in decay," he writes; "the aristocracy of the spirit is barely emerging. The interregnum is called democratic; it has been in fact the empire of the pseudo-aristocracy of money." He welcomes the Russian experiment in so far as it illustrates the political creative power of a small body of intellectual aristocrats, and finds the union in leadership of Lenin, son of the minor landed nobility of Russia, and Trotzky, Jewish intellectual, reformer, and internationalist, symbolic and prophetic of the world of his vision. In that Europe of the future, of the immediate future, he hopes, the wisest children of the old aristocracy, stripping themselves, as he has done, of title, power, arrogance, will unite with the pacifist, prophetic, internationalist sons of Israel, to heal the present wounds that afflict both the body and the soul of mankind. From this union there can arise a polity that can be truly noble, since it will blend the paganism of Goethe with the teachings of the Jew Jesus—it will both love beauty and practice goodness.

In the realm of practical politics Dr. Coudenhove's ideas are definite and fruitful. What he sees actually emerging in the present world is the federative tendency of states. The British Empire is a federation, so is the Soviet Republic, so will Pan-America ultimately be. The salvation of Europe must come by ceasing from internecine warfare and adopting the federative idea for itself. Hence within Europe the immediate aim must be the reconciliation of Germany and France, in Central Europe of the Germans and Czechs. Dr. Coudenhove is himself a German and hopes to see a neutralized Vienna the capital of the new Pan-European federation. But he stands, as few men do, above nations and races, he stands at the pure center of human thought and effort. His voice is one of the most heartening of our distracted age. The robbers and warriors of the world will call him an unpractical fool, the myth-mongers a blasphemer, the anti-Semites a traitor to his blood. These accusations are, of course, but the marks of his creative and prophetic character. We need not despair of Europe while an increasing number of men and women hear his voice and work in the spirit of his teachings.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Prepare! Prepare!

Days of Delusion. By Clara Endicott Sears. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

IT was a lucky prophet who foretold the end of the world in the year 1843, for that year was signalized by a comet of remarkable brilliancy. William Miller, of New York State, had a system that foretold the exact date of the second advent, and that date was presaged by the famous reign of fire, or falling stars of 1833, and confirmed not only by the comet of a decade later, but by the exceptionally wonderful solar haloes of that year.

The system itself was pure bosh. As one critic put it:

> Behold how clearly it is shown by four methods of calculation that the world is doomed to destruction in Anno Domini 1843! The calculation and results will surely be undeniable *if* days in prophecy are always to be computed as years, and *if* a time signifies 360 years, and *if* the assumed references are correct, and *if* the dates are all right, and so on to the end of the chapter of contingences.

In a word, William Miller was a prophet who was not afraid of keeping off the premises. He supposed this, and he supposed that. In spite of the age of Methuselah he was willing to suppose that a day meant a year, and that the prophet Daniel was not looking around at contemporary events but looking forward into the far future. So Miller propounded the theory that by adding up such dates as the rebuilding of Jerusalem, and the setting up of the "abomination of desolations," or Papal Civil Rule, anyone could arrive at the date of the end of the world as 1843. There are three other ways of bringing about the same calculation. But what is a calculation between friends, so long as they follow Mark

Twain's prescription for writing history: "First get your facts, then distort them to suit yourself"?

Now Miller gained his followers not only because Yankees were fond of figuring, but also because they were fond of the very antithesis of arithmetic, namely, allegory. They could turn to the Millerite "Midnight Cry" and behold great wonders in the heavens, such as the Beast with Seven Heads, and the Great Red Dragon, the latter in turn having seven crowns, signifying the successive forms of Roman government—senatorial, consular, imperial, and so on. H. G. Wells's "Outline of History" cannot hold a candle to this easy way of learning history, for Miller's charts throw light not only on the past, but on the future. Thus "the Great Red Dragon's tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven and did cast them to the earth." Now as the said dragon was a sign of the end of all things, and as the stars of heaven fell to the earth in 1833, ergo, let sinners beware, and let the Saints prepare their ascensions robes.

"Days of Delusion" is called "a strange bit of history." The Millerite craze was certainly that. Convinced by the prophet's calculation, stirred by the pictures of horrible beasts, and hypnotized by the *Millennial Harp*—which sounded the alarm of "the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray"—sober and thrifty Yankees flocked to the camp-meetings and literally sold their farms for a song. Some even gave away their goods, others smashed their furniture, and all seemed possessed to get rid of all earthly possessions save the ascension robe, which the best people considered the only appropriate garb for the coming event.

Such were the Yankee notions of the early forties. How the people were worked up to them may be seen from a sample sermon of Miller's chief spokesman, Elder Joshua V. Himes:

> My friends!—the Day of the Lord is at hand!—and when it cometh you and I shall pass into another state of being—a being of eternal glory or eternal torment! *Believe it! Believe it!* It cometh suddenly, in an instant of time, all things continuing as they were up to the very instant of the bursting in of the Lord upon the world. You are gazing along the sky—you see a lightning light along it—*it is the Lord!* You are speaking to your wife or your child by the fireside—an awful thunder breaks upon you—*it is the Lord!* You are sleeping in your bed—you hear a fearful crash—*it is the Lord!* You are awake in an hour of midnight darkness—you behold a fearful stream of brightness blaze upon you—*it is the Lord!* You are riding in the cars, or upon your horse, or buying in the market, or working in the field, or busied in your garden, or looking over your accounts, or getting bread for your family, or eating it with them, or reading a book—you feel the earth tremble with a fearful shaking under your feet—*it is the Lord!* You go to the door to meet a mother, a brother, or a friend—*you meet the Lord!* Awful day! Awful coming!—"Prepare to meet your God!" Prepare to meet His day! Prepare to meet His judgment! Prepare! Prepare!

Clara Endicott Sears gives a most interesting and vivid picture of those troublous times, with their incredible superstitions and the usual aftermath of emotional religious excitement, such as the breaking up of families, bankruptcy, and insanity. Miller's followers were numbered by the thousands. The movement extended from Maine to Georgia, and as far west as Kansas, but the most violent symptoms appeared in Boston and its vicinity. Whittier, the Quaker poet, gave a mildly sarcastic account of the "Fireeaters" who declared that all the saints who accepted the teachings of the prophet and were prepared would enter the kingdom in April next—all others would be burned to a cinder by an avenging God.

"Days of Delusion" offers much valuable material to a student of the rise and decline of religious cults in America. It lacks, however, a certain historic perspective. Similar adventist views were held a generation before Miller's day by the Campbellites with their *Millennial Harbinger*. Now the Campbellites were partly responsible for the proud title of our friends the Mormons, or "Latter-Day Saints," as they prefer to call themselves. The latter days seem a long way off. They generally do when business is prospering. But the Salt Lake Saints with their *Millennial Star* never staked all their money on one number, such as the famous '43, when the Millerite Saints were to ascend with such vigor as to take the roof off their Boston tabernacle.

This book has but a slight historic background. Its merit lies chiefly in its collection of anecdotes. One will bear repetition. Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson were approached by a fanatic Millerite. The latter thought it his duty to warn them of the momentous event of which they appeared so unconscious. So he walked up to them in an excited manner and said: "Gentlemen!—do you *know—do you realize* that the world is coming to an end today?" Mr. Parker said: "It does not concern *me*, for I live in Boston." And Mr. Emerson answered: "The end of the world does not affect me; I can get along without it."

WOODBRIDGE RILEY

Opium

The Ethics of Opium. By Ellen N. La Motte. The Century Company. $1.75.

FOR many years Miss La Motte has made an intensive study of the opium situation from its international aspects, until today she has become an authority on this difficult and highly complex subject. In this, her most recent book, she presents the problem as it exists today in the producing and consuming countries of the world. She reviews the producing countries in which opium is raised—India, China, Persia, and Turkey. It is Indian opium which supplies the so-called "opium-consuming countries" of the Far East, where it is sold through licensed shops under the control of colonial governments, and consumed either by eating or smoking. For each of these colonies she gives careful and accurate statistics as to consumption, the revenues derived from this consumption, and compares this opium revenue with the total revenue and expenditure of each country. The whole presents a striking collection of data, drawn from official documentary sources. This careful attention to detail, with footnotes citing authority for each statement, gives the book a unique value and makes it of great importance to anyone who wishes to become familiar with the opium problem. We see opium used to enhance the revenues of colonies, and Miss La Motte shows us to what extent the roots of this traffic strike deep into the economic strata of these colonies and why it will be difficult to eradicate them.

Country by country, with relentless clarity and definite statement, the whole situation is laid before us. We see Persia, a country which produces the richer opium used by the manufacturer to make into morphia, with her opium revenues pledged as security for a foreign loan; we see Siam, a consuming country, so bound by treaties that she cannot levy import duties on opium and so tax it out of the country; we see China, the helpless victim of a century of exploitation, still unable to free herself from outside interference, and now raising opium again in sheer despair of ever improving her condition. If, as most of us believe, the only way to end the opium evil is to strike at the source, i.e., production, this book presents a clear exposition of what production means to all these Oriental countries; the reasons for maintaining this production at a high level, and the obstacles—such as financial interests—which make efforts to reduce this output a most difficult question.

No one interested in the drug problem in America can understand our domestic difficulties without some understanding of the situation in the Orient. The two are interlocked. Production, to satisfy the Orient, means an overflow which leaks out into the West.

Miss La Motte has confined her researches to the Far

East, and has not gone into the question of the manufacture of alkaloids in Europe or America. And though this question of alkaloids is one that affects us, we must first understand what is going on today in the Far East. Here the question is presented clearly and precisely. And, curiously enough, although full of statistics, the book makes anything but dry reading—an achievement difficult to attain.

STEPHEN G. PORTER

A Survey of Human Logicality

The Psychology of Reasoning. By Eugenio Rignano. Translated by Winifred A. Holl. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

WHILE readily interested in intelligence as a going concern—much as we accept the benefits of science without insight or enthusiasm for the "pure" research from which all such blessings flow—we remain indifferent to speculations as to its nature and source. Just what measure and manner of a rational creature man is by nature and has taught himself to become by the schooling of experience and the uninviting discipline of logic is a most pertinent and by no means unprofitable inquiry. Professor Rignano's treatment of the problem is attractive and comprehensive. Reasoning, he maintains, is inherent in the biological situation; it is an evolutionary mechanism for meeting needs. Consequently, its psychology derives from the prelogical stages of need-meeting responses. With them it shares an affective determination. The emotional drive inheres; pain and pleasure teach; interest follows desire; men do and think about what they care for; feeling spurs will and sets the pace and trend of intelligence. Life registers and memory trails as disposition; attention selects and makes experience what the organism by original or acquired nature attends to; curiosity is the affective name of the intellectual instinct. The rest is elaboration.

The steps are fairly clear. To emerge from the limitation of the present, sensory, immediate stimulation; to reach the stage in which "out of sight" is not "out of mind" is already a fair, even a far, advance. Habit or decision is held in suspense; caution and doubt arise. But chiefly under the affective push of curiosity, of prying and trying, of error and chance-success, the embryonic logician bungles through. He reaches human estate when he experiments in thought instead of with things, solves situations in his mind's eye or on paper, anticipating—more significantly—broadening his control and reach of behavior. This step focuses upon the essential mechanism—the symbol: the part for the whole, the idea for the thing, or in the quantitative evolution from fingers to stones, to tallies, to numbers, to x's and y's, and all the mysteries of higher mathematics. This aspect of the procedure has been challenged: Can one by taking thought add to one's mental stature? Is deduction an ingenious lifting oneself up by one's bootstraps? The psychological answer is "yes" and "no." Making the implicit explicit, the vague clear, the meaningless significant, the chaotic orderly, is helpful and each in its *metier* confers the benefit of control; and tools are amazingly useful extensions of the hands that alone can fashion and use them.

Yet the more intricate and the more engaging phases of human rationality appear only when the data move toward and in the shifting sphere of socialized human problems, facing the psychological battery of affective forces. The mystic, the aesthetic, the consoling; prejudice, prestige, established interests, cherished goals: all divert the mind on convictions bent from the straight and narrow path of logic. There is abundant logical weakness: sophistry, fallacy, specious shuffling, hasty generalization, feeble analogy abound without limitation of time or place. From Athens to Boston, or Boeotia to Main Street, the same practices persist. But humanity is fortunately diverse, and there is a saving minority; and the critical voice of truth is not quite lost in the wilderness, nor yet broadcasted by radio; also the types of men divide according to their logical predilections.

Professor Rignano's survey proceeds eclectically, yet ever suggestively. It includes an excursion into the pathology of reasoning by way of the dream with its characteristic departure from canonical or experiential logic, toward the extravagance of the paranoiac, the flightiness of the maniac, the confusion of the stricken, and the incoherence of the degenerating brain. In such aberrations he traces his chief principle of interpretation, sending the spotlight upon the affective process; the distorted thinking of the unbalanced mind is due to loss of emotional poise. Reasoning in its decay as in its origin plays a second part to emotion, though the lines and the plot follow the idiom of thought. We rationalize conduct not only to secure the prestige or the solace of rationality but for the ready articulation of the urges that keep life going. The emphasis is timely and fits the temper of modern psychology. Reasoning is a compromise between the claims of reality and the invitations of desire; it applies to the integral calculus and the paranoiac delusion. "It is a mad world, my masters," or at least a foolish one, because the human mind is and will remain imperfectly rationalized, and that because it is too heavily emotionalized. Yet there is no reason for despair or dismay or even depression. Thinking is far more interesting and the human scene more diversified because of the twin rooting of human thought in psychology and logic.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Books in Brief

The Education of Ernest Wilmerding. By Edward Chichester Wentworth. Covici-McGee Company. $2.

Like "Bunk," this book was written by a successful business man to criticize industrialism. Unlike "Bunk," it is amateurish, labored, and prosy. To convert a radical in Chicago of the 1880's seems to have required endless abstract discussion, heart-searching, and recourse to William Morris. Ernest Wilmerding's readers are spared neither the agony nor the uplift.

Deutsche und Englische Gedichte. Von Friedrich Michel. Deutscher Gesellig-Wissenschaftlicher Verein.

This little volume is the final memorial to a man whose singular beauty of character endeared him to many of the best men and women among his contemporaries on two continents. Michel was a friend of peace and of mankind, of freedom and tolerance, of art and thought. The testimony to the fineness of his spirit is to be found not only in the record of his public activities, but in the grateful memory of hundreds whom he befriended and encouraged in the hours of their need. His poetry, which is better represented in his volume "Asraklänge" than in this posthumous volume, suffered like most German-American poetry from uncritical facility and imitativeness. But at least half a dozen times—"Jetzt Nicht—Noch Nicht," "Ich," "Am Glück Vorbei"—he succeeded in achieving both poetic concentration of substance and perfection of contour. These verses of his will have to be included in any adequate collection of German verse written in America.

Realities and Shams. By L. P. Jacks. George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

Wisdom unites with humor and both with an incisive yet gracious style to make these essays pleasant reading. And not merely pleasant but very salutary to those of us—and that is to say most of us—who have fed our spirits with causes and beliefs which by Dr. Jacks's tests are not realities but shams. Neither the roots of life nor the hope for a new world lies in mass voting, the political state, or in a League of Nations which is a league of political states. These things the author criticizes from a fresh and undogmatic standpoint.

International Relations Section

Is Austria Rehabilitated?

By HEINRICH KANNER

(The League Council, at its June session, refused to free Austria from League supervision, warned it that further economies were necessary, but appointed a commission to go to Austria to study the advisability of increasing its budget.)

Vienna, May 16

TWO years ago the League of Nations set up a rehabilitation program for Austria. The Austrian Minister of Finance, Dr. Keinböck, has deviated from the program; and the General Commissioner, Dr. Zimmermann, appointed by the League to supervise the execution of the program, has protested, so that the question goes to the League Council for decision.

Meanwhile the Finance Minister can claim a certain outward success for his policy. The latest figures surprisingly show that the deficit has vanished from the balance-sheet and that since November, 1923, Austria has actually been operating with a surplus. The League program did not anticipate such a result until the end of the second year of rehabilitation—the end of 1924.

But has the permanently balanced budget which was the aim of the Geneva program been attained? Strictly speaking, one cannot call a budget permanently balanced except after a considerable period of years, and since the entire rehabilitation program covers only two years, and for only fourteen months are the accounts available, it is too early to do more than guess at the prospects.

The balance was reached chiefly by enormous increases in the income of the state. The estimated income seemed improbably great; but the reality has exceeded the improbability. The actual income is 25 per cent greater than that required by the rehabilitation program. On the other hand, the limitation of expenditures has remained from 3 to 4 per cent behind the program; 92 per cent of the deficit was wiped out by increasing income, and only 8 per cent by economies. That is the doubtful point about the success of the rehabilitation. All taxes, duties, prices of state monopoly products, and similar charges have been tremendously increased, and the longer these burdens last the harder they bear on the entire population. Hence all the common necessities of daily life have gone up in price at a rate which has amazed even pessimists. Thus, without fiscal inflation, the old vicious circle threatens to set in again. Already the workers, pointing to the rise in prices, are demanding increased pay. The bank employees have conducted a costly three weeks' strike, and won part of their demands. The factory clerks and workers are still negotiating with their employers; a few firms have already had strikes. The government employees, postal, telegraph, and telephone workers are already looming on the scene, and if their demands are granted the newly won balance of the budget would be endangered. Then, if the state repeated its method—increased taxes—prices would rise again, and new wage increases would be called for. The same rule holds in private enterprises; higher wages mean higher production costs, and so higher prices. This was more than a technical deviation from the rehabilitation program. If the program had been followed there would have been more limitation of expenditures, more employees would have been dismissed, and more offices sacrificed; and thus consumption would have been decreased. The hardships of those discharged would have tended to lessen demand and to lower prices. The endless spiral would not have been set in motion, and the budget might have been balanced without causing such a rise in prices as to make it impossible to regard the balance as permanent.

Furthermore, the finances of the state can hardly be set right unless the economic position of the nation is sound. The Vienna Stock Exchange has been passing through a crisis which in greater or less degree affects every part of the economic organism. The rehabilitation led to a general rise in values, which brought much foreign capital into Austria. New industries were founded; the capital stock of old stock companies was increased. Stocks were inflated. In the winter the public showed itself incapable of absorbing all the new stock. Some of it remained in the vaults of the banks of emission and of the banking syndicates, depressing all stock prices. The business of the Stock Exchange stagnated, and the Government, never oversympathetic to mobile capital, took measures which accentuated the collapse of business. Speculators looked about for more profitable fields and thought the falling franc a good opportunity. The newly rich who had made money out of the fall of the mark and the krone, but knew little of finance and less of politics, thought that they could force the franc to follow the same route as the Central European currencies. They failed, and in order to cover their losses in francs they threw masses of Vienna stocks on the market. There were no Austrian buyers. But some of the foreign capital invested in Austria was alarmed and withdrew its aid, called in its credits, and sold its paper. Panic followed; in the midst of the rout the Government interfered, provided money for the banks to buy paper, and finally mastered the situation, at least temporarily.

Ordinarily stock-market fluctuations merely effect rearrangements of wealth within a country; what one citizen loses another wins. But in this case most of what was lost in the speculation in francs was lost to foreigners. Even if the rumored total of these losses be exaggerated they are nevertheless real losses to Austria. And the withdrawal of foreign capital made this country, always poor in capital, still poorer. The legal interest rate was raised from 5 or 6 to 10 or 12 per cent, and the industries which often had to pay 30 per cent and more to the banks are still harder put in the present period of distrust and trouble. The number of bankruptcies, not merely in the stock market but in all branches of industry, is rising. Of course this weeds out the weaker economic organisms, but it is a harsh process.

This decline in Austria's general economic situation naturally will cause a decline in tax payments and hinder the rehabilitation process. But it cannot be denied that public opinion in Austria has taken a decisive turn for the better. The talk of Austria's incapacity for existence which once dominated public discussion has ceased. The old panacea of Austria's annexation to Germany has dropped out of practical politics, especially since Germany has slipped into a political and economic crisis worse than Austria's. Austria still has many problems to solve, but Austria is no longer a problem. The rehabilitation must and will go on. The Finance Minister owes his good for-

tune rather to the accident of a period of economic prosperity than to effective reduction of expenses. The prosperity has gone, and he must reckon on smaller revenues. Unless drastic economies are made the budget will not stay balanced. The events of recent weeks have proved that the plans of the League of Nations and of its general commissioner were wiser than the opportunist contrivings of the Minister of Finance.

When, in February, 1923, I ventured in the columns of *The Nation* to criticize the methods of the Austrian Government in the early stages of the rehabilitation, insisting that greater economies would be necessary, the President of the Austrian Republic took the unusual step of sending a protest against my article to *The Nation*. Heads of states do not usually reply to mere journalists, Dr. Hainisch least of all. I feel it my right to recall, a year later, his attack, and to point out that events have abundantly justified me.

National Minorities in Poland

THE question of the position and rights of the national minorities in Poland has been the object of diplomatic correspondence recently exchanged by the Russian Government and the Government of Poland. In his note of May 10 addressed to the Polish Government, Commissar of Foreign Affairs Chicherin charged that the persecution of national minorities in Poland was in direct violation of the provisions of the Riga peace treaty between Soviet Russia and Poland. The note reads in part:

By Article VII of the Riga treaty Poland is obliged to guarantee to persons of Russian, Ukrainian, and White Russian nationality the free development of their culture and language, and religious freedom. Materials and facts in possession of the People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs show that all guaranties provided by the treaty of Riga in relation to the national minorities are systematically violated by the Polish authorities. . . . The wholesale persecutions of national minorities have become so systematic that the press of the national minorities is making an apparently paradoxical demand for the complete repeal of those articles of the constitution by which the national minorities are guaranteed equal rights with the Polish population. The reason advanced for this demand is the fact that these articles . . . serve only to mislead the national minorities as well as public opinion abroad. . . . On more than one occasion prominent representatives of the central authorities of the Polish republic have declared . . . that the true master of Poland is the Polish people alone, while in its relation to the non-Polish population Poland is bound by international treaties and its constitution only to insure their security and their peaceful and free development.

Thus a full third of the citizens of the Polish republic . . . are declared to be limited in their rights as compared with the privileged Polish population. . . . It is easy to imagine the influence of such statements made by the highest authorities upon the middle and lower administrative authorities, especially upon the police. . . .

It would be impossible to give a full account of the persecution and mockery to which persons belonging to the national minorities are subjected. . . . The police terror which is maintained in the White Russian borderland and in Eastern Galicia keeps the population of these provinces in constant fear. Moreover, violence and oppression show no signs of subsiding but, on the contrary, they are becoming wholesale and regular. After the elections to the Diet the Polish authorities made a great number of arrests as a form of repression directed against the national minorities for their participation in the elections. . . .

On April 12, 1923, a squadron of the Twenty-fourth Uhlans regiment under the command of Antoniewicz arrived in the village Buchnow, in the district of Tarnopol, for the purpose of punishing some of the people who participated in the election campaign. . . .

In December, 1922, a punitive expedition of 300 soldiers with machine-guns was sent to the Krupitsk village in the Dubno district. The soldiers and the police subjected the people to a terrible beating. A contribution of 300,000 marks was demanded from the village. . . . (The note goes on to cite a number of similar instances.)

The police authorities declared quite openly that they had detailed instructions to look after all election workers of the national minorities and the latter have been threatened with arrest. Afterward these threats were carried out. . . . A number of political trials and interpellations by deputies of the national minorities in the Diet furnish documentary proof of the extent of the terrible tortures practiced in the police stations and in the cells of the secret service. . . .

In their attempts to Polonize the eastern borderlands and Eastern Galicia the Polish authorities resort to the method of billeting troops among the civilian population. The Polish soldiers stationed in these provinces are mostly natives of central Poland and they look upon the provinces as barbaric countries conquered "with their blood," the population of which may be treated without respect. . . . These Polish soldiers give little heed to the obligations assumed by the Polish Government in relation to the national minorities. . . .

The colonial policy of the Polish Government in the eastern borderlands and in Eastern Galicia is carried out also through the method of so-called settling. The free land in these provinces is granted to ex-soldiers and officers of the Polish army. The settlers form a close body of men hostile to the native population. This policy leads to acts of revenge on the part of the native peasants . . . who, of course, pay for their acts in a most terrific manner. The atmosphere of mutual hatred breeding murder and arson is a result of this policy of the Polish authorities.

The practice of the Polish authorities in regard to the orthodox church in Poland proves that the principle of non-interference in the affairs and life of the church and of religious societies provided by Paragraph 2 of Article VII of the peace treaty is no more than a paper provision. In reality, violence, confiscations, destruction of religious monuments are everyday occurrences in the practice of the Polish authorities. These facts have become so appalling that even the White guard émigré press which is in sympathy with the principles upon which the present Polish state is based systematically records with bitterness and dismay the instances of unheard-of persecutions against the orthodox church in Poland. . . . (The note goes on to describe a number of confiscations and destruction of churches and church equipment without regard to the artistic and archaeological value of some of it.) . . .

The colonial policy of the Polish Government in the provinces of White Russia and Eastern Galicia is not limited to settling these lands with Polish ex-soldiers and to open repressions against the national minorities. The Polish Government is attempting to subject to its influence the intellectual life of the national minorities as well. Everywhere Ukrainian and White Russian schools are being closed down with the result of growing illiteracy. In the district of Novogrudok the village public schools have all been closed down except one. In the province of Grodno only one school remained out of the 153 which had existed there before. In the province of Vilna only thirty-six schools remained out of 200. In the provinces of Polessia and Volhynia all Ukrainian schools were shut down. . . .

In the schools and children's homes children of orthodox parents are brought up in the Roman Catholic faith and sent to Catholic churches. This is taking place in the province of Kholm, in the district of Rovno, etc. The demands of the representatives of the national minorities in the Diet to pre-

serve and enlarge the school system in the White Russian provinces and in Eastern Galicia are left without any reply.

A similar attitude has been assumed by the Polish authorities toward the press of the national minorities. Frequently Ukrainian and White Russian newspapers are confiscated for printing news which has already appeared in the Polish press. . . . The systematic confiscations of the newspapers of the national minorities has compelled the latter to issue one-day publications which are, however, subjected to the same fate. Even books published by the clubs of the deputies of the national minorities in the Diet are being confiscated. During a short period of time the following newspapers have been closed down: *White Russian Bell, Our Future, New Life, People's Will, Our Banner, Free Banner.* In 1923 the following books issued by the White Russian national club were confiscated: "What is Liberation from a White Russian Viewpoint," notwithstanding the fact that practically the whole text of the book had previously appeared in the newspapers and that the incriminating parts, as pointed out by the prosecution, had been eliminated. The report of the first trial of White Russians in Bialystok was confiscated . . . for its "general tendency" and its "criticism of the state." . . .

It would occupy too much time and space to enumerate the methods of persecution and oppression of the national minorities by the Polish authorities. It is sufficiently evident that in all fields of the national life of the White Russians and Ukrainians within the borders of the Polish republic the Polish authorities have openly demonstrated their unwillingness to carry out the obligations which Poland took upon itself by the peace treaty of Riga.

In its note of July 29, 1922, the Government of the RSFSR drew the attention of the Polish Government to the fact that it had been ignoring the provisions of Article VII of the Riga treaty. Today the Union Government is compelled to remind the Polish Government that strict observance of Article VII of the Riga treaty is an indispensable condition for the establishment of the neighborly relations which are necessary for both peoples. . . .

The Polish reply to this note, which was published in the Moscow press of May 27, reads as follows:

The Polish Government regrets to be compelled to declare that it cannot recognize the contents of the aforementioned note as a basis for discussion. Without taking up the specific accusations made in this note where Article VII of the Riga treaty is used as a pretext, the Polish Government rejects them emphatically as an attempt to interfere in the internal affairs of the Polish republic. The Polish Government also resents strongly the unwarranted and, in diplomatic relations, unheard-of criticism of declarations made by the President of the Polish republic and higher Polish officials in matters which do not concern the relations between Poland and the USSR.

Besides, the Polish Government cannot help but express its surprise that the Government of the Union takes upon itself a defense of civil liberties and religious freedom among the national minorities in Poland when, at the same time, on the territory of the Union, the citizens both of the national minorities and of the majorities of the several allied republics are deprived of these liberties.

In view of the above the Polish Government is compelled to declare that in future all groundless and inadmissible representations of the Soviet Government with reference to Article VII of the Riga treaty will be left without any reply whatever.

The Polish Government assumes the liberty to point out to the Soviet Government that normal relations between Poland and the Union, which the Polish Government wants in no less degree than the Soviet Government, may be reached not through the presentation of groundless pretenses but only through the loyal and strict observance of all mutual obligations provided by the Riga treaty.

In answer to this the Soviet Government declared in its note of May 23:

The Union Government emphatically denies the allegation that the note of May 10 is an attempt to interfere in the internal affairs of the Polish republic. That note was based upon the fact that the Polish Government has not been loyal in carrying out Article VII of the Riga treaty. . . . The unheard-of persecutions of the language, schools, and religion of the Russians, Ukrainians, and White Russians cited in the aforementioned note of May 10 are based upon material, still far from exhausted, in the possession of the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs. These facts are not denied in the note of the Polish Government, which serves only as an additional proof of the accuracy of the representations made by the Union Government.

The contention of the Polish Government that the interference of the Government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics in behalf of the violated rights of the national minorities in Poland which are guaranteed by the above-mentioned Article VII of the Riga treaty is an interference in the internal affairs of the Polish republic is contradictory to the text and spirit of Article VII, which gives the Union Government the formal right to protect the rights of the national minorities through demands upon the Polish Government for the exact observance of the article.

At the same time the Union Government indignantly rejects the groundless statement of the Polish Government that on the territory of the Union the citizens both of the minority and the majority are deprived of civil liberties as well as of the freedom of religious service.

The Polish Government is well aware that the Soviet constitution as well as the practiced national policy of the Union Government guarantee the fullest freedom of national and cultural development to all peoples living on the territory of the USSR. This statement of the Polish Government, which has no legal ground in the treaties between the two countries, is an undisguised interference in the internal affairs of the Union.

The declaration of the Polish Government that in the future it will pay no attention to pretentions which the Union Government may advance on the basis of Article VII of the Riga treaty must be regarded by the Union Government only as proof that in the opinion of the Polish Government not all articles of the Riga treaty are to be observed. The Union Government takes note of this opinion.

The Strength of the Russian Communist Party

AT the thirteenth convention of the Russian Communist Party held in Moscow during the last week of May the representative of the Central Committee, M. Stalin, made public the figures (summarized below) showing the numerical strength and the strength by organizations of the ruling party and its influence in the various mass organizations of the working population:

At the time of the twelfth convention the Russian Communist Party numbered 485,000 members. At present there are 600,000 members, including those recently accepted as a result of the membership drive which was initiated after the death of Lenin. Up to the day of the convention the number of new members admitted was 128,000. Since there have been about 80,000 more new members on the list for admission during the succeeding two weeks, the present numerical strength of the party is put at about 680,000 members.

Of the total membership on May 1, 1924, there were 55.4 per cent workers, 23 per cent peasants, and the rest, officials and others. The percentage of workers has increased during the succeeding weeks, since the newly admitted are chiefly persons engaged in factory work.

The Union of Communist Youth had 317,000 members last year. At present the membership has increased to 570,000. Of this membership workers comprise 41 per cent, peasants 40 per cent. Forty-seven thousand members are students of professional factory schools.

The trade unions have a membership of 5,000,000 as against 4,300,000 in the last year. In the twelve basic industries 92 per cent of the workers are organized in the unions.

The consumers' cooperatives had 5,000,000 members last year, and increased their membership to 7,000,000. However, as M. Stalin points out, these figures must be taken with reservations since the statistics in this field have been rather confusing. The actual number of members is probably somewhat less than those quoted. The influence of Communists in the cooperatives is shown by their strength in the central and local managements—amounting to 86 per cent in the leading cooperative organs. Among the workers of the cooperatives 26 per cent are Communists.

In the army the number of Communists is 52,000. The Communists comprise 18 per cent of the commanding force of the army.

During the last year there has been a considerable growth in social and cultural organizations. The number of such organizations at present is over 300. Chief among these is the organization of physical culturists which has a membership of 375,000. The centers of this organization are mostly the factory committees and factory workers' clubs and the peasant mutual aid societies in the villages. Other important organizations are those of the workers' correspondents with a membership of 25,000 and village correspondents with a membership of 5,000. In the provincial centers of these organizations the Communists comprise 29 per cent of the membership.

The "Pioneer" organization (Communist scouts) increased its membership from 75,000 last year to 161,000 in 1924. In the industrial provinces this organization is made up of 71 per cent of children of factory workers and 7 per cent of children of peasants. In the autonomous provinces children of workers make up 38 per cent of the organization. In the agricultural provinces 36 per cent of the organization are peasant children.

The participation of Communists in the government offices and in industrial management is shown in the following figures: In the leading government offices the number of Communists was 83 per cent in 1923 and 86 per cent in 1924. In the office staff of the industrial trusts the number of Communists has grown from 6 per cent in 1923 to 10 per cent in 1924. In the leading organs of the trusts, syndicates, and big enterprises Communists constitute 52 per cent of the staff against 47 per cent in 1923. Among the directors of the big industrial enterprises there are 61 per cent Communists against 31 per cent in 1923.

In the soviets the Communists are represented as follows: In the village soviets—7 per cent as against 6 per cent in 1923; in the volost (county) soviets—48 per cent (39 per cent in 1923); in the ooyezd (district) soviets—87 per cent (80 per cent in 1923); in the city soviets in provincial centers—71 per cent (78 per cent in 1923).

'Sconset Moors Summer School, Nantucket Island, Mass. JULY 13 - SEPT. 21

Speakers

Alexander Meiklejohn
Hendrik Van Loon
Sinclair Lewis
Horace M. Kallen
Everett Dean Martin
Oswald Garrison Villard
Floyd Dell
Gutzon Borglum
Carl Van Doren
H. W. L. Dana
Bruce Bliven
Herbert Adams Gibbons
Raymond Lull
Herbert B. Swope

Golf, Tennis, Ocean Bathing

Frederic C. Howe, Director

Insure Your Summer Vacation

The progressiveness, genius and gambling spirit of the insurance man enable you to insure yourself against the loss of your time, your health, your jewels—you can even protect yourself against the rain on the 12th of August. But can you protect yourself against dullness? Can you insure yourself against the bore at the summer hotel who insists that you make a fourth at bad bridge; the gentleman traveler from Little Rock who sits next to you in the club car and outlines the status of the minor league; the middle-aged lady on the club veranda whose specialty is the waywardness of the younger generation? There are times when you would pay well to escape such boredom. We offer you insurance against it in the form of a special three months' summer subscription to The American Mercury for $1.35.

The American Mercury

Edited by George Jean Nathan *and* H. L. Mencken *and published by* Alfred A. Knopf.

The subscription rate is five dollars a year; Canadian postage fifty cents, Foreign postage one dollar additional.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Ave., New York.

Please send me a three months' subscription to THE AMERICAN MERCURY, starting with the July issue.
I enclose $..... Check or Money Order.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1924 No. 3079

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 29
EDITORIALS:
La Follette the Wrecker 32
White Indians 33
Everest Wins 33
Radio-Convention Year 34
AN UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTION. By Oswald Garrison Villard.. 35
THE MACCABEES OF 1924. By Hendrik Willem van Loon..... 37
DEMOCRATS ARE DIFFERENT. By William Hard..... 38
TO W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS. By Scudder Middleton..... 39
CONVENTION NOTES. By Art Young 40
HERE ARE LADIES. By Ernestine Evans 41
NEW MORALS FOR OLD:
Virtue and Women. By Isabel Leavenworth 42
SAN PEDRO. By Mary Reed 45
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 46
CORRESPONDENCE 47
BLAKE. By Harold Lewis Cook 49
BOOKS:
England's Labor Rulers. By Sidney F. Wicks 49
Byron: 1824—1924. By William Ellery Leonard 50
Toward a Social Psychology. By Ruth Benedict 51
A Northern Mystic. By J. W. Krutch 51
A Latin-American Crusader. By E. Montenegro 52
Stage Left. By Arthur Moss 53
Not the Least of These United States. By E. C. Lindeman 53
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
A Bandit Caliph. By Emil Lengyel 54
An Anglo-Italian Agreement in Jubaland. By George Glasgow 55

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN
FREDA KIRCHWEY IRITA VAN DOREN
Managing Editor Literary Editor
ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager
Contributing Editors
ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS
ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

McADOO AND SMITH, as was expected, prevented any Democratic nomination for the Presidency for the first thirty ballots. As we go to press Newton D. Baker, John W. Davis, and Franklin D. Roosevelt are all being talked of as compromise candidates, with Senators Ralston and Glass ever in the background. For the choice of Davis the third-party leaders were earnestly praying. He would set the seal of conventional conservatism upon the Democratic campaign and would draw heavily from the middle-class business men who now favor Coolidge. One thing is clear: The great forces controlling the Democratic Party have no reason to dread anything the convention may do. Stocks boomed in Wall Street on the second day, "because," said one of the leading financial writers, "it is now plain that nothing will be done at the Garden which is of a radical nature." No, and therefore the convention for all its progressive tinge will advance not at all the hour of genuine reform. It will send out no flaming apostle bent on rescuing the machinery of the government from the masters of the United States, who, as Woodrow Wilson declared in his "New Freedom," "are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the world." It will hardly choose a standard-bearer now who, like Wilson in 1912, would go before the country pledged to destroy the "invisible empire" which "has been set up above the forms of democracy."

DRAGGING RELIGION INTO POLITICS is the crime of which the Democratic convention is accused, but it was the Klan which first took the religious and racial issues into politics. The Democratic politicians have especially had to take note of them because the Klan has become such a menace in certain Democratic States as not only to threaten the supremacy of the elected civil governments where it does not own them, but to add to the already existing race war one of religion. Every argument made in the Democratic convention was of pure expediency. Four years from now, it was said, there will not be a single Klansman remaining or anyone who will remember that he was once a member of the hooded order. If you denounce it you advertise and strengthen it, so why not ignore it altogether? Fortunately, the feelings of the delegates were too deeply stirred and the result was really a sound defeat for the Klan—it was a bad defeat for it to do no better than it did. The one thing lacking in the Madison Square Garden debate was a recognition of the commercial character of the whole enterprise. It is being kept alive chiefly to line the pockets of its conscienceless organizers who take their percentage of the $10 membership fees of its dupes. No; if the price of speaking out about this monstrous defiance of law and order and decency and public freedom is the injection of a religious issue into politics, let that come. If the country founded by people in search of religious liberty cannot still fight for it, we are surely in bad straits.

AT LAST! Secretary Fall, Harry Sinclair, and the two Dohenys have been indicted, the Dohenys for bribery, Mr. Fall for accepting a bribe, and all four for conspiracy to defraud the United States. The indictments, of course, rest upon the evidence which Senator Walsh uncovered in his long and arduous investigation; but why we should have had to wait nearly six months after Doheny's confession that his son took $100,000 in a suitcase to the former Cabinet officer in New Mexico is difficult to understand. The unpleasant fact is that the Administration has not lifted a finger to stop the looting except when, as, and if forced to do so by the action of persistent senators. There is no question here as to the essential facts. Mr. Doheny and Mr. Fall have confessed; if they escape it will be only because they cannot be forced to testify against themselves. These things remain uncontroverted: While Secretary of the Interior in the Harding Administration Mr. Fall secretly transferred the navy's oil lands to Messrs. Doheny and Sinclair; he received $100,000 as a "loan," still unrepaid, from Mr. Doheny and, upon retirement, a lucrative job from Mr. Sinclair. While Wilson was still in office Mr. Doheny hired his son-in-law, Mr. McAdoo, for an even larger sum, and Mr. Sinclair bought the prestige of the Roosevelt name by hiring the brother of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy at a salary far beyond his value.

THE STATE OF MAINE did not get much attention at the conventions, but it has a governor who deserves a little limelight. Percival P. Baxter has a way of doing

things that brings a response from the heart. Some were indignant when he set his flag at halfmast for the death of his old dog; most of the country probably felt that the tribute was sincerer and worthier than many a halfmasting for worn-out "statesmen." A few months ago Governor Baxter refused to waste time celebrating "Navy Day," and now he has objected to "National Defense Day" in terms which should be seconded by all the little dark-horse governors in the country. We like such talk as this:

> With circumstances as they are I think it unfortunate for us to make a show of our military power, even though it be for "defense" only, for by doing so we may be placed in a false position and may cause our neighbors to distrust us. . . .
>
> This nation should lead in the movement to settle our differences with other nations through the proposed world court instead of by resort to war. A national mobilization of the armed forces well might be regarded by other nations as a threat or at least a warning. It would afford them, should they seek it, an excuse for similar mobilizations. The race for supremacy thus might be begun anew, with another and far more terrible war as its result.

CABINETS COME AND CABINETS GO—but British imperialism goes an forever. The Labor Party's Cabinet has just announced that it will under no circumstances renounce the Sudan, the vast hinterland of Egypt where British capital is developing cotton fields destined to rival our own Southland. "Independent" Egypt had hoped that the advent of a "Labor" Government would bring a change. In vain—and perhaps Egypt will become a sore again. Meanwhile Irak—the uneuphonious name given to the Arab state set up in what was not so long ago known as Mesopotamia—is also feeling the steel beneath the British glove. Irak was "mandated" by the League to Great Britain, and soon thereafter the faithful Feisal, son of the puppet King of the Hedjaz, and ex-king of Syria, was established in power there with an Arab parliament made to order. The British, readers of *The Nation* will recall, had such difficulty in collecting taxes for Feisal that they used airplanes and bombed whole villages, killing men, women, and children with magnificent ruthlessness. Possibly memories of this persisted; at any rate the Iraquois—as the French called them—for a long time refused to sign the treaty which the British prepared for them. Finally, after a threat of abolition of the parliament, they voted it. But still the difficulties of British rule persist. For the Arabs of Irak now announce that they do not want Mosul.

AT MOSUL IS OIL. The British clashed over Mosul with the French when they were dividing up the spoils of the war at the peace conference. Mr. Hughes rained notes on the British until the British oil companies granted the Standard Oil a share of the Mosul pickings. The Turks have steadfastly refused to admit that Mosul belongs to Irak, and have more than hinted that they intended to sell the oil concessions of Mosul all over again without heeding the Anglo-Franco-American allotment of "rights." The Lausanne Conference nearly came to grief over Mosul oil and a new Anglo-French conference has just broken up because of inability to agree about Mosul. Mosul was mandated to England by the League of Nations along with the rest of "Irak" as defined in the Treaty of Sévres, and nominally England has been negotiating all along in the interest of Irak. Actually the interest of the British holders of an old Turkish oil concession and the British holders of a new oil concession from "independent" Irak probably has more to do with it. At any rate the Arabs of Irak have announced that they do not want Mosul, which leaves the British moral shirt-front—the Anglo-Saxon imperialism always wears a moral shirt-front—rather obviously spotted. What moral grounds will the British next discover to explain the presence of their soldier boys and their airplanes in the neighborhood of the oil-wells of Mosul?

CANADA, LIKE AUSTRALIA, South Africa, New Zealand, and India, signed the post-war treaties with Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. But when the Turkish treaty was revised at Lausanne the Dominions were not urged to attend. Lord Curzon signed for the entire British Empire. The Canadian Government, on being informed, replied that it had no objection to not being represented, but that it would be bound by the treaty only to such extent as the Canadian Parliament might decide. The Canadian Premier, in discussing the matter, referred to the British connection and to the possibility of affiliation with the United States in terms which stirred a minor tempest in the imperial British teapot. The British Empire, after all, is a fragile structure, resting upon understanding rather than upon treaty, and it would take a prophet rather than a constitutional lawyer to define the relations of the Dominions of the Empire. Increasingly they are asserting themselves in the truculent manner common to the young of this post-war generation. Canada recently signed the halibut treaty with the United States without inviting Mother England to hold the pen, and the Irish Free State has appointed its own envoy to Washington. The Peppers and Lodges, who are so eager to suppress the separate representation of the Dominions in the bodies which elect the judges of the World Court, might well reflect—if they are capable of reflection—upon the question whether it is to America's interest to discourage or encourage this tendency to independence.

CONTROVERSY OVER THE RESPONSIBILITY for the war leads to a demand which has been growing and will grow. The Allies must follow the example of Germany, Russia, and Austria and open their secret archives. Germany, of course, has always wanted it; Stresemann and Marx recently repeated the demand, believing that such publication would remove from Germany the stigma of sole responsibility for the war. Why not publish them? We have learned how doctored was the Russian Orange Book; we have proof that some at least of the contents of the French Yellow Book was falsified, and we know that the Brtiish White Book was carefully edited. Why not have the whole story so that historians can set to work in earnest instead of spending their time in wars of their own? A small group of Frenchmen have long urged it and recently the semi-official *Temps* joined them. "As time goes by, the more urgent and easier it becomes to publish the quantity of other diplomatic documents still buried in sealed files. . . . We want it cleared up, but it must be complete, and we shall not allow a false illumination." Poincaré might well have hesitated to take such a compromising step, but Herriot should have no reason for hesitation—pre-war documents will not inculpate him. And as for England, such a service would seem one of the first and easiest for a Labor Government to render.

OF THE TWENTY REPUBLICS to the south of us six are under the military control and eight others under the financial dominion of the United States, according to an article in the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly* by Samuel Guy Inman. The six countries with American troops on the ground are cited as Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Panama, Nicaragua, and Honduras. Those under what is so far only an economic vassalage are Salvador, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Mexico. This situation *The Nation* has been calling to public attention for the last half dozen years. Mr. Inman mentions three ways in which we are increasing our grip on Latin America. One is by funding all outstanding loans in a given country and replacing them with one floated by American bankers. This eliminates European creditors and influence, and at the same time obtains for us—the participating bankers see to that—more or less of a stranglehold on the fiscal policy. A second method is through taking over the job of arbitrations between Latin-American republics, thus crowding out the League of Nations or European countries. The third way is through naval missions, such as those to Brazil and Peru. The only Latin-American republics not dominated by United States bullets or bankers or both are Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Venezuela.

OUR GOVERNMENT has never sent an educational mission to Latin America, says Mr. Inman, and has given no assistance to unofficial undertakings of that sort. On the other hand the Department of State "is always sure of the right to do anything that comes under the formula: 'protection of American lives and property.' Since American lives seldom are in danger, American property naturally gets first place," he remarks. He sees our imperialistic advance not only as injustice toward our neighbors but also as an avenging fate overtaking our own democracy:

> Some day we shall realize that the whole rotten mess of investigation now being played with at Washington runs directly back to the mental attitudes and the combinations involved in the policy of "cleaning up" our next-door neighbors—a phrase which may seem to have moral significance to the average innocent citizen and official, but which, for the privileged few, takes on the more modern significance of "cleaning out." No one objects to legitimate business with our neighbors. On the contrary, it is vital to all concerned. But the continuance of this dollar diplomacy, with its combination of bonds and battleships, means the destruction of our nation just as surely as it meant the destruction of Egypt and Rome and Spain and Germany and all the other nations who came to measure their greatness by their material possessions rather than by their passion for justice and by the number of their friendly neighbors.

WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT? Mr. Inman sees a possibility of successful opposition to our imperialistic orgy in the League of Nations, in the pan-Latin movement (exemplified by the entente between Italy and Spain), and in the proposed Latin-American league. For our part we have scant hope in the first two. The chances of the second depend upon the power of the nations to the south to modify their strident nationalism and to abandon sterile politics for constructive action. Fortunately, this is coming to be seen clearly by the more thoughtful Latin Americans. The Argentine writer, Manuel Ugarte, in his book "The Destiny of a Continent" shows his appreciation of the fact that to thwart the imperialism of Uncle Sam the Latin Americans must beat him to it in the development of their countries. Likewise José Vasconcelos, formerly Minister of Education in Mexico, as the *Living Age* reports, wrote lately to the exiled president of the University Federation of Peru:

> Our culture is all in our heads. It does not externalize itself in our surroundings. In Peru, in Mexico, in Chile, foreigners build the railways and the bridges, work the mines, administer all the important enterprises. The natives live on politics, on the incomes of their landed properties, or on miserable government salaries. This is why we have never succeeded in becoming truly independent nations. We have devised fictitious sovereignties that serve chiefly as an excuse for idling twenty or thirty days each year to commemorate battles fought for nothing, and constitutions that achieved nothing. . . . We are vain, but we lack pride. We fancy ourselves the finest people in the world, and yet we are not ashamed to live like parasites in a country where foreigners are developing the natural resources and carrying out all the constructive enterprises.

CHICKENS DO COME HOME to roost. Of all our imperialistic aggressions in the Caribbean nothing has been quite so flagrant or far-reaching as our invasion of Haiti. It is a stench that cannot be aired abroad without embarrassment to any American present. Hence we are always glad when somebody takes off the lid, for there is nothing more likely to bring sober self-analysis than to be shamed when company is present. At the Pan-American Conference in Santiago Haitian representatives, although denied a formal opportunity to state their case, nevertheless succeeded in getting the floor to the obvious discomfiture of the delegates from the United States. Now Dantes Bellegarde, Haitian minister to Paris, has made it equally unpleasant for the American delegates at the sessions of the League of Nations Associations. At a meeting of the political commission he presented a resolution reciting that without ever having declared war upon Haiti the United States has been in forcible occupation since 1915; he demanded immediate withdrawal. The American delegation succeeded in sidetracking this resolution for one of polite inconsequence, but every time the lid is raised it is harder to keep the mess from smelling to heaven.

"IN THE NATIONAL ELECTIONS Frenchmen turned their backs upon the 1,325,000 war dead of France. . . . A ragtag and bobtail of Defeatists and Reds has been raised to power by Frenchmen"—thus the once respected New York *Evening Post*, now issued by the owner of the *Saturday Evening Post* as a sort of suburban edition of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. The French elections annoyed the gentleman who had been invited to lunch with Premier Poincaré, and the peppery editorial expressed his partisanship with magnificent gusto. "A Black Sunday for France," that editorial of May 13 was headed. In June a group of Italian-Americans met in Carnegie Hall to protest against the murder of Matteotti. The passionate *Post* changed its tune. "Active partisanship in this country with respect to the internal policies of any other is out of place," it said, "Our foreign-born citizens," it patronizingly added, must learn to control their emotions. They must, to put the matter succinctly, "learn to be like the native American in this." Well, well! Like the gentleman who wrote about the "ragtag and bobtail of Defeatists and Reds" in France?

La Follette the Wrecker

HOW shall we protect the home and fireside, yes, the country, from this man La Follette, whom certain reckless insurgents are about to nominate for the Presidency, thereby jeopardizing the chances of so noble and elevated, so gifted and intellectual a patriot as Calvin Coolidge? We confess our bewilderment, our sense of discouragement. Since 1908 his platforms have regularly been thrown out of the Republican conventions as seditious. He has been denounced as a wild-eyed radical, a pro-German, a disloyalist. A committee to investigate him nearly drove him from the Senate. He has been pilloried and sent to Coventry, and yet he survives. Our daily press assures us that only the "lunatic fringe" of the country is for him, but there was a majority of 375,000 of the lunatic fringe which voted for him in his own State two years ago. And now he is, despite all his radicalism, all his destructive theories and acts, to be run for the Presidency by the discontented, the down-and-out, the discouraged, and the disappointed.

Let us examine the extent of this man's wrongdoing as set forth in the platform laid before the Republican Convention in Cleveland and indignantly spurned by it. The merest glance at it shows how it plans to strike at the very foundations of our national prosperity—it opposes the Mellon tax plan, would increase inheritance taxes, and would tax excess profits, besides favoring the soldier bonus, thus setting its judgment against Mr. Mellon, who has assured us on his word of honor, as one of the richest men in America, that if his proposals are not accepted there will not be enough loose capital available to carry on the industry of America and further to develop our resources. More than that, the La Follette program calls for the repeal of the Esch-Cummins railroad law and the fixing of railroad rates upon the radical and revolutionary basis of actual prudent investment and cost of service. Then it takes the final plunge of declaring for public ownership of railroads. True, it would sugar-coat this pill by asserting that this must be done with "definite safeguards against bureaucratic control." But we all know what it would mean if the railroads of this country were withdrawn from the control of the combination of capitalists who manage our banks, our public-service corporations, our oil companies, and our mining corporations.

Further to camouflage the menace of these proposals the La Follette platform speaks of collecting the foreign-loan interest and recovering the war stealings—as if to do the latter would not in itself unsettle a good many businesses and disturb many happy and prosperous members of our business world. Again, it would promote cooperation between producers and consumers and thus commit the grave injustice of wiping out in part that large class of invaluable go-betweens, the middlemen. It would further revoke the oil concessions granted in the administration of that noble citizen and soldier in the faith, Warren G. Harding. While it appears to favor super- and water-power systems, to which big business is now in its wisdom turning, it masks behind that its proposal for public ownership of all water-power, another abominable scheme to put the government into private business. Almost worst of all is its declaration in favor of a reduction of the tariff. That is, of course, conceived simply and solely for the purpose of unsettling business and striking a blow at the vested manufactures of the country, built up by the sweat of American labor's brow and the skill of its capitalist directors. Then the Wisconsin wreckers would lay ruthless hands upon the federal-reserve and farm-loan systems, on the excuse of democratizing them in the interest of the farmers. Further to bid for the farmer vote, the La Follette platform promises to protect farmer organizations, to aid them in their collective bargaining, and to reduce freight rates.

When we come to labor questions the full extent of this demagoguery is apparent. La Follette actually proposes to take the workmen's child out of the mills and factories in which it is so much better employed than running around the streets and getting killed by automobiles. Just when so many New England mills have established Southern branches or moved their whole plants to the South to escape the harsh and unjust child-labor laws of New England, comes this other deadly blow at industry, for, though the pending amendment only permits Congress to legislate on the child-labor question, interference with the personal liberty of children over twelve years of age to work as many hours a day as they see fit at any wage would inevitably follow. Again, it is a sop to labor to promise to abolish the injunction in labor disputes, that proved and efficient safeguard to our social structure. From this point it is but a step to the direct nomination and election of Presidents, the federal initiative and referendum, and the nation-wide referendum on war which Mr. La Follette has plainly borrowed from another wicked disturber of business, William J. Bryan.

When it comes to the foreign part of the La Follette policy he is plainly still pacifist, pro-German, unpatriotic, and disloyal. He actually wishes to revise the Treaty of Versailles on the pretense that it should be made to conform to the terms of the armistice to which the United States attached its word. Mr. La Follette would further abolish conscription and reduce armaments. He would strike at the safety of every farm in Iowa and Nebraska by curtailing the $800,000,000 now spent annually for the army and navy. Then Senator La Follette shows his hatred of the war-making branches of the government by desiring to promote treaties to outlaw war and he denounces the all-wise policy of our recent administrations in Washington, both Democratic and Republican, in creating opportunities abroad for American investments and then protecting them by our troops and our ships, by speaking of "the mercenary system of degraded foreign policy . . . which has at times degraded our State Department and its high service as a strong and kindly intermediary for defenseless governments to a trading outpost for those interest- and concession-seekers engaged in the exploitation of weaker nations. . . ."

Fortunately only vapid idealists, silly sentimentalists, and subversive journals like *The Nation* may be counted on to defend such wickedness. The sound common sense of the American people will surely rally to the defense of our Morgans and Garys and Sinclairs and Dohenys and Mellons and prevent this threatened assault upon our established customs, the priceless liberties of the men of business who have made us great and strong. Yes, upon our Government itself.

Everest Wins

TWO young men are dead on the side of Everest. Thousands of feet above the uttermost limits of endurance for plant or animal, in a region as lifeless as the frozen mountains of the moon, they lie. Their bodies are no more than rigid fragments of the icy peak that rises above them, tiny monuments to a courage greater than human strength, more lasting than human breath. No one will ever know what misstep or treacherous foothold ended the climb of Mallory and Irvine. They were seen from the last camp "going strong" at about 28,000 feet. The summit was still a thousand feet above them, but they carried oxygen and the weather was fair. And then—they failed to come back. The weather changed, and Norton, the leader of the expedition, stricken with snow-blindness at a lower camp, refused to allow any of the men to venture up beyond the highest camp in search of them.

Thus the Everest epic ends, for this year at least, in tragedy and defeat. Like some voracious she-deity, guarded by mysteries of cold and wind and snow, the mountain demands of the desperate pilgrims toward her summit an offering of human life in return for their ultimate defeat. And still the pilgrims return, to struggle, and die if need be, in the hope of reaching that unfriendly shrine.

The expedition this year was equipped for victory. The trials and experiences of two years were in the packs and in the minds of its members. They were ready to try the chances with oxygen and the faint chance without. If their defeat has proved anything it is the hopelessness of reaching the top without oxygen. Norton and Somervell made the attempt and were forced to turn back at about 28,000 feet by the unendurable exhaustion that makes every motion at that altitude an agony. They left the highest camp, pitched in a rocky basin at 26,700 feet, in the early morning. With the temperature far below zero and the face of the mountain in shadow, they struggled slowly up over ledges of rock and patches of snow. But they were too near the thin breathless spaces beyond all air. Somervell's own words, printed in the New York *Times* of June 26, tell best of the end of their effort:

> At about 27,500 feet there was an almost sudden change. A little lower down we could walk comfortably, taking three or four breaths for each step, but now seven, eight, or ten complete respirations were necessary for every single step forward. Even at this slow rate of progress we had to indulge in a rest for a minute or two at every twenty or thirty yards.
>
> At a level of somewhere about 28,000 feet I told Norton I could only hinder him and his chance of reaching the summit if I tried to go any further, as an intensely sore throat added greatly to the misery of my fight. I suggested he should climb the mountain, if he could, by himself, and settled down on a sunny ledge to watch him do it.
>
> But Norton himself was not far from the end of his tether. From my seat I watched him slowly rise—but how slowly!—and after an hour I doubt whether he had risen eight feet above my level. He realized that a successful issue to the fight was impossible and after a little returned. We agreed reluctantly that the game was up. . . . So, with our heavy hearts beating over 180 to the minute, we returned and retraced our steps, but slowly, for even a downhill movement at this level is rather hard and breathless work. . . .
>
> There is nothing to complain of. We established camps; our porters played up well; we obtained sleep even at the highest altitude, nearly 27,000 feet, and we had gorgeous days for the climb, almost windless and brilliantly fine, yet we were unable to get to the summit. So we have no excuse. We have been beaten in a fair fight—beaten by the height of a mountain and by our own shortness of breath—but the fight was worth it, worth it every time, and we shall cherish the privilege of defeat by the world's greatest mountain.

They rested in camp awaiting news of Irvine and Mallory, who had set out on the day they turned back hoping to "reinforce the feeble summit air by artificially provided oxygen"—but Irvine and Mallory never came.

The case is not yet proved against the chance of success with oxygen. The climbers seemed to be moving without difficulty at the height at which their predecessors had been forced to turn back. An accident rather than exhaustion or impassable obstacles must have ended their experiment while it was still in the making. And it is certain that other young men, as brave and foolish and eager as they, will shoulder tanks of oxygen and try that terrible summit in another year.

It was an idiotic death to die—nothing won, nothing proved, no purpose served. Simply a form of glorified suicide—deliberately dashing frail human bodies against the breast of a frozen goddess until they slip and fail and break and then freeze to eternity against the blank ice walls of their defeat. An idiotic death to die; but a death that makes the ordinary processes of living somehow lose color and meaning and the very look of life.

White Indians

WHITE Indians. The phrase clutches at our imaginations. Darien—in whose jungle depths the white Indians live hidden away from exploiters and curiosity-seekers. The word stirs our memories; recalls four centuries of history—of courage and cruelty, of lust for adventure and for gold. The "Forbidden Country" they call it in the Canal Zone, just beyond which it lies, stretching away to the Colombian border. A rain-drenched, steaming labyrinth of trees, vines, and grass, growing dank and lush out of oozing mud and scum-covered water. An almost unknown and unexplored wilderness next to the ten-mile foothold of Yankee civilization, with its twentieth-century machinery, its stately procession of the ships of all nations, its luxurious hotels, its motor cars, its American efficiency, its army-disciplined inhabitants. Yet this jungle of Darien was once almost the center of the world's hopes; it was the best-known and the most important region of the New World; it was the stage for one of the most stupendous and intense struggles for gold that men have ever waged. What a procession of heroes and scoundrels, of dreamers and cutthroats it has known! Columbus, Balboa, Pizarro, Drake, Morgan, Sharp, Patterson ——

And now a party under Richard O. Marsh has penetrated this almost forgotten region of Darien, which has gone back to the Indian from whom the *conquistadores* and the buccaneers wrested its riches. He found the name "Forbidden Country" justified, for although it is doubtless an exaggeration that Europeans can enter it only with danger to their lives from the natives, still it is made plain to outsiders that they are not wanted. Stephen Graham, who recently crossed the isthmus through Darien, reports that it is hard to tempt the natives out of their jungle to do a

day's work; they do not want a phonograph or a five-foot shelf of books. Mr. Marsh found similar distrust of the European's advances. According to his account, he finally won the confidence of the Indian chief of Darien by helping the sick. He found an epidemic of smallpox among the natives, and he and his party not only did what they could to combat it directly, but later he made his way along the coast to a wireless station near the Colombian border. From there an appeal was sent to President Porras of Panama, and the latter dispatched doctors and medicine to stop the epidemic. After that the Marsh party found the way opened. They were taken to the villages of the White Indians, and saw and talked with a large number of these persons, the characteristics and origin of whom are so far almost unknown to science. Not only that, but the Marsh party was allowed to take several White Indians with it to be brought back to the United States.

But the party did not escape the usual toll of the Darien jungle. Of the twelve whites and thirteen blacks that constituted the original expedition only three whites and four blacks were with it at the end. Death, sickness, and desertion gradually decimated the original party. It is the jungle and not the Indians that to the white man is the most forbidding element of the "Forbidden Country." But perhaps we will know more of this "Forbidden Country" now that a beginning has been made. The almost fabulous exploits of three and four centuries ago make the exploration of Darien akin to a pilgrimage. No other spot in the Western Hemisphere is more soaked with history and romance.

Columbus, on his last voyage, came fumbling along the coast of Darien, searching still for the way to the East, searching with an uncanny instinct at this narrowest part of the Western Hemisphere, searching where 400 years later a way was miraculously opened. Balboa stalked his way across the isthmus in 1513, and from a peak on the west coast of Darien was the first European to gaze upon the Pacific Ocean. Pizarro, who was with him, crossed the isthmus again a few years later to voyage down the coast for the conquest of Peru. It was partly to transport the vast treasure of the Incas, and partly to carry out of Darien the gold which was mined there or stolen from the Indians, that the historic Gold Road was built across the isthmus. By use of lash and sword and torture the Indians were compelled to hew a way through the jungle from Panama on the Pacific to Puerto Bello on the Caribbean, and to pave it with blocks of stone. With monkeys and parrots screaming in the trees above, mule teams and Indians bore gold and silver plate, pearls and other gems through the jungle to satisfy the fury of the Spaniards for vast and sudden wealth.

Parts of the Gold Road are still to be found in the jungle of Darien, though Puerto Bello is a ruin. This great storehouse and port of the Spaniards was sacked by that most ruthless and invincible pirate Morgan. Before his coming the coast had been harried by Drake, who in his ship the Golden Hind preyed with great havoc upon the Spanish treasure fleet. After many other wanderings Drake finally returned to Darien to die. In a leaden casket somewhere along this lonely land his body lies under burning tropical suns today.

Perhaps the white Indians are descendants of those long-ago adventurers—the offspring of Spanish conquerors or English buccaneers, a link between the sixteenth-century discoverers and our own age.

Radio-Convention Year

CONVENTION orators, like the good little boys of another age, used to be seen and not heard. You sat in a gallery, watched the speakers gesticulate, and wondered what on earth they were talking about.

All that was changed this year. Few saw, but millions heard. To the uttermost corners of Madison Square Garden, whence the speaker on the platform looked but an ant in an ant-hill, the amplifiers carried every scrape of an oratorical throat. It was impossible even far from the convention halls to escape the conventions. Through the open windows of *The Nation's* office intruded the roars and squeaks of the loud-speakers of Vesey Street's four radio dealers. Millions must have paused in their noon-day walks through city streets to hear the speeches which blared forth from every radio store. In hundreds of thousands of farms men and women who had never dreamed of seeing a presidential convention sat, while the crops went untended and the bread unbaked, ears glued to the receivers, listening even to speeches which bored the sweating delegates in the halls. America was holding its first radio conventions.

The technique of the radio convention is in its infancy. A few of the speakers may consciously have modified their manner, but most of them forgot the larger audience in the air and spoke to the delegates in the halls. Something will have to be done, before another Presidential year, to teach politicians the art of radio-oratory and of radio-demonstration. It was exciting enough, for the privileged few, to see the delegates march like crazy schoolboys about the hall, jigging their standards as they danced; it was anything but thrilling to the radio-hearers. A dull, confused blah emerging from a radio horn, punctuated now and then by a second of silence followed by the urbane voice of a professional radio-announcer reporting that "the McAdoo delegates have been demonstrating for forty-seven minutes; the Canal Zone has just joined. This is the Democratic National Convention, Madison Square Garden, New York City, speaking"—that was anything but effective politics. Somehow or other, the ingenious minds of the party strategists will have to work out a technique of demonstration as interesting to hear as to see. Even the ear-splitting fire-engine sirens of the Al Smith demonstrators sounded, through the air, like little more than the murmur of the sea in a sea-shell.

Billy Sunday tactics will not do over the radio. The speaker who is most impressive when the eye aids the ear may be least impressive to the ear alone. The man who stands still and keeps his voice within limits may bore the delegates, but he is better heard afar than the Fourth-of-July orator whose arm-waving stirs the crowd that sees him into tumults of enthusiasm. The radio-listener, moreover, is lonely; there is no mob presence to sweep him out of his Yankee cynicism. He is an onlooker, not a participant, and is more likely to turn off his instrument with a smile than to thrust his fist into the solitary air and cry "Hurray for Cal!"

Novelty will wear off; there may not be so many radio-listeners four years hence, and those who do listen may be more impatient and less attentive. Or—will the inventors go so far with radio-pictures that the circle will be complete, so that conventions will not only be heard but seen too, by a whole nation, "over the air"?

An Unconventional Convention

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THRILLS in a party convention? After Cleveland it seemed impossible. But Saturday, June 27, 1924, will long stand out in the memories of professional convention-goers like myself. For that afternoon we were treated to the spectacle of what a convention can and ought to be. We *were* thrilled; we were stirred to our depths by two genuine debates staged as if for the purpose of demonstrating that if one could only get rid of the familiar flummery and foolishness and boorishness and the days of sickening, meaningless "oratory," we could have a quadrennial political gathering that would be worth while. All because men and women suddenly rose up after days of utterly degraded and demoralizing vaudeville performances to declaim with passion about two big subjects. True, they were less debates about party principles than about party policies. It was a battle over the simple question as to whether a political party should say what it meant and mean what it said. It is, of course, an indictment of any party that such a question should have to be discussed, but it is so clearly the nature of the political beast to use platform language in order to conceal its thoughts that it stirred us profoundly to have the old cut-and-dried formalities disappear, to find a convention which had got beyond its bosses and dared to take up questions which aroused it instead of being dominated by the historic expediency of the American political gathering.

Parties, when no longer young and reforming, would, if they could, invariably and exclusively use euphemisms—it was my old teacher Barrett Wendell who once told us that euphemism is to language what the fig-leaf is to art, and politicians usually have more nakedness to hide than any other group of men. In this case the politicians had to expose their secret troubles while seeking to hide them. The issues were too burning, the feelings too intense, the outrage too flagrant to be passed over for harmony's sake. So we had the amazing spectacle of a party quickened and galvanized into genuine vitality by the power of two issues which to many of the protagonists involved deep and sacred principles. Yes, as a case-hardened reporter, I admit that I would not have missed that night session for a great deal, and that I got thrill after thrill as though I were the veriest tyro, in hearing men and women say out loud that they would prefer to have their party wrecked and wracked and ruined rather than have it, as Wendell Phillips used to say, silent in the presence of a sin that threatens the very fundamentals of our American life. It was worth days of exhausting heat and still more exhausting platitudes, of hypocrisy, and of hours and hours of driveling laudations of politicians, nine-tenths of whom are now holding higher office than their abilities entitle them to. To see men and women fight like William Pettangall of Maine, Mrs. Carroll Miller of Pennsylvania, and that most amazing Georgian, Andrew C. Erwin, who evoked the most spontaneous and enthusiastic ovation of the convention, was nothing short of a treat. Mr. Erwin is a poor speaker and he was at first misunderstood. But soon that great gathering realized what he was about—"I've been trying," he explained, "for years to get you Yankees to look into this Klan business"—and what it meant for a Georgian to take the stand he did. So, like all American crowds, it applauded a brave man as he deserved to be cheered. For once some of the standards were "trooped" to good purpose, a worthwhile parade was formed, and the audience let itself loose.

Yet that plain ocular demonstration that courage pays in American politics, that our people are longing and thirsting for bravery and independence in public men, and that any man who is ready to risk everything, yes, perhaps even his life in Georgia for his convictions is a certain winner, passed over some of the politicians' heads. We were treated once more to whining appeals not to disrupt the party, to remember the innocent but misled members of the Klan whose motives are so good and so high and so patriotic that they have to express them by skulking around at night in masks and nightgowns and discriminating against equally worthwhile or better Americans who happen to be Negroes, or foreign-born, or Catholics, or Jews. The crowd's sympathies were nearly all one way, and besides the men and women of principle the Catholic bosses and senators fought as if to show us what they could do all the time in this country if they only engaged themselves with issues, with genuine reform, with sound political principles, instead of devoting their lives to miserable schemes to placate a voter here and a voter there.

Yet the Klan won by four and a half or five votes. But of what avail is that victory? How ridiculous to tell the country that the Democratic Party did not name the Ku Klux Klan in its platform when speaker after speaker got up and called that abominable society by its correct designations! Mr. Bryan and his Klan allies may really feel that they saved the day and protected the party from disruption. That is ridiculous. Every one of the millions who listened to the proceedings over the radio knows that the heart and soul of that convention were opposed to the Klan and not only wanted it described, but actually described it as it is. If the Klan voters are going to vote in accordance with the attitude of the two conventions, they will vote the Republican ticket because the decadent Republicans side-stepped the issue without debate. The mere technical language of the Democratic platform ought not to hold the Klan votes. They belong in the Republican camp. I hope they will go there, and I believe that their seats in the Democracy will be more than filled by those who will come to take their places and to give their allegiance to a party that is not afraid to talk out in meeting. Mr. Bryan's victory? Well, it was worthy of that great fundamentalist. The futility of the man, the confusion of his talk, his terrible lack of sound political and moral education were never so demonstrated. He is now a pathetic figure, so pathetic one hates to speak of him. Age is beginning to tell upon him, and when he dragged religion, yes, even Jesus Christ himself, into the debate in order to keep the Democratic Party from saying what it meant, he was incredibly sad. Bryan hissed and booed in a Democratic convention! Who would have thought it possible?

Then we had the League of Nations fight, and in this Newton D. Baker undoubtedly distinguished himself—I say it with the more pleasure because I have no admiration for the man himself. Exhausted by days and nights of sleepless labor, his was a marvelous physical achievement. He stirred the delegates so that, as I sat among them, I saw men and women in tears all around me. That was real oratory, though dangerously near the verge of hysteria, dreadfully overemotionalized and accompanied by gesticulations and contortions which revealed the terrible nerve strain the man was under. In more than questionable taste was his assertion that the spirit of Woodrow Wilson looked down from alongside of God's throne and spoke through his, Baker's, lips. And I for one could not forget as he told of having seen hundreds of dying American soldiers in France, dying with a prayer on their lips for someone to build a permanent temple of peace upon their sacrifices—that this same Newton D. Baker was one of the men who sent these youths into a needless and fruitless war; that it was he as well as the others of the Cabinet who planted hate and bitterness in their hearts; that it was he who, in the last analysis, was responsible for the torturing of the conscientious objectors; who consented to the crimes of a military court against the Negro soldiers of the 24th Infantry, now being released by Calvin Coolidge; that it was he who forswore and denied his pacifism and liberalism from the beginning to the end of the war.

But if I could not weep with this man, I could freely and cheerfully admit the fervor and conviction with which he spoke and the logical correctness of his position. His party ought to favor the League of Nations or be against it; it has now resorted to a subterfuge which leads nowhere and will probably be followed in 1928 by a failure to mention the League at all. As things stand, tactically Baker went too far; the Republican newspapers are already harping upon his declaration that defeat for his long-drawn-out and bitterly worded amendment meant the disavowal of Woodrow Wilson by Woodrow Wilson's party. Nor was it wise to denounce so unreservedly as traitors and quitters the men who differed with him on this issue. But here, too, we got a thrill; we had a real debate; we had a speech which stirred the emotions, which tore passion to tatters, which made the delegates think and ponder and weep. And having thought and pondered and wept, whether because of their own volition or because of the cracking of the party whips, they voted two to one against Newton Baker—one wondered if those who wept were allowed to vote. And so the League of Nations is laid on the shelf. The referendum agreed to cannot come to pass in years, if ever, and no one will be happier than the Democratic senators in Washington, for those who are on the inside tell me that there are not over five senators who are really heart and soul in favor of the League. The rest give it lip service because the party tells them to. Probably we shall hear a hundred speeches about the Klan to one about the League in the coming campaign.

All of this, I repeat, made up for the dreary wasted days, days thrown away because the Committee on Resolutions did not at once realize that it could not prevent these issues from coming up on the floor, and that it was worth infinite things to the Democratic Party thus to wrestle with itself and its beliefs. What a contrast that was to the sickeningly dull and dead Republican convention in Cleveland! If those who were present at both had to decide which party merited by vitality and vigor and character the award of the highest offices in the government, the vote would certainly be overwhelmingly for the Democrats. Yet fundamentally we have not gotten anywhere. The platform is barely progressive, not really liberal and not radical in its reasoning or its proposals. The dead hands of expediency and compromise rest upon it; it would have been far better to have enunciated principles and let it go at that. True, economic issues have entered into the platform in unusual degree; there are actually many proposals in it which a few years ago would have been denounced as purely socialistic, such as government supervision of the coal industry, the oil resources, etc. It was amusing to hear everyone assent to the proposal that the government go into the business of manufacturing cheap fertilizer for the farmer when we know how that plank would be denounced in a La Follette or a Socialist platform. At least we are moving toward a recognition of what a role economic issues are playing in our modern life. But I repeat there is no realization of the underlying fundamentals. How one did long for a single straightforward unequivocal stand on a matter like free trade and protection, similar to the admirable promise of immediate freedom for the Philippines and the promise of a popular referendum on war (though the latter was weakened by the weasel words "except in case of invasion").

Upon the minor incidents I have neither space nor time to dwell. It is a pleasure to record that the women have stood out better in this convention than in Cleveland—but no one could have stood out well against such a background as that afforded by the convention of the fit-to-rule. If one Democratic woman delegate in cowardly and unworthy manner changed her vote, but not her beliefs, on the Klan issue, it nevertheless appears that the majority resolution would have carried had she stood to her guns. As a whole, the speaking of the women was far finer than at Cleveland; they seemed of a higher grade. But what a terrible indictment of our public-school system is afforded by such a convention! Out of the sixty or seventy speakers we had to listen to not more than six attracted by the refinement of their voices, the form of their addresses, the charm or the correctness of their diction. In this respect Franklin D. Roosevelt shone. His speech was admirable; his spirit was fine and his courage in rising above his great physical misfortune is surely beyond all praise. Were he physically strong it seems to me that he would be the ideal compromise candidate for the Presidency from the Democratic point of view. As it is, the struggle between McAdoo and Smith is going on as I write, and at this hour no one knows the outcome or can guess when the bosses and leaders will get together and put the delegates out of their misery by sending word who is to be the candidate—unless, indeed, the convention once more takes the bit into its teeth and proceeds to think for itself.

Fortunately, we are not confined to the choice between the Republicans and the Democrats. At Cleveland on July Fourth there will come a happening which will give those free men and free women who are tired of election by disgust and nomination by exhaustion to vote for one who, whatever his faults may be, is a devoted public servant of constructive mind, who at last realizes that the time has come to cut loose from that which is the Democratic Party and that which is the Republican Party It is now Robert La Follette's move, and the politicians, yes, the country will do well to watch it.

The Maccabees of 1924

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

THE convention has been hot and it has been tedious, but all this the local press has commented upon with a great display of industry and sarcasm. The Garden looked like the inside of a box of very cheap candy. Mr. Bryan looked more than ever like a deacon. The delegates at two o'clock of the fatal Sunday morning looked like frayed pumpkins, but these events, too, have been duly chronicled in the columns of the newspapers of this and all other countries.

Remains to take the mass of material, boil it down, cook it, let it evaporate, cool it off in a cauldron of cogitation, and present to the learned students of *The Nation* what one might call the essence of the great democratic experiment which we have just attended.

Speaking exclusively as an historian and remembering the high duties of our office we beg to offer the following *facta bruta* as gleaned from ten days of almost unbearable heat and ditto boredom.

We have kept a daily log of all conventional events for some of the more popular news-sheets of the land. It was staccato work, and we are not sure that ten years from now we shall point to those essays with that pride which ought to follow all literary endeavor. But we remember that upon one occasion we compared the Democratic Party (as we might have compared the Republican Party) to our late but not lamented cousin the Dinosaur. That amiable reptile which ruled this world for many million years came to a very sad end. I am no ornithologist and I may get my facts slightly mixed, but as I remember the life's history of the Dinosaur the beast first grew so large that it could no longer walk and then it grew so large that it could no longer swim and finally it grew so large that it was obliged to wallow through the mire if it desired to move from one place to another, and in that condition of decrepitude it fell a victim to the fury and the ambition of those agile mammals who ever since have been the undisputed masters of this pleasant planet and who have relegated the remnants of the Dinosaur to such museums as can pay a high price for an occasional tooth or rib of this exceedingly rare prehistoric creature.

Our political parties, dinosaur-like, have increased beyond the point where they can either walk or swim. Soon they will be destroyed by their puny rivals who now are hiding in the bushes of Wisconsin or behind the high walls of the labor-union Palazze and Roman Catholic basilicas.

For those who have ears to hear and eyes to see the future development of our political system is both clear and simple. We are going the way of all flesh. Yea, we are going the way of Europe! For almost a century we have had two parties. There was very little difference between the two. One was in and the other was out or vice versa. Children were born Republicans or Democrats and old men died Republicans or Democrats. It made very little difference. Our country was large. It was rich. And we could do without government just as we could do without art or literature.

All this has been changed and will change even more rapidly during the next ten years. Our statesmen seemed to have a constitutional aversion to those elementary textbooks of political economy used by freshmen students in our academies and universities. As a result they are about to lose the support and cooperation of the workingmen of this country.

Surely no one will ever accuse Brother Gompers of having been the leader in a dastardly attempt to upset the established form of business and government. If we are to have a labor party (and we are sure to have one before another four years) it will be the result of Republican and Democratic ignorance. There is no longer any reason why a self-respecting plumber or carpenter should vote the Republican or Democratic ticket. There is every reason why he should cast about for a candidate who represents his own true interests.

The farmer has already left the old machines and is rapidly making for parts unknown in an old broken-down flivver of his own. But such flivvers, as many philosophers have observed these last six thousand years, are apt to get somewhere just when they were supposed to be ready for the junk-shop. The bucolic Lizzie may come to grief. But personally I doubt it and I recommend that venerable if somewhat ramshackle chariot to all students of current politics.

But most important of all, the development of the last olympiad has brought us to a crisis in our national history which will make itself felt for many centuries to come. I refer to the unavoidable formation of a Catholic Party.

Madison Square Garden this last week has been a fine laboratory for the study of this interesting phenomenon.

The Ku Kluxers were out in mass-formation.

"Very well," said the Catholic, "this is a game which two can play as well as one." And they called upon their own auxiliary troops and filled the Garden with an assembled collection of Tammany henchmen, and they packed the house with a variegated assemblage of ward-heelers and yeggmen and other gentry of the under- and semi-underworld who raised a hullabaloo that lasted almost two hours,

and which showed the Scotch Presbyterians what the Irish Catholics could do.

Heaven forbid that I should blame the Smith managers. War is war and politics is politics and there you are. On the one hand the Ku Kluxers organize to defend the rights and privileges of that great and glorious Yahveh who led their ancestors into the wilderness of a new continent that there they might build a Kingdom of Righteousness and defy the Pope of Rome. Turn about is fair play. The Pope of Rome is not without friends in the land. Some twenty million people pay close attention to the words of the Pontifex Maximus. To them he is a very Holy Man. When the rumbling thunder of Yahveh's wrath threatens to strike him they will rush to his defense. This is eminently right and as it should be. But it means that henceforth we shall have a Catholic Party, a political party, membership to which is based upon certain religious convictions. This may be regrettable, but it cannot be helped. *Vous l'avez voulu, Georges Ku Klux!* It is the result of your own folly! You have invited the boll-weevil of denominational hatred into this fair land of ours. Try and get him out again if you can.

Alas, pretty speeches will do no good. The creature is obstinate. He has come to stay. Nothing short of a general conflagration will ever drive him out of our landscape.

But enough of this. I had better leave further entomological comparisons and similes alone and return to the earth, sweltering underneath the hot sun of late June. The Democratic Convention might have averted this disastrous discussion which is bound to lead our country into grave and terrible difficulties. Why and how and for what reason it preferred not to do this, I do not know. What worries me is the immediate consequence of this folly. We shall undoubtedly have a Catholic party. And the formation of such an organization will in turn be followed by a more intensive cult of Ku Klux bigotry.

During the last ten days I have talked to a good many people who come from the realm of the hooded knights. And they have confirmed me in my suspicions that this movement is something more than a mere religious movement. It is the concrete manifestation of the spiritual ambitions of those embattled natives who are engaged in a most holy fight for certain principles which they hold sacred.

The Ku Klux Klan is a class institution. Its ideals are those of the Anglo-Saxon middle class of half a century ago. It recognizes John Calvin as its God and William Jennings Bryan as His prophet. It loves virtue and hates sin. It suspects good manners as a manifestation of moral weakness. It regards beauty as a direct invitation to sin. If it could do so it would legislate us all into church every Sunday morning of our lives. It has banished the rum demon. It will now go after the infamy of the cigarette. It knows very little and has no desire to know more, since it suspects that book learning inevitably leads to atheism.

Tolerance it denounces as evidence of a flabby spiritual faith. It holds that the many references to the Promised Land and the chosen people, contained in a certain ancient Jewish book, were fulfilled when the first white settlers crossed into the territory of Kansas and descended into the valley of the Missouri River.

Please understand me. I am not blaming these good people. They are only doing what every other people ever since the beginning of time has done when it saw itself surrounded by certain forces which it failed to understand but learned to fear. A German or a Frenchman or a Swede under similar circumstances would do exactly the same. I am stating facts. I am not preaching a sermon. The natives of the vast Middle West fear for those things which to themselves are most desirable and therefore most sacred. They are fighting to preserve something which has already been doomed by history. They are throwing themselves bravely into a lost cause. They are the Maccabees of the year of grace 1924.

May the Goddess of History be merciful to them.

Democrats Are Different

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

YES, indeed, after looking at the Republicans in Cleveland and the Democrats in New York, this writer has to say that Democrats are different from Republicans with a difference that is not merely superficial.

Among superficial things may be counted their platform utterances. In platform utterances each party tries to nestle as close to the other as is possible and still leave room for enough short-arm jabbing to make a fight.

Even on tariff the Republicans claimed in their platform at Cleveland that now by means of the so-called "flexible provisions" in their McCumber-Fordney tariff law they will revise the tariff to fit "the actual differences in the cost of production in the United States and the principal competing countries of the world." Thus on tariff the Republicans creep toward the Democrats.

Meanwhile on the League of Nations the Democrats creep toward the Republicans and say in their New York platform that while they adore the League they will not by any means embrace it until the banns have been blessed by the whole American people in solemn referendum assembled.

On point after point throughout both platforms the effort to sleep on the same plank is more notable than any whimsical effort to become and to remain complete fell opposites.

Yet a deep difference between the personalities of the two parties does in fact exist. Their respective bosses are different and their respective progressives are different.

The Republicans tend to be grown-up and hard-boiled and cynical. The Democrats, of whatever age, tend to be youthful and romantic and day-dreamy.

A Democratic boss like George E. Brennan of Illinois gets infinite joy and humor out of all the absurdities, and even out of all the play-boy villainies, of politics. He perceives politics not only as a high emprise but also as a child's comic game. He does not thereupon despise it. On the contrary, the more comic and ridiculous it is, the more he loves it.

An hour with George Brennan, even in the midst of the

tightest struggles of a convention, is an hour of laughter. Nothing can make George Brennan old. If age ever seems coming an inch or a millimeter over him, some awful rogue recoils from some harmless act because of some religious scruple and George Brennan laughs himself back into youth.

A labor grafter once defended a hold-up strike on a public-school building to George Brennan on the ground that children ought to go to parochial schools anyway. George Brennan rocks with the delightfulness of that situation. He thoroughly believes the Catholic religion and yet he has the human-comedy salt in him to chuckle: "You see how seriously our religion is taken by us Catholics."

Consider, on the other hand, an hour with the top Republican boss, Mr. William M. Butler of Massachusetts. It can safely be said that there is no excess of the play-boy spirit in Mr. Butler. The frivolities of human nature have no appeal to him, in so far as his conversation reveals him. Nor does he get any apparent appeal from human nature's ridiculous idealisms and moonshine madnesses. He in no way apparently thinks that human nature is either funny or sublime. He thinks it just common good straight work-aday uninspired stuff out of which spindles and dividends and wages and homes and water-mains and electric-light connections and children and the whole continuous identical round of repetitional human existence are made.

With the Democratic progressives, on the other hand (and in a degree which the Republican progressives never in their conversation exhibit), human nature is just too beautiful and sublime for words.

The outstanding Republican progressive, Robert Marion La Follette, and the outstanding ex-Republican Farmer-Laborite progressive, Henrik Shipstead, can look at the protestations of the League of Nations and yet, nevertheless and notwithstanding, still look at the League itself with a cynical and suspicious and malevolent eye.

Not so can any outstanding progressive Democrat. The League says it is for noble purposes. It says it has beautiful ideals. Then the heart of even the most drastic progressive Democrat—of even Burton K. Wheeler—begins to go out palpitatingly and devoutly toward the League.

Those two extreme but charming young men, Mr. Wheeler of Montana and Mr. Shipstead of Minnesota, are a really highly competent illustration of the difference between the Democratic temperament and the Republican temperament.

Let the Republican and Democratic platforms be what they may. Let the Republican and Democratic conventions be what they may. Let all these outward appearances of inward grace or disgrace be what they may. Let us look for a moment at the temperamental—or even spiritual—differences back of them.

The great outstanding feat of Mr. Wheeler in Washington has been to expose certain moral iniquities prevalent—or asserted to be prevalent—in the town. The great outstanding feat of Mr. Shipstead has been to deliver a set and even so tremendous speech proving—or tending or trying to prove—that Mr. Andrew Mellon, as Secretary of the Treasury, on behalf of our bankers, of whom he is one, has been paying an unnecessarily high rate of interest on short-term federal securities.

Republicans are realistic, hard-boiled, matter-of-fact. Democrats are imaginative, warm-hearted, matter-of-fancy, and matter-of-castles-in-Spain.

Sometimes they make the castles come true, as they did in the marvelous line of new, adventurous, and yet workable and useful laws in the first Woodrow Wilson Administration.

Yet since they idealize everything, they idealize even their own party. The Republicans tend to see everything in a harsh dry light.

Thereupon realistic progressive Republicans tend to separate themselves from realistic reactionary Republicans. Both factions in the Republican Party tend realistically to perceive their incompatibility.

The progressive Democrats and the reactionary Democrats are saved from that division by their happy human optimism and idealistic playfulness. They are the Christian Scientists of politics. They think it is so; and sometimes amazingly and thrillingly it is.

Meanwhile, if any new independent or third-party movement gets going and becomes really important in the United States it will be out of the element which once was by drastic financial realism Federalist and then by drastic tariff realism Whig and then by drastic anti-slavery realism Republican and now by drastic realisms of one sort and another defiantly and outrightly Farmer-Laborite in a profusion and with a vehemence which the Democrats are glad they do not rival.

They are glad indeed. They, meanwhile, by their common capacity to imagine happiness and harmony even when it does not exist, remain the one continuously fighting fondling family in American political history.

What they have been for a hundred and fifty years they still are in their convention in New York. The division between our parties is not superficial. It is superficial only in the words of policies. The resemblances between the two parties are only in platforms. With absolutely identical platforms they would still go in diametrically different directions.

The Republicans would realize and split. The Democrats would idealize and unite. So the one forever is change through action; and the other forever is change through faith. They are not superficial things. They are the two sides of human life.

To W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

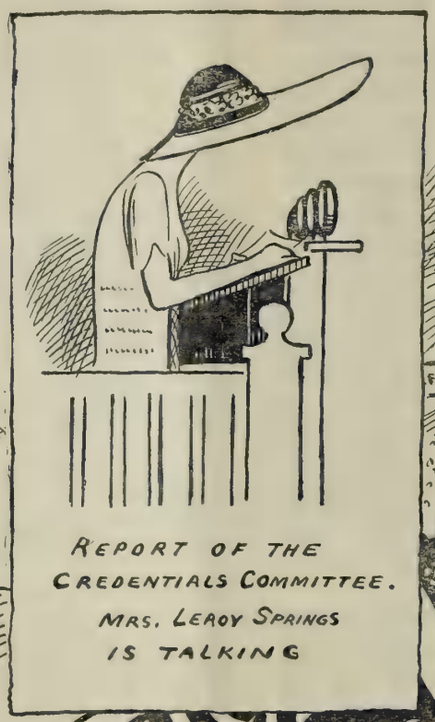
By SCUDDER MIDDLETON

The race that wheedles mercies from its God
Shall be the beggar always at His door;
It shall debase itself before the rod,
And live among the shadows ever more.
But when, with growing pride in self, it stands,
Asking no favors of the clouds or men,
To it God reaches down His mighty hands,
To it are all tomorrows given then.

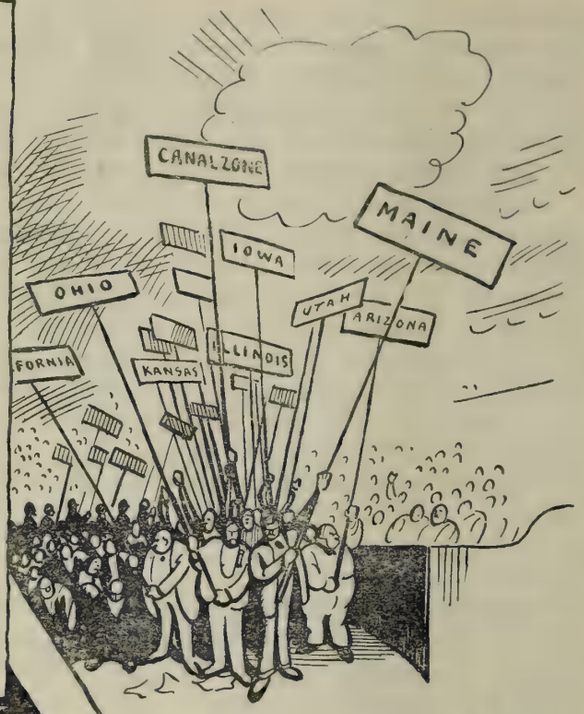
You know those hands! Beyond the cottonfields,
Beyond the creaking tree, the faggot's flame,
Your eyes have caught the vision of a race
Rising by greater truths than pity yields.
And you have made it dream, speak out its name—
Proud of that ancient ebon of its face!

Convention Notes *by* *Art Young*

Wall Street reads the platform



REPORT OF THE CREDENTIALS COMMITTEE. MRS. LEROY SPRINGS IS TALKING



Grand March

Mr. Phelan gesturing like a hypnotist

The side lines

Democracy Militant

Southern Candidates Underwood

Carter Glass

Well that's over.

Here Are Ladies

By ERNESTINE EVANS

SUFFRAGE had been in the oven four years. I opened the oven door to see how the cake was getting along. I took a turn round the Waldorf, milled through headquarters of half a dozen presidential candidates, drew women delegates into corners for iced tea or breakfast, saw old friends. How was the cake getting on? I visited the headquarters of the Women's Democratic Club. I talked to the vestals of the National Woman's Party booth. I visited the brisk headquarters of the National League of Women Voters, whose membership is something over five-hundred thousand and something under two million. I called on Mrs. Emily Newell Blair's bustling, clucking headquarters, down the hall from the National Committee itself, and on the Committee of Nine. I went to the Garden. There, broiling in the sun, and shrilling above the noise machines, and fire sirens, and Tammany shouts, was evidence a plenty that women are no longer outcasts from the national quadrennial debauch.

Suffrage does rather better in the Democratic than in the Republican oven. I quote a famous political journalist. "My God," he swore, "these Democratic women are twice as voracious as the women at Cleveland." What he observes is that the Democratic National Committee, four years ago, at the behest of Mrs. Elizabeth Bass, then chief of the Woman's Bureau of the Democratic Party, made the fifty-fifty arrangement by which the national committee of the party should be composed of one man and one woman from each State. The Republicans at Cleveland finally followed suit. Four years of being "had in" has made the tone of the Democratic women more assertive. Four years from now the Republican women will be just as "bad" or just as "good" as the Democrats. There will be the same testy disputes about tickets. The unhappy Democratic gentleman who sought to pacify the lady delegates with single tickets for the Garden discovered that the ladies, like himself, were politicians. They, too, had their little entourages that must be "taken care of." "Are you taken care of?" "I'll see see you're taken care of." These sentences are a buzzed refrain wherever even lady politicians are gathered together. The taste of patronage, however petty, is like the taste of blood. The right to appoint a sergeant-at-arms—the men find—is a right not lightly abdicated by the women delegates who discover they have it. With the women, however—and it is a gay difference—getting their rights is still a matter of principle rather than a matter of personal power. Witness Miss Mary Archer at war with National Committeeman Guffy from Pennsylvania over tickets. There is a touch about her of a woman with a cause, in spite of the sound of ordinary squabbling.

The second day of the Garden Party a rumor broke in the newspapers that the woman's story of the convention would be the concerted move by certain old machine politicians to "get" Mrs. Emily Newell Blair of Missouri, vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and by virtue of that office the leader of the Democratic women of the country. Mrs. Blair, like Mrs. Bass before her, believes firmly that the Democratic Party, if it were wise, would make a dead set at the women. The women are, after all, the only fresh mass of voters in the country, and concessions might allure them. Like all politicians the Democrats would rather make concessions to those who fill the party chests with funds than to anything so vague as probable voters. The women don't yet feel financial responsibility for the party. Cordell Hull, who has spent much of his time the last four years worrying about party debts, would probably admit that women were amiable at helping gather little sums for the party, but very slow at getting up a fifty-fifty Dutch-treat attitude in their organizations. Mrs. Blair, I am sure, has pointed out to him that women haven't very much money, and hardly at all the habit of spending it in politics, but still it is in the matter of money that you find the greatest rub against the women.

The fight, or rumored fight, about Mrs. Blair simmered to nothing. After the convention she will probably be re-elected, and she will accept office if the party candidate pleases her. Her reelection will mean that the Democratic Party still feels, besides not wishing change and ruction on the eve of a campaign, that Mrs. Blair's type of woman in politics is still the ablest on the scene. She is a Missouri woman, politically an enemy of the State machine and of Jim Reed, is the wife of a lawyer and mother of two children, a clubwoman and a suffragist. Mrs. Blair is distinctly a voice at the Democratic court, explaining gently what the organized woman's movement in America wants and has passed resolutions about. Her political strategy will be the gradual rapprochement between the organized women with their reform policies and the Southern Democrats who stood out so long against the child-labor amendment. She personally cares for the social legislation which the League of Women Voters backs. The other women mentioned for her job would be less acceptable to non-party women. Miss Marbury is not known for her idealistic stands. Western women don't care for any wet. Mrs. Kellogg Fairbanks gets along better with men politicians than with the rank-and-file clubwomen whose psychology is a specialty of Mrs. Blair's. Mrs. McMillan of Tennessee is considered personally ambitious.

Scraps of conversation give a sort of dada picture of woman's place in politics. A young reporter from Philadelphia came to Doris Stevens for an interview. "Do you believe it is right for women to use more than the vote and to vamp politicians in trying to get what they want into the platform?" "What do you mean, vamp?" said Miss Stevens. "Why, you find men vamping men in politics." The reporter fled.

"I think," said a woman reporter, "that I will report this convention the way the men did the women at Cleveland. I will describe the clothes of these men from all over America, the strange cuts of their coats, their unaesthetic figures, their shiny hair, their lack of it."

A member of the platform committee said to me: "The women who spoke to the platform committee were brief and to the point. Even Mrs. Pennypacker, lengthier than the rest, describing the millions of conservative Democratic women who want the World Court, said more in less time than any man who addressed us."

A woman delegate said to me: "I hope we never change. So far, I have yet to hear a woman who wants to talk more than fifteen minutes. We have some loud speakers that put

radio to shame, but long speakers we haven't got. Did you see how that group of women rustled when Chairman Walsh got up to speak? They were remembering how he was asked to speak forty minutes in Buffalo at the convention of the League of Women Voters, and he spoke an hour and a half. Men talk too much. And men's appetite for speeches isn't normal. They seem to have a tapeworm for oratory."

In the midst of one of the demonstrations, when chaos was at its most idiotic, an old-time suffragist turned to me. "I do not want to be borne round on the shoulders of any delegates. I do not care for whooping, but it gives me pleasure to see so many women making fools of themselves. I cannot tell you how tired I used to get of self-conscious women afraid to whoop it up and get a passion for rumpusing out of their systems."

One of the women most important in the convention, an old, old Democrat, took me aside. "This convention is all right, but the one I'm really interested in is the one of July 4 at Cleveland. I had rather be a Democrat than a Republican, but somewhere there must be a party that will really stand for something new, something better for this great sprawling country of ours than what's here."

Another woman, very hot, and not even amused at the strange ritual of noise and perspiration before her, inquired: "Did I spend seven years fighting for suffrage and earn the right to be part of a convention that wastes days over an issue of whether men shall parade the street in nightshirts and astonish with fireworks, Judas and the Pope and 'Old Black Joe'?"

The McAdoo celebration was on. One of the McAdoo women just stood and yelled. "Don't she look like a macaw callin' for her mate?" muttered a one-time committeeman whose malignant glances indicated that he had another candidate in mind.

There you have it. On the scene women mix easily in the vulgarity and jounce of the convention. Individually the women delegates seemed to outrank the men in, let us call it, respectability. Behind the scenes, the organized women proceeded with dignity and dispatch to urge reform measures. They were annoyed by the injection of the Klan issue and the political jockeying. They moved with an assurance they did not have four years ago. But no one can tell whether women are going to be a new force in politics, or whether politics is merely going to be a new occupation for women.

New Morals for Old
Virtue and Women

By ISABEL LEAVENWORTH

IN the turmoil of discussion regarding present modes of sex life one can discern a pretty general approval of just one element in the whole situation: the ideal by which the good woman has for so long been controlled. It is commonly held that if changes are to be made they should be in the direction of persuading men, and also the few women who have been at fault, to be just as good as our good women have always been.

It seems to me most unfortunate that the majority of people hope to improve matters through an extension of the feminine ideals of the past. In the established scheme of things one finds a peculiarly gross form of immorality, an immorality incommensurably greater than the dreaded evil of promiscuity; and it is only as an element in this total scheme that woman's ideals have any significance. According to the present system there is a standard of conduct set up for women which is to constitute virtue. This standard is a combination of specific positive commands and, more especially, of specific prohibitions. There are certain things which no nice woman will do—a great many things, in fact. She must learn them by heart and accept them on faith as the Pythagoreans must have had to learn their curious list of taboos, a list running from the taboo against eating beans to that against sitting on a quart measure. This ideal of virtue does not apply with equal rigidity to men; quite different things are expected of them and accepted for them. It is obvious that two such conflicting ideals by the very nature of their combination will produce a class of women who do not live up to the standard of virtue set them as members of their sex. This class is not merely an excrescence but an integral part of the situation created by the total sex ideal of society. The function of women of this class is to make possible for men the way of life commonly considered as suited to their sex and to make possible a virtuous life for the remainder of womankind. In fulfilling this function such women lose, in the eyes of society, their moral nature and forfeit the right to live within the pale of social morality. They are considered unfit for normal social intercourse and are denied those relationships and responsibilities which ordinarily serve as the basis for moral growth. From all normal responsibility toward them society regards itself as released. That which is personal, the inner life, the character, the soul—whatever one prefers to call it—having been sacrificed, supposedly in the service of the social scheme, one is to treat what is left as of no value in itself, but merely as an instrument to be used in the service of man's pleasure or woman's virtue. The prostitute is to society that one thing, defined by the purpose which she serves, and that is all she is, all she is allowed to be. The depersonalization, the moral non-existence, one might call it, of a large number of women is, then, implicit in the social system currently accepted; not a punishment meted out to those who fail to act in accordance with the social scheme (though it is as such, of course, that society defends it).

It is curious how many people feel that a choice between the present system and any other is reducible to a choice between different degrees of promiscuity. Promiscuity would be an evil, but it does not in itself involve this particular immorality. The worst evils in the present situation are due not to the "lower" half of the double standard but to the doubleness itself.

It is true that the ideal of womanly virtue is only one element in the conventional system of sex morality. But,

like a Leibnitzian monad, it reflects the whole universe within itself—the universe of sex mores. It is in no real sense any "higher" than the ideal by which men have lived. They are warp and woof of the same fabric. According to this ideal it is woman's prime duty to keep aloof from evil. This sounds commendable enough. And it would be at least innocuous if one could interpret it as meaning that woman should hold herself aloof from some imagined evil that would become existent were she to embrace it. This is not, however, a possible interpretation of the varied collection of prohibitions which it is her duty to respect. Their import is clearly enough that she is to keep aloof from evil which is already existent, which is an acknowledged part of her background. She is to shun all of those vulgarities, coarsenesses, and immoralities which are to enter into the lives of men and for which, one is forced to conclude, the "other" women are to provide. And from this other class of women she is, of course, to keep herself absolutely separate, distinct. I recently heard an elderly Boston lady make a remark which expresses the horror commonly aroused by any conduct which endangers the distinction between the two classes. "Do you know," she said, "I heard that a young man of our set said he and his friends no longer had to go to girls of another kind for their enjoyment. They can get all they want from girls of their own class." Much the same attitude is revealed in the frequent remark that the young girl of today appears like "any chorus girl" or like any "common woman." The horrid picture is usually rounded off with the comment that you simply can't tell the difference any more between the nice girl and the other kind. One can imagine that this might cause considerable inconvenience. Each of the two classes of women has served a special purpose and it is, to say the least, disconcerting for a person not to know which way to turn when he knows very well which purpose he wants fulfilled.

The precautions which a good woman takes to preserve her purity are indeed legion. There are places where no nice woman will go, situations with which she must have no immediate acquaintance, people with whom she must not associate; there are various embodiments of evil, in short, to which she must not expose herself. That these evils should exist, that they should be tolerated as meeting certain needs in the lives of men and be made possible by other women—all this the average good woman swallows without repulsion, or, more commonly, ignores. She is aroused to a state of true indignation only when her own moral exclusiveness, or that of her kind, is threatened. The same woman who accepts with a good deal of equanimity the fact that men she associates with also associate with "gay" women would be considerably upset if these men were to attempt to associate with both kinds of women at the same time. Why is the average woman so upset if a man of her acquaintance makes "improper advances"? Is it that she is horrified to find that he is willing to indulge his irregular sex desires? No. She is outraged because he thinks she is willing to indulge hers, because he holds her virtue too lightly. Sex evils, coarsenesses are then to be part of the good woman's environment in the intimate sense that they often enter into the lives of the men she accepts as friends, even of the men with whom she is to have the most personal and supposedly ideal relationships. Her sole function is to turn her back on these evils.

The acceptance of this situation is implied in the ideals which are passed down to girls by the good old-fashioned parent. Do the mothers who insist that their daughters shall not go with boys on certain occasions and at certain hours unchaperoned expect boys to refrain from seeing any girls except on occasions thus carefully timed and adequately supervised? I doubt it. Whatever their expectations may be, it is certain that they would rather that the good girl should cling to protection, letting the man seek gaiety where he may, than that she should take the chance involved in seeking gaiety by his side. They would rather have what they consider the evil sex element taken care of by men and by women whom they need not meet than to risk any slip in conduct on the part of their own daughters. Purity purchased at such a price may be purity in some magical sense, similar to that secured in the ancient mysteries by passing through fire or going in bathing with sacred pigs. Purity in any moral sense it certainly is not. It is simply a social asset, like physical beauty or pleasing accomplishments, so tremendously valuable to woman that for it she has been willing to pay any moral price, however degrading. Its non-moral character is revealed in the common assumption that any man can, without injury to himself, pass through experiences or be placed in situations from which, since they would pollute her, every good woman must be guarded. This assumption, so obviously insulting to women, is at present complacently accepted by them as something of a compliment.

William Graham Sumner in his remarkably unemotional and objective treatment of social customs devotes some pages to a description of the houses of prostitution established and run by the cities of medieval Europe "in the interest of virtuous women." In this connection Mr. Sumner for once indulges in terms of opprobrium, judging the custom as "the most incredible case" illustrating "the power of the mores to extend toleration and sanction to an evil thing." The inmates of these houses were dedicated entirely to this special function, wore distinctive dress, and were taboo to all "good" women whose virtue, according to the scheme of things, they made possible. Authority for such a custom can be found, as Sumner points out, in Saint Augustine, the reformed rake. "The bishop," writes Sumner, "has laid down the proposition that evil things in human society, under the great orderly scheme of things which he was trying to expound, are overruled to produce good." Is not this the position taken by people who hold that it is better to have prostitution in order to provide for the assumed sex irregularity of men than to risk the loss of a woman's "virtue" through the removal of those conventions and taboos which prevent her from coping with the situation herself and making her own moral decisions?

It is hard to follow the mental processes of those persons who, while deploring the increased freedom allowed women and the tendency to judge them less severely, still claim belief in a single standard for both sexes. In so far as woman's virtue consists in aloofness from the evils which the double standard implies it quite obviously cannot be adopted as the single standard by which all members of society are to live. Even aside from this consideration it would seem to be as undesirable as it is impossible to extend to men the traditions and restrictions which have for so long governed women. Does anyone really wish to have grown boys constantly accompanied and watched over by their elders? Does anyone wish that the goings and comings of men should be as specifically determined as those of women have always been? Should we look forward to a

day when a man will be judged as good or bad on the sole basis of whether or not he has ever had any irregular sex relation?

One would think that the suspicions of even the most uncritical might be aroused by the rigidly absolute and impersonal nature of women's sex ideals. The notion of purity as lying in the abstention from a particular act except under carefully prescribed circumstances has all the marks of a primitive taboo and none of the characteristics of a rational moral principle. The ideals of woman's honor and chastity have without doubt been built up in answer to human wants—the defense which is invariably given of customs, good or bad. Probably those sociologists are not far wrong who hold that they have developed as a response, in early times, to the sentiments of man as a property owner; later, in response to masculine vanity and jealousy, though these motives have, of course, been idealized beyond all recognition. We need not be surprised, then, to find that they bear no relation to an interest in woman's spiritual welfare and growth, an interest to which society is only now giving birth with pitiable pains of labor. To follow an ideal which almost entirely excludes sex interest as something evil is to condemn one of the richest elements in personal experience. And this ideal has regulated not only woman's sex experience but has demanded and received incalculable sacrifices in all the phases of her life, mercilessly limiting the sphere of her activities, smothering interests of value and nourishing others to an unnatural state of development, and warping her character to satisfy its most exacting demands.

Not only is it undesirable that men should attempt to follow such an ideal but it is quite obvious that as long as they accept it as adequate for women they are prevented in innumerable ways from developing intelligent principles for their own guidance. For one thing, they will come to look upon the sex element in most of its forms as a moral evil. Experience tells them, however, that it is, in their own case, a natural good. Thus they are led to accept a distinction fatal to moral integrity and progress. The sex element is admitted to the life of the average man by the back door; once within, it has fair run of the establishment though it is always looked on askance by the other members of the household. Sex interests are to be recognized and indulged but divorced from all that is "fine" and "ideal." They are considered desirable though immoral and so are to be tolerated just to the extent that they are divorced from those elements in society—the family, the home, and good women—which are supposed to embody virtue. It is not realized that virtue, far from being a rival of the other good things of life, is to be attained only through an intelligent interest in good things, and that to divorce moral from natural good is to deal a death blow to both. We cannot wonder that at present sex interest so often expresses itself in the form of dubious stories, coarse revues, and degrading physical relations. While the "good" woman who considers sex somehow lowering is apt to develop a personality which is anemic and immature, the man who accepts the conventional scheme of life develops a personality coarse and uncoordinated.

I do not mean to say that there have been no elements of value in the ideal of purity by which some women have lived. It is undoubtedly true that unregulated and impersonal sex desires and activities quarrel with more stable and fruitful interests in life. But while the most valuable experiences of love are, in general, to be found in more lasting relations, it does not follow that society should prescribe for every one of its members a particular line of sex conduct and attempt to see, through constant supervision, that its prescriptions are carried out. The sacrifice in terms of freedom of activity and experience is too great and the living flower of personal purity cannot be manufactured by any such artificial methods.

The sex relations of an individual should no more be subjected to social regulation than his friendships. There is indeed a closely related matter for which he is immediately responsible to society—that is the welfare of any children resulting from such relations. The two matters are, however, quite distinguishable and no one could hold that the effort which society makes to control sex relations is to any extent based upon concern for possible offspring. If this were so, one would not hear so much condemnation of birth-control measures on the ground that they "encourage immorality." No. It is personal experience which society would like to prescribe for its members, personal virtue that it would like to mold for them. But virtue is not a predetermined result, a kind of spiritual dessert that anyone can cook up who will follow with due care the proper ethical receipt. Experience cannot be defined in terms of external circumstances and bodily acts and thus judged as absolutely good or bad. Sex experiences, like other experiences, can be judged of only on the basis of the part which they play in the creative drama of the individual soul. There are as many possibilities for successful sex life as there are men and women in the world. A significant single standard can be attained only through the habit of judging every case, man or woman, in the light of the character of the individual and of the particular circumstances in which he or she is placed.

From the changes taking place in sex morality we may, with sufficient wisdom and courage, win inestimable gains. Certainly we should be grateful that young people are forming the habit of meeting this old problem in a quite new way—that is, with the cooperation of the two sexes. In the interest of this newer approach we should accord to girls as much freedom to live and to learn as we have always given to boys. The old restrictions, imposed upon girls alone, imply, of course, the double standard with all its attendant evils; imply the placid acceptance of two essentially different systems of value; imply the preference for physical purity over personal responsibility and true moral development. We should encourage the daughters of today in their fast developing scorn for the "respect" which our feminine predecessors thought was their due—a respect which man was expected to reveal in the habit of keeping the nice woman untouched by certain rather conspicuous elements, interests, and activities in his own life. In so far as there is something truly gay in these aspects of life, something which men know at the bottom of their hearts they should not be called on to forego, there is much that women can learn. Most people today hold in their minds an image of two worlds—one of gaiety and freedom, the other of morality. It is because gaiety and morality are thus divorced that gaiety becomes sordidness, morality dreariness. Not until men and women develop together the legitimate interests which both of these worlds satisfy will the present inconsistency and hypocrisy be done away with and both men and women be free to achieve, if they can, rich and unified personal lives.

San Pedro

By MARY REED

Los Angeles, June 18

No member of the I. W. W. has ever, in word, act, or thought, cast any slurring remarks upon the victims of the terrible naval disaster, or has in any way threatened to dynamite the morgue. The daily press is using these slanderous lies to incite violence.

A PLACARD bearing these words hangs over the wrecked I. W. W. hall in San Pedro. Across the street the remains of a bonfire show all that is left of the furniture, and a piano lies in pieces on the curbstone. Nine-year-old Lena Milos is in the hospital suffering from burns by scalding coffee which was thrown on her after she had been knocked down and told: "We'll fix you so you'll never perform for another entertainment." Sixteen men, women, and children are recovering from injuries inflicted during the raid. Nine more were seized on their way to the entertainment and taken by a crowd of hoodlums to Terminal Island and beaten up. Andrew Kogas, proprietor of the hall, who refused to drive out the I. W. W.'s, was beaten, and his son was burned across both legs. Steve Rodin's house across the street was searched for guns, and he himself was beaten up, and his porch was used as a watch-tower by two men with guns pointed toward the hall. Tom Sullivan, Robert Bigelow, Leonard Green, Herbert White, and two others were taken to a distant canyon and tarred and feathered. One was made to drink a pint of castor oil.

The class-struggle has long been bitter in San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles and center of the oil-fields. Illegal arrests of members of the I. W. W. and Workers Party are a common occurrence. Pressure is brought to bear to get men dismissed from their jobs, and then, being out of work, they are arrested for vagrancy, which is the usual charge against reds. Over a year ago, during the harbor strike that tied up the port, more than 700 men were arrested and jailed and the chief of police announced that "none of that constitution stuff" would go in San Pedro. Every few days scare headlines involving the I. W. W. are run by the newspapers, especially the Los Angeles *Times*. But when six members of the I. W. W. charge that they were tarred and feathered, it gets tucked in on the fifteenth page.

Every pretext has been used to accuse the organization of violence, but never did such an opportunity offer itself as the disastrous explosion on the S. S. Mississippi in San Pedro harbor. What could be easier than to say that the Wobblies were rejoicing over it, and planning to blow up the undertaking house where the bodies of the forty-eight dead sailors had been brought? What could impress good patriots more than to have the place guarded by twenty-two naval guards and four patrolmen? The "citizens" were prepared—the same citizens who had swooped down on the I. W. W. headquarters in hooded gowns on March 17. This time about a dozen of them were in sailor's uniforms. The crowd formed near the American Legion hall and marched more than a hundred strong to the I. W. W. headquarters. Strange as it may seem there were no policemen at the hall, as there had been at every other meeting and entertainment. When the mob approached, one I. W. W. member ran and found a policeman, but was told: "You'll have to call the station for that." Another went to the police station. But the entire force had just been called out to the other end of town.

Tom Sullivan, chairman of the meeting, a small and very earnest man from the oil-fields, describes what happened then as follows:

I called the entertainment meeting Saturday night, June 14, at 8:20. We had just pulled off two small sketches when the raid started. All I remember is, they started to break the windows. Evidently there were four committees in the raiding party: one for breaking windows, one for breaking furniture, one was a sapping committee, with guns, brass knuckles, and gas pipes, and the other was men on the outside waiting to nab us when we came by.

They pushed in the front door and all the windows, and forced people out the back door, where they had a fire to burn people on the way out. I stood at the doorway and tried to make them let the women and children out first. The leader of the sapping committee came and deliberately pushed Lena Milos into the coffee that was cooking on the stove at the back. Then I was hit on the head and pushed out the back door myself. And as I was going out, kind of dazed, I stepped on quite a few women, and tried to pick some of them up, but they seemed to be too heavy for me. I have a faint recollection of the Bigelow girl grabbing me and saying: "Tom, my mother's inside." The fire had started, but we both went in, and the place seemed to be empty except for Mrs. Milos and the wrecking crew. I took her out toward the door, but four sailors took her away from me, and I got a blow from the leader that knocked me unconscious. . . .

I woke up in Bob Bigelow's lap in a big truck with open sides and a big tarpaulin over the back, and I said to Bob: "Where are we at?" And Bob said: "Tom, we're gone." Then the Bigelow girl stepped to the truck and asked me: "Have you seen Bob?" I told her: "Bob is in the truck with me." Then Mrs. Bigelow, his mother, tried to climb into the truck, but they would not let her in.

Then we started on our way, with two cars ahead and fifteen behind. We passed the Sixty-fourth Street Security Bank in Los Angeles, and went up Center Street and out to Santa Ana via Franklin. We went through Wilmington and passed two policemen there, but they turned the other way. We figured we were headed for the Mexican border. . . .

We got to a place in the country, and they had to open a fence to drive in. We reckoned it was about twelve miles beyond Oliver. Two men took each man out. They walked us about fifteen feet. Then they all got around us —about ten sailors and ninety civilians—and told us to strip. We stripped naked. After we were stripped, they asked a few questions about the army, and how we'd like to join, and kidded us along. Nobody answered. Then the leader said: "Well, search their clothes, and take what money they've got and we'll turn it over to the Salvation Army." I had $70. I can positively identify the man that took mine. He lives in Watts, where I've seen him a dozen times. Then he took us each aside separately and asked us questions. I was the fourth. He asked me: "Do you belong to the I. W. W.?" "Yes." "Are you proud of it?" "Yes." "Where were you born?" "San Francisco." "Will you give up the organization?" And I told him: "No, not at no tar-and-feather party. If I ever give up my card I'll give it up at the membership meeting and explain to the members why I've given it up." So then he said: "Who's got all the cards?" So one man brought all the

cards up, and they looked them over by the light of the fire they had built. They found my card, and they found in my pocket the minutes of the previous meeting, and one of the leaders come over to me and said: "We found these on you, didn't we?" "Yes, sir." So he asked my name, and I told him Tom Sullivan; so he said: "You are the one that calls all these meetings together. Well, you are one man we are looking for." He asked the rest of them the same questions. One man in the bunch, the biggest one, denounced the organization and said he'd give it up if they'd let him go. So they questioned him and made him promise he'd never carry another I. W. W. card, which he promised, so they told him to put on his clothes, so he put on his clothes, and they asked him how much money he'd had, and he said "$5.10," and the man dug down in his pocket and handed him $5.10. They let off one other they identified as being a Mexican prize-fighter, because he had fought for a sailors' benefit once. And they let one other go because he had an A. F. of L. card besides his I. W. W. card.

So then they come back to me and asked me what good the I. W. W. ever did me, so I just spoke about fifteen words and started to explain the organization, when he said: "'We'll give this fellow a double dose," so they led me out in the middle of a big ring they had formed. There were two men. Each had a pillow full of feathers. They each cut their pillow right in two, and then each took a tarred brush in hand dipped in a five-gallon can, and started on me, one in front and one in back. Then they threw feathers all over me, head to foot. I started to walk away, and they called me back and said: "We promised you a double dose," and I went through the same thing again. Then the leader said: "Walk ahead of me." So I walked a few feet and I turned round and said: "Where am I going?" And he said: "Never mind where you are going. Go." And I refused. He had a gun all this time right behind my back, and he told me: "You are going to hell," and I said: "Shoot and have it over with. You've gone so far, let's finish it up." And he shot, but he must have shot up in the air because he did not hit me. So I just lay there and waited for the other boys to come along.

When they got done tarring and feathering the rest of the boys, they took all our shoes and all the clothes they could use and saturated the rest with tar. All I had leaving the place was one coat, naked. We walked seven miles in our bare feet. Several autos passed us, and we hollered at them, but they refused to hear, until a man come along with a big Mason button. His name was Roy Massingale. He and two others were in a coupe for three, but piled us all six outside and in, and we got it all smeared with tar. He took us to Oliver, where he went up to a farm house himself and got six gunny sacks to cover us up with. Then he went to a restaurant, but had to pound on the door fifteen minutes before he could get a man waked up. He ordered coffee and something to eat right away, and said he would pay all damage to the restaurant by our sitting in it with tar and feathers. He was headed for Los Angeles, but said he would take us to San Pedro. But then a rescue party came with Mrs. Molina, and she took us up to her home and cleaned us all up. . . .

Last night (Monday, June 16) between five and six Jack Walsh and White and myself were in the hall and two sailors were outside looking in the window, and we recognized them as raiders. I recognized one as the one in the truck who said to me: "I am going to make you eat up the American flag." We saw an auto drive up and five officers in it, and the three of us went out, and I says to them: "Will you people arrest one sailor who was in the raiding party?" The first one said: "Well, we're neutral." Then the officer in the back seat said: "That's what we're up here for. Let's go get him." The sailor was running up the street, but the officers went after him and got him. The officer that started the arrest said: "What did you try to run away for?" The officer driving answered the question for him, and said: "That boy did not want to run away."

Jack Walsh and I went along with them. When we got in the station the same man that drove (he had a mustache) went up to the desk and winked and said: "This man wants to make a charge against this gob." The officer at the desk asked: "What charge?" And I said: "I positively identify this fellow as one of the raiding party on the truck." And the officer in charge told me I had to have a warrant from the prosecuting attorney's office before he could lock him up. The arresting officer (who had claimed he was neutral) then said to the sailor: "Come on, Buddy, let's drive out of here and go back to where we came from," and went out with him, winking at him.

Before we went out, Sergeant Weber (he used to be a sergeant in the army) threatened my life in the presence of Police Captain Hagenbaugh, and told me that the next party would be a hanging party, and he'd see that I was on it, too. (Signed) T. SULLIVAN

At the I. W. W. meeting on Wednesday, plans were made to hold a memorial mass meeting with ex-service men as speakers, in memory of the sailors lost in the Mississippi disaster.

In the Driftway

UNTIL the other day the Drifter was very much in sympathy with the recent criticisms of Northwestern University which have come from his comrades, the editors of *The Nation*. But now he is somewhat shaken by the fact that the authorities of that militarized institution have just bestowed the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature upon *The Nation's* own William Hard. That offsets in the Drifter's eyes many LL.D.'s awarded to Calvin Coolidge and Warren Gamaliel, Nicholas Murray, the Kaiser, and other great and good men. The Drifter wishes that every one of *The Nation's* readers could know Bill Hard, as all Washington calls him, as he does. If they did they, too, would say that Northwestern had done itself particularly proud. For this man Hard is, to apply an outworn, old-time phrase, a "real character." In other words, he has a rare individuality, as well as an amazingly original way of putting things in type. He is so individual, so original in his processes, that sometimes the Drifter wonders why Bill Hard has not been lynched—he is in himself such a traitor to our most cherished American belief that we must, if we are loyal, reduce every living soul to one model that shall feel and talk and sleep and eat and drink and think just like everybody else. The truth is, Bill Hard has succeeded in winning for himself a special place in the affections of all sorts and kinds of people. The Drifter knows that his colleagues get letters declaring that Bill Hard has "fallen" for the social game. But the Drifter merely smiles at that, as at the complaints that Bill Hard's views and those of *The Nation* differ. That is one reason, the Drifter believes, why he is so welcome in the columns of *The Nation;* it is not afraid to present differing views, And when you come right down to it, the Drifter has to confess he does not know whether Bill Hard is a reactionary or a wild radical; he is a genuine human being with a most picturesque and graphic style, deep sympathies, and rare intuition. The Drifter would like to have bestowed three times as many honorary degrees upon Bill Hard as were

this year garnered by that nonsensical economist, the Hon. Andrew D. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury.

* * * * *

NOW that he is on the subject of personalities, the Drifter cannot forego the opportunity to express his regret that Henry T. Finck, for more than forty years the music critic of the New York *Evening Post*, has voluntarily left that once brilliant daily. Finck calls himself seventy years of age, but it is a transparent lie, for his heart of youth can never have grown so old. A joyous child he always has been and will be, perennially with passionate loves and passionate hates, now championing Wagner in the days when to do so was to write oneself down a conceited, affected jackanapes, now abusing Brahms and living to repent that in considerable degree. Strange how few of us are capable of championing more than one radical departure from the beaten paths! Of course, Finck loved too dearly both his Paderewskis and his Geraldine Farrars to be an ideal critic —but them he loved so ardently and so faithfully! For many, many years the sole reviewer of musical books for *The Nation*, Finck served it well in numerous other fields. Seventeen books stand to his credit, running from music through "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty" and gardening to "Girth Control."

* * * * *

YES, Henry T. Finck, too, has personality, individuality, character—whatever you choose to call it. He is a living example of what absolutely full self-development does for a person, for he has been "Expressing Henry" all his life (except when he has palmed off some of his able wife's music criticism as his own). Which reminds the Drifter how the second edition of the *Evening Post* once nearly failed to appear. Accustomed always to absolute freedom from the copy-desk blue pencil, or any control by business office or managing editor or owner, Finck naturally was bitterly outraged one day when he came back from lunch to find in the first edition in utterly garbled form a musical criticism he had sent up in the morning. His shrieks of pain, his outburst of rage that after thirty-five years his virtue should thus be outraged by this mishandling of his copy brought a half-dozen editors to his side. A *posse comitatus* started with Finck for the composing-room to find the guilty man, since no editor had even glanced at the copy. The composing-room protested its innocence and to prove it produced Finck's unaltered manuscript. Comparing it with the printed page Finck made the startling discovery that the newspaper in his hand was not the *Evening Post* but its rival the *Globe* and the guilty criticism not his but a rival critic's! The Drifter has the authority of six eye-witnesses that alcohol played no part in this transaction, and that Henry Finck never in his life went downstairs so fast as on this occasion or amid such shrieks of laughter.

* * * * *

SO the Drifter wishes Henry Finck years of joy and happiness and as much of the red wine of his new home on the Riviera as is good and proper for him. Some day the Drifter may be ready to give up wandering the world o'er and writing for his special corner in *The Nation*. When that day comes he hopes he will take with him as much love and affection as does Finck. But he fears that if he is to accomplish this some one else must be

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Mythical Cohesion of the Jews

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I point out a few trifling deviations from the verities in Miss Wallerstein's The Jewish Babbitt? There are just two things that make a Babbitt forever impossible: suffering and learning. A Babbitt is possible to America because in this land of great, natural plenty one may survive and wax fat without either. But the Jew, the eternal Christ of the world suffering for the sins of the people, has covered Europe with his blood and his tears these twenty centuries; and the rosters of the City College of New York will show what value fathers who earn a terrible and precarious existence in sweat-shop or rag-bags, widowed mothers who earn scant and bitter bread through ten hours of daily scrubbing still lay on learning.

The abiding wonder to me, as to other patient observers, has been that there should be so little cohesion among a people so ringed about with dislike and persecution. So far from "Jews employing, so far as possible, only Jews," experience and statistics show that they bend slightly backward and employ, as far as possible, only Christians. The largest construction company in New York, for instance, with a Jew at its head, makes it an iron-clad rule to employ no Jews.

I would the Jews had some of this mythical cohesion. Then they might preserve some of the color and poetry and tradition of their race and their race life, and so make their unique and characteristic contribution to the stream of our common life in America. So terrible is the social pressure put on them, so great the contempt in the life around them for everything Jewish, that the passionate wish, often of the immigrant, invariably of his children, is to be "a real American," more American than the Americans, if possible.

Miss Wallerstein says she and Abraham Levy are relatives and she does not know which regrets the fact more. May I suggest that while Miss Wallerstein has the compensatory advantages of having "put her stuff across," Abraham Levy has only the dismayed grief of one who has been treacherously wounded in the house of a friend?

New York, June 2 DOROTHEE MEIROWSKY

The Real Jewish Babbitt

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Miss Wallerstein in her recent article on The Jewish Babbitt betrays a sad lack of knowledge of conditions among American Jewry. What appears in the distance to be a militant Jewish Ku Klux Klan is in reality a mirage. She mistakes a blatant small class of "professional Jews" who believe the essence of Judaism to lie in the combating of anti-Semitism for the vast majority of American Jewry. True, Jewry *is* suffering from a virulent siege of Babbittism with extremely serious complications—but not of the type described by Miss Wallerstein. The truth of the matter is that American Jewry is not "rampantly Semitic." With a few exceptions it is amazingly un-Jewish, even anti-Jewish in sentiment. The American Jew—always excepting the race-conscious communal worker who assumes the burden of Jewish activities—is not 100 per cent Jewish but is simply sedentary, self-complacent, eagerly adapting himself to American standards—the true Babbitt.

Miss Wallerstein envisages a Jewish Ku Klux but in reality she sees the white hoods of the Shomrim (watchmen) guarding the socialistic colonies of Jewish pioneers in Palestine. And it is the pioneers and idealists in Palestine with whom Hallinan unconsciously sympathizes, for their aim is to re-establish the right of the Jew to live as a Jew, not as a cultural hybrid.

Toronto, May 27 L. G.

Jews Must Stick Together

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read Miss Wallerstein's article The Jewish Babbitt and must confess I have failed to grasp what she wants to say. That all the Jews are not ideal men and women? That we have Babbitts, bigots, corrupt politicians, criminals, literary censors, profiteers, snobs in our midst? If she followed the Yiddish radical dailies, which are the dominant force in the American Jewish press, she would be aware of the fact that all the types she objects to are very vigorously fought by the Jewish radicals. But when she speaks of the Jew Klux Klan, one is compelled to say that it is a very strained metaphor, unless she really believes in the existence of some "Elders of Zion," as her mysterious hints would lead one to think.

Where is there a Jewish organization which would resort to violence or social ostracism to enforce religious conformity? A conclusive answer to this question is to be found in the "Jewish Almanach" for the year 1917, published by the Jewish Community of New York. It appears that the total number of pews in all synagogues and prayer-meeting rooms of New York City on the two most important Jewish holidays was just sufficient to accommodate 42 per cent of all adult Jews. In other words, 58 per cent of the adult Jewish population of this city were not churchgoers. Moreover, 77 per cent of all Jewish children received no religious instruction.

It is true that since the World War a Jewish nationalism has grown up among the Jews of America, including Socialists and radicals. But this movement originated as one of organized self-defense against anti-Semitic aggression. When you daily come across advertisements reading "Clerk (or stenographer) wanted, Christian," "Private room for rent in a suite of law offices to Christian attorney," "Accountant wanted; state religion and salary expected," "Apartment to let to Christian family," is it not natural for Jews to cling to their own race? The parallel between the Poles, the Czechs, and the Jews does not hold. The Jews have not had, nor are they likely ever to have, the power to limit the number of Gentile students in universities. But an American university president did propose such a scheme. The other day it was reported from Budapest that the Hungarian students of the medical school pointed out to the professor of anatomy in the classroom four of their Jewish fellow-students whom they proposed to kill in order to provide Jewish corpses for dissection, the reason being that the Jewish community provided for a funeral in every pauper case. It was not a ghastly joke; it was meant in all seriousness, as if it were a case of rabbits who were to be killed for scientific experiments. Faced with this recrudescence of medievalism many of the thinking Jews who had gone through life as internationalists and assimilationists have been forced to the conclusion that the Jews must stick together for mutual protection against militant anti-Semitism. Apparently in her associations among the Jews Miss Wallerstein has not come across this type of Jewish nationalist.

New York, May 23 ISAAC A. HOURWICH

Common Clay

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot see that the above correspondents disagree with my article on any fundamental point, but I do feel that they misunderstood it. I simply pointed out that Jews were made only of human clay, that they had their jingoes just as any other nation has, and that liberals should cease to idealize Jews just because they are an oppressed race. I cited the instances of the Poles and the Czechs, not to prove that Jews would do the same, as Dr. Hourwich assumes, but merely to illustrate the fact that suffering and oppression do not make heroes. The case for Jewish freedom rests not on the virtue of the Jew, but on his existence as a human being, and I urged liberals to fight his fight on the latter ground rather than on the former. Incidentally I mentioned the Jews who resent Jewish Babbittry, of whom Dr. Hourwich seems to think I have never heard.

Now, jingoism emphasizes national *interest* as against national *ideals*. The hundred-percenter has little of the Declaration of Independence or the Bill of Rights in his philosophy, but much of America First. So, too, the Jewish jingo has little of Jewish religion or idealism, as all the above writers point out, but he clings to the protection of Jewish interests. This seems to me perfectly compatible with the breach between Jews as we know them and Jewish ideals, and hence I do not feel that there is any issue between the above letters and my article. In fact, Dr. Hourwich himself speaks of this breach at the same time that he asserts that nationalism is growing among Jews.

Dr. Hourwich explains the nationalist spirit which my article described. But his explanation rather establishes the fact than overthrows it. Indeed the anti-Semitic attack which he describes has had quite the same effect on Jewish nationalism that the "attack" of Germany had on French nationalism, or the "attack" of Russia on German nationalism, including even the Social Democrats. They, by the way, correspond closely to the one-time internationalists who, Dr. Hourwich says, have been converted to Jewish nationalism.

I further cite Dr. Hourwich's letter as an answer to Miss Meirowsky. The suffering of the Jew, contrary to her statement, has rather aroused his jingoism than otherwise. In fact, perhaps the worst thing that anti-Semitism has done to the Jews is to increase their jingoism and mob-mindedness, just as the war increased them among the peoples involved.

New York, June 23 BERTHA WALLERSTEIN

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM HARD, HENDRIK VAN LOON, and ART YOUNG, together with the Editor of *The Nation*, are contributing special campaign comment to *The Nation*.

ERNESTINE EVANS is a New York journalist of wide experience who is particularly conversant with the recent political activities of women.

ISABEL LEAVENWORTH is an instructor in philosophy at Barnard College.

MARY REED, formerly on the staff of *The Nation*, is now living in Los Angeles.

SIDNEY F. WICKS is on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD, poet and author and professor of English at the University of Wisconsin, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

JOSEPH KRUTCH, *The Nation's* special reviewer of fiction, contributed an article on Modern Love and Modern Fiction in the issue of June 25.

RUTH BENEDICT is a member of the faculty of Anthropology at Columbia University.

E. MONTENEGRO has been the New York correspondent for several Chilean journals.

ARTHUR MOSS is an American writer living in Paris.

E. C. LINDEMAN is the author of "Social Discovery," recently published by the Republic Publishing Company.

Blake

By HAROLD LEWIS COOK

Blake was the child who saw
God at his window-pane.
He frightened Blake and then
Went away again.

Blake saw angels in
A tree at Peckham Rye,
Like stars upon the branches
They flamed before his eye.

Blake was a madman to
The men of his day;
They never saw the Lord
Or Heaven his way.

It is a queer thing:
Though I am wise and sane
God does not come to stare
Through my window-pane,

Nor anywhere in London
Do angels stand in trees,
Though I have knelt down yearning
For visions like these.

Books

England's Labor Rulers

J. Ramsay MacDonald. By Iconoclast. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.
England's Labour Rulers. By Iconoclast. Thomas Seltzer. $1.50.
Margaret Ethel MacDonald. By J. Ramsay MacDonald. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

IT is necessary to read these three books together in order to gain an adequate understanding of the significance of the British Labor Party. They reveal the fact that a labor party must be something more than a mere federation of trade unions negotiating first with one party and then with another. A political party which seriously faces power must be shaped by a conscious philosophy, stimulated by intellectuals, and fired by spiritual ideals; a party which rises above the class war, with a national ideal and an international vision. These books should be pondered over and taken to heart by every labor leader in America.

Iconoclast has done his work well. His books have the essential virtue of books and speeches—they are interesting. They are intellectually exciting and reveal the romance in politics. Iconoclast is too much of the born publicist to be able to make a cold-blooded estimate of things. Believing that we live by admiration alone, he has thrown himself into the task with uncritical zeal. The result is a picture that cannot be used as a textbook, but which illumines the subject and gives to the reader the right "feeling" about the British labor crusade. His terse descriptions of fourteen labor leaders satisfy the craving of the American to know human facts about the Labor Government. The men shown here, men with hands gnarled in boyhood days in factory and pit, with minds enriched by secret study, with wills disciplined by long years of public service, with hearts fired by a passion for social righteousness—is it not a proud thing for Great Britain to have produced men such as these? What is the secret of England that she calls such men to her service?

Iconoclast's study of J. Ramsay MacDonald, although cast in the orthodox form of biography—"From Log Cabin to White House," as it were—is really a quest for MacDonald's secret, and if that secret eludes him it is because a man who cannot baffle his biographer is not a great man. But Iconoclast delves to the heart all the time. Whether writing of MacDonald's mysterious boyhood, his struggles in London, his marriage with Margaret Ethel Gladstone, his historic words in the House of Commons in August, 1914, his patient bearing of the cross of hatred, his call to the soul of England in 1923, Iconoclast hovers in fascination about the ultimate secret. Because of that we forgive him for that attempt to reproduce an "H. G. Wells" conversation in the chapter headed Some Questions. What is the unifying element in MacDonald? He has physical beauty and intellectual ruthlessness; he loves romance and reverences logic; he is a shrewd politician and a knight in shining armor; an orator in public, but reticent in private; a proud Scotchman, but a lover of all peoples; a Socialist, but a fighter of revolution; impatiently inclined to domineer, yet bending patiently to circumstance; treading a lonely path, yet drawing men after him. The unifying element in all this is—J. Ramsay MacDonald. The baffling secret is the secret of all genius, the hidden creative fire of the world, the mysterious forge where the sword Excalibur is shaped. MacDonald draws his strength "from the deeps" and deep calls unto deep. He has a listening attitude. In the chapters The Sling and the Stone and The Secret of the Scot, Iconoclast shows why the British folk recognize in Ramsay MacDonald a great prime minister. It is because they do not entirely understand him. The Englishman has always loved the mystery of the Celt.

Some facts stand clear. By his stand during the war Ramsay MacDonald preserved the most precious heritage of the British race—he saved free speech. Of equal importance, we now see that his staunch defense of parliamentary institutions saved democracy in England and shattered the Bolshevik menace. He was not a pacifist in the negative, anemic sense of making pledges about a purely hypothetical future; he loved peace as the essential condition of an adventurous crusade for a clean, sweet civilization. That is why ex-soldiers (who had been long enough in the trenches to overcome hatred) formed his bodyguard at the last election.

Each one of these books, and supremely Ramsay MacDonald's biography of his wife, reveals a vital factor in the power of the Labor Party. Its choicest leaders have dedicated themselves to the faith that the ethics of the Carpenter of Nazareth are the only permanent foundation of an industrial order. John Wesley as well as Keir Hardie has had something to do with this. Philip Snowden's father, the Yorkshire weaver, gave young Philip the passion of the Sermon on the Mount. From the ranks of Wesleyan lay preachers came Arthur Henderson. Vernon Hartshorn first proclaimed his gospel in a pulpit. C. G. Ammon wrote a book called "Christ and Labour." Frank Hodges worked as a lay preacher after he left Ruskin College. In similar work in Durham, Benjamin Spoor won his spurs. In the story of Ethel Margaret MacDonald this religious faith, transmuted from emotion into the practical activities of social service, is tenderly revealed. It is the story of countless golden lads and lasses in England. She turned from pottering about among ecclesiastical activities and the placing of lilies on altars to serving the children of the slums.

MacDonald's story of his wife is a piece of literature. It must live. The soul of Margaret Ethel MacDonald goes marching on in the labor ranks. Those women were poets who laid flowers on her "memorial seat" when Ramsay MacDonald was called to power. The women of America are idealists. They need the power revealed in this book.

Iconoclast does justice to the work of the intellectual in creating the Labor Party. Trade unions are naturally conservative; the intellectuals gave to them the philosophic adventure of ideas. They gave to discontents a disciplined body of

science and a star-theory by which to steer. Mr. and Mrs. Webb are the architects of the New Jerusalem of Labor. Noel Buxton, Charles Trevelyan, Lord Olivier, Brigadier General Thomson, Lord Haldane—they are adventurers all—the Elizabethan Captains of the Intellect. Ramsay MacDonald and they have no dim apocalyptic vision, they have shown how the shining turrets and towers of the city of God may be built foursquare above the slums of our civilization.

SIDNEY F. WICKS

Byron: 1824-1924

Byron in England. By Samuel C. Chew. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50.

The Political Career of Lord Byron. By Dora Neill Raymond. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

SAMUEL CHEW'S book is one chapter in the adventures of Byron's spirit among mankind, chiefly after his adventures in the flesh had ended; and the book itself is one of the last of these adventures. The making of it must have been a most exciting adventure for Mr. Chew, assuredly now America's most enthusiastic and erudite Byron scholar. He has explored Byron not alone as he lived on in the minds of Hazlitt, Macaulay, Arnold, Swinburne, Browning, Meredith, Morley, and their kind and found their praise or blame often amusingly implicated with their likes and dislikes of individuals or with the tendencies of their own day; but he has left his study-chair at Bryn Mawr to rummage, with enormously developed acquisitive instincts, in libraries and private collections on either side of the sea, through musty volumes and pamphlets, files of old magazines and newspapers, scrap-books and private letters—and I surmise his notes must have weighed at least two thousand pounds. The book orders and integrates all the important critical pronouncements, yet skimps interpretation of the ups and downs of Byron's fame—presumably because so many of the judicially selected citations deal precisely with this outstanding phenomenon. But much of the new material is cultural history, the adventures of Byron's spirit with imitators, tricky booksellers, forgers, dissenting ministers—a diverting tale of rascals and fools that seems to negate any essential differences of taste, common sense, and morality between cultivated England and the untutored land of my own far slighter study some years ago, "Byron in America." Mr. Chew himself says his book is, aside from its exhaustive bibliography (53 pages), largely a contribution "to the age-long history of the curiosities of literature and the calamities of authors."

These calamities include twenty-nine futile continuations of "Don Juan," besides imitations innumerable, of which the only one to become even a literary memory was the "Fanny" of the American Halleck; they include the free use and freer misuse of his personality in a number of novels from the notorious "Glenarvon" of Caroline Lamb to the "Bendish" of Maurice Hewlett; and an apocrypha consisting of ten books, ten shorter poems, one prose satire, and two collections of letters. And not the least of the calamities was the prejudicial influence of most of this work on Byron's own reputation: it used to be taken seriously enough for serious review—Poe more than once reviewed such stuff himself—and Byronism in both England and America by the sixties had very nearly damned Byron, when Tennyson's tea-table muse wooed scribblerdom elsewhere.

Mr. Chew has got together a really huge mass of entertaining, significant, and otherwise inaccessible information, for the accuracy of which, however, his own solid reputation must be our sole guaranty.[1] His notes must have offered a bewildering problem in arrangement, perhaps incapable of satisfactory solution, though I think I should have tried to separate more consistently and explicitly the adventures of Byron's spirit among the intellectually respectable from its adventures among the intellectual underworld. His design has apparently limited his interpretative comment, as, for instance, an easy resolution of the famous opposing judgments of Swinburne, who stressed Byron as a whole, and Arnold, who maintained he was best in selections: the one was thinking of creative energy, the other of artistry. And why does he tell us to forget "the ancient scandals"? Byron is not only a world-poet but a world-personality, and none knows better than Professor Chew, the astute critic of "Astarte" and the 1922 volumes of Byron's "Letters," that they are not scandals but human problems full of pathos and awe for wise men and women.

It is the personality, rather than the poet, whom Miss Raymond, with a zest of phrase and sweep of narrative art as intriguing as Ethel Mayne's in her "Biography," brings home to our imagination and our critical intelligence. A spirit as complex and a life as full as Byron's offer the student many leitmotivs—friend, husband, lover, critic, letter-writer, swimmer, sinner, traveler, satirist, poet, politician. Miss Raymond has chosen the last with heartening and instructive emphasis on the politician in action. For Byron with Milton and the less great Blunt is the only English poet who has followed through political thought to consistent political conduct in public affairs. If Byron had been essentially the rhetorical type of mind that some have thought, the mind whose ideals of the new freedom and of a world made safe for democracy ethically culminate and conclude upon achieving the right words, then his eloquent rhymes or trenchant letters about Washington and Bolivar, the rights of Ireland and India, the predatory imperialism of England, the oppressions of the Holy Alliance would never have furnished forth the career Miss Raymond records. Even the early speech in the House of Lords, in defense of the frame-breakers of Nottingham (the I. W. W.'s of that day), might have been set down to forensics or a perverse penchant to shock. But no rhetorician would have risked money, time, life itself as Byron did in his whole-hearted and practical cooperation for the liberation of Italy and of Greece; and ears dulled by long repetition of his verses or offended by apostrophes now out of fashion will experience, I think, an authentic thrill if they will listen again to Byron the poet after reading this book on Byron the politician.

The story of Byron in Greece has never been so well told. Byron with the sword of freedom in his hand was the one indubitable realization in the flesh of that reiterated romanticist doctrine, most musically proclaimed by the young Coleridge and the young Shelley, of the poet as in his highest function liberator and reformer of states. But all the bright colors and triumphant parade were absent. Instead—the squat plaster headquarters in a sordid little seaport of the Levant, the gray skies and the filthy marshes, the dissensions and duplicity of the Greek leaders, the ragged soldiery, the hopeless disorganization in the economic and financial as well as military energies in that "land of lost gods and god-like men" he had come to help, the motley knight-errantry of the Philhellenes—Englishmen, Italians, Germans, who soon found that their reading in Homer and Sophocles and Plato was a quite inadequate preparation for the task of driving the Turks out of the Morea. Byron, with sword forward in air against the sunrise, leading a charge up some fiery slope—that was the vision of his admirers back in England; perhaps a dream of his own as he said goodby to Teresa. "Dis aliter visum." Yet only in the dispiriting miseries and stifling confusions of Missolonghi did Byron find for the first time a worthy challenge to his dignity, patience, good sense, manhood. He was the one realist among the Philhellenes, seeing all the problems in their naked difficulty; and he was the one genuine idealist with the long, faithful look ahead to the big issue.

The "Noctes Ambrosianae" of *Blackwood's* in June, 1824,

[1] But, if I may say so, George Lunt (p. 200), whose "Grave of Byron" is correctly listed in the Bibliography, was not an Englander but a New Englander; and Andrews Norton's once celebrated study (p. 219) appeared not in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but in the *North American Review* (1825), the little slip being due apparently to some furtive and pesky reminiscence of the *Atlantic Magazine*, with which Norton's friend Bryant was connected in the late 1820's.

prophesied that Byron would still be remembered a hundred years after. In June, 1924, the sun shines on a glacial boulder on the hilltop of Cologny overlooking clear, placid Leman, whose simple legend was only last month unveiled—*À Byron.*

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Toward a Social Psychology

Psychology and Primitive Culture. By F. C. Bartlett. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

SOCIAL psychology has most often concerned itself with formulating schematic systems of social development, and there is a growing recognition that it has perhaps been overhasty. It is at least reasonable to doubt whether we shall have illuminating schematizations of society as a whole till we are wiser about the cultural fortunes of any one society, and we seem to be on the point of making up our minds to a great amount of preliminary labor with concrete data.

It is, therefore, a hopeful step which Mr. Bartlett has taken in this book. He has set himself to the study of actual conditions in primitive society, believing that light will thereby be thrown on the subject of human behavior, modern as well as primitive. It is not in the contrasts between the two, but in their samenesses that he finds special significance for his purpose. We have every reason to believe that there have been no fundamental changes in the human mind since the dawn of pre-history. Modern man handles the material with which his civilization presents him very much as primitive man handles his; the difference is in the character of the traditional material.

The greatest virtue of Mr. Bartlett's work is its awareness of diverse cultural orientations and the part that these play in determining human response. Man's actions and motives are in every society overwhelmingly part of the traditional fabric of his own particular social group; and this is very nearly as true today as it was at the dawn of history. To look for the explanation of behavior, then, wholly in the realms of individual psychology, as is customary in the standard works, and as Frazer, for instance, has done in the field of primitive studies, is to ignore the mountain for the frost-formation on its rocks. The institution of modern monogamy and its outlawed adjuncts is not so much elucidated by analyses of the original nature of man, nor by classifications of the instincts, as by the historical fortunes of this arrangement and its antecedents in the cultures from which ours derives; and by comparisons with the diverse schemes which obtain in many other human societies. We can never go back, even in origin theories, to a pre-social individual, and to attempt to postulate such a being in theories of behavior in society of today is indefensible. Man is always not merely a man, but a man of a social group. His responses have been conditioned from birth by the character of the culture into which he was born.

It is encouraging to those who hope to achieve some understanding of human behavior through the study of these cultural patterns to find this position in a book of this character. Nevertheless, it is a dull book, and its own individual contributions are of doubtful value. In its leading discussion of the forms of man's social reactions, it adds one more to the recent output of fundamental classifications of human types. Such schemes, if they are shrewd and well-documented, have a justification in themselves apart from their claims; but this has not even the trappings which might win us to it. Mr. Bartlett calls these fundamental responses by the rather clumsy phrase of "social relationship tendencies" and finds that they are three: primitive comradeship, assertiveness, and submissiveness. He discusses these in their bearing upon the manner in which a migrating people spreads its culture among people with whom it comes in contact, balancing the results in hypothetical cases where the migrating tribe was either friendly, aggressive, or subservient. He considers them also in relation to the folk-tale, though he is able to do no more than assemble from primitive mythology illustrations of the various sorts of dispositions. In his discussion of the diffusion and elaboration of culture, he lays these fundamental responses aside entirely. The total result is a rather cursory collection of notes, for all Mr. Bartlett's attempts to achieve consecutiveness by abstracts and recapitulations.

Nevertheless, the book is encouraging. The descriptive material on which it is based is of the highest order, and it includes such American monographs as that of Professor Boas on the Tsimshian and of Dr. Radin on the Winnebago. If as a whole the book is tantalizing, it is because it is able to suggest an approach to the problem of human behavior the possibilities of which we are just beginning to explore.

RUTH BENEDICT

A Northern Mystic

The Philosopher's Stone. By J. Anker Larsen. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

FROM Hamsun, Nexö, and others we have come to expect of the Northern novelist at least an aesthetic participation in the simple paganism of the life which he describes, but the spiritual kinship of J. Anker Larsen is less with the Viking than with the mystics of the Spanish cloister. Against a background of people and things which has been made familiar to us by a long line of translations, he tells a strange story of a search for that God who is conceived as existing not in, but above and in opposition to, the gods of nature, and he puts himself with his tortured mysticism and a certain prurient emphasis on "purity" among the febrile saints.

That his book has power and originality there is no denying; moreover, it won the Gyldendal prize and received high praise from Knut Hamsun; but so completely is everything subordinated to the thesis—the need of the modern world to establish through the Mystic Way a contact with the unseen—that to judge it is to judge mysticism itself. If those tortured eccentrics who find in brief ecstatic glimpses of an unknown world the only escape from the filthiness of normal life are indeed prophets, then "The Philosopher's Stone" is a very great book; but if they see not into heaven but only into the depths of their own neurotic temperaments it is merely a strange document, and I must confess that my interest in it was as a description of one of the varieties of religious experience rather than as a work of art. The power which its author has of sketching character and of describing incidents might, if differently used, raise him to the very first rank, but as the story proceeds his preoccupation with the thesis grows more and more complete until it becomes impossible to judge the book as an objective work.

Early in his dreamy childhood Jens Dahl, hidden in a barn, caught sight of a girl whom he knew and who was a part of his world of childish dreams in the act of being tumbled by a peasant. It would seem that this incident furnishes the real key to the book, for from that moment on the vision of a comely face distorted by passion haunts the boy; sex becomes for him the symbol of absolute evil; and his whole life is an effort, not always successful, to escape from it. Nearly four hundred large pages swarming with characters and incidents carry him through various adventures in frustrated love and religion and bring him at last to suicide, but none of his motives is very clear except his fear of love. Like all the more tortured and febrile mystics, his God and his good are vague but his Devil and his evil are concretely represented in bodily desire. Often he is tempted; sometimes he "falls"; but he never seems to realize that an action which is undoubtedly nasty when he performs it may not only seem different but may be different for another. There is something in the very manner in which he uses the words "innocence" and

"purity" which make him seem to the pagan or to the rationalist hopelessly corrupt. Actually the whole importance of the book's thesis will turn upon an answer to the question, "Did Jens hate sexual passion because he was a mystic or did he become a mystic because he hated sexual passion?"

The first terrifying experience of the little boy was probably not an unusual one, for it often happens that children see things not intended for their eyes. Then the whispered nastiness of the school-yard is suddenly connected with some person near to them and the world is poisoned because they cannot achieve that reconciliation of passion with ideality which can be made only through the medium of personal emotion. Physical desire is beautiful only in oneself. The power of idealizing it and of accepting it as a valuable part of life comes only at the time when it is needed. If a child is brought suddenly face to face with a fact which he has no means of comprehending the shock may be the beginning of a lifelong inability to accept life and of a perpetual sickness of the soul. Then, since sexual feelings are forbidden by disgust to express themselves through normal channels, they must make for themselves an illusory satisfaction, and the result is the mystic vision which is characterized by the exalted ideality of passion without the conscious intervention of sex. Whoever cannot accept sex cannot accept life, and finding the world one in which he cannot live he creates another.

Thus, though I recognize fully Larsen's powers and though I am ready enough to sympathize with his desire to escape from mere materialism, I believe that I understand too clearly the pathological character of Jens's experiences to accept them as a very valuable contribution to the spiritual life. Christianity is perhaps dead, having passed through humanitarianism to materialism, but if the modern world needs (in the words of Larsen) "a religious sense" that religious sense has expressed itself in more fruitful forms not incompatible with the acceptance of the world in which we live. Though Larsen never seems to realize it, knowledge and experience may be just as innocent as ignorance, and whoever believes in the supreme importance of intangible things is as religious as man need to be. In the language of art and, sometimes, of science, we express our sense of man's relation to things more important than his bodily needs, and when we recognize these things and this relationship we are lifted as far above the earth as man's spirit may safely go.

J. W. Krutch

A Latin-American Crusader

El Destino de un Continente. Por Manuel Ugarte. Brentano's. $1.

DENUNCIATIONS of the most bitter character against the United States are not sporadic literature in the countries to the south; but Ugarte has made a fresh appeal to his race by refraining from hatred and blind prejudice, by conjuring up the sentiments of patriotism and solidarity, exerting himself at the same time not to arouse the xenephobia and boxerism of the masses. On the contrary, Ugarte says: "To show contempt for the United States is rank folly; to hate them would be an inferior sentiment, conducive to nothing." And in his preface: "No one admires more than I do the greatness of the United States, and seldom will you find anyone with a clearer notion of the necessity of our getting together with them in the development of our future life; but this must be done upon an equitable basis."

Like Dr. Ingegnieros, another Argentine writer, Ugarte sees in the greatness and superior development of the United States the very reason for fear. Both see well enough the weaknesses and shortcomings now handicapping the peoples of their race, but nevertheless they call upon them to organize and resist. Ugarte's main reason for this is that he does not believe that the absorption of a people by another of an alien blood does good to either of them. He thinks legitimate certain expansive movements known to history, such as that of Piamonte in spreading its rule over Italy, of Prussia over Germany, etc. He does not even fear a military conquest of Latin America. What he does fear is the economic absorption that sucks out the life-blood of a country, leaving only the empty shell to its people to rejoice in.

> In olden times imperialism was satisfied with no less than a general levy of the inhabitants of a conquered territory to make them serve as slaves; later on, it took possession of the land, leaving the people a certain autonomy; today it contents itself with taking hold of the sources of wealth, leaving the land and the inhabitants to themselves.

In the main this volume is a diary of the journey made by Ugarte in 1913 from Buenos Aires to Mexico, Cuba, and the United States, with stops on the way back in every one of the Central and South American republics. Later Ugarte went to Uruguay and Brazil, and in 1917 he made a second visit to Mexico at the invitation of President Carranza and the National University. Everywhere he went he met with the more or less open hostility of the American diplomatic representatives and, with the exception of Mexican officials on his second trip to Mexico, by the evasiveness of the Latin-American governments, who were frankly afraid to displease their powerful neighbor.

We, the Latin-American peoples, believes Señor Ugarte, are an entity and must have a policy of our own. Pan-Americanism is inimical to our best interests, and the Pan-American Union is a kind of Imperial Cabinet, with the American Secretary of State for its metropolitan Prime Minister. The Monroe Doctrine should be repudiated by us in so far as it pretends to establish a sort of guardianship of the United States over the rest of the Americas. Ugarte believes that today, as a century ago, Bolivar's aspirations toward a united America of Spanish blood should be maintained. To this end, a reversal of economic as well as of international policies among the separate republics must be effected. Foreign loans have been the means by which Wall Street has mortgaged nearly every government in every Latin-American country; those debts must be paid off through economy and honesty in the public administration, and not in the way now done, by contracting a larger indebtedness. National industries should be encouraged, for there is no real wealth where the raw product of a country has to go to foreign manufacturers to come back as the finished product, taxed by custom duties, plus the cost of the double transportation, plus the profit of the merchant and the manufacturer. For the same reasons Ugarte recommends the building of railroads linking the neighboring republics, the creation of mercantile marines under their own flags, and free introduction of products that are exchangeable.

The astounding fact is that this book has been written and published with confidence after the events of the last five years, when the United States has become in fact the arbiter of the destinies of America and perhaps of the world. But to doubt the high-mindedness of the motives prompting Ugarte's attitude, is to ignore the Quixotic vein still running generously in the Spanish race. What Ugarte asks of the United States seems simple enough, in theory. That the Washington Government and the people behind it should not be made the battering-ram for the selfish interests of bankers, miners, industrialists, or any other private individual or corporation looking for profit in South America, appears only fair. That the American Secretary of State should not reserve for himself the right to decide who may and who may not become a candidate to office in any of the minor Latin-American republics, would not seem an intolerable demand to any American citizen well removed from those countries. Nevertheless, these two propositions are at the core of the whole contention which has been involving the United States and the peoples of the Caribbean for the last half century.

E. Montenegro

Stage Left

The New Theatre and Cinema of Soviet Russia. By Huntly Carter. London: Chapman and Dodd, Ltd. 25/ net.

HERE is, unquestionably, a most important book on the theater. The author undertakes to acquaint the Western world with what really has taken place in Russia, theatrically speaking, since the revolution. The only other volume in English which has made any pretense of considering this subject is Oliver Sayler's "The Russian Theatre Under the Revolution." Mr. Sayler's book falls far short of its pretentious title. When he was in Russia and wrote his volume the revolution was still in the early phases of consolidation and the theater had not yet caught up with events. Mr. Carter, on the other hand, has been on the scene for several years and has been a close student of the amazing development which has taken place *since* 1918.

The Soviet Government, as soon as it could turn aside for a moment from complete concentration upon the desperate business of national defense and stabilization, directed its attention to the needs and purposes of the theater as it saw that institution. To Western Europe and America the theater of Russia is represented by Stanislavsky's Moscow Art Theater, Balieff's Chauve-Souris, and Tairoff's Kamerny Theater. In Russia, these organizations are regarded as running from extreme reactionary right to mild progressivism. As the more advanced groups present plays which are largely bound up with revolutionary politics and propaganda, it is obvious that they cannot get out across the Russian frontiers into other countries. That is our loss. For the theater today in Russia is for the most part as advanced and radical as the government itself. As the government is the government of the workers, so the theater is the theater of the workers.

Practically the whole Russian stage is under the control of an Extraordinary Commission headed by Lunacharski, the Commissar of Education, and divided into three main groups, Right, Center, and Left. The Right, which, like the others, enjoys state supervision and subsidy, is under the guidance of Stanislavsky, the Left answers to Meierhold, and the Center is Lunacharski's particular care. A few small groups remain outside this state organization. However, as their attitude is communistic, the government does not interfere with them. Whether this state regulation will eventually benefit or harm the theater is hard to tell at this stage of the game. According to Mr. Carter, theatergoing seems to be widespread and enthusiastic, and production has increased to a staggering degree.

Meierhold's extreme Left company and its associate groups are most truly representative of the revolutionary development of the modern Russian theater, in the opinion of Mr. Carter. For twenty-five years, since he first broke with Stanislavsky, Meierhold has always been in the forefront of revolt in theatrical production. About twenty years ago he was allied with Vera Kommissarzhevskaia. Then he joined the Tairoff group. Finally, feeling that even the Kamerny Theater was not abreast of the day, Meierhold again revolted. He is set against all of the old beauty and color. The theater today, he believes, should be expressive of this machine age. He uses no scenery in the old sense of that term. On his stage are scaffoldings, ladders, and wheels, all resembling modern industrial forms. The actors wear the blue denims and overalls of the factory. For lighting, just intense shafts of plain white light are thrown on the stage from the sides by powerful reflectors.

Of these matters, and, in fact, of all phases of the Russian stage and cinema, Mr. Carter's book is a thorough and comprehensive analysis. It is exceedingly well documented with photographs and drawings. The author has obviously gone to a tremendous amount of trouble in the cause of accuracy. Mr. Carter's style is, however, unhappily tiresome. In his anxiety to prove his various theses, he is repetitious to an exasperating degree. If it were not for the interest and importance of the subject matter, "The New Theatre and Cinema of Soviet Russia" would be hard reading. As it is, no critic and no dramatic artist in the Western world who pretends to an understanding and knowledge of the revolution that is going on in the Russian theater can afford to miss reading it.

ARTHUR MOSS

Not the Least of These United States

Rural Texas. By William Bennett Bizzell. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

TWO types of rural survey are now in vogue: minute studies of local communities or differentiated factors within local communities and broad-gauged attempts to envisage mass-phenomena. Mr. Bizzell's volume falls within the latter type. He attempts to evaluate the elements which combine to form the agricultural processes of our largest commonwealth. Mr. Bizzell is not merely a life-long resident of Texas but his position as president of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College provides him with peculiar vantage-points. His leadership within the State, moreover, rests upon a consistent liberalism as a consequence of which his volume cannot be used as convention literature. Exploitation of natural resources, inadequate educational facilities, decline of the rural church, an antiquated constitution, farm tenancy, rural child labor, the incipient evils of industrialism—all of these negative elements are frankly faced but they are faced with the attitude of one who believes in the possibilities of correction and improvement. The total impression is that of a man who sees wholes as well as parts, of a sympathetic student who is incapable of cynicism.

The mere detailed facts of agricultural production are not proper subjects for criticism. What one wishes to know is the meaning of facts in terms of human purposes and social development. That peculiar type of farming which goes by the name of "ranching," for example, presents a series of problems which are alien to ordinary rural regions. During the last decade wages and salaries increased in Texas to the extent of 149.9 per cent and capital investment in manufacturing increased 106.6 per cent, while rents and taxes increased 303.9 per cent. Some meaning lies hidden in a set of facts of this sort; but what is it? White farm owners and tenants are equally divided, but there are more than twice as many Negro tenants as Negro owners. More than 67 per cent of the people of Texas live in rural areas, but 96 per cent of the telephones are used by city dwellers. Divorce is generally assumed to be an urban disease, but only two normal States (Nevada excluded) exceed the divorce rate of Texas. These illustrations have been selected at random for the purpose of indicating that social diagnosis must go beyond statistical analysis. One wishes that Mr. Bizzell had drawn more fully upon his personal convictions so that psychological hypotheses might have forced his facts into the mold of problems.

One of the most arresting agricultural facts connected with Texas relates to farm organizations. The Farmers' Alliance and the Farmers' Union, the two consistently radical farm organizations, originated in Texas. It is also true that a more effective alliance between farmers and laborers exists in this State than in any other. The cities of Texas are notoriously conservative, but the farmers represent a tradition of revolt. In the election of 1860, for instance, the Texas vote was given neither to Douglas, the regular Democratic candidate, nor to Breckinridge, the rump candidate, but to Bell, who was Samuel Houston's personal candidate. Perhaps the answer to many of the perplexing questions suggested by Mr. Bizzell's book may be found in the statement: Texas is too large to be regarded either as an economic or a social unit.

E. C. LINDEMAN

International Relations Section

A Bandit Caliph

By EMIL LENGYEL

SPANISH Morocco, the sorest spot along the Mediterranean, is to have a new caliph. Primo de Rivera, Spain's military dictator, is quoted by *l'Homme Libre* as having selected Raisuli, "Sultan of the Atlas Mountains," as the future head of Spain's African possessions.

Mulai ben Mohamed Raisuli possesses all the qualifications which make a good dynasty builder. Upon his command, his court-scientists discovered that he was a descendant of Mohammed the Prophet. He has been the most successful cattle thief and bandit of the Atlas Mountains and a specialist in kidnapping. His most famous exploit was the kidnapping of Ion Perdicaris, a wealthy American, which won him a pile of gold—paid by the Sultan of Morocco—the governorship of the Tangier district, and a place in American history when John Hay, Secretary of State, put the alternatives to the Sultan: "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." But for the strenuous opposition of Raisuli himself the second alternative would have been vastly more acceptable to the Sultan. The kidnappings of General Sir Harry A. McLean, commander of the British expeditionary forces in Morocco, and of Walter B. Harris, correspondent of the London *Times*, were financial and diplomatic successes that paved the way toward the realization of his ambition.

By the selection of a "strong man" as the native chief of the Spanish zone Primo de Rivera admits his inability to pacify Spain's Moroccan possessions. At the same time this step marks the culmination of a number of humiliating reverses in the Moroccan campaign which has cost Spain, in addition to tens of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of pesetas, a loss of diplomatic prestige.

The very fact that Spain had accepted a mandate from the great Powers over the territory known as the Spanish Moroccan zone had been considered by contemporary observers as a grave blunder. Had the motives of the donors been analyzed their magnanimity in extending to Spain an invitation to participate in the partition of Morocco would have aroused suspicion. Unmindful of the potential consequences Spain accepted the mandate, which her military leaders were inclined to consider as a compensation for the loss of their Cuban and Philippine possessions. Soon it developed, however, that the great Powers did not confer a favor upon Spain by letting her "conquer" the mandated territory. As it is a comparatively barren stretch of land with practically no means of communication, it has no commercial value for the invaders. The residents of this territory are mostly fierce native tribes which have considered the invasion of the Europeans as an encroachment upon their rights. Mentally, these tribes are in no wise inferior to the conquerors. Racially, they mostly belong to the Hamitic branch of white humanity mixed considerably with the blood of the Negroes of the African continent. In their impenetrable mountain retreats Berbers, Arabs, and a number of other tribes are living. When taking up the struggle against the European invaders they had the invaluable advantage of being thoroughly familiar with the map of their rugged country, while the Spanish *conquistadores* had only a vague idea of its topographical peculiarities.

Another handicap of Spanish colonization in Morocco has been the inefficiency of their army of occupation and the lack of colonizing ability on the part of the Spanish administrations. While the French Foreign Legion in the adjoining part of Morocco has been making a steady advance, coming to terms with the natives, if possible, or crushing them by sheer military superiority, if necessary, the Spanish army leaders have consistently applied the method of the iron fist without recourse to the alternative of peaceful penetration.

Despite all efforts of the Spanish military caste, for which the conquest of Morocco was a "question of honor" calculated to counterbalance the evil effects of the Cuban and Philippine defeats upon their reputation, the Spanish army has suffered one reverse after the other on African soil. The disaster at Anual in 1921 was one of the greatest catastrophes that have befallen the Spanish expeditionary forces. Whole battalions, excellently equipped with long-range cannon, tanks, and all the other blessings of a superior European civilization, were swept off the slopes of the Atlas Mountains and the swampy regions of Melilla. The immediate result of the defeat at Anual was that the Spanish Government instituted an investigation with a view to determining the responsibility. Discontent with the conduct of the Moroccan campaign grew louder in Spain but, due to Spanish conditions, popular indignation could not be vented either in the press or on the speakers' platforms. The so-called law of jurisdictions, passed in 1905, made the "defamation of the army" subject to prosecution by court martial. The army officers have wielded a formidable power which they exercised through semi-sovereign organizations, their *juntas*. Although, internally, these *juntas* have been rent by dissension and intrigues, they have put up a solid front against intervention from the outside.

The interference of the Government with the *juntas* was the primary motive of the revolt of the officers and of General Primo de Rivera's pronunciamento of September 13, 1923. The officers found that the civilians had become too troublesome and that they had asked many unnecessary questions.

As a consequence of the advent to power of the dictator, European public opinion anticipated a speedy end of the guerrilla warfare of the native tribes in Spanish Morocco. They thought that Primo de Rivera would simply chase the Moors out of the country into the Sahara Desert. Preparatory to a more intensive campaign in Morocco, additional troops were concentrated in Africa. Expenditures for the upkeep of the army increased. Spain's foreign debt rose to the impressive figure of twenty billion pesetas, while there was a shortage of money for the construction of the most indispensable railways and waterways in Spain itself. Despite all this feverish preparation news of the much-heralded victory did not come. When at last the news did come from Morocco in a roundabout way, due to the rigorous censorship to which the newspapers in Spain are subjected, it told of a defeat which was as disastrous as that suffered at Anual under the old regime. It told that the tribesmen of Abd-ul-Kerin of the Rif made a holocaust of Spanish soldiers in the Wad Kert region. More recent reports mention new defeats at Sidi Messuad, a place whose name is associated with sad memories in the Spanish army.

The dictator's Moroccan policy, in its international aspects, has been equally unsuccessful. Spain has long kept

a wistful eye on Tangier, the possession of which, Spanish statesmen thought, would give her a privileged position on the North African coast. When Primo de Rivera took control of the Government, he made some significant remarks which were interpreted as meaning that Spain had an exclusive right to Tangier. It was all the more surprising therefore that on December 18, 1923, the representative of the Spanish Government signed a provisional agreement in Paris which assured the supremacy of France in that important Moroccan seaport. According to the agreement, an International Legislative Control Commission takes charge of the administration of Tangier. The commission consists of twenty-six members, of whom only four are the representatives of Spain. The administrator of the port will be a Frenchman, who holds office for six years.

Concerning Spain's aspirations for the possession of Tangier, it is openly charged that the aggressive attitude of the Spanish militarists was responsible for the frustration of her long-cherished hopes. Rivera's bombastic talk about a "Latin bloc," comprising Italy and Spain, involved the possibility of their antagonistic attitude toward England as well as France, and the danger, in case of war, of the Latin bloc shutting the Mediterranean across the Balearic Islands (Gibraltar being in English hands, the Straits could not be closed either by Spain or Italy) brought England and France together in settling the Tangier problem. The supremacy of Spain in Tangier would have furthered the ends of the Latin bloc to the disadvantage of France and England.

Having come to grief with his Moroccan campaign and with his ambitious plans concerning Tangier, Primo de Rivera decided upon invoking the aid of Raisuli, the most powerful chieftain in the Atlas Mountains. Raisuli's candidacy for the dignity of the caliphate is interpreted as a step toward the vindication of the rights of a "subject race" in Spanish Morocco. It is appreciated, however, that real results cannot be obtained unless both the Spanish Government and Raisuli are sincere in their desire to pacify Morocco.

A serious difficulty which Raisuli's elevation to the caliphate has encountered is the opposition to his appointment by military leaders in the French part of Morocco. They are afraid, according to opinion in Spain, lest Raisuli may pacify the Spanish zone so thoroughly that it would not need French intervention at some future time. While the Moroccans are fighting in the neighboring zone with the bungling Spanish army, the French can push forward their front lines. The Spanish assert emphatically, and the French deny no less emphatically, that when the present task is finished the French Foreign Legion will cross the boundary line separating the two protectorates and will occupy Spanish Morocco. Liberal-minded Spanish statesmen have often voiced their conviction that Spain's services in the protectorate are needed by the great Powers only until the French have finished with their present job. This is one of the main arguments of the Spanish liberals in favor of a speedy evacuation of Morocco by the Spanish army.

Primo de Rivera's unexpected gesture in demanding the appointment of Raisuli as caliph is far from meaning his readiness to evacuate Morocco. It is the hopelessness of the situation on the Moroccan battlefield which compelled the dictator to make advances toward the natives with a view to having them participate in the administration of their own country.

The career of Mulai ben Mohamed Raisuli would be rounded off by his appointment to the caliphate. Formerly cattle thief and outlaw, he is now the most powerful sheik in the Atlas Mountains. His popularity is not overshadowed by that of any of his lesser rivals. The reports of his death which reappear almost every year in European newspapers, and the numerous offers he receives from moving-picture concerns to star in their productions, show that this picturesque ex-bandit stirs the imagination not only of the natives of Northern Africa but also of the inhabitants of other continents.

An Anglo-Italian Agreement in Jubaland

By GEORGE GLASGOW

London, May 29

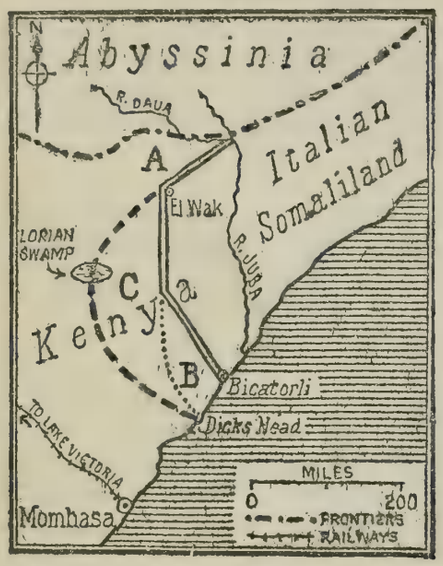
THE British Foreign Office announced on May 23 that as the result of direct negotiations between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Signor Mussolini it has been decided to conclude an agreement regarding Jubaland on the lines laid down by Lord Milner and Signor Scialoja in April, 1920, and that Italian experts would come to London at an early date to settle the terms with British experts.

That announcement marked the end of a controversy which has irritated Anglo-Italian relations ever since the armistice. The announcement of the success at last reached was of course deliberately delayed till the eve of the Royal Italian visit to London so that the maximum diplomatic capital could be extracted from it. The convention which will give the exact form to the agreement will be drawn up in London by the expert conference; but the principles of it have now been laid down.

The settlement is the direct outcome of an offer which was sent from London on April 3, to the effect that Great Britain was now willing to cede the Milner-Scialoja line in Jubaland as a full and final redemption of the British promise made in the Pact of London of 1915. Before the present Government came into office the Jubaland settlement was held up because of the British Government's refusal to divorce the two questions of Jubaland and the Dodecanese. Soon after the present Government was formed Mr. Ponsonby made a statement in the House of Commons that an early settlement of the Jubaland question could not be expected because Italy wanted to exclude the question of the Dodecanese from the negotiations.

The new British policy is simply an acceptance of the Italian desire for a Jubaland settlement on its merits, and without reference to the Dodecanese. The question was originally launched by the Pact of London of 1915, as a result of which Italy threw over the Triple Alliance and entered the war on the Allied side. Article 13 promised that in the event of Britain and France receiving territorial additions in Africa as a result of Allied victory, Italy might claim some equitable compensation, particularly as regards the settlement in her favor of the questions relative to the frontiers of the Italian colonies of Eritrea, Somaliland, and Libya, and the neighboring colonies belonging to France and Great Britain. As a step in the fulfilment of the Pact of London, the Treaty of Versailles, Article 119, transferred to the Allies all Germany's colonial rights for their disposal.

Since the armistice certain exchanges have taken place between Britain and Italy, during the course of which Italian claims have expanded. During the Paris Conference of 1919 Lord Milner, on behalf of the British Government, made an offer to Italy of a corner of Kenya Colony. (See the double line on the map.) It is important in the British view to keep the tribes under Italian jurisdiction quite separate from those under British jurisdiction. The Milner line was purposely drawn through desert country away from the wells. The Somaliland and Kenya tribes are in any case inclined to fight over the possession of the wells; they would be the more inclined if a new frontier were drawn which made it necessary for one or the other to cross the frontier for water.



In answer to the Milner proposal the Italian Government of Signor Scialoja suggested the expansion of the frontier so as to include the strips of territory marked A and B on the accompanying map. It was understood in April, 1920, when the Scialoja claim was made, that the British Government was willing to concede the strip B, and every British Government since then has informally maintained this position. The Italian Government at the same time dropped its claim to the strip A. Signor Mussolini made a further claim for a slice of territory (marked C on the map), which included the Lorian Swamp, which claim was refused on the following two grounds:

1. That if the claim were conceded the Kenya tribes would have to cross the frontier to obtain their water at the Lorian Swamp, and any conflicts that might arise would become not merely an inter-tribal affair but an international affair between Britain and Italy.

2. One of the main trade routes for Kenya passes through the territory C.

Hitherto both the British and Italian governments had wanted to interlock the Jubaland and Dodecanese problems, the British because of their interests as a Mediterranean Power and of their sense of the injustice done to Greece by the Italian occupation of the islands; the Italian because Signor Mussolini had revoked the promises to Greece, such as that of the Venizelos-Tittoni agreement, as a lever for exacting satisfaction elsewhere, especially in Jubaland. Early this year, however, Italian diplomacy began to regard the existing Italian hold over Rhodes as more attractive than any possible British concessions in Jubaland. This change made it easy and inevitable for Mr. MacDonald to give up the Dodecanese aspect of the question and to offer Italy the Scialoja (but not the Mussolini) line in Jubaland. This offer has now been accepted, and one European problem has been wiped from the slate. The question of the Ægean Islands, however, is left suspended and it is hoped that Italy will now settle with Greece.

SIX BORZOI NOVELS

SANDOVAL
by Thomas Beer
"A jewel of a book."—James Branch Cabell. "The best novel of the season."—Ernest Boyd, New York *Times*. 3rd Printing. $2.00

A MAN IN THE ZOO
by David Garnett
By the author of "Lady Into Fox." "Certain to enchant."—N. Y. *Times*. "A perfect story."—Laurence Stallings, N. Y. *World*. $1.75

AN ISLAND CHRONICLE
by William Cummings
"A book of great charm, unusual, individual, intensely human and has real literary quality."—The Baltimore *Sun*. $2.50

JANE—OUR STRANGER
by Mary Borden
The season's best in London. "A picture brilliantly and vividly drawn."—Rose Macaulay in the *Daily News* (London). 3rd Printing. $2.50

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE
by J. Anker Larsen
"One of the greatest novels of the century if not of all ages."—Brooklyn *Eagle*. "A modern epic."—Ernest Boyd, New York *Tribune*. $3.00

COUNTRY PEOPLE
by Ruth Suckow
"When you finish you feel you have grasped everything that life contains."—Harry Hansen, *Chicago Daily News*. 2nd Printing. $2.00

BORZOI BOOKS
ALFRED A. KNOPF
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
BORZOI BOOKS

Midol

headache
toothache
neuralgia

Does not affect the heart
Non habit forming

For Headache

General Drug Co.
94 N. Moore St., New York

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1924 No. 3080

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 57

EDITORIALS:
- The Disintegrating Democrats 60
- Forty Years Ago 61
- The Greatest Power in the World 61
- Exit 62

AN HONEST CONVENTION. By Oswald Garrison Villard 63

THAT MAN LA FOLLETTE. By William Hard 65

THE AGONY OF THE DEMOCRATS. By Hendrik Willem van Loon 66

THESE UNITED STATES—XLVII. VIRGINIA: A GENTLE DOMINION. By Douglas Freeman 68

NATIONAL FORESTS AND THE NORTHERN PACIFIC. By Edward Richards 71

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 73

CORRESPONDENCE 73

AFTER WINTER. By David Morton 76

BOOKS:
- A Fireside Puss. By Llewelyn Powys 76
- "The Fierce Year of Failure." By Charles H. Wager 77
- José Rizal. By Maximo M. Kalaw 77
- A History of Democracy. By Hubert Harrison 78
- The American Scene. By Alice Beal Parsons 78
- Daumier. By William H. Scheifley 79
- Acorns. By Gerald Hawes Carson 79
- Musicians Militant. By Henrietta Straus 80

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- Leon Trotzky—Down but Not Out. By Louis Fischer 81
- Private Trade in Soviet Russia 84

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN

FREDA KIRCHWEY, MANAGING EDITOR — IRITA VAN DOREN, LITERARY EDITOR

ISABEL LA MONTE, ADVERTISING MANAGER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS

ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has the sympathy of the entire nation in the loss of his sixteen-year-old son. The tragedy is the keener because Calvin Coolidge, Jr., stood just on the threshold of manhood and because from the first there was so little that medical science could do. Death came with appalling suddenness. The boy had been playing lawn tennis, and a blister developed on one foot. Blood poisoning set in, and nothing could stem it. A son of the President is not more important than any other boy to those who love him, but as the holder of a high office is inevitably the subject of sharp criticism for his public acts, so also in his personal grief he is rightfully the recipient of that common sympathy which is one of the best growths of our gregarious modern society.

THE EDUCATION OF ANDREW MELLON continues. Secretary Mellon's own Treasury Department has just released a batch of figures dealing with the income-tax receipts in 1922. When Mr. Mellon announced his famous tax plan last December it included a provision reducing the maximum surtax from 58 to 25 per cent. Explaining this, Mr. Mellon asserted that 10 per cent was probably the highest productive tax rate. Anything higher, he said, drove wealth into tax-exempt securities, and thereby reduced the tax yield. It is true that much capital has escaped taxation by investment in tax-exempt securities, and *The Nation* has repeatedly expressed the hope that Congress would find a way to plug this hole in the tax-collector's bag. It is not true that the hole is so big and so obvious that high surtaxes defeat their own purpose. Mr. Mellon argued, throughout his campaign for lower surtaxes, that the number of millionaires—indeed, the number of incomes over $300,000—had steadily declined from 1916 to 1921 because of increasing investment in "tax-exempts." When Senator Couzens asked for the figures for 1922 the Secretary replied that they were not available. We have them now. The net income of persons reporting incomes over $300,000 jumped to $365,000,000 in 1922, as against only $153,000,000 in 1921; the number of incomes over $300,000 was 537 as against 246; the number of persons reporting million-dollar incomes was 67 as against 21. On these increased incomes the surtaxes will be paid, and the Treasury will profit by it.

IS HENRY FORD TEACHING CALVIN COOLIDGE about conditions in Europe? Mr. Ford will be remembered as the gentleman who said that "history is bunk" and then proceeded to prove it by inventing history that unquestionably was bunk. His most celebrated historical invention was the Jewish protocols, which depicted the malign efforts of the mythical Elders of Zion to rule the world. A more recent invention of his has not attained the notoriety which it deserves. Mr. Ford, or at least his *Dearborn Independent*, has discovered the cause of the bob-haired bandit's banditry, and, presumably, of Leopold and Loeb's sadism. It is all a part of the process of revolutionary recruiting. "By bold and boastful confession of the present rulers of Russia," this ingenious fiction-writer asserts, "it is known" that "the most expert criminals of the world, most of whom are now officials of Soviet Russia," regularly held up trains and robbed banks "for the purpose of recruiting the revolutionary treasury." Thus, he says, the soviet revolution was financed. Now our stupid American police, faced by an alarming crime wave, plug along in the conviction that these are mere ordinary crimes, whereas perhaps, not to say obviously, they are but "part of the operations of the Treasury Department of the World Revolution." This, we submit, shows that Henry Ford's inventive mind has not lost its edge since the first "Tin Lizzie" astonished a complacent world.

"AN AUTHORIZED SPOKESMAN for the President" is the pleasant cloak with which the Washington correspondents disguise their weekly interviews with the President. It has obvious advantages—for the President. An "authorized spokesman" can be disavowed; it is not necessary, if the President change his mind, to cry "liar" in the fashion of the late Theodore Roosevelt. The "authorized spokesman" this time had been disturbed by reports that Mr. Coolidge might feel disposed to recognize Russia after the election. The American Government, he

said, is today further from recognition than it was six months ago. Russia, it seems, is still a land of horrors. Whether Mr. Ford, or that other bogyman, Charles Evans Hughes, LL.D., told the "spokesman" we do not know, but it seems that Russia is in a bad way. The crops are bad, the Government is bad, and business is bad. Worst of all, the Government is not helping the profiteers. It has, the "spokesman" asserts with horror, been guilty of "failure to take foreign trade out of the hands of the Government and place it under private control." Speculators have been punished, he reports, and the grisly old stalking-horse of "revolutionary propaganda in the United States" (financed by the bandits?) is solemnly trotted out of its stable. It sounds like the State Department reports of the imminent fall of the Bolsheviks in 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, and presumably like its reports for decades to come.

MORE SINISTER MEANINGS, however, can be read between the lines of the "authorized spokesman." He made it plain enough that we were using our non-recognition as a weapon, attempting to force Russia to abandon government control and give private profit-seeking enterprise a freer chance to make money. The old slogans of the weakness of the Soviet Government and of revolutionary propaganda are still muttered, but without the air of conviction; the essential complaint is the plea for private profits. Another sinister paragraph "presumes" that France will show the same concern as the United States for private property-rights. This, coming on the heels of reports that Herriot was planning French recognition of Russia, is significant indeed. France owes us money and wants liberal treatment; and France knows how to take a diplomatic hint. This hint, however, does not exhaust the offensive role of our State Department. China and Russia recently negotiated a treaty of friendship, which included certain arrangements regarding the Russian Embassy in Peking and the Chinese Eastern Railroad in Manchuria. Promptly our bolshevik-eating Secretary of State got busy. The Powers, which had held the embassy in trust since the departure of the Kerensky representative, refused to surrender it; and Mr. Hughes protested against the railroad arrangement. He still stubbornly refuses to recognize the seven-year-old Government of Russia; he hints to France that she had better not recognize it; he tries to keep China and Russia from friendly relations—all this in the name of the United States. We call it dirty work.

RUMANIA HAS NATIONALIZED ITS OIL WELLS. It is a limited measure of nationalization, including a degree of compensation to former owners, but it cuts into the profits of the speculators who bought out the old German oil concessions in days when Rumania's future was uncertain. Our Mr. Hughes is indefatigably on the job. Witness this dispatch, which speaks for itself:

Special to The New York Times.

Washington, July 6.—Peter Augustus Jay, the American Minister at Bucharest, has been ordered back to this country to report on the oil situation in Rumania.

It was made clear that the diplomat had not been directed to sever his relations with the Rumanian Government. At the same time the officials indicated that the State Department wished to be fully informed as to the restrictions recently imposed upon American oil companies and therefore it was desirable that Mr. Jay report in person.

MEXICO HAS COMPILED a list of 350 isolated cases of Mexican citizens killed in our border States during the years 1915-21. The list, it is explained, is incomplete but typical. Together with claims for damages, including losses to commerce and the killing of several hundred Mexicans, during the occupation of Vera Cruz in 1914, this list will be presented to the Mexican-American Claims Commission which is about to meet in Washington. It is a healthy thing for a nation which throbs with front-page indignation whenever an American profiteer is shot in China or imprisoned in Mexico, to get acquainted with its own record in dealing with aliens. We seem totally to have lost the capacity to see ourselves as others see us. Claims like that of Mexico may help us to see the other side of the looking-glass. If Japan should really carry through the threatened boycott of American goods; if Soviet Russia should really enforce discriminations against citizens of countries which, like the United States, discriminate against her; if Italy and Poland and Argentina should force American travelers to undergo the kind of humiliations which we impose upon visitors to our shores, it would do us good. The minority of Americans who travel abroad has already learned to regret the high American visa fees, because European countries have properly retorted by charging Americans five times as much for their visas as they charge other people. When Americans abroad have enough such difficulties they will spread the news at home and, perhaps, promote a decenter attitude toward aliens here.

BANK CIRCULARS are always entertaining, and frequently instructive, reading. The comments of the National City Bank on the discussion, apropos of the bonus, of the injustice of conscripting men, not capital, are particularly illuminating. "The right to call upon [the nation's] citizens for military service always has been recognized," the bank says, but "there is danger of governmental authority and management breaking down if extended. . . . Outside the field where military discipline is practicable and under conditions where millions of individuals are to be stimulated to unusual efforts, *financial rewards have been found to be the most effective means of obtaining results.*" In other words, business is business, even in war time. Conscript men, mobilize industry for the next war, but do not forget that although ordinary men will fight and die for nothing, business men won't even carry on as usual without their "financial rewards."

MR. GOMPERS, we are glad to note, refuses to be a catspaw in the attempt to ruin the workers' movement in Porto Rico. We commented recently on the union of the two old parties against the Socialists (with whom one of the old parties had been working) and their dispatch of a letter to Mr. Gompers urging him to depose Senator Iglesias as head of the American Federation of Labor of Porto Rico because Mr. Iglesias is also leader of the Socialists. The idea of breaking up the Socialist movement, which polled a fifth of the votes in the insular election of 1920 and is the chief hope of raising the degraded standard of living in the island to something approaching our own, emanated chiefly from John W. Weeks. The Secretary of War has had no time to ferret out the war grafters and is himself in a most compromising position in regard to two notorious frauds, but he has an abundance of leisure for

helping his investment-banker friends to preserve medieval labor conditions in our colonies. Fortunately, though, Mr. Gompers has seen through the skilful attempt to use his anti-radical prejudices to undermine Senator Iglesias. In replying to the leaders of the Unionist-Republican alliance he declares his "absolute confidence in the integrity of Santiago Iglesias to serve the people of Porto Rico," adding that he cannot express "the same estimate of your . . . conduct."

"RECOGNIZING THAT AN INDUSTRY should assume responsibility to its workers with regard to employment and should bear the burden of the hazards of unemployment"—thus begins the significant clause of an agreement to enforce which the New York cloth hat and cap makers of New York City have just gone on strike. The workers in the garment trades are forcing their employers to stabilize and regularize their industry. In European countries the state has taken the lead in establishing unemployment insurance funds. In this country the Jewish workers have given the movement its drive. That industrial statesman, Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, established unemployment insurance in his industry in Chicago; thence it spread to Rochester; and a rapid strike has just led to acceptance of the principle in New York City. The cap-makers have it in St. Paul and are introducing it in New York, and Governor Smith's mediation commission recommends further study of it for the ladies' garment industry. Some day the efficiency experts will wake up and discover their work being done by the unions.

TOO MANY SO-CALLED PEACE SOCIETIES reveal a disappointing flabbiness in war time. However admirable the sentiments they may have expressed in days of quiet, as soon as the guns begin to shoot their characteristic slogan is "No one can hate war more than I do, but ——." The English Peace Society was no exception. One may therefore interpret it as a sign of grace that it has just elected as its president such a man as Edward T. John. Its new head is a sturdy Welshman who was for some years a Liberal M.P., but is now one of the leaders of the Labor Party in the Principality. In his inaugural address Mr. John made the ingenious suggestion that the total expenditure upon armaments should be restricted to the proceeds of the super-tax, while the death duties should be exclusively devoted to the provision of an adequate sinking fund. Thus both the capital cost of past wars and the entire cost of present war preparations would be placed upon the broad shoulders of wealth, with the result that pacifism would rapidly become really fashionable. Too adroit a scheme, no doubt, but it is surely wholesome to emphasize the cost of war. Mr. John, who is one of the most persistent advocates of Home Rule for Wales, further predicted that if the Welsh people once acquired self-governing powers equal to those of the Irish Free State they would refuse to give any aid to war preparations.

SOMETIMES the much-abused technicalities of the law prove beneficent—even to a poor newspaper editor. Ernest Judet, editor of the *Eclair* of Paris, was tried last year on a charge of giving information to the enemy during the war. He was acquitted, but, as he had previously been a fugitive from justice, court costs of 53,000 francs, which his absence occasioned, were assessed against him, although he had returned voluntarily to face trial. Last month, on appeal, the court reduced the 53,000 francs to the more modest sum of 64 francs—an amount within even an editor's means, at least on pay day. In taking this action the learned judges held that, according to the niceties of the law, the expenses incurred because of Mr. Judet's absence from the country when the prosecution was begun meant only the cost of the ancient custom of sending a trumpeter to blow a loud brass summons outside of the last known address of the accused. We commend this simple and inexpensive technique to the American courts as superior to our method of issuing scores of papers to be served by gumshoe detectives. Its efficiency is attested by history, the Good Book assuring us that Joshua, with the sound of a trumpet, caused the wall of Jericho to "fall down flat." But perhaps our learned judges would object that this brass blast would sound too much like some of their decisions.

TERENCE V. POWDERLY died in Washington the other day almost unknown and forgotten. Forty years ago he was a power in American life. For fourteen years he was master workman of the Knights of Labor, leader, in his prime, of 700,000 organized workmen. Few labor leaders retain their leadership, like Samuel Gompers, into old age; most suffer the proverbial ingratitude of democracies. Powderly outlived his movement. Not many labor leaders today know his name; most would be surprised to hear that a Labor Party candidate had been thrice elected mayor of Scranton, as Powderly was in 1878, 1880, and 1882. Labor does not honor its past; labor papers are born and die whose editors never suspect that Boston had a labor daily in the sixties. The Knights of Labor gave way to the better organized and less vaguely idealistic Federation in the early nineties; Powderly took a government job and became a Republican Party orator—and the news of his death sounds like a moan from a musty encyclopedia.

IT IS REFRESHING to turn from a Washington of half-baked politicians and incompetent chair-warmers to a man in the government service who was a master of his craft, who because of his knowledge, his skill, and his dependability was leaned on and retained in office by administration after administration. Such was Alvey A. Adee, who has just died in harness after having served the Department of State since 1869—as its Second Assistant Secretary since President Cleveland appointed him to that post in 1886. Meanwhile showy men higher up have come and gone: men who made public speeches, got their photographs in the newspapers, and—came to Mr. Adee when they wanted to know something. Mr. Adee held himself aloof from partisan politics, and as a skilled linguist and a master of the detail of diplomacy he was invaluable alike to Democrats and Republicans. He was the recognized authority on international etiquette and usage, and was relied upon to put into final form important state papers. On several different occasions he was Acting Secretary of State. He was a type common abroad but almost unique in the upper posts of our own government—a permanent official who supplied the continuity between administrations. All this Mr. Adee did for a salary at the highest of $4,500 a year, while glorified office boys were receiving five times as much in the business world to sit in easy chairs and look important.

The Disintegrating Democrats

THE deadlock of the Democratic Convention has been far more significant than appears on its face. Even the most superficial observers have seen that the struggle went much further than the rivalry of two men and that Mr. McAdoo's cry that it was a renewal of the old contest between Wall Street and the progressives of the Democratic Party was beside the mark. Wall Street, as we have repeatedly pointed out, *is* bitterly hostile to Mr. McAdoo and ardently opposes him wherever it can. But there is much more to the struggle than this. The real revelation of the convention is after all the growing contest and antagonism within the party which leads one to wonder whether it is not the Democratic Party rather than the Republican which will be the first to collapse. It is easy to assume that the party of Coolidge and Harding, and of Borah, Norris, and La Follette will disintegrate first because of the never-ceasing progressive ferment within its ranks; but what has happened in New York makes one believe that the process of disintegration is even further along among the Democrats.

It is true, of course, that in certain States the Democratic Party is already virtually dead—Minnesota, for instance; Wisconsin, and North Dakota. There its failure to identify itself with agrarian reform, to make the cause of the farmer its own, has reduced it to the condition of the Republican Party in Florida or Mississippi. These are, none the less, local phenomena. What Madison Square Garden has been registering is the cleavage of the party along graver lines. *The Nation* from its earliest days has stressed the fact that there is little hope of making a really progressive party out of the Democracy as long as it is tied up with the South. Mr. Wilson achieved much and gave the party a forward-looking program, yet his experiment lasted hardly long enough for him to prove that the South could be held in line for really progressive social policies—its hostile attitude on child labor is suggestive enough. Again, there is the clash between the Catholic part of the Democracy, particularly strong in the large cities, and the bigotedly Protestant members of the party North, South, East, and West. Then there is the conflict between the "wet" cities and the "dry" countryfolk. The opposition to Governor Smith by no means related solely to his religion—the delegates from New England and Middle Western States saw in him not merely a Catholic but a "wet," and more than that a member of Tammany Hall. When we enter the economic field the explanation of the growing lukewarmness of the party in the matter of tariff reform is clearly enough found in the rapid industrialization of the South. Where there are factories in large numbers there is always a belief that the government should regularize profits by means of tariff wars. No one can deny the growing clash of interest between the farmers and the manufacturers.

Whether these differences are reconcilable remains to be seen. We cannot quite follow our distinguished staff contributor, Hendrik van Loon, in his suggestion that we may be witnessing the birth of a Catholic Party in America. If that is to come to pass it is still some distance off—may the day never arrive! But as the power of the local organizations in the great cities grows there can be no doubt that Catholic influence will similarly increase. Tammany Hall was never so well intrenched or on such good terms with the national leaders of the party as today, and George Brennan of Chicago, the Catholic leader of the Democracy in that city, is rapidly becoming a dominant factor. To keep such a diversified party with such conflicting interests alive and united might well tax the genius of really great leaders. It becomes almost impossible when in addition to the lack of outstanding leadership there are no real principles to differentiate the party from its chief rival.

Some of these causes of the cleavage in the Democratic Party apply equally to the Republican. The latter is, for instance, not united on the question of prohibition. But that is only another reason why the two older parties should fuse at an early date. Many reactionaries, like Mr. Frank A. Munsey, are already admitting that there is no longer sufficient difference between them to keep them apart. What we need, as *The Nation* has so often pointed out, is a new alignment, a new division along the lines of progress and those of conservatism. What count now are economic issues, not the purely political; and this not only in America but all over the world. The La Follette convention had earnestness and vigor and life because it had clear-cut economic views and desires, not strikingly radical ones, by any means, but sufficiently advanced to make its deliberations contrast extraordinarily with the lifelessness of the Democratic and Republican conventions. Those parties are tied to the past, to the dead past, and no honest and intelligent observer of their gathering could feel else than that they needed some revolution to reinvigorate them, to give them a purpose and a program. They must clean their Augean stables; men must come to the front inspired by something more than mere office-seeking or office-broking. Those who are alarmed by the arrival of a third party and desire the continuance of the two-party system should use their utmost efforts to bring about a union between what is left of the Democratic and Republican machines. There would then be two genuinely opposed parties.

It is our earnest belief that the coming campaign will take us far along in this direction. Party ties sit more lightly upon the electorate than ever before in our history. Multitudes will leave the Democratic Party because of the record made in this last convention, some because they are outraged by the failure to denounce the Klan by name, others because of their disappointment in the defeat of Governor Smith, still others because of the conflict of interests and aims. So far from opposing the coming of the La Follette movement, the older parties ought to welcome it. Heaven knows they need the stimulus of its existence! They ought to be taught that the masses will no longer swallow the old bait; that the name of a party no longer has in itself the power to conjure personal allegiance. If that lesson can be driven home by the election, if millions of votes can be piled up for Mr. La Follette and the cause for which he stands, we may expect to see such a wreck of the Democratic Party, at least, as will make it either seek a new birth or transfer its fragments to its old rival, between which and it there exists today not a single fundamental difference, not a single consistent variation in principle.

Forty Years Ago

THE present Democratic Party looks back enthusiastically to its resurrection forty years ago, when Grover Cleveland was nominated and elected. It is surprising to thumb over the platform of 1884 and discover how vividly it emphasizes issues which are thrown in our faces in the declarations of this year 1924. The corruption of the Republican Party and the reduction of war taxes are given as prominent a place in the platform of 1884 as in that of 1924. There had been an era of unexampled graft and fraud during the previous decade of Republicanism, and this was the best ammunition of the Democrats forty years ago as it is likely to be in the present campaign. One reads in the platform of 1884:

> The frauds and jobbery which have been brought to light in every department of the Government are sufficient to have called for reform within the Republican Party; yet those in authority, made reckless by the long possession of power, have succumbed to its corrupting influence, and have placed in nomination a ticket against which the independent portion of the party are in revolt.

Yet despite such similarities in the platforms of 1884 and 1924 there are greater differences. The most outstanding one is the increased importance of economic issues. More than half of this year's Democratic platform relates to economic questions, beginning with the tariff and taxation and going on to agricultural relief, the railroads, Muscle Shoals, the deflation policy of the Federal Reserve Board, reclamation, conservation, highways, mining, the merchant marine, inland waterways, flood control, the improvement of navigation, the enforcement of anti-monopoly laws, corporate regulation, the treatment of labor, and child welfare. Turn from this formidable list to the platform of 1884 and one finds there scarcely half a dozen slight declarations on economic topics. Taxes and tariff are present; like the poor, we have them always with us, and perhaps our unwillingness to do anything adequate about either is one reason why the poor are likely to remain with us.

But beyond tariff and taxation there is little of an economic nature in the platform of 1884. There is a vague reference to the merchant marine (forty years has not made this more coherent). There is a declaration against "sumptuary laws." There is a statement favoring a stable currency. The only inland waterway that the Democrats of 1884 could envisage was the Mississippi River, and apart from favoring its improvement the platform is silent on the subject. Railroads are mentioned only in connection with a vigorous denunciation of the Republicans for having given to them most of the public lands. It is interesting how this great question of the disposition of government land has now almost ceased to be an issue, most of the land having long since been recklessly disposed of. In place of public lands to give away, we now are obliged to turn our attention to reclamation and conservation—matters then undreamed of. Striking also is the absence in the platform of forty years ago of vivid concern over the growth of corporate power. Although one finds a sentence favoring whatever "will tend to the equitable distribution of property, to the prevention of monopoly, and to the strict enforcement of individual rights against corporate abuses," the declaration concludes with a pious assertion that "the welfare of society depends upon a scrupulous regard for the rights of property as defined by law." Nothing more.

The phrase "child welfare" would hardly have been understood in 1884, and although the declarations of the Democratic platform on labor in 1924 are unsatisfactory and inconsequential, those of 1884 were even more hesitant and meaningless. "We favor the repeal of all laws restricting the free action of labor, and the enactment of laws by which labor organizations may be incorporated, and of all such legislation as will tend to enlighten the people as to the true relations of labor and capital," said the platform of 1884.

Yes, the Democratic platform of this year presents a striking contrast to that of forty years ago in its recognition of the importance of economic issues; in that way it is abreast of the times. But although it recognizes these issues, it proposes little that is vital or progressive toward their solution. There the Democrats are almost as palsied and fearful as the Republicans. For anything hopeful in this direction we must turn away from both old parties toward the forces that are gathering under La Follette.

The Greatest Power in the World

THE British in India are faced with an enemy stronger and more baffling than all the armies of Christendom, an enemy that is wholly immune to machine-guns and cannot be held behind bars. Their enemy is a power of human personality so direct and simple that the subtleties of governmental policy do not touch it, so flaming and fanatical that violence and physical force are weak in its presence. It can be likened to the faith that sent the early Christians singing to a ghastly death, or the Quakers to persecution and exile. Government departments—especially colonial offices—find it extremely difficult to believe in this sort of power and impossible to understand or deal with it.

In India the effect of Mahatma Gandhi's leadership has been much more than the development of a clever technique of passive resistance to unjust authority—the weapon of a weak people. He has worked a psychological miracle. To a people of rather unstable nervous disposition, mystical and brooding and easily swayed, he has brought integration and strength. Unlike most radical leaders and with a wisdom beyond political expediency, he has as far as possible left the roots of the people undisturbed in the customs and religion that have nourished them. And he has made his revolution grow out of these roots. Where mass movements in the Western world deal largely in gestures of violence and in the outward manifestations of solidarity and independence, in the Indian Nationalist movement a process of inner regeneration keeps step with the progress of outer rebellion.

In recent issues of *The Nation* we have described the amazing development of the Akali struggle which has combined a fight against corruption and the dominance of British influence in the sect itself with a strong Nationalistic opposition. We have printed the story of the Jathas, processions of unresisting, unarmed men—India's fighting men—marching to possess their sacred grounds and the shrines of their faith, and falling dead by hundreds before the guns and clubs of the British defenders of order and property.

An even more impressive spectacle is the present

movement among the Hindu passive resisters to override and abolish the caste restrictions which have held men apart even in the Nationalist ranks. For many years in the common struggle caste lines have been growing less sharp; but the vast class of "untouchables" has stood as a mocking symbol of the slow growth of Indian democracy. The untouchables are the lowest caste in the Hindu community. They may be degraded and ignorant; they may be educated professional men. In either case they are confronted with a system of restrictions and taboos to which they must submit. There are streets they may not walk through, offices they may not fill, acts of submission they must perform. And all forms of social intercourse are prohibited with members of the higher caste, who will not even touch their humble brothers. Gandhi has always opposed this separation although it is obvious that an actual change in practice yould involve a social upheaval as profound as the Russian Revolution.

A beginning has been made, however, and as usual the power of British authority is on the side of the old order, in spite of a formal opposition to the caste system which has brought no actual change in all the years of British control. The movement to end the stigma of untouchability has developed inside the ranks of the higher-caste Hindu passive resisters. These young revolutionaries deliberately broke the sacred taboos. The consequences are described by C. F. Andrews, whose remarkable letters appear in the *Manchester Guardian* and the New York *World:*

> The young high-caste Hindus with their untouchable fellow-countrymen endeavored to enter the public street which leads to the Vaikom Temple. The police intervened and arrested them. At their trial they pleaded guilty of attempting to break down the barrier of untouchability. . . . They were sent to prison with six months' imprisonment each.
>
> Others immediately took their place, and these were in turn arrested. . . . But when the stream of those who were eager to court imprisonment appeared to be continuous the state government authorities suddenly changed their mode of procedure. They barricaded the road and left a police guard to prevent anyone from getting over. This was immediately answered by a hunger-strike on the part of those who were endeavoring to enter the prohibited area. At the end of the day six of the passive resisters fainted. They had remained in the blazing sun uncovered and had refused to take either water or food. The news of this was cabled throughout the length and breadth of India. Mahatama Gandhi telegraphed at once: "Omit fasting; but stand or sit in relays with quiet submission till arrested." His order was immediately obeyed, and the deadlock still continues. The police continue to keep guard; the passive resisters continue to offer themselves for arrest. . . . Already the patience and forbearance of the passive resisters has had its effect upon the Brahmins not merely in Vaikom but in every part of India where their privileged position had been acknowledged.

If the fight against slavery in the United States had been born among the slave-owning aristocrats of the South, if they had submitted to arrest and faced death to make their black brothers free and equal, we would have something like an American parallel to this movement in India. But the Indian movement is even more impressive since the power of religious dogma stands back of the social and economic interests involved. As we watch the effort for equality and human happiness grow and flower under the whip of oppression and foreign dominance, and as we watch it droop in the countries able to dominate and oppress, we sometimes feel that the best fate we could ask for a nation would be the tempering and wisdom that comes from failure and long endurance.

Exit

THE retirement of Brander Matthews from the professorship of dramatic literature at Columbia University rings down the curtain on an interesting drama in the history of American education. His appointment, a generation ago, brought to Columbia an impressive element of that quality which was in time to make it the most worldly of the universities. As an undergraduate, he has told in his memoirs, he read the Greek and Latin dramatists without once having it impressed upon him that they ever wrote for the stage. But he had gone into the world and had come into close touch with the theater and with journalism. He had polished his French by conversations with Coquelin and had begun the studies which made him the first American expert in the modern French stage; in England he had been associated with a brilliant period of the *Saturday Review* and had been forced to define his own Americanism by becoming aware of it against a British background. Called to his professorship, he glittered on his city campus, a wit among the scholars, though also a scholar himself. He was enough of a pioneer to do battle for international copyright and for simplified spelling, to stress in all seasons the need and advantage of the study of American literature, and to point out, perhaps in too many seasons, that literature and plays are not the same thing. Now that he is retiring, though he leaves no single professor quite equal to taking up his full task, he leaves many in many universities who are engaged in it.

His attitude toward the stage is typical of his whole career, and of its influence. All the smart young playwrights, said some one a decade or so ago, were "brandered by the same Matthews." From him they learned to distrust closet dramas, the bastards in blank verse and unwieldy acts and scenes which pretended to the throne of literature in an unpropitious time; learned to study the tricks and devices of the actual stage and to think in terms of audience and box office. Professor Matthews, and his followers after him, liked the "well-made play," and they, if not he, made it a fetish. Such a program was tempting, particularly so long as there was a contemporary dearth of plays which had any real literary merit. It fortified the playwrights and critics in their instinct to see a necessity as a virtue. The plays of his earlier years as a professor could not be read, but some of them could be played; it seemed therefore the part of wisdom to examine them not as masterpieces but as theater-pieces. When later a new age of drama dawned, the followers of Professor Matthews were some of them not ready for it. They kept on talking about Pinero when there was a Shaw to talk about.

To put it briefly, Professor Matthews came upon the stage of American education at a time when the drama to have depth was expected to have dulness. He helped to banish dulness, but he also helped to bring it to the surface, to make it alert. That is no longer all the drama needs. It must, as it lately shows a tendency to do, find its depths again. His influence will have been most useful if it proves to have made it more difficult for drama to be dull.

An Honest Convention

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Cleveland, July 6

FOR President: Robert M. La Follette. Twelve hundred delegates to this Convention for Progressive Political Action and nine thousand spectators have ratified this nomination with an enthusiasm so earnest, so spontaneous, so sincere that the most callous metropolitan correspondents have recorded the proceedings with complete respect and also, be it gratefully recorded, with complete fidelity to the truth. So the man from Wisconsin, hated, despised, abused, and derided; the man whom some of his associates tried six years ago to drive out of the Senate as a pacifist and pro-German, has received the highest compliment which could be paid to him short of the Presidency itself. Moreover, no one could survey the group assembled here and not feel that the honor was a far greater one than if it had come from the Republican or Democratic party. Here were no political bosses, no ward heelers, no Harry Daughertys, no Tom Taggarts, and no Henry Cabot Lodges—just twelve hundred plain people come together under labor-union auspices to take their stand and say: "God helping us, we can do no other—if we would keep our self-respect and be true to our Americanism."

The Senator

The spirit of it all could not but impress. There was no such hysteria, no such wild and passionate singing of hymns, no such outbursts of rage, and no such delirious enthusiasm as marked the Roosevelt Progressive convention of 1912. There were moments when this convention was exceedingly tame, yes, dull. It lacked the presence of a magnetic leader; there was less of the revivalist meeting about it than might have been expected. But these delegates knew what they wanted and whom they wanted. They brought with them—the bulk of them—a profound loyalty to Robert La Follette and a quiet determination which in the long run ought to mean more than the high tide of political passion which surged about the popular but self-seeking leader of 1912, only to subside utterly when he detached himself from it four years later. True, many of these railroad brotherhood delegates still long to vote for William G. McAdoo—grateful memories of what he did to improve their conditions of living when Director General of Railways block their understanding of the gravity of the scandals which have lately become associated with his name. But the bulk of the delegates—all of those outside of the brotherhoods—came to give their whole-souled allegiance to Robert La Follette, and were quite willing that he and his friends should run the convention. They were interested in what he had to say to them, but he might have said varying and different things, for these men and women represented a conscious craving for something else than the self-seeking and hypocrisy and prostitution of the two old parties. They were not asking how few they were or how many, or how rich or how poor. They were there to protest; to give proof of their belief that a way can be found out of the thraldom of the American electorate to two corrupt and debased political machines, a way by which the electorate can record its positive wishes instead of being eternally compelled to reprobate the party in power only by putting out one set of scoundrelly politicians and putting in an even more rascally lot.

This gathering was not even a cross-section of the whole labor movement. Only one colored man sat in that large audience, and in no sense did the women play the part that should have been theirs. The embattled farmers were but sparsely represented—as Senator Frazier put it, they are "broke" and could not come. Only one or two representatives of the liberal intelligentsia who are ready to fight the people's battles hand in hand with labor were allowed to reach the speakers' platform. Yet for all this, the convention stirred one's faith in democracy. Coming as I did from the stupid exhibition of the Democratic convention, it was like entering green fields and pastures new. It seemed impossible that this was the same hall in which only three weeks ago man after man had stood up and lied so wantonly and so impiously about the Republican Party and its Calvin Coolidge as to make one wonder why the roof did not fall upon them all. Sincerity, earnestness, honesty—these were the qualities which ruled this protestant convention. Other qualities might have been helpful, too. But here was the search for truth which makes men free; here was a refusal to remain longer in bondage to a dead and festering past; here was the ambition to lead and to find new ways to serve. And so those who beheld, even when they were there for reasons of duty alone, were compelled to respect when they could not sympathize. Not one newspaper man present, so far as I am aware, tried to poke fun or to ridicule or to distort. The usual references to the "wild-eyed and long-haired fanatics" are in the editorial pages but not in the news columns.

La Follette's convention it was, of course, ready to obey his slightest wish. People said it was steam-rollered. Yes, undoubtedly. But what relief after Madison Square Garden to find leadership and a clear-cut program; to find a definite job done in a definite way! Moreover the steam-rollering was not for ulterior purposes, but to expedite business. It did not choke off debate altogether, and the resolutions committee went beyond the La Follette platform in the resolutions that it reported—one resolution, offered from the floor, was overwhelmingly adopted. There might well have been more debate on the platform, but the net result was far beyond expectations. There were rocks and reefs in sight at the beginning upon which this new political craft might have been wrecked or torn its bottom out. Indeed, the first day it looked as if it would be impossible

to avoid striking one or two shoals, yet the convention ended with a harmony and satisfaction that gratified everybody. True, there was great disappointment that the convention itself was not allowed to nominate the Vice-President from the floor; the choice was left to "Bob" and the National Committee. Though there was considerable feeling that if the convention had left anything more to Robert La Follette it would have stultified itself, the final belief was that more had been achieved and more easily than was to have been expected when the delegates representing such varied groups and opinions first assembled.

There were the Socialists, for instance. It looked for a time as if they would not agree to La Follette's proposal to defer the organization of a third party until later and to run as an independent. There were many ardent Socialists who felt that this was abandoning their party and its principles; that it meant giving up all that they had been able to hold on to after the war-wreck of their party. Yet the necessary sacrifice for the sake of advancing the liberal cause and of recognizing the leadership of Robert La Follette was forthcoming. It was a memorable event to see Morris Hillquit standing up to announce the adherence of his party to what may really spell the end of the organized Socialist Party in the United States. Of course, there will be those to ask maliciously what becomes now of the class struggle, and to gibe at the Marxians for striking hands with the bourgeoisie. But it seemed to most of us who observed it an extraordinary piece of political wisdom and selfless patriotism. The tremendous ovation which Morris Hillquit received showed clearly enough that the delegates realized the significance of the sacrifice which the Socialists were making in behalf of a united liberal front. The Farmer-Labor Party, too, fell in line, and when it became evident that the Ku Klux Klan issue was not to be brought up, the success of the meeting was assured. While I myself feel that it would have been better for the convention to have taken a position on the Ku Klux Klan, not merely because it would have meant hundreds of thousands of votes for the ticket, particularly in New York, but for moral reasons as well, the leaders took the position that the situation in Cleveland was unlike that facing the older parties. They were founding a new movement, not speaking for an organization which, like the Democratic Party in the South and the Republican in Indiana, is at death grips with the Klan organization at various points. Moreover, the leaders wanted nothing done that would detract from a realization in the country that this movement concerns itself primarily with economic evils and secondarily with Mr. La Follette's candidacy. This argument may be sound. It does not apply, however, to the convention's inexcusable failure to advocate the recognition of Russia.

Morris Hillquit—Socialist

The unity achieved here is all the more remarkable because it cannot be said that the message which Robert La Follette sent to the convention was a forward-looking economic document. It had fine passages and was admirably read by Robert M. La Follette, Jr., in his first public appearance, but embodied no new economic ideas. It seemed to many of us that it was harking back a long way to return to the enforcement of the Sherman anti-trust act and to call for the criminal prosecution of those who indulge in monopoly or trade agreements. Our economic and industrial situation has gone far beyond the imprisonment of a few trust heads and the dissolution of a few more trusts so that their individual parts may wax greater than ever by arriving at the same result in other ways. We cannot return to the era of small businesses if we would. It would have been far more effective had the Senator confined his statement to two foolscap sheets of typewriting and put in the forefront one or two of his planks, such as the government ownership of all water-power and superpower undertakings, and government ownership of railroads. These are the planks of which Wall Street is really afraid; they are the weapons with which the defenses of the enemy may most rapidly be breached and entered. But Mr. La Follette's form of expression is always lengthy and he has to fight in this way—with what effectiveness our readers may judge as they ponder upon the extraordinary return to political favor of a man who was a greater social and political leper during the war than even Ramsay MacDonald himself. La Follette is what he is, and the convention thanked God for him, and put off the forming of a new party until next January to oblige him. Everybody felt that the need of the hour was to build at once around this man's candidacy, to use it as a test of the extent of the popular dissatisfaction and the public's readiness for a liberal advance, to make him the rallying point for the millions who desire a better and nobler and juster America and then, out of the enthusiasms engendered by the campaign, to lay the cornerstone of a third party.

The whole fight over whether the convention should build a party now or later seemed to me to be splitting hairs except in the case of the Socialists, where there was so much at stake. In the coming campaign the various dissenting groups will be welded together by State campaign committees; those groups will learn to know and to respect one another, and win a sense of comradeship and a solidarity which can come only out of the heat of an electoral battle jointly risked and jointly borne. By November there will be a machinery created ready at hand if it is to be made permanent after the method of the older party organizations. And if it is then decided not to weld it into a rigid political form there will still remain an enormous body of enthusiasm, great cohorts of men and women inspired by the sense of fighting unselfishly the economic battles of all. That is the priceless thing which liberals are going to gain from the candidacy of Robert La Follette.

Some of the speeches were indubitably dull, but there were several notable utterances. Peter Witt stirred the audience in high degree by his passionate appeal for a new dispensation, by his caustic references to the war that was to safeguard democracy and not only did not safeguard it here, but so gravely jeopardized our liberties and rights and put back democracy for decades. There is a man for you; there is one of Tom Johnson's boys who has not sold his soul for political office like other sons of Cleveland and Ohio. Then Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch most effectively

gave us the link with the past and the woman's message which the occasion demanded, while William Pickens, himself a brilliant Negro graduate of Yale, brought to the convention a message from last week's Philadelphia convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to the effect that the colored man is beginning to see that his hope and his future do not lie with Democrats or Republicans, but with the new alignment in which labor, both colored and white, in true and united brotherhood, must bear the brunt of the fighting. Then came the most thrilling touch of all. Max Swerin, a student of the University of Chicago, came forward to offer a resolution which the Chairman did not wish to entertain lest it open the gates to a flood of additional resolutions more or less extraneous. Mr. Swerin asked that the convention censure that precious bit of Prussianism and militarism, the coming mobilization day on September 12. His courage and eloquence overbore points of order, cries of "sit down" and "shut up," the hesitancy of the Chairman to let him speak on. Without the aid of the amplifier he made the delegates and the galleries hear—I saw the galleries flash into united applause when he declared that he made his appeal against this preparation for and incitement to the next war, this effort to militarize the spirit of the country, on behalf of the youth of America. He won his fight. His resolution of censure adopted by the delegates will go to John W. Weeks as the expression of as earnest and fine a body of American men and women as were ever brought together under a convention roof, and so superior to the puppets of John W. Weeks's party as to make them seem of a different tribe, if not of a different people.

What lies before the new party in this campaign? Who can answer? A myriad factors will enter into the struggle. Much depends upon the outcome of the Democratic Convention, much upon the progress of events. Astoundingly optimistic this group is; the number of States carried in conversation here is amazing. I would make only one prophecy: The size of the La Follette vote will astound the country, and by fall the professional politicians will be taking the movement so seriously as to concentrate their fire upon it. The rest is on the laps of the gods. The greatest hope that I have is based on the fact that, unlike the Roosevelt Progressive Party, this movement has come from underneath, out of the ranks of labor, from those men and women who are among the worst exploited of our countrymen.

That Man La Follette

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THIS writer takes a most special pleasure in pointing out to his readers that he has been right all along in saying that Robert Marion La Follette is not a modernistic or futuristic or cubistic statesman.

William Z. Foster, head of the Communist Workers Party in America, agrees with this writer on this point.

Mr. Foster came to Cleveland to see the La Follette convention there last week. A doorkeeper, recognizing him, would not let him into the hall even as a spectator. He retired to a hotel. This writer happened upon him in the lobby. "What did you think of the La Follette message to the convention?" said this writer.

This writer, if he may be permitted for a moment to express his own view of that message, wishes to say that he thought the main burden of it splendid. He thought it splendid because it contained nothing but the antique.

It said, in sum, that all would be well in the United States if only we would all desist from conspiracies in restraint of trade and would all compete with one another without conspiracies leading to monopolies. Adam Smith could have done no better.

This writer, being an infatuated individualist, applauded heartily.

He applauded particularly heartily because La Follette's message was delivered to the convention so superbly by La Follette's son, Bob, junior.

That young man has his father's fire along with a comfortable amused humor which his father, if he has it, keeps carefully concealed within the recesses of his most intimate family life.

Young Bob captivated the convention. He read with such spirit! He smiled with such charm! He was the perfect picture of youth as gallantry and as fun.

He could have got many votes in the convention if he had announced himself as a candidate for Vice-President on the ticket of La Follette and La Follette.

Yes, this writer liked that message.

He admits that in the course of it La Follette indorsed the Wisconsin State Republican platform, which approves public ownership of water-power and which also approves government ownership of railroads as "the only final solution of the transportation problem."

He admits further that Oswald Garrison Villard approves government ownership of railroads not only as the final but as the immediate solution of the transportation problem.

He notes, however, that public ownership of public utilities—such as water-power and railroads—is thoroughly consistent with the highest and most active individualism in industry itself, that is, in all manufacturing and merchandising.

He notes further that it can be—and, of course, is—claimed for public ownership of public utilities that through providing an absolutely neutral and impartial service of transportation and of power it will actually stimulate individualism in industry.

He hopes it may. He certainly sees clearly that La Follette hopes it may.

In fact, he contends that it is perfectly clear from La Follette's message to the Cleveland convention that in the mass of working life—that is, in all working life outside of the relatively narrow area of the public utilities—La Follette is not only an individualist but an intense and aggressive individualist.

His key sentence was: "To break the power of the private monopoly system over the economic and political

life of the American people is the one paramount issue of the 1924 campaign."

But how break it?

By transforming the private monopoly power into a public monopoly power?

Not at all.

How break it? By enforcing—says La Follette—the criminal as well as the civil sections of the anti-trust laws.

Well, the criminal sections exist. Who can maintain that sections which exist, of a law which exists, should not be enforced?

La Follette's central proposition in this campaign, really, if one cares to put it that way, is simply law enforcement.

(Wayne B. Wheeler and Gifford Pinchot, when you go to the polls, do your duty! Sherman wrote a law, as well as Volstead.)

So that's that. La Follette's principal stand in 1924 is on the Sherman law of 1890.

Note now, however, the charming gap between the temper of La Follette and the temper of his various and different followers.

His followers in the Cleveland convention adopted a platform in which they demanded (among other things) that "a direct route from the farm producer to the city consumer" should be provided through the creation of "a government marketing corporation."

This would mean that the government would come along and buy an egg or a cabbage from a farmer and convey it "direct" (with the well-known directness of all governmental operations) to the wife of the workingman in her city kitchen.

A nice broad sweeping idea! But does it occur, does anything like it occur, in La Follette's long comprehensive message to the Cleveland convention?

It certainly does not, and, in fact, the contrary of it occurs. The utmost play that La Follette in his message gives to the government in relation to the farmer is that the government should "aid" the farmer to organize and develop a "national cooperative marketing system"; and then La Follette immediately describes that system in the following two phrases:

One. "Under the control of the farmers themselves";

Two. "Free from interference by the government or its agencies."

"Free from interference!"

Dear fellow-citizen, you who are supporting La Follette, if you think that La Follette will lead you into a bureaucratic heaven where the government will wipe your nose and pin a rose on you all the time, you are grossly deceiving yourself.

William Z. Foster is not deceived. He is a good socialistic, communistic, governmentalistic, bureaucratic person. "How did you like it?" said this writer to him.

Mr. Foster said: "The La Follette message is the most reactionary document of the year."

Sure! It will be equally despised by the Russian Soviet Republic and the United States Steel Corporation. They are modern. This backward-looking writer liked it pretty well.

The Agony of the Democrats

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

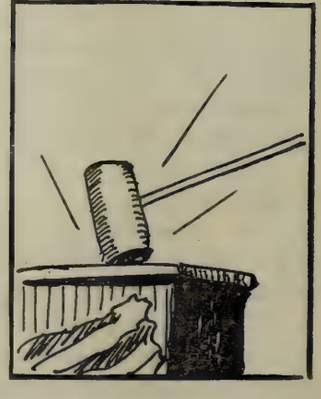
Madison Square Garden, Monday, July 7

THE Western Union and Postal Telegraph have provided us with a liberal supply of free writing paper. I shall steal some and try to keep a running diary of what is happening or about to happen. I hope that this is the last day, for I am about ready to quit. It is beginning to be lonely in the press gallery.

This morning I met a man who is in the Undertakers' Supply Business. I said to him: "What in Heaven's name are you doing here?" "Well," he answered, "it is this way. I used to be a newspaper man. But when Munsey spoiled our job I went in for business and I have done quite nicely so far. But I still know the game and six of my friends are sick. Just down and out from this show. I am doing their stint for them. On carbons. Six at a time. They doctor it up a bit and send it out as their own stuff. Fine idea. Isn't it?"

There is more truth than poetry in this merry statement. Many people have been taken ill, and no doubt it is the air. I notice that ten minutes or so after you get to the Garden the bronchial tubes begin to show signs of distress. After half an hour the discomfort turns into a very unpleasant pain. A ride on top of a bus will remove the complaint. All the same I am convinced that a cubic inch of Garden air on the morning of the twelfth day would contain enough bugs to keep all the Rockefeller Institute men happy for the rest of their natural lives.

In this atmosphere we sit and take ballots. I have lost count. All I know is that we are taking ballots. When a ballot has been taken Chairman Walsh takes his little hammer and plays woodpecker. "Peck . . . peck . . . peck," with fine regular intervals, "peck . . . peck . . . peck. The total number of delegates present is umtedee. The total number of votes necessary for nomination is umtedoodle. None of the candidates having obtained the necessary number of votes the clerk will now call the roll." Then the clerk gets up and reels off: "Alabama umptedoo votes." Then from the floor of the convention comes a small voice (or a gruff voice, or a woman's voice, or a kid's voice): "Aalabam umptedan votes for Toodledoodle!" There is a faint clapping of hands. A bum in the gallery howls: "Toodledoodle oiiiil. . . ." The Chairman asks the visitors to remember that they are gentlemen. There is



loud laughter. The clerk reads: "Arkansas, umpteding votes." Then from the floor of the convention comes a shrill voice (or a gruff voice, or a woman's voice, or a kid's voice): "Arkansaw casts umptedong votes for Blah-Blah!" There is a faint clapping of hands. A bum in the gallery howls, . . . etc., etc. Convention without end! World without end! O Lord, deliver us from this plague! . . . "California, wah-wah votes." From the floor of the convention. . . .

The Lord does not answer our prayers. California is actually casting votes for some one or other. I look around for moral support. But the other trained seals are gone. They have done their little job. They have written their seven or eight articles as per contract. By this time they are after other fish in more pleasant waters. Their seats have been taken by those Tammany henchmen who think that they are doing the cause of true religious liberty some good by howling down the friends of McAdoo. It is a strange world. Brother Smith, supported by New England Calvinists, standing as the champion of tolerance in a hall packed with the camp-followers of Tammany, professional Irish, red-faced and blatant, giving a fine display of that dull obstinacy which goes by the name of "loyalty to the Chief"; rowdies; pickpockets; the flying army forever at the disposal of a New York ward boss; a motley crowd of overfed young roughnecks, in trick clothes and dinky straw hats, friends of the doorkeepers, who say: "Sure, Mickey, you are a nice fellow. You don't need a ticket. Go right in and make yerself at home and don't forget Al."

They are not forgetting Al. Nor will Al ever forget them. In years to come he will look back upon this episode in his life when he was mighty near the front entrance of a certain house on F Street, Washington, D. C., and when his friends in sheer exuberance of good Hibernian feeling dug a neat little grave and dumped their hero into it with the full benefit of that clergy which is present in such large numbers that the hall sometimes looks more like an Œcumenical Council than a mere political convention.

These are harsh words, but I am trying to keep within those bounds of decency prescribed by the editorial rules of a family journal. By nature, by education, by instinct, by everything I ever had, have, or hope to get, I am against the principles of the Klan. They are the francs-tireurs of peace. No! They are much worse. The franc-tireur, even if he placed himself outside the law of nations (such as it is) fought in the open. I beg his pardon for having mentioned him in connection with the cowardly horde of hooded bullies. And anyway I am too tired and too disgusted with this whole performance to write straight English or make an attempt at elegance. Let me try and state in a few plain words what I have got to say.

The main issue in this meeting was the position of the Klan. No government can hope to survive that allows a secret society to establish a state within a state. This is no great and new truth evolved during the hours of boredom of the last week. The Greeks knew it. The Babylonians knew it. Noah would not stand for it in the Ark. It is as old as the hills. Older even. I have looked upon the bright faces of the "diligates" from Texas and Missouri and by a private process of necromancy I have not wished them well. I have once more been forced to gaze upon the smug countenance of William Jennings Bryan, and I have tried to remember the dictates of my grandmother who taught me that one must respect age. It is the only thing I can find to respect in the famous delegate from the State of Florida. In short I have sat here and I have detested the works of the Kleagles as whole-heartedly as any of my neighbors, and let us state, in honor of our much-abused fraternity, that not one newspaperman in a thousand has a good word to say for the noble Knights of the Bed-Sheet. And then to discover that the other side is every way as stupid, as bigoted, as despicable in its methods; to find, from actual experience, that the Clan-na-Gael is not a whit better than the Ku Klux Klan, that every appeal of the Kluxers to mob-spirit is immediately offset by a similar move on the part of the Irish-Catholics, who have established a regime of Schrecklichkeit in the galleries—all this is a sad blow to a hopeful young mind which still believed in Santa Claus and was convinced of the ultimate victory of righteousness.

For eight days I have listened to fine flights of oratory denouncing the wicked sins of the Republican Party, promising the Kingdom of Heaven if only the Democrats were given a chance. . . . Given a chance, indeed! They were given a hundred chances right here and failed miserably.

Last Friday or thereabouts I found the lord of *The Nation's* domains eating an apple in the press gallery, and he spake thus: "I have got to go to Cleveland. Art Young has gone back to the country. Lewis is chasing Injuns in Saskatchewan. Bill Hard is somewhere. I wish that you would stay here and report the final break. It must come some time. And it would be nice if the readers of *The Nation* were given a first-hand description of that momentous and historical occurrence." I said that I would stay. I now renig on the promise. If the readers of *The Nation* are curious about the rest of the Democratic Convention of the year of grace 1924, I refer them to Victor Hugo. He has left us a fine description of how life is lived in the sewers.

These United States—XLVII*

VIRGINIA: A Gentle Dominion

By DOUGLAS FREEMAN

VIRGINIA buried her beloved at Appomattox, as her sons stood by, very ragged. All that she was, all that she hoped, all in which she had taken pride she told herself she had interred there. But it was spring for her sons, plowing-season, and they were hungry. They tramped back home and fortunately found in the reclamation of stumpy fields and neglected meadows an outlet for their grief. They thought of the past as seldom as they might and talked of it scarcely at all. It was five years before they had the farm in order, ten before they had any leisure, twenty before they possessed any money, thirty before they were measurably prosperous as their fathers had been in 1860. After the Spanish-American war—they never knew why—they could paint the house and buy a new surrey and take the wife to town for her shopping twice a year. By 1905 they began to argue whether it would not be possible to send the girl as well as the boy to college.

Since then there has been plenty. The village no longer looks as though its solitary street were a streamer of crape on the door of the landscape. The countryside is not quite trim, as yet, but has brightened immeasurably. The "Eastern Shore"—which comprises the two counties between the Chesapeake and the ocean—has become one of the richest agricultural communities in the United States. The Shenandoah Valley is white with apple blossoms almost as soon as the snow is gone. The section beyond the New River, "the gre-e-at Southwest," as its residents proudly style it, finds double wealth in its coal mines and in its export cattle, fattened on a very luxuriant blue grass. The people of the "Southside" counties, between the James River and the North Carolina line, are improving yearly the quality of their tobacco, and if they succeed in raising the early cotton they have planted experimentally they will rival the Carolina farmers, whom they now envy. Cooperative marketing is slowly taking hold, though eyed doubtfully by some bankers and vigorously fought by rich warehousemen. The breeding of stock has improved so much that the scrub, Pennyroyal bull now belongs with the bear that has disappeared from the mountains and the deer that has been killed in the swamps. Enough has been done to furnish abundant themes for the writers of booster-literature and to pile up statistics that sprain the backs of the graphs official bureaus delight to draw. Virginia's sons and their sons after them have done a brave, clean job since Appomattox.

The Mother herself, Virginia, went straight from Appomattox to the old house that typified the civilization that had perished. She climbed to the second-story bedroom; she pulled down the blinds and through the darkness of reconstruction sat in her mourning. She would put out the Southern flag on May 30 and go down to the porch when the veterans passed by on the way to reunions; she never missed a session of the U. D. C. and tended a booth in the old-fashioned bazaar that was held to raise money for another Confederate monument. She went to church and sat very quietly in the ancestral pew, though perhaps she could not bring herself to say Amen at the end of the prayer for the President of the United States and all others in authority. Sometimes she walked in the garden. But her thoughts were still of the war between the States. She could not forget and she had no desire to forget its triumphs and its agony. Her face has been turned to the past. Without pose or ostentation (those who are noisy have simply married into the family and do not understand), without making a fetish of her veil or a spectacle of her tears, Virginia has been "in deep mourning."

While the Widow has been lamenting in the front chamber upstairs, her daughters have been receiving new callers in the drawing-room and her sons have been paying court in strange parlors. Society has changed vastly during the great lady's widowhood—has changed so much, in fact, that she is beginning to doubt herself ever so little when daily she replies to a daughter's mention of a visitor's name with her emphatic, "Why, my dear child, I never heard of him; who was his grandfather?"

Names and blood still count in Virginia, but lack of them handicaps a man less in acquiring social position than possession of them aids him in preserving it. A few who have ancestry and no money keep their place; many who have money and no ancestry make their place. Even in Richmond, where the doors of the Monday German once were unlocked only for those who had as many quarterings as an officer in the bodyguard of a Bourbon, the daughter of the rich newcomer always is invited after two or three years and, a little later, her mother and father. "He's rich" is now an apologia for many shortcomings. Now and again there is scandalized squawking when a nobody wins the heart of an old aristocrat's daughter; but the girl seldom loses caste and the boy may gain. Where a great lady rules, why should not there be matriarchy? Nothing better illustrates the slow effacing of the old hard lines than that unless a union is hopeless the station of man and wife in a few years becomes that of the more distinguished of the two, be it that of the man or that of the woman. The old mercantile aristocracy of the cities died with the industrial era to which it belonged. Not one name in ten that appear in the list of those who entertained Lafayette, or were the familiars of John Marshall, or even of those on whom Jefferson Davis called when visiting in Virginia cities after the war is heard now at social functions. Many of the greatest lines are near extinction. General Robert E. Lee had three sons and four daughters. There survive only one grandson, two granddaughters, one great-granddaughter, and one great-grandson. This is characteristic. Cynics have affirmed that if two or three families of great planters had not been inexhaustibly prolific and had not intermarried early and widely, genealogists would have to despair of proving descent from early colonial times, except, of course, for the goodly host of those who possess, or think they possess, some of the blood of Pocahontas.

In rural Virginia the old aristocracy still clings to a few of its ancient seats, such as Shirley on the James and Mount Airy on the Rappahannock, but elsewhere it has per-

* Reproduction forbidden. Quotation limited to 300 words. Copyright, 1924, The Nation, Inc. All rights reserved.

ished or migrated and has had no successor. Nowhere in the South is the passing of the old order more manifest than in certain of the older counties, lower Hanover or King William, for example. Some of the old mansions remain, though fire has claimed more; but these often are habited by people ignorant of the history of the houses in which they dwell. One gets almost the impression that plague or an approaching army had driven the natives before it and that after years of decay another race has moved in.

With the lesser aristocracy and the middle classes the change has not been so great. Where the family was numerous it often happened that some of the sons went to the cities while the others remained at the "home place." Twenty years ago fully half the urban population in this way had kin in the country. Now the ties have been broken —one reason, this, for the sharpened legislative antagonisms between town and country. In the social life of the farmers much depends on the extent to which the old families have held on. There still are districts where some of the planters do not call on neighbors who are as prosperous as themselves but do not have a like background. Elsewhere the rural church has worked for democracy in the leveling of the old barriers. Even the aliens who occasionally settle in the counties gradually are made welcome in the homes of the neighborhood if they are well-behaved. Usually, however, there is one generation of something very much like probation: after that the son goes where the father might not. Conditions in the country on the whole are destructive of the aristocratic tradition. It is hard to be socially exclusive where neighbors are few and solitude wears down pride as well as nerves.

An element fast increasing in some parts of rural Virginia is that of the city-dweller, the son or grandson of a planter, who buys himself a country home which he uses part of the year. In northern Virginia, around Leesburg and Middleburg particularly, and in the beautiful foothills between the homes of Jefferson and Madison, are numerous colonies of these reformed burghers who spend on the land the money they make in trade. Sometimes these men attempt to figure in the political life of the county, but more frequently they consort with their kind. They are welcomed by the small farmer, who sells them his produce or his labor at prices well above the market, but they are jealously eyed by the larger planter, whose sun they dim and whose colored farmhands they hire at prices the "practical" farmer cannot pay. Not infrequently some wealthy man from the North or from the West, with a liking for the historical and with a desire to found a family, will purchase one of the large and famous estates and will make a theatrical attempt to lead the life of which he has read in a levant-bound life of Washington. Where taste and tact are sustained by patience and a purse some of these efforts to recreate the spacious style of the eighteenth century do not fail altogether of their purpose. Where any of the essentials is lacking the outcome is comical.

The last of the great social raconteurs, Captain W. Gordon McCabe, is dead. The great foil for his wit, Major Robert W. Hunter, preceded him a full ten years. The "old Virginia gentleman" is very rarely seen. Even his conscious imitators are no longer numerous. Not often does one hear, as at old court days, the orator who climbs vocally skyward, after the fashion of the preacher reading the hymn in Tom Sawyer and then suddenly drops to the lower register with an inflection for which there is no better name than the colloquial "curling." The old-time lawyer, the fabled country doctor, the kindly old "mammies," the dignified house-servants live now only in the stories of Thomas Nelson Page and his school.

One type there is that still links the great Widow with her past. It is a type seen often in Virginia cities and every Sunday in the country. On Franklin Street in Richmond, of a Monday afternoon, one may observe a dozen exemplars. They are the little old ladies, dressed inconspicuously in black, who trip to the Woman's Club, hear a program, sip their tea, and then, grasping their handbags tightly, trot home again. Some are widows, but most of them are the unmarried daughters of well-to-do business men of the last generation. They grew to womanhood in the seventies. Men were scarce then. Thousands of the young Virginians who should have been wooing them were moldering bones on the battlefields of the war between the States, or else, if spared, had given up hope in the Old Dominion and had sought a livelihood where cities were not in ashes and farmers' fields were not burrowed with trenches. Many of the young women of that day married men not worthy of them. Many others had no lovers. They stayed on in their fathers' houses until their parents died and then they went to reside with kinspeople or had a spinster cousin of like temperament come to live with them. They use the old furniture and read the old books and adhere to the old fashions and think the old thoughts. They are given to charity, they write regularly to all their relatives, and they know what is happening in the homes of all their friends. To sit for an hour with one of these women and to hear her talk of "Pa" and of "Ma"—for they cling to the eighteenth-century pronunciation—is to agree that the women are the great social conservators. Virginia society in its distinctive sense would have breathed its last long ago but for the little old ladies.

Numerous as the changes in society have been during Virginia's widowhood the essential quality of social life, which is the fundamental characteristic of the people, remains precisely what it was when General Lee was its incarnation. That quality is consideration for the feelings of other people. A man may be fairly sure in Virginia of a courteous answer to his inquiries and of a friendly reply to his greeting. Whether a mountaineer on the side of a wretched little clearing or the inheritor of a great name chatting over his first editions, the average Virginian displays an inherited thoughtfulness for the sensibilities of another. He dislikes to say unpleasant things or to touch a sore spot, and he is equally anxious not to have his own bruises handled or his own feelings hurt. All this sounds very much like boasting that lacks the very quality it describes; yet there is no understanding Virginia, and her people's courtesy, their reserve, and their sense of values unless one realizes that an atmosphere of good-will and friendliness is prized above industrial advance or agricultural progress.

Consideration is certainly one of several explanations of the comparative amity between employer and employee in Virginia. Their relationship rests on the first law of the South—that a white man is a white man and must be treated as such regardless of his station. A certain deference, a noticeable restraint in manner, is to be observed in the bearing of the manager to the workers. There is little swearing or shouting and, more often than not, the delib-

erate use of "Mister" when the operative is addressed. Carelessness in these matters or neglect of the consideration the employee demands as a white man would cause him to quit his job instantly and would lead to a strike as readily as any difference over wages or hours would.

Consideration enters into the treatment of the Negro to an extent that may not be credited by some readers. The Virginia Negro is the blue-blood of his race and has behind him nearly a century more of life on the continent than have most colored people of the cotton belt. Many Virginia Negroes are the descendants of seventeenth-century slaves; perhaps the majority date their American "line" from around 1750. After that date Virginia did not willingly import any blacks. From 1800 onward there was a rather steady southward movement of slaves. The manner, the bearing, and the intelligence of the Negroes of Virginia so definitely exhibit the benefits of their longer residence in America that it is surprising no ethnologist has studied them. They have advanced splendidly in many ways. Stephen Graham found them, as Olmstead had sixty-five years before, indisputably the most prosperous of their race in the South. They have their social strata, their clubs, their fraternal organizations, their vigorous churches, their stores, their doctors and dentists, and even their banks, though these last, it must be admitted sorrowfully, are entirely too prone to fail. In education they are zealous and persistent. They have not yet been allowed in the rural districts properly trained teachers, suitable school-buildings, or a session of decent length; but in the cities they have all these and have made the most of them. In one Virginia town, not long ago, it was discovered that a larger percentage of beginner-pupils among colored girls than among white boys was continuing through to graduation from the high school. But the colored people have more than physical aids to self-help. They have the moral support of nearly all the whites; and though the point of contact is of course the point of friction, they understand and are understood far better than is generally believed in the North. It is commonly said in Virginia that if the State were free alike from the racial involvements of the North and from the troubles of the Gulf States the two races could live side by side through the centuries and have no strife. Lynchings are rare and are a humiliation to the white people. Justice at the law is meted out to the colored man—justice with consideration.

In politics, too, there is consideration, perhaps too much of it, in fact, but less justice. The State has been unswervingly Democratic since the Civil War, though prior to that time it was often contested hotly by the Whigs. The disfranchisement of the Negro under the constitution of 1902 has not led many white men to change their politics. A few manufacturers and bankers have concluded that their economic interest lies with the Republicans. An occasional seeker after place and an infrequent tuft-hunter goes over. Now and again protestants abstain from voting or even support a Republican candidate when the Democratic nominee is notoriously feeble. In the southwestern counties, where slavery was never seated and where few Negroes have settled, the Republicans are in the majority and are fought with weapons of many forgings. Many State offices go to the exacting and hungry Democrats of this district, the Ninth, to strengthen them in their warfare with the "heathen." Elsewhere in Virginia men accept the Democratic Party as they do their religious affiliation—chiefly by inheritance. Perhaps unjust tax laws may force a political uprising. Otherwise it seems probable that for the next ten years whatever is done for progress in Virginia must be begun within the Democratic ranks. The primary must take the place of the general election. The equivalent of the bi-partisan system must be sought, as far as may be, between the factions of the Democratic Party.

These factions follow the world-round cleavage, so old that it might be called geologically political, of conservative and liberal. In the factional war the peculiar quality of the people, that same good-natured consideration, makes it difficult for liberals to get results. The conservatives, who form the State Democratic "machine," are generaled by those who want office and will work for it. The liberals suffer from a lack of leadership because those who are qualified for office do not as a rule desire it and will not bestir themselves to win it. Then, too, the conservatives have a disconcerting way of conquering their conquerors. With the single exception of former Governor Westmoreland Davis, father of the very excellent Virginia budget law, every liberal who has defeated the machine in recent years has been won over to the conservatives or else has been silenced by the consideration they have shown him. The directors of the machine, furthermore, are cautious. The Juggernaut car is not used for political joy-riding. They seldom attack unless they are assailed or find their political structure endangered. Their success is usually not difficult, for nine times in ten it involves nothing more than defeating the bills the liberals introduce.

Besides, when it is hard put, the machine can mobilize most effectively for government of the cities by the counties, through the courthouse "rings." Every county in Virginia has a clerk of its court, a sheriff, a treasurer, and one or more commissioners of the revenue, the officers who assess taxes. These are all elective. They work together. They are sociable and friendly as a rule; they know virtually everyone in the county. They lend money and give advice. They are almost the only officials in the county who are permanently employed, and they are well paid by a vicious system of fees that liberals vainly have sought to destroy. Naturally the county "ring" has a community of interest. As the members of the "ring" or their deputies are moving about constantly, and as politics is as much their sport as it is their business, they are always recruiting their ranks, reclaiming deserters, and disciplining the unruly. With their kinsfolk, their debtors, their friends, and their henchmen these engaging gentlemen muster a vote definitely ponderable in a State where the franchise is the privilege of the few and is not exercised by all of them.

Here is the skeleton in the great Widow's closet. In order to exclude the Negro from the polls the framers of the present constitution of Virginia set *chevaux de frise* of qualifications in the voter's way. He must reside in the State two years, in the county or city one year, in the precinct thirty days; he must apply for registration in his own handwriting and must be able to explain a section of the constitution if asked to do so; he must pay a poll tax of $1.50 six months in advance of the election in which he wishes to participate. This last requirement is the stake on which the slow-footed are impaled. Nobody ever seems to remember from year to year when the six months begin or end. The newspapers diligently print "boxes" and occasionaly "streamers" of warning. Organizations remind

their members. The unions suspend those who do not qualify. But the indifferent citizen is negligent, pays his tax too late, and if he goes to the polls in resentmnet of some political outrage is told he is not on the book. There must be hundreds in Virginia who have not had a voice in choosing a candidate since the constitution of 1902—a curious sunset document of another age—became operative. Thousands who are able to vote may reason that the candidates are all decent men or that it is no use wasting one's time in voting against the machine's favorite, who is certain to win. Personalities in campaigns are barred by unwritten law. Consideration shows itself in a sharp reaction to the side of a man who is too vigorously assailed, either by his opponent or by the newspapers. The result is that a State of 2,300,000 does not poll in the average Democratic primary more than 150,000 votes. In the general election the number will not exceed from 200,000 to 230,000. The counties rule even as they are ruled by the county "rings." The "green terror" of which Joseph Caillaux writes so speciously in France does not fall very far short of reality in Virginia. It is all a political curiosity—a people too considerate of office-holders to overcome the phalanx office-holders are careful to muster. Of course, consideration is not all. Qualification is a barrier. Indifference is a killing obstacle in the way. Pride in the past, a belief that a State which has been well governed heretofore will be governed equally well in the future—this enters largely.

What does the future hold? The Widow will not take off her weeds until all those who have memory of the war between the States, even as children, have gone with the elders. As long as there are a dozen Confederate veterans in Virginia they will meet in annual reunion. Their daughters will erect more monuments. Their sons will read Confederate history and will teach it to their children. Their grandsons in their first school-speeches will call the roll of great Virginians. The influence of General Lee will remain in splendid potency. All this is certain. But for the rest, is Virginia ever to be "great again" in General Lee's own words? Great in agriculture she can be, though never among the first dozen States. Great in commerce she may be, if the Hampton Roads are utilized by American shippers. Whether she is great in achievement, great in the bearing of intellectual leaders, great in service to the country as one of the few States that remain predominantly of British stock—whether she ever is great again in this fullest sense depends on her ability to make her superb history dynamic through the new educational movement that is the hope of every progressive Virginian. In 1860 Virginia had the most adequate system of colleges in the United States, with the largest attendance per 1,000 of population. She must have for the future a system not inferior to the best. Her public schools must be in kind. Her history must be for inspiration rather than for contemplation. It is not enough to say: "We have Abraham to our father."

National Forests and the Northern Pacific

By EDWARD RICHARDS

IN spite of political appearances and campaign utterances, oil is not the only natural resource, belonging to the nation, which has been attacked. In 1921 an attempt was made to undermine the present effective and efficient control of the national forests. At that time several bills were introduced into Congress providing for what seemed on the face of it a harmless change in the administrative control of the Forest Service. These bills called for the transfer of the Forest Service—including all of its resources in the way of appropriations, personnel, etc., as well as of all the national forests under its care—from the United States Department of Agriculture to the United States Department of the Interior. Secretary Fall was Secretary of the Interior at that time and if these seemingly harmless and apparently unimportant bills had passed, there is every reason to believe that much of the nationally owned supply of timber contained in the national forests both in the United States and in Alaska would have gone the same way as has the oil of Teapot Dome and the California Oil Reserve. Only the extreme alertness of those interested in the welfare of the forests of the nation, followed and headed up by the energetic action of the technically trained foresters who knew the situation and understood what was going on, prevented the passage of these bills by arousing public sentiment against them.

Now it is not realized by the general public, especially in the East, that the national forests contain anything that is worth having from an economic point of view. Most people think of them as a kind of park system similar to the Yellowstone Park—a nice place to go to for a trip. Beautiful scenery, big mountains, blue lakes, speckled trout make up the mental picture of the national forests in most people's minds. But for a moment let us glance at the facts concerning these national forests. Take their size and number. Including the two Alaskan forests there are 148 of them, covering in all slightly over 245,000 square miles. To make this area seem more real, it may be said that it exceeds by a considerable margin the total area of the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and Virginia, and the District of Columbia. Much of this huge area is not covered by actual forest growth, a considerable part of it being grazing land and high, barren mountain tops, but even with these deductions the large size of the national forest property can be seen. Or take the quality of forests which they contain. On parts of this area stand some of the very finest virgin forests that ever grew on this continent. In Alaska, for example, the forests of Sitka spruce are as fine as or finer than any spruce forests on earth, while in the Northwestern States the stands of Douglas fir and yellow pine now found on the national forests are in many places second to none. Nor is the grazing land wasted, for in the year ended June 30, 1921, these lands supported a total of 2,050,715 cattle, 78,871 horses, 3,177 hogs, 7,412,412 sheep, and 43,190 goats, for which grazing fees were payable to the Forest Service of $2,415,-618. In addition to the timber and the grazing, the water-power available in the national forests and the recreational values in the form of fish and game, camping grounds, etc., show the worth of this great national resource. And for upwards of twenty-five years these properties have been not only set aside for the people of the United States as a whole, but have been cared for with a zeal and a devotion to

the public welfare on the part of the United States Forest Service that is beyond all praise. Great strides have been made in preventing forest fires, in improving the grazing, in seeing that the timber, whenever cut, is removed in such a way that new forest growth comes in afterward, and in opening up the country by establishing roads, trails, camping sites, and other facilities for the public. In a nutshell, the policies of Roosevelt and Pinchot, of managing the national forests for the permanent public use of the citizens of the United States, have been faithfully put into actual practice.

The most immediate assault upon this great national resource does not, however, come through legislative channels but as an outcome of a land grant made in 1864, sixty years ago. This grant was made to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company for the purpose of enabling them to construct a railroad from Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast, and consisted of all the odd-numbered non-mineral sections of public land (a section equals one mile square) in two strips each forty miles wide, one on each side of the main line of the railroad throughout its entire length, or a strip totaling 80 miles in all. This 80-mile belt was known as the "primary limits" of the grant. Outside of this 80-mile strip were two ten-mile "indemnity strips." The purpose of the latter was to afford the opportunity for the railroad to acquire sections in them in place of any odd-numbered sections in the primary limits classified as mineral, reserved, settled upon, or otherwise disposed of. Under an act of Congress passed in 1895 an amazing area of land was classified as "mineral" in four land districts in Idaho and western Montana. The work in each district was done by a board of three commissioners. Usually all but one were non-resident political appointees without mining experience or the other qualifications needed to perform the duties of the position efficiently. In these four districts about 3,800,000 acres of land were classified as mineral. It would be unfair at this late date to charge actual or constructive fraud in the classification; but the undeniable fact remains that the classification as made was remarkably favorable to the railroad company. In this connection an actual examination of a map of the whole area shows a surprising number of sections, odd numbered and therefore due to belong to the railroad, but situated on the bare rocky tops of mountains, which have been classified as "mineral," when to date no mineral deposits worth speaking of have been discovered on them. When it is realized that in exchange for such practically bare rocks, when classified as "mineral land," the railroad company has had the right to select timber and agricultural land which was classified as "non-mineral" in the first indemnity limit, the questionableness of the administration of the whole land grant gains considerable force. This is, however, only supposition and deduction—yet very reasonable withal—as no general, comprehensive investigation has been made of this aspect of the grant. But on other points the facts are available and are quite clear.

The total area of land actually due to the railroad on a gross acreage basis was about 44 million acres. To date the actual title to only a little over 40 million acres has been passed to the railroad, leaving an alleged deficiency of about 3,900,000 acres. In part satisfaction of this shortage the railroad company claims the right to select about 3,000,000 acres of lands which were set aside about twenty to twenty-five years ago by the Government for the national forests. Much of this reserved land contains excellent timber and the whole of the area has been protected from fire and improved by the building of roads, trails, telephone lines, etc., at government expense as part of the national forests from the early years of this century to date. During the period these lands have been reserved by the Government and protected from forest fires, the value of all timber stumpage has greatly increased throughout the United States, so that they are now estimated to be worth about $30,000,000. The question of the relative rights of the Government and the railroad company is at issue. The matter was taken to court on one feature of the case and finally reached the Supreme Court of the United States. The railway company is giving out the impression that the case decided by the Supreme Court covers all the controversial matters. The Forest Service contends that the Supreme Court decision covers only one point and that there are many questions in the grant which as yet have not been the subject of judicial determination, and that these important questions may now be considered by Congress with a view to settling them in fairness to the United States and the railroad.

The heart of the matter seems to lie in the broad purpose of the original grant, and not in any one or more detailed parts of it. In 1864 the Northern Pacific Railroad Company desired to construct a railroad to the Pacific Coast. The Government was willing to have such a road built and so the two parties each agreed to perform certain specific things; in other words, a contract was entered into between them to secure the construction of the railroad. It is the claim of the Government that the railroad has repeatedly and flagrantly violated the terms of its contract. For instance, take one specific item. The Government claims that the agreement included the construction of a railroad, as part of the main line of the system, from Wallula, Washington, to Portland, Oregon, a distance of 225 miles, and also that this line was never constructed by the railroad company. Again the railroad failed to build 1,507.21 miles of road within the time limit set by law. Besides these points a large number of other instances can be cited where the Northern Pacific has either failed to observe the terms of its grant or else has greatly profited at the expense of the Government through errors and mistakes. But these are details, while what is needed is a review of the case as a whole. The kind of question that should be raised is general rather than specific. Such items as the total cost of the road as compared with the total value of the land actually given to the railroad is of interest here. The actual cost of the construction was not to exceed $70,000,000. While the gross receipts from the sale of lands from the time of the grant to June 30, 1917, including the railroad's own estimate of the values of lands received but still unsold at that date, was $136,118,533.14, or only slightly less than double the cost of the road. It is these big, general questions that need attention rather than the details. The original grant was made to enable the railroad company to sell the land and so secure the money needed to build the road. The facts seem to show that the company sold only part of the land, realizing nearly twice as much in cash from the sale as was needed originally to construct the road—it subsequently had largely to be reconstructed.

The Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wallace, supported by President Coolidge, has now urged upon Congress an immediate investigation of the whole of the Northern Pacific Railroad land grant, in order to save the national forest acreage that has been threatened. Such an investi-

gation should certainly be made and unless some entirely new facts are brought forward, it should prove beyond any shadow of doubt that instead of the Government owing the Northern Pacific Railroad Company nearly 3,000,000 acres of national forest land, the company has already been overpaid and is entitled, in equity, to an accounting for values received in violation of the terms of the grant.

The Forest Service contends that under the terms of the grant the railroad company was required to sell all lands in its possession after July 4, 1884, to settlers in lots not exceeding a section in area at prices not exceeding $2.50 per acre. It also claims that not less than 25,000,000 acres have been sold by the company since that date and that in such sales no preference has been given to settlers and no attention paid to either the area or price limitation. In a very similar case involving about 3,000,000 acres of land claimed by the Southern Pacific Railway Company under a very similar land grant the Supreme Court held that the $2.50 per acre was binding. In that case Congress took over the land, allowed the company an average of $2.50 per acre, deducted from the gross amount any money already received by the company in sales which it had made and provided for paying the company the balance due it.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter notices that the editorial department is agitating the question of the prefix of women's names. Should Mary Smith, after standing up before the altar with William Brown, call herself Mrs. Brown, according to the older dispensation, or adopt the fashion of some modern feminists and continue to pass herself off as Miss Smith? The editorial department states that, although believers in the new mode have banded together as the Lucy Stone League, the woman under whose name they have united did not follow their method. Lucy Stone after her marriage refused to answer to the name of Mrs. Blackwell. But she did not call herself Miss Stone; she used the title Mrs. Stone.

* * * * *

THIS, the Drifter thinks, is the more desirable method, because it preserves the maiden name but indicates the annexation of a husband. The Drifter's feminist friends—some of them, at least—insist that it is nobody's business but her own whether a woman is married. Granted. But the Drifter is a realist—or thinks he is. He cares little for theoretic rights, much for practical realities. In the world in which we live it is a practical convenience to know from a woman's name whether she is husbanded or husbandless, and the increasing insignificance of the male makes it less reasonable than ever that a woman should object to admitting the ownership of such a trifle. By letting it protrude from a pocket she proclaims the possession of a handkerchief. Why, then, conceal a mere husband?

* * * * *

NO, the Drifter sees no gain in obliterating the distinction between married and unmarried women. Rather would he create such a distinction for men. As a matter of fact, even some decidedly advanced women prefer to be known by their husband's name. As one of them put it to the Drifter: "Why prefer your maiden to your married name? You at least choose the name of your husband, while that of your parents is thrust upon you."

BUT for economic or other reasons women are doubtless destined more and more to stick by their maiden names. Hence, the matter of prefixes is important. Perhaps it will be resolved by discarding all prefixes: Miss, Mrs., and Mr. None is necessary and all are reminiscent of a bygone era of ceremony and aristocracy. In fact, American newspapers have already made a start in eliminating prefixes. Their custom now is to refer to John D. Rockefeller, not Mr. John D. Rockefeller. When using only the last name it is Mr. Rockefeller, not just Rockefeller, but the latter usage is perhaps not far off. Indeed, it has already been adopted by the labor press—and by other papers, too, when the man in question is a laborer and without the halo of John D.'s money. In England, on the other hand, newspapers are still sticklers for the older and more formal etiquette. It is always Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

* * * * *

THE more the Drifter thinks of it, the more he is inclined to conclude that the prefix before names is on the way to the scrap-pile, and it may be that the revolt of feminists against their married names will be the deciding factor. Even old fogies like the Drifter may live to see the day when Mary Smith after marriage will not fight to be called Miss Smith in preference to Mrs. Brown, because by common usage she will be known as Mary, as Mary Smith, or as Smith, according to circumstances and the degree of intimacy that exists between her and the person who is speaking.

* * * * *

EITHER that or the Spanish method. For it is remarkable that Spain, which is rated as a backward country, has the most progressive system in regard to names of which the Drifter knows. The difficulty of the feminists was solved there years ago. In Spain when Señorita Maria Gomez is taken to wife by Señor Juan Martinez she does not become Señora Martinez, as would be her normal fate in the United States. No, she becomes Señora Maria Gomez de Martinez—a case of addition, not substitution. If she brings into the world a son whom she calls José, he is not known as José Martinez. Oh, by no means! He becomes José Martinez y Gomez, thus retaining the family name of both father and mother, although for brevity's sake he is usually addressed simply as Señor Martinez. Not too complicated and eminently satisfactory thinks

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Tragedy of the Minnesota *Star*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation's* wise and careful weighing of the forces that went into the defeat of the Minnesota *Daily Star* (and I would not ignore them) as a free newspaper, was there not one factor omitted?

The *Star* was founded upon the premise that a newspaper can draw from the financial forces which the paper is founded to oppose. I believe that premise is wrong.

As our cities are organized there are no advertisers who can sign lucrative contracts who do not come directly under the control of the financial interests opposed to liberal thought. With every gain in advertising, the *Daily Star* threw overboard some of its standards and ideals; and it is noteworthy that its final act of apostasy came just one week before it received a year's contract from the biggest department stores.

Acting upon a fallacious premise, the *Daily Star* sought to become a competitor of the respectable newspapers, including funnies, sport pages, an urge toward a thick, impressive size, and a thirst for big circulation.

This description does not go for the first months of the paper's life. Those months represent a golden period of journalism in the Northwest, an almost legendary era. This is no exaggeration. Individuals are still talking about that first year, when the paper was incurring a deficit of $7,000 a month, paid out of capital and real assets, and was gloriously free. The circulation at that time was about 40,000. The editorials were never doctrinaire, yet intelligently social. Advertising was subject to editorial control. The news was honest. An editor of a competing newspaper said: "You have probably the most intelligent group of readers ever assembled in the West. I estimate that 80 per cent of yours read editorials, while only about 10 per cent of ours do."

During that first year the *Star* was virtually an endowed newspaper. It had either to continue as an endowed newspaper and remain free, or bow to the inevitable and become a pseudo-liberal journal. Or it might, by reducing to four pages, eliminating costly features, and attracting loyal, intelligent readers, have developed a style of paper which could live without advertising.

Minneapolis, June 10 M. H. Hedges

A Correction and a Rebuke

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With reference to the communication in your issue of June 4, *The Nation* at Northwestern, signed "A Pacifist Mother," permit me to make one correction.

President Scott did not telephone to the library for the issue of *The Nation* for April 16. Our vigilant reference librarian spotted your uncomplimentary article on Northwestern University as soon as the number came to the library, and, as is our habit, we called it to the attention of the person most concerned, in this case President Scott. I took it over to his office as I was passing that way. The inference that this copy of *The Nation* was kept away from frequenters of the library is wholly unwarranted, and your publication of the letter in question without going to the trouble of getting the facts is quite in keeping with the practice of some metropolitan newspapers.

We have recently opened a new periodical room to which we invite "A Pacifist Mother." There she will find on open shelves all the current numbers of *The Nation*, to say nothing of the *Student Challenge*, published by the affiliated Garrett Biblical Institute, and the *New Republic* for May 21, which sets some people right as to what to believe in regard to pacifism at Northwestern. It is amusing to see how difficult it is to keep the peace on the question of pacifism.

Evanston, Illinois, June 6 Theodore W. Koch,
Librarian

Would It Be a Misalliance?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of May 28, Hanson Lewis argues against the formation of a farmer-labor party, and calls for a third party (though why "third" I don't know, rather than seventh or eighth) not representing "any particular class or group." The history of politics in this and other countries should have taught him that the only parties which ever achieve power are those which are based on specific class interests. A party which represents nobody in particular has no particular reason for existence.

Mr. Lewis thinks that if a coherent party of farmers and wage-workers should win power, it "would be sure to enact vicious class legislation, harmful to the interests of the general public." Inasmuch as the working farmers constitute at least 30 per cent and the wage-workers 50 per cent of our whole population, I should like to know why the remaining minority should be dignified with the title of "the general public." It is even safe to say that half of this small residue would directly benefit by legislation which improved the condition of wage-workers and "dirt-farmers."

False as are his conclusions, however, Mr. Lewis renders a service in the earlier part of his letter, where he raises a question that is too often overlooked or evaded—the question whether or not it is practicable for one party really to represent the interests of two groups or classes so dissimilar as the industrial wage-workers and the tillers of the soil.

Nearly two-thirds of the working farmers are property owners; most wage-workers are not. All farmers are sellers of commodities; wage-workers are not. Most farmers are to some extent purchasers of labor-power; wage-workers are essentially sellers of labor-power.

These antagonisms must not be ignored if we wish to understand the problem—and we cannot solve it if we do not understand it.

But there is more to be said. The two classes have likewise much in common. Both are composed of productive workers—persons who gain their livelihood by creating wealth, as distinguished from those who live by owning the means of production which other folk use. Both the working farmer and the wage-worker are exploited—that is, are compelled by the very nature of our economic system to produce a surplus for someone else as a condition to being permitted to produce a living for themselves. There is a considerable difference in the mode and form of exploitation in the two cases, but to a large extent the beneficiaries are the same.

No, the interests of wage-workers and of working farmers are not identical. But neither are they diametrically opposed. They are divergent, and the question is, Can they be harmonized, and if so, on what lines? It is a question worthy of careful study.

New York, June 10 Algernon Lee

America and Peace

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom recently held its fourth biennial convention in Washington, D. C., and an international summer school in Chicago in the month of May. Delegates from about thirty-eight countries came from all parts of the world to this convention; now we are leaving the United States, going back to our own countries, our minds filled with the wonderful and interesting experiences we have had.

But it must be admitted—if we are to tell the truth—that some of us have been disappointed in our work here. Coming across the sea we discussed our plans. We knew the United States did not approve of the present League of Nations, and we agreed. But we wanted to ask her to come in and help us make it better. We thought the Americans would be tired of war, and rather tired of our European problems, but we certainly believed that the American people stood for peace, and that we would be able to go home with new ideas and the feeling of having the moral support of a great and strong nation.

What did we find?

First of all that the United States has problems of its own as great and quite as difficult to solve as our European questions—problems that we had not realized or understood. And—what bitterly discouraged us—we began to doubt that the American people really were tired of war. We could not help feeling disappointed when we found that to preach the gospel of peace often had the same effect as when you wave a red cloth before a bull; or when we saw that in the free United States, in the country of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, there is

only limited freedom of speech and that many people who believe in peace dare not say so for fear of losing their positions.

We certainly were astonished to see a great military propaganda instituted by a small industrial group which owns and utilizes a very influential press—a press, not only badly informed in foreign affairs, but actually untrue and corrupt. This press has told many lies about our league and our members; for instance, we have been said to be financed by the Bolshevists.

But in spite of these disappointments, we are thrilled by the wonderful possibilities of this country. Perhaps the American people, as a whole, are not yet politically awake. But we admire the advanced minority, the few excellent papers, and the splendid and courageous persons and groups.

New York, June 5 LILIAN HOLBY,
Norwegian Delegate, W. I. L. P. F.

The Klan at Work

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 18, discussing the Ku Klux Klan, you cite the recent immigration bill as a true sample of Klannishness and for lack of contrary evidence you exonerate the Invisible Empire from all blame in connection with its enactment into law.

It may interest you, therefore, to learn that you are wrong and that the Klan and its "citizens" not only were responsible for the passage of the bill but did, in fact, have much to do with the drafting of the measure and its subsequent introduction in the House.

Whether Representative Johnson (who fathered the measure) is himself a Klansman I cannot say, for I have no knowledge that he is, but I do know that petitions were circulated by the Klan throughout the entire country stating that the measure was in danger of defeat and urging all "100 per cent Americans" to do their utmost to secure its passage.

And I can further state that these petitions when signed were returned to the Klan and forwarded by them officially to Representative Johnson.

The reason I know all this is that I am myself a "citizen" of the Invisible Empire and received the petition before mentioned together with a printed "rider" urging me to foster sentiment favorable to the bill. Being opposed to the measure I destroyed both petition and "rider" and am therefore unable to present graphic proof, but I can say that the organization as a whole did its utmost for the bill and after its passage urged the President (individually, of course) not to veto it. That they were successful is now common knowledge, and in view of this fact I think it but right that the blame (or praise, depending on the point of view) be placed where it belongs.

Since I do not wish to be either expelled from the order for divulging "secret" information nor yet to be arrested as a criminal (membership in the order brands me an outlaw in this State) I must ask you to accept my alias, asking your pardon for violating your rules and assuring you of my support in the gallant fight you are making for tolerance and freedom of thought and expression.

Brooklyn, June 14 A KLANSMAN

Any Change of Address

should be mailed to our Subscription Department at least two weeks before it is to become effective. This will insure uninterrupted delivery of *The Nation* to you, and will materially lessen the pressure of work in our office. When notifying us be sure to give both old and new addresses and stipulate the exact date upon which you desire the change made.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

The Nation

20 VESEY STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

A limited number of copies now ready

John Brown, A Biography

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"Mr. Villard . . . has served humanity by making this record."—William Allen White in the *Emporia Gazette.*

"It at once becomes the standard, and probably final authority on its theme."—*London Times.*

"Mr. Villard's book is the labor of a master of men. His book is a great production."—Seattle *Post-Intelligencer.*

"I can only say after reading from first to last its more than 700 pages that I have never encountered anything this side of Gibbon's 'Rome' which has made me feel more the personal power of a single work."—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

"Perhaps in thus dramatically fashioning his volume Mr. Villard obeyed an instinct rather than acted upon a preconceived plan; that is often the case with great work, where a writer's feelings are deeply enlisted. Be this as it may, the merit and charm are none the less; he has seized well a splendid opportunity and has written one of the great biographies of our literature."—John T. Morse, Jr., Editor of American Statesmen Series, in the *Atlantic Monthly.*

With many portraits and other illustrations.

In one volume, 8vo. 740 pages. Price $5.00; by mail prepaid, $5.26.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

4 Park Street Boston, Mass.

PLEXO
"TOILET LANOLINE"
—the year-round skin treatment

This wonderful emollient is used with great success by noted skin specialists for pimples, blotches, facial eruptions, roughness, abrasions and chapped lips and hands. It protects the delicate skin surfaces against trying weather conditions and by supplying nourishment to the facial nerves and skin cells effaces wrinkles and restores the bloom of youthful health. "Toilet Lanoline" is especially recommended for cuts and burns and for relief of pain after exposure. "Toilet Lanoline" is a remarkable skin softener and preserver. A delicately scented preparation that is safe for SMALL CHILDREN.

PREPARED BY

PLEXO PREPARATIONS, Inc.
NEW YORK

Sole Agents and Distributors

General Drug Co., N. Y., 94 N. Moore Street

After Winter

By DAVID MORTON

Now these strange dusks that darken over snow
Will trouble me no longer with that look
As though there were yet darker things to know
Than any man may learn from any book;
And I shall have, instead, about me here,
The brown, immediate earth of lovely ways,
And skies that are more intimate and near,
Than any that have arched these many days.

Those frozen twilights that had somehow seemed
Too like a wide and hushed eternity,
Will be no more than something that I dreamed,
Something remembered that will make of me
A more importunate lover of this shore,
More eager and more ardent than before.

Books

A Fireside Puss

Under Dispute. By Agnes Repplier. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

"UNDER DISPUTE," Agnes Repplier's last slim volume, offers us another chance of coming at the secret of a style which for two generations has been so complacently appreciated by the conventional reading public of America.

Curiously enough, as I turned over the pages of this small book, a book written in easy and faultless English and containing easy and faultless thoughts, I found myself being constantly reminded of another writer whose compositions appeal, in the same manner, to the favored classes of society—no less a person, in fact, that Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the respected editor of the London *Spectator!* This refined American Lady-essayist and this perfect English Gentleman-journalist both find themselves profoundly contented with the world as it is, or perhaps, to be more accurate, as it appears to them to be, from the windows of the Athenaeum Club in London and the Acorn Club in Philadelphia.

They both write with considerable literary grace and charm and they both have a habit of adorning their sentences, when any thorny question is under dispute, with an amusing suggestion of suave irony. On no account does either of them indulge in the kind of earnestness which, according to Goethe, alone makes life eternity and which Matthew Arnold used to consider the final test of any real distinction of style. Indeed, if the flames of Hell were, beyond all expectation, suddenly to burst through the earth's crust, I verily believe that the placid periods of these two would remain unperturbed. And yet if the world were in truth the closed garden that they seem to consider it and all of us fruit upon a protected wall, what a pair of unyielding never-to-be cracked kernels would be found at the hearts of these two sunkist apricocks!

Agnes Repplier once wrote a charming book to her cat entitled "The Fireside Sphinx." Sometimes one is inclined to associate her with the subject of her story seeing that for these twoscore years she has done nothing but soothe her readers to sleep with a soft purring without letting them for a single moment suspect that somewhere buried in her cushion-soft pads are hard horn-white claws. One can hardly wonder that the intellectual attitude of this ultra-refined Lady of letters is particularly exasperating to simple-minded realists. For truth to say, she patronizes the United States, patronizes Europe, patronizes the round world itself, and all that doth inherit.

Remembering how, ten years ago, above the sound of cocks' crowing, above the sound of dogs' barking, above the sound of cattle bells tinkling, the calm upper levels of the atmosphere that cloak the swinging earth were suddenly rent asunder by an appalling cry, echoing up from blood-drenched acres to the very throne of God Himself, the tone of a sentence like this becomes peculiarly trying: "The earth is a bad little planet and we hope that other planets are happier and better behaved."

Agnes Repplier's reactions to life were fixed, one feels, by a kind of pinchbeck mental predestination long, long ago, in the Convent of the Sacred Heart. What she really does, as each new event takes place, is to assume a foreordained position, a position which in almost every case is identical with the beliefs and prejudices of the members of the Acorn Clubs of the world, and the Acorn Clubs of the world, whatever else may be laid to their charge, run no risk of incurring, with an institution like that of the University of Oxford, the ignominy of being called "the homes of lost causes." As inevitably as day follows night does Agnes Repplier find a specious justification for the orthodox attitude toward any given set of circumstances. With all the air of a discerning impartial observer she, at every new turn, with the utmost regularity adopts and defends the least enlightened and least philosophic point of view. Courageous, unbiased thinking is not, to use her own phrase, her long suit.

Consider this as an example of her obeisance to popular prejudice: "It is possible for two boys to build up a friendship on the basis of a clean fight. It is possible for two nations to build up a good understanding on the basis of a clean fight. Germany's fighting was unclean from start to finish."

Consider this as an example of her immersion in prevailing sentiment: "The emotional ebb-tide which followed the signing of the armistice was too natural to be deplored, save that it gave to obstructionists their chance to decry the matchless heroism of the war."

Consider this as an example of her agreement with a national complacence of a particularly fatuous kind: "The curious thing about Mr. Lewis's analysis is that back of the contempt he strives to awaken in our souls is a suspicion that Babbitt's herd mind, the mind of many thousands of Americans, is, on the whole, a safe mind for the country."

Even so old-fashioned a Tory as I cannot but feel a certain impatience with "the orderly processes of civilization" as championed by Agnes Repplier. As a minor example of what I mean it is surely a little too much to be reminded of "the grace of human relations" that should exist between mistress and parlor maid!

Rudyard Kipling writes his Recessional. The poem provokes in England an enormous amount of emotional imperialistic unction. This is a state of mind that wins unequivocal approbation from Agnes Repplier. She declares that after reading the poem the English people "dilated generally with emotions *which it is good for a public to feel.*" The emotions referred to being, as a matter of fact, the kind of emotions that it is extremely bad for any public to feel. And could anything be more redolent of a woman's-club chairman attitude toward a formidable genius than her tactful words "brave old hopeful Whitman"?

It may be that quite apart from the pardonable satisfaction felt by the more decorous sections of society at being assured in gentle tones that what they are thinking is the best that could possibly be thought, Miss Repplier's readers have actually acquired a taste for the engaging humor of their favorite author, a humor which, at its best, really has about it a faint flavor of Jane Austen. It must be confessed, however, that it is too often a tame kind of humor, though doubtless of a kind to divert tame minds. The present volume reveals no drying up of the original fount and as one comes upon each passage one can almost see the delighted expression destined to light up, so shortly, the faces of her many refined readers.

LLEWELYN POWYS

"The Fierce Year of Failure"

Manin and the Venetian Revolution. By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans, Green and Company. $4.50.

THE year 1848, as Mr. Trevelyan remarks in the preface to this volume, "was an ill year for the future of mankind." If it had had a different outcome, if the forces of liberalism had prevailed in continental Europe, if the new nations had "begun their racial life," as Mr. Trevelyan puts it, "on a basis not of militarism and mutual hatred, but of complete opposition to the militarist habit of mind," it is probable that the cataclysm of ten years ago might not have occurred. It was indeed, as Swinburne calls it, "the fierce year of failure" almost everywhere, but nowhere more fierce nor more utterly a failure than in Italy. The story of it has been told for English readers in the most admirable fashion by Mr. Trevelyan. Seventeen years ago appeared the volume dealing with the Roman Republic of Mazzini and Garibaldi, and now we have this lucid, eloquent, and carefully documented account of the attempt of Venice to renew the glory of her republican days.

The later volume naturally lacks the romantic charm of the earlier. There are no figures in the Venetian struggle—are there anywhere in modern history?—quite equal, for splendor and a certain mystical exaltation, to those of Garibaldi and Mazzini. If all revolutionists were of this caliber revolutions would be more popular than they are, though not necessarily more successful. We would not imply that lost causes are more glorious than gained ones. There was nothing sentimental or unpractical about the two great chiefs of the Roman struggle for freedom. Only, when you are of the stature of Mazzini and Garibaldi—and we must certainly add, Manin—there are ways and means by which you are unwilling even to save the state. And this, we think, is the glory of the whole Italian episode. That there was treachery and assassination and unnecessary violence cannot be denied; but that the whole struggle, so far at least as Rome and Venice are concerned, was conducted with farsighted magnanimity cannot be denied either—least of all by anyone who reads Mr. Trevelyan's books. Venice and Rome are, of course, only skirmishes in the long warfare against Austrian and Papal domination, but, as Mr. Trevelyan points out, they are typical and therefore highly illuminating. It is absurd to speak of experiments like these as failures unqualified. For the moment they failed, but men's hopes did not fail, and all the devotion, the sacrifice, the wisdom learned from defeat only served to fertilize the soil out of which a united Italy was to spring.

Mr. Trevelyan calls Manin "the greatest and noblest of the Italian statesmen" of '48, for certainly neither Garibaldi nor Mazzini was in the strict sense a statesman—what the Italians call *uomo di governo.* His career, while it was full of dramatic moments, was, after all, the career of a man born to rule from a desk, not to lead armies, or to dream in exile. And the revolution of which he was the central figure was what may be called an administrative revolution. It was, in Burke's phrase, a revolution not made but prevented, in the sense that it was all but bloodless. Manin was born in the same year as Disraeli, of a Jewish father and a Paduan mother, and his parents were never married. All his life he was virtually an invalid, though his spirit carried him through amazing hardships; and there are few incidents in the whole story more striking than that of Manin, utterly exhausted from three nights and days without sleep, falling upon his bed at the very moment of victory, and being roused an hour later by his followers to utter in the square of St. Mark these heart-stirring words:

> We are free, and we have a double right to boast of it because we have become free without shedding a drop of blood, either our own or our brothers', for I call all men brothers. . . . We will form one of those centers which must bring about the gradual fusion of Italy into one. "Viva la Repubblica! Viva la Libertà! Viva San Marco!"

And the method of this all but bloodless revolution, a revolution without political wrangling or spying or bomb-throwing, was that implied in its motto: "Let us conspire in the face of day." But this daylight conspiracy had landed Manin, no less, in the prison of the Bridge of Sighs, from which, at the right moment, he was released by his friends, to proclaim the republic in the square of St. Mark.

But this was only the beginning, not the end. Human nature was bound to do its perfect work, and the later history of the republic is the story of the blundering, the cross purposes, the suspicion, the failure to strike at the right moment that seem to be inevitable in such affairs. The fault was not Manin's. It was the fault of his helpers, the fault of his rivals, the fault of his allies; it was the fault of the hour, which had not yet struck. Until at last, Venice was left alone to face her foes. Charles Albert was defeated and had abdicated. The republic of Garibaldi and Mazzini had fallen. All the Veneto was in the hands of Austria. For four months the city was bombarded by Austrian guns, and finally, on August 27, 1849, after incredible sufferings and a high-mindedness and bravery equally incredible, the city capitulated, and Manin went into exile forever.

Manin was not faultless. He was a man of one idea; he was impatient of cooperation, except on his own terms. Like many another great leader, he was convinced that he could save his country and that no other could. But other hands had to complete his work, and to complete it in a direction that he himself had not at first conceived. Yet from his exile in Paris he hailed from afar the new Italy of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, with these words addressed to the House of Savoy: "Make Italy, and I am with you." He died while Italy was still in the making, but he lies in the Venice that he more than any other man helped to redeem.

CHARLES H. WAGER

José Rizal

The Hero of the Filipinos. By Charles E. Russell and E. B. Rodriguez. Century Company. $3.

CHARLES E. RUSSELL and E. B. Rodriguez have written the first comprehensive book on José Rizal, the national hero of the Philippines. They frankly state that they lay claim to no newly discovered materials and that they use simply the data already unearthed by other writers, especially by Rizal's other biographers, Wenceslao Retana, a Spaniard ("Vida y Escritos del Dr. José Rizal," Madrid, 1907), and Austin Craig, an American ("Lineage, Life and Labors of José Rizal," Manila, 1913). Neither of these works is available in America, as Mr. Russell has said; he might have added, neither is really satisfactory. Retana is too bulky, is not fit for general reading, and has never been translated into English. It is highly controversial in that it endeavors to prove that Rizal was never a separatist, that he loved Spain as much as a Spaniard could, and that his sole objection was addressed to the friars. Austin Craig has spent many years on Rizal, but he has added very little of value to what Retana tells us, and in many instances his treatment is not as soundly critical as Retana's. Neither of them has put the proper emphasis on the value of Rizal as the real founder of Philippine nationalism. To do that it is not enough to know the life of Rizal alone. One must visualize the history of the Filipinos, a people which "existed" through centuries of political stagnation, oppressed by the government and the friars, kept in ignorance and deprived of constitutional liberty, yet naturally intelligent and unfettered by traditions of royalty and hereditary chieftainship—a potential democracy. One must visualize the efforts of the leaders to uplift their people, especially the rise of that great leader who towered over them all because of his intellect, his recognized ability in many

lines of human activity, his lofty character, and the supreme devotion to his country which ended in his own death—José Rizal. The life of Rizal must be, in a certain sense, a dramatization of the life of the people. This Mr. Russell has succeeded in making it to a far greater extent than any of the other biographers.

His interpretation of Rizal's literary and scientific works is excellent. He unfolds to us with feeling and understanding Rizal's complex soul: artist, patriot, scientist, philosopher. Perhaps that has been overdone.

> He was one of the greatest ophthalmologists of his time; he was a great ethnologist, anthropologist, biologist, zoologist, linguist; he was sculptor, painter, illustrator, poet, novelist, publicist, engineer, educator, reformer.

Yet, even if we should take away the overexuberant adjective which accompanies many of the above words, the fact that Rizal's mind could branch out into so many lines of activity makes him intellectually interesting. Certainly no one can gainsay that Rizal "had what is seldom found in the men we call great, a union of brilliant gifts and of lofty character." And in addition there stand his supreme devotion and his life sacrifice for his country.

His biographers, however, could have made Rizal more real if they had given due emphasis to some of his human weaknesses, such as his sensitiveness to criticism and his lack of demonstrated ability to lead and organize men. Also, I feel that, in dealing with Rizal's contemporaries, Messrs. Russell and Rodriguez have not done justice to the real propagandist in Madrid and the recognized leader of the Filipinos in that colony, Marcelo del Pilar.

MAXIMO M. KALAW

A History of Democracy

The Irresistible Movement of Democracy. By John Simpson Penman. The Macmillan Company. $5.

DEMOCRACY as a fixed form or a dogmatic definition has lost its attraction for thinking people. Life is expressed in movement, and democracy as a living social force is fittingly conceived by Mr. Penman as a series of social movements which noticeably diverge from the established order after the middle of the eighteenth century in England, France, and America. The immediate political aim of this movement was the establishment of "a form of government based upon the popular will as expressed in universal suffrage." But this could not exhaust its possibilities, as Mr. Penman makes clear. To those who at various times have resisted that movement it has been obvious that the democratic spirit would ultimately lay rough hands upon property, social privilege, religion, art, and literature. So that democracy and conservatism "have always been at daggers-drawing, and one another clapper-clawing."

The crucial test for democracy's supporters comes with revolution, which is the crisis in a series of social changes when it becomes evident that the social forces have outgrown the fixed forms or institutions of society. Under the impact of these developing forces institutions decompose and make way for new structures, which are subject in turn to the ever-recurrent cycle of social forces. Therefore an exposition of democracy in terms of history and matter of fact is more likely to prove fruitful than an exposition in terms of mere theory.

Mr. Penman makes no new contribution to democratic theory: his book is substantially a political history of the three national revolutions whereby the modern democratic forces were first liberated and later institutionalized in new forms. The American, the French, and the English revolutions—the first two involving bloodshed—are followed out to their constitutional and civil results in the collective life and thought of these three nations which have fertilized the rest of the modern world. Under Mr. Penman's hand history lives and has meaning. He brings democracy down to date and concludes with a warning: "Democracy stands at the crisis of its history. The times themselves are critical, and the future of society hangs in the balance between a movement toward socialism and a development of the principles of democracy." This volume will help the thoughtful citizen to make his choice.

HUBERT HARRISON

The American Scene

The Green Bay Tree. By Louis Bromfield. Frederick H. Stokes and Company. $2.

THE sense of life is in this book. It arouses the same sort of blissful expectation with which, when we were young, we used to cross the frontier into Thackeray's or Dickens's or George Eliot's country. This writer, too, sees a world crowded with vivid faces.

He has set his drama of the unlike and mutually destructive Shane sisters, the religieuse Irene, and the beautiful, audacious, kind Lily, against the smoky and pregnant background of the industrial struggle in a Middle Western town which has changed in the lifetime of Julie Shane from a pioneering outpost to an industrial city. He is only a little less interested, it appears, in social history than in the diverse fates of individual souls. That is to say that his equipment as a novelist is unusually happy. Definitely he has essayed the American scene, so poor as yet in chroniclers.

It would be extraordinary if his success were complete, since a given scene becomes material for art only by slow degrees, it would seem, and after many hands have tried it. And Mr. Bromfield has attempted the large canvas indicated before completely divesting himself of the traces of the amateur. "All the while," for instance, does yeoman service when it is needed to complete a rhythm. "The girl said nothing but kept her eyes cast down, fingering all the while the carving on the arm of her rosewood chair"; "By now Irene was sobbing hysterically, clinging all the while to the hand of her mother." But instead of carping one is disposed to rejoice that here is a potential artist in prose who knows that his sentences have rhythm and is concerned to make their rhythm fit his object.

Similarly the orchestration furnished to the main theme by the industrial struggle is adapted with perhaps too neat a sense of its aesthetic possibilities, recalling, at the worst, the musical accompaniment to tragedy in the movies. But again it is possible to count on the fingers of one hand all the contemporary novelists who sense at all a gathering social conflict.

And Mr. Bromfield is far from being an amateur or a sentimentalist in his understanding of people. His sympathies are wide-ranging, embracing equally Lily and the labor leader Krylenko, Hattie Tolliver of the Western border and her daughter Ellen, the virtuoso. Even with Irene he does not yield to the temptation of inventing a scarecrow in order to take pot-shots at his pet aversions.

I do not believe it typical of the alignment in the present industrial struggle to find the "old families" on the side of labor. Julie, Irene, and Lily Shane, unlike as they are in other respects, all instinctively sympathize with labor in its struggle against the new industrial magnates. Rather, in the rare instances in which a member of the local aristocracy aids or abets or even attempts a temperate interpretation of the antics of the "workingmen," he is felt to have betrayed his caste, than which there is of course no greater apostasy.

To this it must be added that the theme of Mr. Bromfield's personal drama, while possibly significant in itself, is not significantly handled. Warped—it would be more exact to say perverted, were it not that the usual significance of the word is so contrary—by her convent inculcations as to the corruption of sex, Irene is made hysterical by the discovery of her sister's unconventional morals. Lily has a flair for life, and no fear of what others may think about her. When she is passing

middle age she concludes reluctantly that no individual can flout the moralities by which others live without running the danger of working the damage upon some sensitive and ignorant spirit which she unwillingly worked on Irene. But before she reaches this possibly stultifying conclusion she and those to whom she has given her love have flourished like the green bay tree.

I have said that this theme is without great significance. Possibly this is because coincidently with its development, characters and scenes grow somewhat shadowy and attenuated. Never again does Mr. Bromfield quite attain the vivid charm of his opening chapters, and he is happier in America than in Paris. Or possibly it is because Irene's tragedy, while doubtless of actual occurrence all too many times, arose from so artificial and perverted a view of life that its significance is flimsy. Perhaps the potentialities of this particular theme are not great. So one concludes, searching for the reason why this particularly promising book falls short, only to remember that any theme may be great and that the apparently haphazard tale of any twenty-four hours of any man's life may turn out a "Ulysses," given ten years' devoted work and a touch of mad genius. And, when all is said, this is emphatically a book to enjoy, and to keep close at hand, hoping meantime for a successor.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Daumier

Daumier. By Raymond Escholier. Paris: Floury. 75 francs.

DURING the last thirty years interest in Daumier has gradually grown. It was in 1888 that Arsène Alexandre established the foundations of the artist's fame. And since the publication of his comprehensive monograph other Daumier studies have appeared, especially in France, England, Germany, and America. While the French appreciations left little to be desired in textual exposition, they did not, like those issued abroad, contain abundant plates. Yet for such a subject illustrations are obviously indispensable. Hence the need for Raymond Escholier's admirable volume with its scores of magnificent reproductions, many of them in colors. Unfortunately the author did not indicate whether each work reproduced was a lithograph, a painting, a water-color, or a drawing.

Honoré Daumier (1808-1879) was the son of a glazier-poet. From childhood passionately fond of art and liberty, he naturally joined the dual revolt against oppression and trite classicism. At twenty-three the young artist revealed his talent in *La Caricature*, a periodical including among its promoters Charles Philipon, Balzac, Raffet, Courbet, Grandville, Decamps, Traviès, and Monnier. This group heaped upon the July Monarchy scorn and ridicule. Particularly effective were the shafts of Daumier, who pitilessly lashed Louis Philippe, his ministers, the judiciary, members of Parliament, of the clergy and the self-satisfied bourgeoisie. Not since Rabelais has a satirist dealt the French judiciary blows so grievous. Excellent, too, are Daumier's symbolic personages, Macaire and Ratapoil. As is well known, "Gargantua," his blunt thrust at Louis Philippe, cost him six months' imprisonment.

Notwithstanding the strict political censorship during the Second Empire, Daumier produced a work varying greatly in theme and quality. In the field of social humor he still retained supremacy. But if we except his studies in Cervantes and Molière, his scenes from antiquity and classic literature are more trivial than M. Escholier seems to have realized. For while the humorist sought only to discredit spurious classicism, his bourgeois in the guise of antique divinities and heroes were frequently mediocre. These themes, even in caricature, required a certain distinction. Owing to the limited demand for caricature after the coup d'etat, Daumier turned to oil painting, the dream of his life. But as this aspect of his work long remained unappreciated at home, his best pictures were mostly purchased at trifling prices by foreign amateurs. It is true that the French, who gradually came to regret their mistake, have latterly done much to make honorable amends. Arsène Alexandre early declared that, save for his bread-winning hackwork in lithography, Daumier would have been a great painter. And the revision of opinion thus started has gone so far that recent critics proclaim Daumier a master of painting despite his four thousand lithographs. Such contemporaries as Delacroix, Corot, and Rousseau esteemed his talent for the brush.

M. Escholier regards Daumier as distinctly a romanticist. To be sure, the famous satirist did ridicule pseudo literary classicism no less than feeble imitations of David's paintings. And being an ardent champion of liberty, he instinctively frowned upon hampering restrictions in aesthetics. But such romantic tendencies, noticeable chiefly in his early career and in his treatment of antiquity, affected very little the expression of his art. His bourgeois temperament—for after all he was essentially a bourgeois—either rejected or dismissed as impossible the fantastic conceptions of romanticism. Rather was Daumier a realist, one of the precursors of naturalism. As caricaturist he exhibits in more artistic form the better qualities of his predecessors. While he was endowed with no supremely original vision, his work covers almost the entire scope of the human comedy. And partly to his influence should be attributed the present florescence of pictorial humor in France.

WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY

Acorns

Copy 1924. Columbia University Press. $1.75.

LITERARY beginnings still in the seedling stage are one of the natural, elementary processes of growth which are supposed to be profoundly interesting and significant to the layman.

No apology is due the general public, therefore, by the Columbia University Press and Frank Allen Patterson, Associate Professor of English in Columbia University, for editing and publishing "Copy," a volume selected from the published work of students who have taken special extension courses in writing at Columbia. It is not immediately apparent, however, whether readers generally will find cohesion enough in this mixed book of stories, plays, poetry, and essays, to catch the drift either of Columbia's methods of teaching writing or of the individual authors themselves. But perhaps my apprehensions regarding the casual miscellaneousness of the contents are not justified. The preface promises entertainment and instruction; if it is the reader who is to be entertained, and the authors instructed, the variety of "Copy" is an added advantage.

"Copy" solicits stricter attention than the ubiquitous undergraduate volumes. It is the work of twenty-three mature students, several of whom have already published books of their own. For the most part, these writers have energy and honesty as their conspicuous merits. Most of them do not cater to the ancient editorial formulas for popular success, preferring to communicate their own facts of imagination and understanding with freshness and what natural grace and verisimilitude they can. The preface announces a noble purpose toward the student writers, "to convince them that artistic values are the only objects worthy of their consideration." They have, accordingly, wrought bravely in the spirit of Thoreau's program, "to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms."

The book's high-water mark is "Lion's Courage," a short story by a young Scotsman, G. B. Mackenzie. It is a notably neat and acute episode, a veritable map of timid and mediocre humanity, drawn with pity as well as shrewdness and irony. And so, if Mr. Mackenzie, or Miss Yezierska, or Mr. Haberstad, or any other of the twenty-three continues to observe and think and feel and write, avoiding conscientiously what is merely curious, accidental, circumstantial in life and conduct and character, "Copy" may achieve an unsuspected consequence in illustrating the homely apothegm that great oaks from little acorns grow.

GERALD HEWES CARSON

Musicians Militant

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

London, June 20

THE British women have again taken up the cudgels for suffrage, only this time in musical fields. For one thing, they refuse to submit any longer to being barred, both as players and conductors, from all symphonic activities. And so, applying the lesson learned from political victories, they have begun to fight prejudice with action, as being more potent than logic. The situation is indeed even more absurd, if possible, there than here. Not only have women in England as in America long had recognition as instrumental virtuosi, but there they have, in addition, a very definite record as symphonic players, besides the indorsement, as such, of England's most distinguished conductor, Sir Henry Woods. Moreover, it was Sir Henry who gave them their first big opportunity, for during the war he admitted them to the ranks of his Queen's Hall Orchestra, in which he has kept them ever since. He claims that they have improved the tonal quality of the strings, that they are conscientious and reliable, and that the men play the better for the competition.

In spite of such eminent testimony, however, the Queen's Hall Orchestra remains solitary, among similar London symphonic organizations, in its friendliness toward women orchestral players. Apparently the very ability of the latter has been their undoing, for it was because Sir Henry refused to dismiss them, after the war, from his orchestra that the men closed their musical unions to all women musicians. And it was in consequence of this last action that the women, thoroughly exasperated, formed not only a musical union of their own, but a complete symphony orchestra as well, with a woman, Miss Gwynne Kimpton, as its conductor.

This British Women's Symphony Orchestra, as it calls itself, is a cooperative organization, numbering about sixty members in all. It is managed by a committee of direction of the members, and its aims are "to give regular concerts in London, to work up a repertoire of all the best music, classical and modern, to take engagements for opera, oratorios, festivals, schools, open-air plays, etc., and to develop a scheme of cooperative concerts whereby solo artists may be enabled to give concerts on cooperative terms, sharing risk and profits, instead of, as at present, being obliged to engage both hall and orchestra and to accept the entire risk."

Miss Kimpton, the conductor, is an ensemble player of great experience, and is reputed to be able to play any instrument in the orchestra. She is an authority on quartet playing and its traditions, and is still the moving spirit of the Strings Club, which she founded in 1902, and which encourages, as its name implies, the study of chamber music. The greater part of her career, however, seems to have been devoted to orchestral playing, training, and conducting. During the war she founded the London Amateurs' Orchestra which still exists; in Kent she conducts the Bromley and Chislehurst Orchestral Society; she has started any number of students' orchestras in girls' high schools; and she has done pioneer work in London in giving "orchestral concerts for young people."

The great problem, of course, in presenting a complete women's symphony orchestra was to find sufficient brasses and winds. These choirs have hitherto been in undisputed possession of the male, doubtless by divine right of stronger diaphragms. And, according to Miss Kimpton herself, there are only four women horn players in England. Fortunately, the demand had long been foreseen by such courageous musicians as Mrs. Julian Marshall, Miss Rosabel Watson, and others who, in the face of bitter opposition, have been laboring for years to train girls as players of brass and wood-wind instruments. And it is undoubtedly due to these pioneer spirits that the British Women's Symphony Orchestra, sponsored by the British Women's Patriotic League, and under the immediate patronage of the Queen, was able to make its bow to the public on April 3 at Queen's Hall. To the surprise, and, perhaps, secret disappointment of the many males gathered in the audience, it was feminine to the last trombone. Only a tuba, I believe, was missing. And the consensus of the press was that "without any concessions to gallantry" the new organization "achieved a remarkable measure of success." From all accounts the strings were especially fine, in tone, phrasing, precision, and attack; the wood winds at least attracted no criticism; and the brasses, while "yet to find themselves," did very much better than was expected of them. All the soloists were women, including Lady Maud Warrender, who is chairman of the orchestra's committee and the most distinguished amateur singer in England. Also, two women were represented on the program—Dorothy Howell, who played some piano solos of her own, and Dame Ethel Smyth, who conducted an excerpt from her own opera, "The Wreckers."

Most appropriately, also, it must be admitted, Dame Ethel was chosen to make the speech for this occasion, for no one has championed the rights of women musicians more openly or more militantly than this eminent English composer in her recent article called A Burning of Boats. Indeed, perhaps no musician ever defied the critics so boldly as she did in this same article, which came out in the February issue of the London *Mercury*. In it she charges that the inferior position which women hold in *all* the creative arts except literature is the result of masculine conspiracy rather than of masculine superiority. She complains bitterly, if humorously, of the belittling effect of always being labeled a *"lady* composer." And she passionately cites as a discriminatory case her own "Mass," which, although it won immediate recognition, has been performed only twice in thirty-one years—the first time, thirty-one years ago, and the second, this past March, 1924. One result of this article was the following letter from Bernard Shaw, which I am printing with her permission:

> Dear Dame Ethel [it runs], Thank you for bullying me into going to hear that "Mass." The originality and beauty of the voice parts are as striking today as they were 30 years ago, and the rest will stand up in the biggest company. Magnificent!
>
> You are totally and diametrically wrong in imagining that you have suffered from a prejudice against feminine music. On the contrary, you have been almost extinguished by the dread of masculine music. It was your music that cured me forever of the old delusion that women could not do men's work in art and other things; (it was years ago when I knew nothing about you, and heard an overture—"The Wreckers," or something—in which you kicked a big orchestra all round the platform). But for you I might not have been able to tackle "Saint Joan," who has floored every previous playwright. Your music is more masculine than Handel.
>
> When have the critics and the public ever objected to feminine music? . . . Can you name a more ladylike composer than the beloved and much imitated Mendelssohn? Does the very jolly sugarstick called "A German Requiem" take you in because Brahms dabbed a little black on it and wrapped it up in crape?
>
> You scorned sugar and sentimentality; you were exuberantly ferocious. . . . And now you say we shrank from you because you were "only a woman"!
>
> Good God!
>
> Yours, dear big brother,
>
> G. Bernard Shaw

But in spite of this eloquent combination of defense, encouragement, and wit, the detested "label" still sticks! As for women orchestral players in our own country we find an exception made in favor of "lady" harpists—though the reason why has never been explained. It is not, however, a concession from which to derive much hope, as our British sisters have already proved that "a little leaven" does not always "leaven the whole."

International Relations Section

Leon Trotzky—Down but Not Out

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, June 1, 1924

THE very conference of the Russian Communist Party (May 24-31) which passed a unanimous vote of confidence in its Central Committee and thus apparently proved the complete collapse of the Trotzky opposition to that committee was in effect a triumph for Trotzky.

The conference bruskly brushed Karl Radek aside with a resolution of censure for his "Right tendencies" during the threatened German revolution of last summer—he is probably eliminated from public life as a result—but Trotzky, who had been accused of worse tendencies, of "petty-bourgeois tendencies," was the recipient of any number of compliments and acts of obeisance on the part of the conference. The Central Committee or Ceca (not the Cheka) could have applied the ax to Trotzky as easily as it did to Radek, for during the period between the feverish Ceca *vs.* Opposition discussion in the winter and the opening of the present thirteenth annual conference the Ceca majority had silenced the Opposition minority and driven it under cover with measures as effective as those of the most efficient steam-roller that functions in American political life. Trotzky himself was not even a delegate. Yet he must have felt that the conference threw the limelight on his great influence and power.

In January Moscow was a hotbed of opposition. Many of the central commissariats were honeycombed with oppositionists. The university students and especially the students of the Sverdlov University (Sverdlovtsi) were almost unanimously with Trotzky. The army, so a resolution of the party meeting of January 18 reveals, was on the side of its commander-in-chief. Large groups of workingmen in Moscow and in the provinces were sympathetic to the Opposition's program. The Opposition had able leaders. Aside from Trotzky, who often, perhaps too often, stayed in the background without defining his policies any too clearly (at the conference he explained that this was due to his poor health), there were Ossinsky, for years a chronic oppositionist; Preobrazhensky, an able economist who had been associated with Bucharin as editor of the *Pravda* and as author of the "ABC of Communism"; Pyatikov, the chairman of the All-Russian Concessions Committee; Sapronov, a young workingman who had forged his way to the front ranks of the party; Antonov-Avsienko, a fiery, untamable revolutionary, and others.

Luck was with the Ceca machine directed by the Zinoviev-Stalin-Kamenev triumvirate when Trotzky was forced to retire to the Caucasus on account of illness. Ossinsky was kept in Stockholm as the Soviet trade representative, Preobrazhensky was shipped away to the Anglo-Russian conference in London, Sapronov was ordered to Vladivostok, and Antonov-Avsienko to China. Thus relieved of embarrassments, the Ceca proceeded to crush the rank and file of the Opposition. Faithful members of the Ceca were introduced into the army in Trotzky's absence and publicly criticized Trotzky's administration in the War Office. (Now Trotzky must work with a first assistant, whom he did not appoint and who has attacked him in the press.) At the same time Trotzky's protagonists were either transferred to distant posts as in the case of General Muralov of the Moscow garrison, or demoted to figurehead positions as in the case of General-in-Chief S. Kamenev, or summarily dismissed as in the case of Petrovsky, the Dr. Goldfarb of East Side fame.

The commissariats and the universities, particularly the Sverdlov University, were submitted to a rigorous cleansing. The spokesmen of the Ceca majority insisted at the conference that this was one of the regular cleansings of careerists and other undesirable elements which may enter the party from time to time. Nevertheless neither Stalin nor Zinoviev directly denied Preobrazhensky's charge that the cleansing was aimed primarily at the forces of the Opposition. The cleansing was carried out in Moscow and Leningrad, where the strength of the Opposition was likely to be greatest, and in Penza.

So thorough were these and other features of the anti-Opposition campaign that not even Trotzky or Preobrazhensky could get himself elected as a delegate to the conference. Trotzky participated only because he is a member of the Central Committee and Preobrazhensky, who came specially from London, was admitted as an economic expert.

Why, then, if the Opposition had ostensibly been robbed of every vestige of power within the party, was the Opposition issue raised at the conference—raised by the successful Ceca majority? Weeks before the conference it was clear to the Opposition that they were a beaten lot and that to precipitate a new discussion at this juncture would be sheer folly. Trotzky and Preobrazhensky probably had every intention of remaining passive observers of the proceedings. But Zinoviev could not let the matter rest. He invited the leaders of the Opposition to come up on the platform and declare that they had been wrong and the party right. (Krupskaia, Lenin's widow, was the only one who had the courage to criticize Zinoviev for provoking the debate. Life, she said, would prove who had been right.)

Zinoviev was undoubtedly moved by a consciousness of Trotzky's great strength. The lion had been wounded and was therefore more dangerous. Trotzky, he knew, was down but not out.

Trotzky stands head and shoulders in culture, mental stamina, and personality above Stalin and Kamenev, and miles above Zinoviev, whose four-hour opening report to the conference on Russia's international, internal, and intra-party situation was a fine example of voluble mediocrity. Trotzky is the most popular of the Bolshevik leaders. Even those with whom he has tilted lances realize that the Soviet regime could ill afford to lose his support. At the conference each member of the triumvirate in turn stated how anxious they were to work together with Trotzky, whom they had styled "petty bourgeois." Zinoviev went even further. "No one," he declared, "will remember 'The New Course' (a pamphlet in which Trotzky fiercely attacked the Ceca majority) if Trotzky does not insist on his evil ways. . . . We are prepared to make every manner of concession" to the leader of the defeated Opposition. A united party was bending the knee to one of its members.

Yaroslavsky gave Trotzky an advance promise that he would be reelected to the Central Committee. Subsequently Boris Souvarin of the Paris *Humanité* was granted the

privilege of the floor. (He spoke French and Lunacharski translated.) He made one significant statement. "To the world proletariat (and he might have added to all sympathizers of Soviet Russia) Trotzky's name is synonymous with the revolution." The Ceca, no doubt, realized this truth. If, therefore, they could maneuver Trotzky into an admission of error they would weaken his position and strengthen their own.

Zinoviev was challenging him to say: "I was wrong; the party was right." But Trotzky could hardly confess himself mistaken in a struggle on which he had staked his career. His reply was the essence of tact. He knew he was facing a hostile audience. He had to steer clear of the rocks. It will be recalled that one of the most important planks in Trotzky's platform in the great discussion of last winter had been "party democracy." He had charged that the party machine was an unyielding bureaucracy. "The party," he had written in his "New Course," "lives on two floors. In the upper decisions are made. Those who live on the lower merely hear about these decisions." When he appeared before the conference, however, he chose to cite the criticisms of others rather than to make his own. He read from a speech of Bucharin, a member of the orthodox Ceca majority. Bucharin had said:

> I myself have appeared at any number of Moscow meetings and I know how the so-called deliberations in our party are conducted. Elections of the praesidium of the meeting: Some comrade from the district committee appears, reads a slate, and asks, "Who is opposed?" Nobody is opposed and the affair is closed. The praesidium has been elected unanimously.

Elsewhere Bucharin tells how secretaries of Communist groups are generally foisted on the members. Without consulting the group, the district committee presents a single candidate to the group and the usual election takes place. The meeting is asked, "Who is opposed?" and, says Bucharin, "since the members are more or less afraid to declare themselves opposed, it is understood that the suitable person has been elected secretary of the group." Thus Trotzky cleverly pleaded his case against bureaucracy and for democracy—for party democracy, it should be remembered, and not for what he calls the "margarine (Ersatz) democracy" of bourgeois countries.

During the now famous party controversy Trotzky and the Opposition had maintained that the new generation must be permitted gradually to replace the old Bolshevik guard, that this was the best guaranty against the complete bureaucratization of the party apparatus. He supported the same contention in his only address before the conference just concluded. He had also insisted that the Government's economic policy was planless and accidental. State capitalism, intricate as it must be, could not accomplish its purpose of eliminating overlapping competition and waste in industry unless it follows closely a detailed program of coordination. He has demanded more powers therefore for the Government Planning Commission (Gosplan). He repeated the same demand at the conference. In other words, Trotzky insisted that he and the Opposition had been right.

But Zinoviev had also challenged him to say whether in the discussion the party had been right or wrong. Of course, replied Trotzky with considerable sophistication, the party is always right. He recalled Commodore Decatur's and now the Chicago *Tribune's* motto "Our country, right or wrong," and declared that with much more justice he could say, "My party, right or wrong." (Trotzky's oppositional program may not have been petty bourgeois, but this sentiment certainly is. Stalin, and also Zinoviev, leaning as he invariably does on some statement of Lenin's, countered quite correctly that the party had been wrong in the past and could be wrong in the future.)

This, then, was the substance of the conference debate. The Ceca majority wanted Trotzky to haul down his flag and capitulate. Trotzky, master of tactics that he is, consolidated for himself a strategic position from which, if the opportunity presents itself, he may attack the Zinoviev-Stalin-Kamenev machine and the Ceca majority once more. Trotzky remains a member of the Central Committee, but unless all indications belie the facts he will not participate in the leadership of the party.

Is the Opposition dead? To judge from the circumstance that the 748 delegates were to a man supporters of the Ceca majority, the answer is in the affirmative. But the unanimity at the conference was admittedly machine-made. Yaroslavsky, secretary of the party's Central Control Commission, told the conference that "we must not hide the fact that we have within our ranks a choked and silenced Opposition. It exists in the university centers and waits for Trotzky's word." Trotzky's speech, he continued, had inspired the Opposition with the hope that he would some day gain control of the party. Yaroslavsky pointed out that if in the future there arose an economic situation as critical as the one of last July and August, which precipitated the whole party fight, no one could guarantee that the Opposition would not again make trouble. And Zinoviev, echoing this thought, demanded "assurances that difficulties which can certainly occur in the future will not be exploited to raise a new disturbance against the party."

At this point the few Oppositionists at the conference protested. There is no doubt that the Communists, be they with the Ceca or with the Opposition, are too well disciplined and too much interested in the welfare of their party to do it any harm. If there is a struggle it will take place within the party ranks and not outside of them. Those enemies of the revolution, from the Grand Duke Nicholas to the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionaries who saw in the appearance of the Opposition a sure sign of the crumbling of the red regime, are obviously misled by false hopes.

There is reason to believe that Yaroslavsky has diagnosed the situation correctly. Trotzky will bide his time until the circumstances warrant a new assault on the now impregnable position of the Ceca machine. It is easy to foresee another possibility. At the annual conference of the party a year ago Krassin advocated the recognition of foreign debts and greater concessions to foreign capitalists. He was called a Menshevik and excluded from the Central Committee. Now the Soviet Government is recognizing its debts; Krassin is again *persona grata*, and the present conference elected him to the Central Committee. Before a year will have passed the Ceca majority may also see the wisdom of Trotzky's program, and then, provided the personal animosities which the discussion has engendered will not have struck too deep a root, there may be peace in the ranks of the Russian Communist Party.

In the meanwhile Trotzky's position in the War Commissariat, where he has been surrounded by enemies, is embarrassing and almost untenable.

CAMP UTOPIA
LAKE ELLIS, WINGDALE, N. Y.
A Vacation Ground for Grown-Ups in the Berkshire Hills
120 minutes from Grand Central
WM. J. PERLMAN, Managing Director — DR. WILL DURANT, Associate Director
Telephone 10 - F4
VISITING LECTURERS
July 12-13: **Dr. Alex. Cairns**; July 19-20: **Prof. H. W. L. Dana**; July 26-27: **Mr. J. A. H. Hopkins**; Aug. 2-3: **Scott Nearing**; Aug. 9-10: **Dr. A. Stone**; Aug. 16-17: **John Macy**; Aug. 23-24: **Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman.**
Daily lectures by **Will Durant:** "A Survey of Civilization."

BASH BISH LODGE, Copake Falls, N.Y.
A Camp for Adults
IN THE BERKSHIRES
Less than 3 hours' ride from New York
TENNIS, BATHING, DANCING, ETC.
Rates $30 per Week—$6 per day
Address RUBENSTEIN & LEIKIN
Bash Bish Lodge, Copake Falls, N. Y.
Tel. 31, Ring 4 — City tel. Intervale 2667

ECHO LAKE TAVERN
in the Adirondacks
5 MILES ABOVE LAKE GEORGE
An ideal spot for rest and fun
Rates $25 per week. Accommodations limited to 25
Fare for round trip to Lake George, $12.28.
For booklet, address Lena Barish,
Watkins 1281 — 21 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

The Lloyd—on Great South Bay
Bellport, L. I.
Wonderful Location Excellent Table All Sports
Cool, Comfortable, Charming

THE RUSSIAN INN
33 West 37th St., N. Y., near 5th Ave.
LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER
Unique After Theatre Entertainment
Music and Singers

STUDY AT HOME
Directed by
The University of Chicago
Courses in English, History, Chemistry, Business, Mathematics, Education, Psychology, and 35 other subjects command credit toward a Bachelor degree. Begin any time. Address **57 Ellis Hall**, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!
We hold an enormous stock. Second-hand and New, all subjects. On approval. Also Rare Books. Catalogues free, mention interests. Commissions executed. FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England.

STEINWAY
THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

The Spirit of Pioneering

Impatience with present facilities, a restless searching for perfect things—these have driven men to discovery and invention. They possessed the early voyagers who turned their backs on the security of home to test opportunity in an unknown land. They explain the march westward that resulted in this settled, united country. And they have inspired the activities of the Bell System since the invention of the telephone.

The history of the Bell System records impatience with anything less than the best known way of doing a job. It records a steady and continuous search to find an even better way. In every department of telephone activity improvement has been the goal—new methods of construction and operation, refinements in equipment, discoveries in science that might aid in advancing the telephone art. Always the road has been kept open for an unhampered and economic development of the telephone.

Increased capacity for service has been the result. Instead of rudimentary telephones connecting two rooms in 1876, to-day finds 15,000,000 telephones serving a whole people. Instead of speech through a partition, there is speech across a continent. Instead of a few subscribers who regarded the telephone as an uncertain toy, a nation recognizes it as a vital force in the business of living.

Thus has the Bell System set its own high standards of service. By to-day's striving it is still seeking to make possible the greater service of to-morrow.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

CAMP TAMIMENT
Forest Park, Pa.
Lecturers during season
Alexander Goldenweiser, Herman Epstein, Harry Dana, Heywood Broun, Willy Pogany, Clement Wood, Scott Nearing, Margaret Daniels
Also All Sports and Social Activities
Write for Booklet to 7 EAST 15th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

MARX'S COMMUNIST MANIFESTO CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE has now for the first time been published in cloth binding: in the same volume is the by Marx and Engels. Both are invaluable historical documents. Price 60c. postpaid. Ask for book catalog.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

WHEN THE COURT TAKES A RECESS
A collection of articles on subjects of current interest which both entertains and offers valuable information to the man who would know his City and its problems.
By JUDGE WILLIAM McADOO $2.00 E. P. Dutton & Co.

NEW ADDRESS: W. BEYER'S BOOKSHOP
From June 1st: 213 West 43rd Street
Just West of Times Square—Broadway
Large stock of German and American books
New and Second Hand

Private Trade in Soviet Russia

THE talk of French recognition of the Soviet Government elicited a new statement from Washington to the effect that such recognition by the United States could not be considered at present, especially since the Soviet Government had given evidence of reverting to the earlier methods of ruthless enforcement of Communist principles. In this connection the present attitude of the Soviet Government toward private merchants is cited as the most illuminating instance. Stories of persecutions and increased activities by the Cheka have been revived in the press; private traders are supposed to be the chief victims of the new terror. It is therefore of particular interest to reproduce here the resolution of the recent convention of the Russian Communist Party, in which the policies of the Soviet Government in regard to internal trade are laid down:

The further development of the state industries, as well as the establishment of an actual economic link between the city and country, demands that the party pay particular attention to the question of the exchange of goods within the country. . . .

Owing to the scattered character of the small peasant households it is for the time being inevitable that they should, to a considerable degree, be served by private trading machinery. However, depending on the system of nationalized industry and transport, on the state organization of credits, the monopoly of foreign trade, and the state organization of the wholesale trade, as well as on the growing system of cooperatives, the party must strive, in an increasing degree, to subordinate the whole process of marketing and distribution to the regulating influence of the state.

The degree in which the state accomplishes its regulating purpose in the market will be measured by its influence in the matter of regulating market prices.

In view of the fact that only the increasing development of trade will create a firm basis for the further growth of industries and the completion of the monetary reform, the convention acknowledges that the fundamental problem of the government in regard to trade at present must be the development of adequate distribution to the broad masses of consumers, particularly the peasants, by strengthening the position of the state's trading machinery and of the cooperatives.

In this task of gaining control of the market no measures of administrative repression should be resorted to; the method must consist in a strengthening of the economic position of state trade and of the cooperatives by concentrating in their hands the most of those products which are necessary for the mass of the population and in coordinating and regulating the activities of these organs.

The policy of lowering prices and securing the great peasant market for the state industries has so far justified itself. As a basis of this policy the needs of the market must be carefully studied and accounted for with the maximum degree of precision, and the satisfaction of these needs must be planned and prepared.

Only by following this policy will it become possible gradually to replace private trade machinery by state trade and cooperation.

In this connection it is, however, imperative to have in view that no measures should be adopted in relation to private trade which may lead toward the decrease or confusion of the general exchange of goods, since such measures would result not in positive but rather in negative consequences for the economic development of the USSR.

The convention indorses the reorganization of the Internal Trade Committee of the Council of Labor and Defense into a People's Commissariat for Internal Trade, and it considers that the main task of the commissariat is so to organize internal trade and so to regulate the activities of state trade and cooperation as to enable the latter to gain control of the market—in the first place to enable state capital to retain and further to increase the wholesale exchange of goods—and to achieve the actual control of the state over the activities of private capital.

For these purposes the People's Commissariat of Internal Trade must be empowered to regulate the whole internal trade, fix and enforce prices, and play a leading part in determining the trade policies of all organizations in which state capital is invested.

A special task of the commissariat is vigilantly to supervise the relations between state economic organizations and private capital in the field of internal trade, to organize such relations on bases profitable to the state and to oppose all attempts by private capital to injure the interests of the state industries and trade or those of the cooperatives, whether openly or by indirection (privileged credit conditions, privileged forms of settling accounts, etc.).

The policies of the credit institutions must be so directed as to strengthen systematically the position of the state and cooperative organizations in their struggle with private capital in the market. Special privileged credit conditions and support must be given the state trade organizations and cooperatives in the outlying districts, where they are waging a struggle against the usurious relations established by private trade capital.

An immediate task is to prepare to carry out the grain-storing campaign as well as the storing of other agricultural products and raw materials for the needs of industry. All leading economic institutions of the union and the State Planning Commission must immediately take up the problems involved in the storing of grain by the state and in preparing those goods which must be dumped on the peasant market in the autumn when the crops are gathered. . . . In so far as the forces of the state and cooperatives prove insufficient, recourse must be had to private trade machinery. But the Commissariat of Internal Trade must see to it that the role of the private capital is actually only that of an auxiliary to the machinery of the state industries and the state grain-storing organizations. . . .

Contributors to This Issue

DOUGLAS FREEMAN is a Virginian by birth and parentage. He was educated at Richmond College and Johns Hopkins and has been active in State and national historical societies. He has been engaged in newspaper work in Virginia almost continuously since 1909 and is at present editor of the Richmond *News Leader*.

EDWARD RICHARDS is a private consulting forester who has been particularly interested in the national forests and in the problem of conservation.

DAVID MORTON is the author of "Harvest," a recent book of verse.

LLEWELYN POWYS has just published a new volume of African sketches, "Black Laughter."

MAXIMO M. KALAW is at the University of Michigan as exchange professor from the University of the Philippines.

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Russian correspondent, is at present living in Moscow. He has prepared an article, to appear in an early issue, on Russia and the Struggle for Oil.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1924 No. 3081

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 85
EDITORIALS:
Davis and Bryan 88
Are Negroes "Workers"? 89
Freedom Through Advertising 89
FREEDOM OF THE AIR:
Uncensored and Uncontrolled. By David Sarnoff 90
Radio Control. By Grover A. Whalen 90
Radio—The Fulcrum. By Hudson Maxim 91
THE SEX UPROAR. By H. L. Mencken 91
REVOLUTION—NEW STYLE. By George Soule 93
DAVIS THE DOUBLE-EDGED. By William Hard 94
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 95
CORRESPONDENCE 96
BOOKS:
"He Was an Englishman." By H. K. Dick 98
Teachers in Israel. By Johan J. Smertenko 98
An Unquenchable Spirit. By Stuart Chase 99
A Modernist Primer. By Thomas Craven 99
Confusion Worse Confounded. By Joseph T. Shipley 100
The African at Home. By Melville J. Herskovits 100
DRAMA:
Four Plays from Old Japan. By Ouida Meyer 101
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Russia's Bill of Damages 102
China and Russia Agree 102
A New Famine Year in Russia? 103

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN
FREDA KIRCHWEY IRITA VAN DOREN
Managing Editor Literary Editor
ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager
Contributing Editors
ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS
ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

RADIO NEVER WEATHERED such endurance tests as during the Democratic Convention, but the broadcasting of those dreary sessions probably established it firmly as a household necessity—and pest. It will have subtler tests in the course of the three-party campaign. Every politician will expect the nearest radio station to give him a full opportunity to stand in front of a receiving instrument and roar his speeches to audiences which would never cross the street to listen to him. It will be difficult for any broadcasting company, however fair-minded it tries to be, to balance the scales justly. Will La Follette's speakers have their fair share of radio-publicity? We doubt it; it will be almost impossible for officials of the big radio corporations to give a new and radical movement its just allotment of time. The question of the "freedom of the air," discussed in this issue by a peppery inventor, the calm executive of the Radio Corporation of America, and the father of New York's municipal broadcasting station will become more and more acute—and much more significant than the present discussion of the right to broadcast an appeal for chorus girls would indicate. Invention proceeds at such a pace as to make any solution tentative. While some governments are still subsidizing cable lines the wireless is rapidly putting the cable into the position of the old-fashioned buggy on a concrete road, and now Marconi announces that the high-power broadcasting stations, built within the last three or four years, are already out of date. Short wave lengths will, he says, replace the long; they can be made to go as far, at greater speed and with less power, and are less dependent upon weather.

SURELY NO GREATER, more spontaneous, or more enthusiastic ovation was ever given to a public man than that accorded to Governor Smith on his appearance at the Democratic Convention. Nothing impressed the visiting delegates and newspapermen more than the esteem and affection in which the Governor is held by the plain people of New York City. They felt that his cause was theirs; Catholics, Protestants, and Jews were alike in hoping for his success. His defeat has only enhanced his popularity because he took it in such excellent spirit. He is a "good sport," and if his recital to the convention of his own achievements seemed to some in questionable taste his auditors were rapturous in their applause. His patent honesty and simplicity, his avoidance of all pretense, win him friends wherever he appears. As far as we can judge he may remain Governor of New York as long as he lives if he wishes to, and if he should desire to enter the Senate two years hence, Senator Wadsworth might as well decide to retire without a contest. Certainly not even Theodore Roosevelt had such a hold on the masses of New York State as has "Al" Smith, and with that he has won the esteem of social workers and reformers to an extraordinary degree.

IF GOVERNOR SMITH emerges from the convention a more sympathetic figure than ever, this is not the case with either William J. Bryan or William G. McAdoo. The latter took his terrible disappointment with poor grace indeed—and gave no evidence of being a generous loser. Much of the delay of the convention was due to his obstinate refusal to see what was plain from the start to every unprejudiced observer—that he could not win. We do not doubt he was sincere in his belief that he was overborne by the evil forces of our big-business masters, but nothing could have been more incongruous than his pose as the champion of progress and reform against the wets and Wall Street when he was upheld by the votes of the Ku Klux Klan and could see nothing queer in being Morgan's or Doheny's lawyer.

MR. BRYAN, too, seems to have received his quietus. When he rose to speak on the night before the nomination the delegates and spectators howled him down. Something of the sort had occurred before during the convention, but he had been able to make himself heard. On this occasion he not only was not allowed to say a single word, but the attitude of his opponents was marked by such bitterness as to amaze onlookers. This was due not only to Bryan's opposition to Smith and Davis, or to his advocacy of the besmirched McAdoo, or to the fact that he made a stump speech under false pretenses during the voting, but to a feeling that he had become a vindictive old busybody.

PUBLIC LIB.

His about-face, after denouncing Davis to the convention, when "Brother Charley" was put on the ticket with him, ought to complete the public disgust. As Clinton W. Gilbert has said, if monkeys had votes Mr. Bryan would be the champion of evolution.

CAILLAUX IS FREE, by the terms of the new French amnesty law—Caillaux, the brilliant ex-premier who was tried and convicted under the Clemenceau regime, not for treason, as many of our newspapers seem to believe, but for maintaining, in war time, belief in a "European policy." Caillaux before the war believed in a Franco-German rapprochement; during the war he believed in a "white peace," and since the war he has, by the curious terms of his sentence, been kept out of Paris and deprived of the right to vote or hold office. Unquestionably he will return to politics, but his personal ambition will stand in his way almost as much as his policies. His influence, however, will be cast for appeasement, and France needs such influences today. Poincaré's sour four-hour speech in opposition probably damaged Herriot's position little, but the press attacks charging him with surrender to England left him very unsure of his parliamentary footing. The Dawes Plan has not yet an open track either in France or in Germany. Germany's acceptance of Allied military inspection helped clear the air, but the rumors that Ramsay MacDonald, to make Herriot's task easier, had altered the proposed method of putting the Dawes Plan into effect, disturbed even liberal opinion in Germany. One thing is plain: The Allies must abandon the pernicious habit of exclusive Franco-British conferences. Nothing will be settled permanently until it is settled by joint negotiation between the interested Powers, with Germany treated as an equal.

THESE ARE TOUGH TIMES for dictators. Mussolini has not yet extricated himself from the backwash of the Matteotti murder when news comes that Primo de Rivera of Spain is also in difficulties. The dictator's chief ostensible reason for seizing power was the disastrous military campaign in Spanish Morocco, for which he blamed the meddling and muddling of civilian administrators. But under a military dictatorship matters have gone no better. The rather fantastic suggestion to buy the peace of the Riff tribesmen by making the bandit Raisuli their caliph seems to have come to nothing, and savage warfare with no quarter on either side has recently recommenced. Even at their face value the Spanish communiqués show a desperate situation, while between the lines is a hint of a disaster worse than that of two years ago. And for the death of every Spanish soldier doubtless ten Moors—men, women, or children—are slain. Press reports say that twenty Spanish airplanes recently dropped 600 bombs on villages south of Tetuan. "The tribesmen are reported to have been absent, either fighting or at tribal gatherings," says a dispatch from Tangier, *"but women and children were in the villages."*

"IMPERIAL RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT, five-year 5½ per cent bonds, dated December 1, 1916"—so runs the heading of an advertisement in the financial columns of the New York *Times* for July 14. The presidents of the National City Bank and of the Guaranty Trust Co., representatives of J. P. Morgan and Co., Harris, Forbes and Co., Kidder, Peabody and Co., and Lee, Higginson and Co.; and the vice-chairman of the Foreign Securities Committee of the Investment Bankers Association of America sign this little letter to the holders of Czarist bonds. "It is believed," these intelligent bankers say, "that the rights of holders of these certificates can be safeguarded to the best advantage through the Department of State and this committee." There follows the assurance that "Our Government, as a condition to formally recognizing a government in Russia, will in all probability insist that provision be made by the Russian Government for the payment of these claims." In all probability it will indeed.

THE COLLECTION OF LOANS floated through the House of Morgan and other Wall Street houses seems to be the primary concern of our State Department under the beneficent administration of Mr. Hughes. Nicaragua, under American control, has just repaid in full its railroad loan, and the State Department is now ready to withdraw the marines who have been there since 1912, one year after the first American bankers' loan. Santo Domingo is repaying its loan at so rapid a rate that even our American collector-general of customs begs the State Department to alter the onerous terms imposed upon that poor country in a loan contract negotiated by a so-called government presided over by an American admiral. Meanwhile the banks play both ends against the middle. In the financial columns of the *Wall Street Journal* we find an announcement of the Russian (Soviet) State Bank, and among its American correspondents is noted that same Guaranty Trust Co. whose president signed the letter to holders of the Czarist bonds.

SOME DAMAGING SHOT has been poured into the midst of Republican complacency by the National Civil Service Reform League. William Dudley Foulke, its president, declares that when the party asserts in its platform that under the present administration there has been steady improvement in the enforcement of the merit system it is guilty of sheer falsehood. This is especially flagrant in connection with the declaration that "the appointment of presidential postmasters has been placed on the merit basis." Mr. Foulke says:

> The Wilson order providing competitive examinations for filling vacancies in presidential postmasterships caused by death, resignation, or removal (about 10 per cent of the total number of vacancies) and requiring appointment of the candidate with the highest rating, was a small though very valuable extension of the merit principle, really eliminating politics within this small area—a nucleus which, if undisturbed and permitted to develop, would in time remove all presidential postmasterships from politics. But no sooner had the Republican administration come into power than this salutary rule for the appointment of the highest man was abolished; there were to be examinations of *all* presidential postmasters, but the choice of one out of the highest three eligibles led to the manipulation of the eligible lists by the Post Office Department, in cooperation with Republican congressmen and "referees" in such a way as to make these places again mere political spoils, and all this over the heads of the Civil Service Commission.

Mr. Foulke also ridicules the declarations in regard to civil service in the Democratic platform, and characterizes as especially dangerous the advocacy of preference, regardless of qualifications, for ex-service men. The La Follette civil-service plank seems to stand expert scrutiny best of all.

IF THE CHURCHES ARE SERIOUS in their intention to oppose the slaughter of human beings in war they are only at the beginning of a long struggle. This struggle will be all the more difficult because of their past support of war, for the sudden stubbornness of a pliable person arouses infinitely more anger than habitual stubbornness. Upon the announcement of the War Department that on September 12 there would be a "demonstration of the plans for mobilization," the *Christian Century* in a leading editorial vigorously protested and urged the churches to keep faith with their post-war resolutions. The Federations of Churches in Philadelphia and Chicago by resolution requested the War Department to "withdraw this appeal to the nation." Both the magazine and the churches were promptly spanked and put in their places by the Secretary of War. Mr. Weeks warns them that if they persist in such unseemly conduct they will be disobeying the Constitution, an act of Congress of 1792, and the National Defense Act of 1920. All these acts require provision to be made for the national defense, and the Secretary of War insists that anyone objecting to Mobilization Day, as conceived by the master-mind of John W. Weeks, must be opposed to national defense and therefore be pretty much of a traitor. In the absence of Messrs. Palmer and Daugherty, somebody, we suppose, has to see specters and we may be grateful if Mr. Weeks does not try to deport all the peace-loving members of all the women's alliances and Epworth leagues and lock up the churches as centers of subversive Christianity.

ALBERT EINSTEIN brusquely resigned from the Committee on Intellectual Cooperation of the League of Nations a year ago on the ground that "The League of Nations, as it functions at present, not only does not embody the ideal of an international organization but actually discredits such an organization." Later he changed his mind. "I acted mistakenly," he said. "However bad the League of Nations may be in respect to what it has accomplished it is tremendously important in respect to the possibilities which lie concealed within it." This year, being invited to rejoin the committee, he accepted. "It is a good sign of the liberal and generous disposition of the men of the League," he wrote, "that after my harsh refusal of last year they have once more elected me. How happily European conditions have changed since then! Everywhere hope and good-will! Only with us the ice is not yet melted and it is toward this that we must now work." Manley O. Hudson, who sends us this letter, also sends a statement prepared for the American press at the request of friends of the League, in which Mr. Einstein remarks that "Strong in its power to understand and to forget, the League of Nations will rise to its great task of the pacification of the world as soon as all states have become members and the cooperation of progressive men in all countries has been assured." We printed Mr. Einstein's criticism a year ago and we are glad to record his changed attitude today. May the hope and good-will which he reports soon lead to the invitation, not only to Germany but also to Soviet Russia to join the Assembly and Council of the League.

STYLES IN CRUELTY VARY. Bull-fighting and cock-fighting are looked upon with a certain dainty aversion by the non-Latin peoples. Prize-fighting, in spite of the support of George Bernard Shaw, has its squeamish opponents, among them many people who hunt foxes. And now Tex Austin's rodeo—American to its core, with steer-throwing and steer-wrestling and broncho-riding—has divided England into camps of bitter opponents, with the "better people," the liberals, and the polite press, attacking the sports of the round-up as "cruel and unworthy of our race"—to quote from a special article in the *Manchester Guardian* by Henry W. Nevinson. The leg of a steer was broken on the opening night of the rodeo, and the animal was promptly shot. Other accidents followed; some of them to animals, more to the human participants in the contests. Several men suffered bruises and sprains. A cowgirl seriously wrenched her neck. Another was rolled on by her horse and broke her collar-bone. The royal British sanction for being unhorsed has not penetrated the ranks of the American visitors, however, for the second young woman repudiated the report that she had been thrown. "I have never had too much horse," she announced. The peat track seems to have caused most of the accidents both to man and beast; but the long casualty list has set the country by the ears.

THE RODEO HAS BEEN DISCUSSED in Parliament, in leading articles and columns of news in the press; and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals instituted proceedings against the management—though the case has since been dismissed. Meantime England, while it shuddered, turned out to view the contests at the rate of some 146,000 a day. Is the rodeo cruel? Dragging ourselves rather laboriously out of our national complacency, we must doubtless admit that it is. Certainly the animals taking part in the contests have not even a gold purse to win for their risks and their pains, and we cannot let the glamor that surrounds the skilful daring of the ranches hide obviously brutal facts. But still—well, it is our own American style of cruelty, and so it seems considerably less cruel than most other national varieties.

YOUTH HAS BEEN SO MUCH on top in this age that sympathizers with the under (or older) dog must take keen delight in its defeat by hoary old age in the marathon, the culminating event of the Olympic games. For a man of forty has reached hoary old age, athletically speaking—and some would say mentally as well. Yet in this twenty-six-mile run, up hill and down dale—a feat calling for the stoutest muscle and the most perfect heart—a decrepit old party of forty winters (and winters are trying in Finland) pranced in ahead of the bunch, while third place was won by another ancient lacking only a little of the same human deadline laid down by the redoubtable Dr. Osler. This triumph of the down-and-outs, of Stenroos, the Finn, and De Mar, the American, was the most remarkable aspect of the games, but they were notable also for the showing made by the tiny country from which Stenroos comes. Finland came out next to the United States in the total score by points, and quite ran away with all the long-distance races of the meet. The result has set the correspondents to investigating Finnish training methods. "Their main diet is fish and a kind of maize cake, hard as biscuit," reports one writer. Perhaps this will prove the salvation of our ruined fishermen and deflated farmers, for we foresee an eager public following presently in the wake of advertising campaigns to "Eat More Fish" and "Use More Corn."

Davis and Bryan

OUR opinion of John W. Davis, the man, we have set forth on several occasions, notably in our issue of July 2. It is a pleasure to be able to say of the Democratic nominee for the Presidency that he is a man of unusual legal ability, of much charm, of unquestioned personal rectitude. Should he be elected we should have in the White House a gentleman to recall its best traditions. So far as his personal quality is concerned, his nomination ranks with those of Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson, though he has neither their force nor their insight. In the White House he would be friendly, accessible, and open to advice. An after-dinner speaker of unusual grace, he is especially gifted in council and as an attorney has been much sought after because of his skill in finding the formulas by which to solve many a difficult situation—a quality which will be valuable to his party in the coming campaign. In many respects his party has put its best foot forward in making this choice; it has won the enthusiastic support of such powerful newspapers as the New York *Times* and *World* and the Baltimore *Sun*, and of many men and women in the conservative classes. It now provides active competition for Calvin Coolidge in the field in which he has been supreme—the ultra-conservative business world. Besides that, this nomination brings to the party the hearty approval of the advocates of the League of Nations, which Mr. Davis warmly champions. These are all factors of importance.

His brand of liberalism is that of the philanthropic financier. He will use the words "progressivism" and "liberalism" throughout the campaign, but his more recent professional associations have made it clear that he is irretrievably identified with the business powers that be. Once, years ago, able to go to the defense of West Virginia mine workers, he has become part and parcel of that business world which constitutes the invisible government assailed by both Roosevelt and Wilson. By this we do not mean that he will be controlled by members of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Co. or of any other group. It is his slant of mind and his general attitude toward the privileged which we have in view. Such liberalism as we shall get from him will be the liberalism of the Democratic Party of a bygone generation, for in none of his writings or speeches have we met evidence that Mr. Davis is aware of the deep under-currents in our modern social life or of the profound and far-reaching importance of the economic issues which confront us.

His speeches are attractive, dignified, cultured. But he has gone with the herd since 1914, which explains sufficiently the enthusiastic support of the New York *Times* and the rise in stocks which followed his nomination. "He is all right for business," was the general Wall Street verdict. What the country needs is far less one who is all right for business than one who is all right for the plain people, one from whose lips we may hope to hear such clear-cut utterances as came in 1912 from Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Davis will not say, or even see, that "our government has been for the past two years under the control of heads of great allied corporations with special interests." He will not announce his readiness to rescue the government from those special interests, to do everything he can to alter that condition of affairs which made Mr. Wilson assert that it had come to pass that the President of the United States had to go hat in hand to Wall Street for orders. He showed his stodginess sufficiently when he was president of the American Bar Association. He never opened his mouth to protest against the flagrant violations of the Constitution by Mitchell Palmer, but he voiced a conventional objection to criticism of the courts for invalidating social legislation.

Even were Mr. Davis more liberal and progressive than he is, we should still prefer to support Robert La Follette rather than the choice of a party whose hopeless decadence has so often been proved. We abate not one word of the editorial which we published last week as to the irreconcilable differences and the hopeless contradictions and cross-currents within the Democratic Party. It has undergone no sea-changes overnight; its business masters are still in control. We would remind our readers that the leaders of the progressive movement in Congress are today, with one or two brilliant exceptions, not Democrats but Republicans. The election of Mr. Davis would give no assurance that the progressive movement would be taken over by the Democracy. It would outwardly rehabilitate the party, revamp some old shibboleths, but a far greater man than Mr. Davis could not cause a genuine rebirth of the party which now does only lip service to the teachings of Thomas Jefferson and is tied to that body of death, the Democratic Party of the South, with its hopeless dominance by the race problem. The seating of Mr. Davis, an attractive, amiable gentleman, in the White House would surely do positive harm by camouflaging the real situation in his party and in the country. It would doubtless delay the inevitable amalgamation of the two great parties, and that political regrouping into conservatives and progressives which the country needs if we are to be capable of thinking along politico-economic lines, if our creaking and cracking institutions are to be remodeled and revitalized. It is just because we so keenly feel the need of this realignment that we shall do our utmost to support the La Follette movement as a long step in the desired direction.

Governor Bryan has been an efficient and liberal Governor of the State of Nebraska. We cannot, however, affirm that he is of the caliber which should have been chosen in this hour. Never before was the candidate for Vice-President so important, for the election may easily be thrown into the House of Representatives and then into the Senate. If nobody obtains a majority next November, the election of a President will devolve upon the House and of a Vice-President upon the Senate. If there should be a deadlock in the House, and if Mr. Bryan should be elected Vice-President, he would, under the Constitution, assume the duties of President on March 4, 1925. Between elections we always vow that the next time we shall pick a Vice-Presidential candidate for other than party reasons or geographical considerations, and always we make the same blunder by leaving the choice until the last moment, when an exhausted convention has no thought except to get it over with and get home. Governor Bryan's nomination was a shrewd and successful political trick to capture the William J. Bryan influence. That, not the interest of the Republic, was the aim.

Are Negroes "Workers"?

"ARE women 'people'?" the suffragists used to ask. "Are Negroes 'workers'?" colored men are beginning to inquire. The labor movement of the United States has hitherto paid scant attention to the race which has most generously contributed to the working class of the country. Latterly the American Federation of Labor has regularly resolved at its conventions to take colored men into the unions, but it has done little between sessions to carry out the resolutions. A few unions, such as the molders and the mine-workers, have been conspicuously fair to the Negro; many have been inconspicuously unfair, and a few have frankly maintained the color bar. The northward tide of Negro migration has drawn unusual attention to the importance of Negro labor; since the stoppage of European immigration the South has served as a reservoir of cheap labor from which Northern capitalists might draw in time of strike or other crisis. Hence the recent action of the annual conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has such profound significance that we quote its letter to the American Federation of Labor almost in full:

> For many years the American Negro has been demanding admittance to the ranks of union labor.
>
> For many years your organizations have made public profession of your interest in Negro labor, of your desire to have it unionized, and of your hatred of the black "scab."
>
> Notwithstanding this apparent surface agreement, Negro labor in the main is outside the ranks of organized labor, and the reason is, first, that white union labor does not want black labor, and, secondly, black labor has ceased to beg admittance to union ranks because of its increasing value and efficiency outside the unions.
>
> We thus face a crisis in interracial labor conditions; the continued and determined race prejudice of white labor, together with the limitation of immigration, is giving black labor tremendous advantage. The Negro is entering the ranks of semi-skilled and skilled labor and he is entering mainly and necessarily as a "scab." He broke the great steel strike. He will soon be in position to break any strike when he can gain economic advantage for himself.
>
> On the other hand, intelligent Negroes know full well that a blow at organized labor is a blow at all labor; that black labor today profits by the blood and sweat of labor leaders in the past who have fought oppression and monopoly by organization. If there is built up in America a great black bloc of non-union laborers who have a right to hate unions, all laborers, black and white, eventually must suffer.
>
> Is it not time, then, that black and white labor get together? Is it not time for white unions to stop bluffing and for black laborers to stop cutting off their noses to spite their faces?
>
> We, therefore, propose that there be formed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the American Federation of Labor, the Railway Brotherhoods, and any other bodies agreed upon, an Interracial Labor Commission.
>
> We propose that this commission undertake:
>
> 1. To find out the exact attitude and practice of national labor bodies and local unions toward Negroes and of Negro labor toward unions.
>
> 2. To organize systematic propaganda against racial discrimination on the basis of these facts at the great labor meetings, in local assemblies, and in local unions.

Here is a real opportunity for the Federation.

Freedom Through Advertising

ADVERTISING is the world's best bet for the attainment of international peace, thinks Edward A. Filene, a shopkeeper of Boston town. Democracy is government by public opinion, he has been telling the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, in convention assembled in London, and it is only in so far as public opinion is farsighted, pacific in temper, and well posted in regard to other nations that there is hope of peace. To create this kind of opinion we must have a free press. The revenue from its sales does not support a modern newspaper, Mr. Filene continues. In our larger cities it costs $6,000,000 and upward a year to produce a daily, not more than 20 or 30 per cent of which is derived from circulation. The public would not pay the amount extra for its reading to make up the difference. A publication must receive subsidies, and be tied to the "special interests" from which they come, or it must have advertising—and freedom!

Mr. Filene looks at these alternatives and embraces the latter, gladly, enthusiastically. So should we if we accepted all Mr. Filene says about it. He thinks that a revenue from advertising insures a free press because advertisers want a circulation with buying power, and no newspaper which does not prove itself to be free can long hold any number of such readers. He sees the world headed toward an era of super-competition, with mass production and mass selling at the lowest possible prices. Advertising on a greater and greater scale will be necessary to mass selling. Hence newspapers are destined to grow freer and freer, and universal peace is just around the corner—brought to us by our modern miracle-workers, the advertising men.

A pretty picture, if that were all. Mr. Filene is right in much that he says, but he leaves substantial considerations out of account. In our country and in our day it is practically true that a newspaper cannot live on its circulation, but it is not true in all countries nor has it been true at all times. There is hope that a public may be gradually educated to support some newspapers, at least, mostly or wholly through sales. Mr. Filene forgets that a large part of the enormous expense of modern newspaper production is directly due to advertising. It is a question also if the American newspaper has not become two gregarious in its appeal. Only a fraction of what it prints interests any one reader. This represents a sheer economic waste which may some day be curtailed through greater specialization. Mr. Filene's very insistence on the fact that the advertiser wants a circulation with buying power shows the weakness of the system. To reach the maximum in this direction a newspaper has to cater not to intelligence but to the greatest number of persons with an income a little larger than their sheer necessities require —usually the most materially-minded and unprogressive element in any community.

We accept advertising as the basis of modern journalism, not as a boon but as a necessary—and perhaps temporary—evil. We see hope in the signs that as the world plunges into an era of mass production, mass selling, and mass opinion, there are arising sizable groups to realize both the need and the opportunity of supporting journals whose clear, free, and individual note, like the "still, small voice," transcends the wind and the earthquake.

The Freedom of the Air

Uncensored and Uncontrolled

By DAVID SARNOFF

WITH over five hundred stations, large and small, broadcasting daily programs of music, entertainment, and speech to a radio audience of probably 10,000,000 people in the United States, it is strange that the cry of monopoly should reverberate through the press in any discussion of the broadcasting problem. For there are no gateways in the air to bar the human voice. Mechanically and scientifically no power exists that can permanently block the airways of space. No development in the air, actual or projected, would justify the thought that the vast reaches of air could be confined to the range and power of any one system of broadcasting stations. The danger to free speech in the air comes from another source.

There are two fundamental schools of thought today with regard to the solution of the problem of radio broadcasting, neither of which infringes upon the freedom of the air. It is declared, on the one hand, that the solution of the problem calls for some method of payment on the part of the millions of receivers of radio programs. Broadcasting, they say, must be made to pay its own way in order to stabilize the radio industry. And it is true that the equipment and maintenance of a modern broadcasting station require an ever-increasing investment of capital and effort.

The other school of thought bases its approach to the problem on a different thesis. It is that radio has developed an industry, the success and growth of which are dependent upon an extraordinary service to the public. Without broadcasting, every receiving set in the country would be but a useless piece of mechanism. It is the duty of the industry, therefore, to supply at least the equipment and organization for such a service, and to provide an untrammeled forum in the air.

As the art progresses I believe that radio more and more will become the universal voice. It is the first method of communication discovered by man whereby millions of people can instantaneously and simultaneously be reached with the same thought, the same appeal, the same emotional impetus. Radio gives the human voice a limitless range. Its destiny is to bring light, education, and entertainment even to the remotest home in the country, by a method that no other system of communication has ever been able to equal.

The broadcasting station of the future, in my opinion, will be the bar at which great causes will be pleaded for the verdict of public opinion. It is vitally important, therefore, that the expressions of educators and statesmen should reach the vast radio audience uncensored and uncontrolled. So powerful an instrument of public good should and must be kept free from partisan manipulation. The same principles that apply to the freedom of the press should be made to apply to the freedom of the air. Public interest should be the sole test of admission to this illimitable forum. No political, racial, or color line should ever be drawn.

To tax the public for radio reception would be a reversion, in my belief, to the days of toll roads and bridges, to the days when schools were not free and libraries were not public.

The danger to freedom of speech by radio is not the danger that any one interest will ever be able to monopolize the air. The real danger is in censorship, in over-regulation. If the radio industry is to give to the public the greatest possible service, it must be encouraged, not harassed by government regulation; if the air is to be kept free for the public good, public opinion must determine the fitness or unfitness of those who seek to appear at its bar.

Radio Control

By GROVER A. WHALEN

RADIO broadcasting should be absolutely free in every respect from control by any private corporation, such as the American Telegraph and Telephone Company. It is not free today. A successful broadcasting station must employ at times the use of telephone lines to broadcast from points distant to the transmitting station. This is technically known as remote control. The telephone company has adopted the broad policy of saying: "You may lease our telephone line if you use our station for toll or hire, but if you use any other broadcasting station you cannot lease our lines." Thus this dominant member of the combine, by special concessions of toll service, advertising, increased power, and remote control is enabled to maintain a monopoly of the air, dictating that no other station shall collect toll, shall advertise, shall use high power, or shall augment its service by the use of telephone lines. Is this not a monopoly in radio broadcasting, governed by a self-appointed, private corporation, acting in lieu of the government, even more menacing and more detrimental in its effect on the public and on future radio development than the monopoly of commercial wireless communication and restraint in the manufacture and distribution of radio apparatus against which the Public Service Commission has complained? Broadcasting should be as free as the air through which the sound waves are impelled, except for such government control as may be necessary and advisable.

This is a fundamental proposition incapable of contradiction. It is self-evident.

Government control should be had by establishing in each area comparatively strong stations, such as the municipal broadcasting station which has just been put in operation in New York City, and by cutting out poorer and weaker stations which broadcast inferior programs.

The superstation theory suggested by Mr. Guy E. Tripp, chairman of the board of directors of the Westinghouse Electric Company, is along the lines I have had in mind. The progress of radio is not helped by stations of little power broadcasting programs that are not worth while.

Censorship, at this time, I should regard as unfortunate. The public is the best censor. The radio audience is just as exacting as an opera audience and requires the best in character and quality. Radio so closely touches the home life of the American people that the best, and only the best, must be broadcasted, and the most careful selection must be

made from the wide variety of subjects offered. Painstaking study and careful thought are required to prepare and present a properly balanced and generally acceptable radio program.

In the present development of broadcasting, freedom is greatly to be desired, but in any event the exercise of control must be by the government, not by any private corporation or combination of corporations.

Radio—The Fulcrum

By HUDSON MAXIM

GIVE me control of the air that a man breathes, and he shall drop his opinion and adopt my opinion and he shall vote as I vote.

Not only is the air our breath of life, but also it is the *why* we have ears and organs of speech. Give me control of what goes into a man's ears, and I shall control his organs of speech.

Public opinion goes in through the ears. Give me control of the sources of information to which public opinion lends its ears, and I shall be able to exclude all opposing opinions and shape public opinion to suit myself.

Archimedes said: "Give me the *where* to stand and the fulcrum, and I will with my lever lift the world." Radio supplies the where to stand and the fulcrum for the Archimedean lever with which he who controls radio may raise or lower the world.

Let the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League have control of the evening radio talks to children, and they will be in a position to fill their minds with superstition, and make them into men and women who shall be the pawns of propagandists of blue laws and prohibitions.

Give the control of radio to the scientists and rationalists, and they will be in a position to fill the children's minds with science and rationality, and make them into men and women who shall be governed by reason, and not by superstition, fanaticism, and prejudice.

The private monopolist of radio broadcasting would be in a position to extinguish freedom's last remaining flickering glim that federal prohibition has not yet doused. He would be in a position to wipe out the last vestige of self-government still left by the Anti-Saloon League to the American people. Although the people might still believe that they were doing their own thinking, their own choosing, and that they were voting with their own volition, they would actually be mere pawns in the play.

Radio broadcasting is both the most marvelous mystery and the greatest potentiality that has ever been harnessed to man's use, and it has such vast possibilities of misuse as a club that its possible clubbing use should be most wisely considered before a private monopoly should be permitted to control it.

I distrust the wisdom of allowing radio broadcasting to be controlled by any private monopoly, but I also distrust the wisdom and the ability and the justice of federal control of radio. The solution seems to lie between the devil of private monopoly and the deep sea of perilous paternalism. The government has the right of eminent domain over the air, but the Anti-Saloon League exercises eminent domain over the government.

I must confess that I am puzzled. Perhaps the control of radio should be made quasi-private and quasi-governmental.

The Sex Uproar

By H. L. MENCKEN

IT is the economic emancipation of woman, I suppose, that must be blamed for the present wholesale discussion of the sex question, so offensive to the romantic. Eminent authorities have full often described, and with the utmost heat and eloquence, her state before she was delivered from her fetters and turned loose to root or die. Almost her only recognized trade, in those dark days, was that of wife. True enough, she might also become a servant girl, or go to work in a factory, or offer herself upon the streets, but all those vocations were so dreadful that no rational woman followed them if she could help it; she would leave any of them instantly at the call of a man, for the call of a man meant promotion for her, economically and socially.

The males of the time, knowing what a boon they had to proffer, drove hard bargains. They demanded a long list of high qualities in the women they summoned to their seraglios, but most of all they demanded what they called virtue. It was not sufficient that a candidate should be anatomically undefiled; she must also be absolutely pure in mind. There was, of course, but one way to keep her that pure, and that was by building a high wall around her mind, and hitting her with a club every time she ventured to look over it. It was as dangerous, in those Christian days, for a woman to show any interest in or knowledge of the great physiological farce of sex as it would be today for a presidential candidate to reveal himself in his cups on the hustings. Everyone knew, to be sure, that as a mammal she had a sex, and that as a potential wife and mother she probably had some secret interest in its phenomena, but it was felt, perhaps wisely, that even the most academic theorizing had within it the deadly germs of the experimental method, and so she was forbidden to think about the matter at all, and whatever information she actually acquired she had to acquire by a method of bootlegging.

The generation still on its legs has seen the almost total collapse of that naive and constabulary system. Beginning with the eighties of the last century, there rose up a harem rebellion which quickly knocked it to pieces. The women of the Western world not only began to plunge heroically into all of the old professions, hitherto sacred to men; they also began to invent a lot of new professions, many of them unimagined by men. Worse, they began to succeed in them. The working woman of the old days worked only until she could snare a man; any man was better than her work. But the working woman of the new days was under no such pressure; her work made her a living and sometimes more than a living; when a man appeared in her net she took two looks at him before landing him. The result

was an enormous augmentation of her feeling of self-sufficiency, her spirit of independence, her natural inclination to get two sides into the bargaining. The result, secondarily, was a revolt against all the old taboos that had surrounded her, all the childish incapacities and ignorances that had been forced upon her. The result, tertiarily, was a vast running amuck in the field that, above all others, had been forbidden to her: that of sexual knowledge and experiment.

We now suffer from the effects of that running amuck. It is women, not men, who are doing all the current gabbling about sex and proposing all the new-fangled modifications of the rules and regulations ordained by God, and they are hard at it, very largely, because being at it at all is a privilege that is still new to them. The whole order of human females, in other words, is passing through a sort of intellectual adolescence, and it is disturbed as greatly thereby as biological adolescents are disturbed by the spouting of the hormones. The attitude of men toward the sex question, it seems to me, has not changed greatly in my time. Barring a few earnest men whose mental processes, here as elsewhere, are essentially womanish, they still view it somewhat jocosely. Taking one with another, they believe that they know all about it that is worth knowing, and so it does not challenge their curiosity, and they do not put in much time discussing it. But among the women, if a bachelor may presume to judge, interest in it is intense. They want to know all that is known about it, all that has been guessed and theorized about it; they bristle with ideas of their own about it. It is hard to find a reflective woman, in these days, who is not harboring some new and startling scheme for curing the evils of monogamous marriage; it is impossible to find any woman who has not given ear to such schemes. Women, not men, read the endless books upon the subject that now rise mountain-high in all the bookstores, and women, not men, discuss and rediscuss the notions in them. An acquaintance of mine, a distinguished critic, owns a copy of one of the most revolutionary of these books, by title "The Art of Love," that was suppressed on the day of its publication by the Comstocks. He tells me that he has already lent it to twenty-six women, and that he has more than fifty applications for it on file. Yet he has never read it himself!

As a professional fanatic for free thought and free speech, I can only view all this uproar in the *Frauenzimmer* with high satisfaction. It gives me delight to see a taboo violated, and that delight is doubled when the taboo is one that is wholly senseless. Sex is enormously more important to women than to men, and so they ought to be free to discuss it as they please, and to hatch and propagate whatever ideas about it occur to them. Moreover, I can see nothing but nonsense in the doctrine that their concern with such matters damages their charm. So far as I am concerned, a woman who knows precisely what a Graafian follicle is is just as charming as one who doesn't—just as charming, and far less dangerous. Charm in women, indeed, is a variable star, and shows different colors at different times. When their chief mark was ignorance, then the most ignorant was the most charming; now that they begin to think deeply and indignantly there is charm in their singular astuteness. But I am not yet convinced that they have attained to a genuine astuteness in the new field of sex. On the contrary, it seems to me that a fundamental error contaminates their whole dealing with the subject, and that is the error of assuming that sexual questions, whether social, physiological, or pathological, are of vast and even paramount importance to mankind—in brief, that sex is a first-rate matter.

I doubt it. I believe that in this department men show better judgment than women, if only because their information is older and their experience wider. Their tendency is to dismiss the whole thing lightly, to reduce sex to the lowly estate of an afterthought and a recreation, and under that tendency there is a sound instinct. I do not believe that the lives of normal men are much colored or conditioned, either directly or indirectly, by purely sexual considerations. I believe that nine-tenths of them would carry on all the activities which engage them now, and with precisely the same humorless diligence, if there were not a woman in the world. The notion that man would not work if he lacked an audience, and that the audience must be a woman, seems to me to be a hollow sentimentality. Men work because they want to eat, because they want to feel secure, because they long to shine among their fellows, and for no other reason. A man may crave his wife's approbation, or some other woman's approbation, of his social graces, of his taste, of his generosity and courage, of his general dignity in the world, but long before he ever gives thought to such things and long after he has forgotten them he craves the approbation of his fellow men. Above all, he craves the approbation of his fellow craftsmen—the men who understand exactly what he is trying to do, and are expertly competent to judge his doing of it. Can you imagine a surgeon putting the good opinion of his wife above the good opinion of other surgeons? If you can, then you can do something that I cannot.

Here, of course, I do not argue absurdly that the good opinion of his wife is nothing to him. Obviously, it is a lot, for if it does not constitute the principal reward of his work, then it at least constitutes the principal joy of his hours of ease, when his work is done. He wants his wife to respect and admire him; to be able to make her do so is also a talent. But if he is intelligent he must discover very early that her respect and admiration do not necessarily run in direct ratio to his intrinsic worth, that the qualities and acts that please her are not always the qualities and acts that are most satisfactory to the censor within him—in brief, that the relations between man and woman, however intimate they may seem, must always remain a bit casual and superficial—that sex, at bottom, belongs to comedy in the cool of the evening and not to the sober business that goes on in the heat of the day. That sober business, as I have said, would still go on if women were abolished and heirs and assigns were manufactured in rolling-mills. Men would not only work as hard as they do today; they would also get almost as much satisfaction out of their work. For of all the men that I know on this earth, ranging from poets to ambassadors and from bishops to statisticians, I know of none who labors primarily because he wants to please a woman. They are all hard at it because they want to please themselves.

Women, plainly enough, are in a far different case. Their emancipation has not yet gone to the length of making them genuinely free. They have rid themselves, very largely, of the absolute *need* to please men, but they have not yet rid themselves of the *impulse* to please men. Perhaps they never will: one might easily devise a plausible argument to that effect on biological grounds. But sufficient unto the day is the phenomenon before us: they have

got rid of the old taboo which forbade them to think and talk about sex, and they still labor under the old superstition that sex is a matter of paramount importance. The result, in my judgment, is a vast emission of piffle. In every division of the subject there is endless and ludicrous exaggeration. The campaign for birth control takes on the colossal proportions of the war for democracy. The venereal diseases are represented to be as widespread, at least in men, as colds in the head, and as lethal as pneumonia or cancer. Great hordes of viragoes patrol the country, instructing school-girls in the mechanics of reproduction and their mothers in obstetrics. The monogamy which produced all of us is denounced as an infamy comparable to cannibalism. Laws are passed regulating the mating of human beings as if they were horned cattle and converting marriage into a sort of coroner's inquest. Over all sounds the battle-cry of quacks and zealots: "Veritas liberabit vos!"

The truth? How much of this new gospel is actually truth? Perhaps two per cent. The rest is idle theorizing, doctrinaire nonsense, mere scandalous rubbish. All that is worth knowing about sex—all, that is, that is solidly established and of sound utility—can be taught to any intelligent boy of sixteen in two hours. Is it taught in the current books, so enormously circulated? I doubt it. Absolutely without exception these books admonish the poor apprentice to renounce sex altogether—to sublimate it, as the favorite phrase is, into a passion for free verse, Rotary, or the League of Nations. That admonition is silly, and, I believe, dangerous. It is as much a folly to lock up sex in the hold as it is to put it in command on the bridge. Its proper place is the social hall.

As a substitute for all such nonsense I drop a pearl of wisdom, and so pass on. To wit: the strict monogamist never gets into trouble.

Revolution—New Style

By GEORGE SOULE

THE recent victories of the needle-trades unions in New York emphasize the function of labor organizations as creative forces in industry. Not one was fought over simple questions of wages and hours. Not one was an out-and-out conflict for power between exploiter and exploited. The chief gains of each battle were greater cohesiveness and better organization of the industry, elimination of economic waste, and constructive measures like unemployment insurance.

It is a dogma of the extreme left that industry is inevitably drifting toward larger units of production and concentrated capitalistic control. A corollary of this dogma is that the only proper course for labor is amalgamation of the unions and a "militant" spirit leading to strikes on an ever larger scale. At every point the workers must refuse to cooperate with employers. Anything of that sort is damned as "class collaboration."

The lefts in the heat of their dogmas apparently have failed to make a realistic examination of the clothing industries of New York. Here the development has been precisely opposite to that which they say is inevitable. Units of production have been growing smaller. The amount of capital necessary to start a shop is so small that the industry has become overcrowded and competition has been intensified beyond endurance. The comparatively large "inside shops" which make entire garments under one roof have been gradually giving way. The jobbers or stock-houses have been encroaching on their market to the retail trade. The small contractors, making up orders for the jobbers, have been encroaching on their manufacturing function. In the cloak-and-suit industry the jobber furnishes the material, and sometimes even the design, to the contractor, who gets the jobber's order through the bitterest kind of competitive bidding.

The result of all this overlapping is manufacture in wastefully small shops, overequipment of machinery and personnel among the contractors, heavy seasonal unemployment, a dragging down of labor standards, deterioration of quality of the product. No amount of union amalgamation or "militancy" would help a situation such as this. The need is not for a simple test of power. It is a problem in industrial engineering.

Likewise the type of trade unionism which thinks of the task of labor as a matter of shrewd bargaining with an employer who can if he will grant any desired concessions, and which concentrates on wage rates and hour schedules to the exclusion of problems of industrial organization, would not have much to offer in a situation such as this. A traditional argument is that seasonal unemployment may be minimized by shorter working hours, and that it should be compensated for by higher wage rates. Such arguments did, indeed, crop up in the recent struggles in New York. But a strike for these objects alone, even if nominally successful, could not have made much headway against the industrial chaos which set the limits to the advantages which the workers might win.

A short strike of the men's clothing workers, conducted by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, brought an element of cohesion into their industry which had been lacking ever since the break-up of the Manufacturers' Association and the impartial chairmanship after the 1921 lockout. A new association of employers was formed and an agreement was made with it. There will be a guaranty of union conditions in all shops. There will be minimum-wage scales based on production—a measure which will tend to deprive the small shops of any competitive advantage. There will be an unemployment-insurance fund, beginning next December, built up by a weekly contribution of 3 per cent of the pay roll, one-half contributed by each side. There will be an impartial chairman to administer the agreement and settle minor disputes. Thus the measures for stability which have been successfully tested in the Chicago market have been introduced in New York, and the industry may be expected to convalesce under a scientific treatment.

The International Ladies' Garment Workers had a more difficult situation, and had been working at it longer. For months before the expiration of their agreement on May 1, they had been endeavoring to bring about a scientific investigation and a remedy for the ills of their industry through

cooperation of the big manufacturers, the jobbers, the contractors, and the union. A joint commission formed for this purpose failed to elicit the necessary detailed information on account of the reluctance of the jobbers to help it. The jobbers, though ultimately involved in the disintegration of the industry, were temporarily profiting from the surplus of contractors and were not prepared to cooperate in good faith. When the agreement expired the union presented demands embodying the best remedies it could devise, and threatened to force cohesion in the industry through a strike. This threat led to the appointment of a competent investigating commission by Governor Smith, which heard all sides at length and eventually handed down recommendations embodying much of what the union wanted. The jobbers at first refused to accept the verdict, but another strike threat at the beginning of the busy season, which was now at hand, brought them to terms.

The remedies offered by the commission are more complicated and extensive than in the case of the men's clothing industry. They include a stipulation that jobbers shall order goods only from contractors having agreements with the union, that such union contractors' shops shall have at least fourteen machine operators and a corresponding number of employees in other branches of the work, that a sanitary label shall be used in products of union shops which shall be subject to the Joint Board of Sanitary Control, that jobbers shall be responsible for the payment of wages by the contractors, that an unemployment-insurance fund shall be built up by contributions from the employers and the union, and that there shall be an impartial chairman to decide disputes in the industry during the life of the agreement—one year. Regarding further proposals of the union for stabilization of the industry expert investigators are to work under the Governor's commission with full power to get the necessary facts from all sources. Another committee is to devise a code of trade practices as between the contractors and the jobbers.

The United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers have won an agreement for unemployment insurance in New York, and the International Fur Workers are to have one also if it is found to be practicable in their industry.

Thus the power of the unions is being employed, not in aimless or primitive struggles, not in theoretical "militancy," but in order to revivify competitive trades which have run to seed under the profit motive. If we mean by "revolution" the substitution of social purpose in industry for the chaos of individualistic gain, that revolution is on the way in the clothing industries by the invention of a new technique of cooperation and control, by the formation of new group habits and standards. It is built upon the conscious power of labor and the application of painstaking experiment.

Davis the Double-Edged

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

NOTHING was charminger to the delighted observer of human behavior in this vale of tears and guffaws than the McAdoo delegates in the New York Democratic Convention, who, having wept and prayed and shouted themselves hoarse and worried themselves sick for McAdoo and progressivism, led the march on the convention floor toward Davis and toward what William Jennings Bryan had denounced as an alliance with Wall Street.

George Brennan of Illinois, James M. Cox of Ohio, and other influential individualities, commonly called leaders, or bosses, may have stimulated and facilitated that march. The New York delegation, by seeming to throw itself into the arms of the Klan-denouncing Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, may have wrenched and frightened the opponents of denunciations of the Klan in Georgia and in Texas into throwing themselves into the arms of Davis. All sorts of influences by bosses, all sorts of influences by intrigues, may be alleged and in part may be proved.

This writer alleges nevertheless, from observation, for instance, of the Georgia delegation, and from observation of the Texas delegation, that not George Brennan, and not Tom Taggart, and not the ghost of Charlie Murphy, and not any other apparition or reality of so-called boss power could go into either of those two delegations and successfully say: "You now vote for Davis because I tell you to."

That sort of thing was totally impossible in large areas of the Democratic Convention in New York. Yet out of those large areas, inhabited by McAdoo delegates, there came a multitudinous support for Davis from ladies and gentlemen who previously had been saying that they would stay in New York all summer and die in their tracks before they would surrender to New York Wall Street influences.

Then they voted to nominate the attorney of the principal Wall Street banking firm.

How can this apparent paradox be explained? That is the chief psychological and political puzzle growing out of the recent Democratic National Convention in New York.

Its explanation may possibly go back to the excesses which marked the beginning of the convention. Among these excesses was a fervent and sincere but quite exaggerated McAdoo denunciation of Tammany and Al Smith and reaction and the money devil all lumped rhetorically into one lump and damned harmoniously and unitedly as the characteristic and essential outstanding product of the sidewalks of New York.

Inquiry, however, regarding New York soon indicated to the delegates that Al Smith, instead of being the tool of big business and the recognized enemy of progress in New York, had promoted numerous pieces of humanitarian and progressive legislation at Albany against much determined corporate opposition to them and was loved by the common people of New York with a personal affection for which there is no parallel anywhere else in all America in the case of any other champion of the common people's feelings and wishes.

This discovery about New York had its weight with the McAdoo delegates. If Smith the monster could turn out to be Smith the popular champion and the popular idol—well, here was wonderland and anything might happen and anything might be believed. Perhaps Davis of New York might be popular too. Perhaps everything was different from what it was thought to be back home.

New York was hated, it is true, by the Southern and Western McAdoo delegates, for the rowdies who in the name of Al Smith invaded the floor of the convention and also the press section of the convention and thrust delegates and correspondents out of their way with unauthorized but untrammeled success. Yet New York had also its softening influence upon the Southern and Western McAdoo delegates by teaching them that the New York democracy had the allegiance of common people even commoner than any that they had ever seen before. This experience may have affected the McAdoo delegates when they threw their tired selves toward Mr. Davis, a resident of New York, and yet miraculously not a Catholic and not (politically) a wet.

A Protestant New Yorker—a politically dry New Yorker—such a man, in spite of being a New Yorker, certainly did not seem to the McAdoo delegates to be so necessarily unpopular as he would have seemed if the convention had not been held in New York and in the presence of the blazing popularity of Al Smith.

Yet there was also a deeper reason. Mr. Davis was against the high tariff. Mr. Davis had denounced the alleged corruptions and extravagances and centralizing tendencies of the Republican administration now in power in Washington. He had denounced them as vigorously as any John the Baptist out in the wilderness of the swamp or prairie States.

The Democratic Party is our one continuous and abiding achievement in American politics. Let a man denounce the tariff as Jefferson denounced it. Let a man denounce alleged corruptions and extravagances and centralizing tendencies at Washington as Jefferson denounced them. Something deep-down, something continuously historic, in the breast of the Democratic Party acclaims that man as a sufficient Democrat.

All details are mere modernisms. The vital proposition is that a Democrat shall be against the tariff and shall accuse the other party of corruption, extravagance, and centralization.

Thomas Jefferson could sit down with John W. Davis and find himself in the strictest and completest accord with him. Davis is in numerous ways eminently satisfactory to New York business interests, not because he is not a Jeffersonian but precisely because he is. He wishes, it is true, to exclude those interests from the benefits of the present high tariff. He openly, it is true, assails the recent depredations committed upon the federal public naval oil domain; and does it as vehemently as Thomas J. Walsh himself could do it. He opposes, it is true, what he calls "special privileges" for the so-called "classes." Then, however, comes the point. He equally ardently backs away, by first impulse, from all alleged "special privileges" for the so-called "masses."

He denounces the multiplication of departments and bureaus for benevolence and beneficence at Washington. He gives no encouragement whatsoever to governmental adventures in the ownership and operation of any business ventures. If he shows no tendencies toward a high tariff, he also shows no tendencies toward government ownership of railroads.

The situation, therefore, in its most condensed form, is as follows:

Mr. Coolidge—so far as he has revealed himself—is essentially in favor of all industrial developments approximately as they are.

Mr. La Follette—so far as he has revealed himself—would bust the trusts and go backward to individualism in general business while at the same time going forward—as it is called—to public ownership of the special central business of railroad transportation.

Mr. Davis—so far as he has revealed himself—is in favor of making the government cease serving alleged private interests through such devices as the tariff while at the same time he gives no countenance to having it serve alleged public interests through such devices as government ownership of railroads.

Mr. Davis opposes both the old governmentalists and the new governmentalists. He is a double-edged sword waving all invaders away from the governmental Garden of Eden. He is an outright test of whether or not there is any room for Jeffersonianism in America today.

In the Driftway

NO publisher has yet whirled up to the Drifter's door in a Rolls-Royce to demand in forty-eight hours the manuscript of the book on "The Smells of a Great City," which the Drifter recently announced (July 2) he was ready to write. The Drifter is not disturbed, though. Indeed, he hopes the publishers will hold off a few weeks longer, in which case he will not have to write the book at all; by that time his friends will have done it for him. At least, that is the present promise, Stanley Alden of North Pownal, Vermont, having already sent in his contribution.

* * * * *

THOUGH it is apparent that the Drifter has followed his nose to signal advantage in New York City, he has yet to smell some of Boston's best offerings [writes Mr. Alden]. Sniffing about the hide streets may be good fun, but has he never discovered Long Wharf, or Salem Street of a Saturday night? Is he unfamiliar with the Cambridge rooming-house odor that every September welcomes back to Oxford Street the returning graduate student; or the clean, oily emanations from classroom and offices of administration that salute students the States over when college reopens in the autumn? Has he sniffed about Baltimore wharves, yet missed the delectable odors of Lexington Street Market of a Saturday morning in spring, when its walks are lined with cullings from the whole Maryland countryside, including the smells thereof? What could be more enticing to the discriminating nose than the scent of geranium leaves newly sprinkled, or the faint aroma of sauerkraut and pickles of a hundred sorts to be had for the smelling all along those market avenues of delight? Has he missed Baltimore when the linden blooms in June? If he is for city smells, let me commend those of the Cowcaddens in Glasgow on a wet day, or of any by-street in an English provincial city such as Worcester or Norwich, where the breweries contribute a sour, pervasive odor like nothing else in this smelly old world.

* * * * *

FOR myself [continues Mr. Alden], I prefer the offerings of rural regions, and can yet recall the thrills I had from discovering the delicious smell of wet bracken on a mist-swept moor, or the spicy pungency arising from sunbaked mesas in Arizona or Colorado when the sage-brush yielded of its acrid strength to the wine-like air of those high places. And here I would waft thanks to that vendor of hot *tamales* and *chile con carne* whose wares enchanted my nostrils on a coal-black summer night in Boise, Idaho, when the delicate bouquet of those alien viands drifted to me along with the plaintive sweetness of a guitar thrummed by some languid *Mexicano* in the *placita*

behind an adobe dwelling. I can smell over again the first coal smoke that drifted to me, a prairie boy, as I used to approach the little Kansas town, my country nose unaccustomed to anything stronger than wood or corncob smoke. How its strangeness set my young heart beating, eager for all the allure of unknown town life! But even that grateful strangeness could hardly vie with the familiar sweet smell of a wet cornfield in late June, or the richness of a wheat-field at harvest time. Then after the wheat had been threshed and hauled to mill, what wholesome, floury odors greeted one at the mill door!

* * * * *

BUT I fancy that the Drifter is too urban to relish these simple delicacies. [He is wrong there, but let him continue.] May I therefore commend to his olfactory nerves the savor of printers' ink in a newspaper office, once smelled, never to be forgotten nor escaped from, as the Drifter knows. May I remind him that there is something to be said for the salutation to one's nose upon opening the door of an old hackney carriage, or upon entering a Pullman berth at night, or when emerging in early morning upon a new-washed deck at sea? Surely in his *magnum opus* he will not pass by these lowly smells! Let him keep doggedly at his glorious task; I am sure he will nose out perfumes to tickle a thousand delicate noses. He might, even, get a few hints from Cyrano!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Drafting La Follette

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It looked like any other box, three feet long and two feet wide. The taxi-driver swung the box down from his seat and carried it into 2112 Wyoming Avenue, Washington, and deposited it in the passage. The box looked as if it might contain files of dusty reports.

But they were not dusty. They had come fresh from nearly a quarter of a million hands. The list of the occupations of those hands was in the box, and every industry, every profession—cowboy, ice-man, inventor, the classified and the unclassified—the roll of the people. From across miles, from down in the earth and from the sea appeals for a new leadership met in the box in the passage.

The little committee that had brought the petitions went up the stairs to a book-lined room. Senator La Follette was there and Mrs. La Follette and Bob, Jr., and two friends of years. When Chairman W. T. Rawleigh of the La Follette for President Committee rose to speak for the others, the Senator also rose—there was no other formality. But in the speaker's voice was the fine formality of feeling—so deep that it was like still other words. Chairman Rawleigh was speaking to the friend of his Wisconsin boyhood, the literal log-cabin friend, of whom his father had said: "Watch that boy; we're going to hear from him." In the box down in the passage was the proof of his remembered words.

> On behalf of more than two hundred thousand American citizens. . . . In this crisis we turn to you . . . the one man big enough and strong enough and courageous enough to drive the money changers out of the temple of the government and restore it cleansed to the service of the people. . . .

It was the loud-speaker of the radio, transmitting not one to many, but many voices to one listener.

It came to those who watched that the one thing which Robert La Follette can need is a loud-speaker turned to the people. If his principles and his personality can reach the people undistorted, the people will follow him. Now he was saying:

> I am more moved by this than by any incident of my life. Yet I know that this is no personal tribute. The principles for which we are standing together are greater than any person or any party. When you call for an independent progressive movement, I know that you are right. The two old parties have betrayed the people. . . . I see nothing in either of their platforms on which to build a hope for tomorrow . . . and they have ignored the supreme issue, involving all others: the encroachment of the powerful few upon the rights of the many. . . . This great power has come between the people and their government. . . . We must meet our problem or else lay it upon our children. My friends, from my heart I give you my thanks for your trust in me. I shall answer you and the emergency committee together tomorrow, in Cleveland. Whatever happens, the cornerstone of a new structure has been laid.

There were high moments in the Cleveland convention. There was the moment when the Senator's acceptance came to the delegates. There was the moment when one after another of the progressive groups took the rostrum to indorse him. There was the moment when his platform was adopted, a new statement of liberty in America, every clause cheered in the hall where it had been hissed three weeks before. There were the moments when the representatives of the people came to make their demand for a new day. But there was no more impressive moment than the one in the upper room of his home, where the people sent him their word that they had turned to him. It was a moment prophetic and historic.

Yet the committee left with a jest, which was all serious. Somebody said: "Imagine any nation with a Prime Minister like Ramsay MacDonald trying to go to war with any nation with a President like Robert La Follette."

Portage, Wisconsin, July 10 ZONA GALE

The Perennial Patriot

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wonder if it is realized how ancient is the lineage of the cry of the hundred-percenters, "America for Americans." It might be presumed that had they been makers of records the Indians would be found to have ended every speech with some such sentiment. However that may be, the idea, phrased most concisely, appears in the Reverend Nathaniel Ward's "Simple Cobbler of Agawam." The passage is as follows:

> My heart hath naturally detested foure things: The standing of the Apochrypha in the Bible; forrainers dwelling in my countrey, to crowd out native subjects into the corners of the earth; alchemyzed coins; tolerations of divers religions, or of one religion in segregant shapes.

The volume was published in England in 1647, but Ward was writing as one of the New-English, as he phrased it, in Ipswich, Massachusetts.

Brookings, South Dakota, June 30 WILLIAM H. POWERS

Inbreeding and Degeneracy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to call attention to a rather popular fallacy which came out in an article by Charles W. Wood on New York: State of Unwilling Progress in your issue of April 23. He refers to the many isolated communities in upper New York State and attributes the degeneracy and lack of desire for progress to the inbreeding of many generations of American stock.

The conception that degeneracy is due to inbreeding is the fallacy to which I refer. Inbreeding is not detrimental from a scientific standpoint, any more in human beings than it is in animals. All of our finest stocks of domestic animals are the definite result of inbreeding. It is only when the original stock has bad characteristics that inbreeding is detrimental. The great trouble with the isolated communities of New York State,

like those all through New England, where many generations of American stock have remained in the same small community, is the fact that these people are the detritus which has been left behind by the wave of Western immigration. Most of the progressive, intelligent, and able members of many succeeding generations have left these communities to seek their fortunes in the cities or in the West. Those who have remained behind have been unfit for various reasons. The resulting inbreeding of this inferior stock has only produced the mean assortment that one would expect from the circumstances.

Conversely, had some factor occurred which had caused the removal of this inferior stock with a survival of physically and intellectually strong, one might have looked for the growth of an unusually able group of people.

CHARLES E. PARSONS, M.D.

Twillingate, Newfoundland, May 15

"The Usual Crime"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Robert Herrick's remarks on "the usual crime" in his article on the Race Problem in the Caribbean, published in your issue of June 11, are excellent, but not nearly strong enough, I believe. The following experience shows how different is the picture in the British West Indies from that painted in our Southern States.

Some years ago when I was on a steamer on my way to Jamaica, I read "White Capital and Black Labor," by Sir Sydney Olivier (now Lord Olivier, Secretary for India in the British Cabinet). The following passage attracted my attention:

> Now the fact is that in the British West Indies assaults by black or colored men on white women or children are practically altogether unknown. No apprehension of them whatever troubles society. I say this as an administrator familiar with the judicial statistics, as a resident familiar with all parts of Jamaica and all classes of its population, as the head of a household of women and girls which have frequented the suburbs of Kingston and lived for weeks and months in remote country districts with neither myself nor any other white man within call. Any resident in Jamaica will tell the same story. A young white woman can walk alone in the hills or to Kingston in daylight or dark, through populous settlements of exclusively black or colored folk without encountering anything but friendly salutation from man or woman. Single ladies may hire a carriage and drive all over the island without trouble or molestation. Offenses against women and children come into the courts: but they are not against white women and children. Whatever may be the cause it is the indisputable fact that Jamaica or any other West Indian island is as safe for white women to go about in, if not safer, than any European country with which I am acquainted.

Lord Olivier had been governor of Jamaica for some years. I happened to be seated at table on this steamer next to the Hon. E. St. John Branch, who was attorney general for the British West Indies, and I asked him what he thought of Olivier's statement. After thinking it over he replied that so far as he could remember no case of assault or attempted assault of a white woman or girl by a Negro had occurred in the courts during his term of office. If I remember correctly, he told me he had been attorney general for seventeen years.

Consider the population statistics of the Island of Jamaica: The total population (according to the 1911 census) was 831,383, of whom 630,181 were black, 163,201 "colored," and 15,605 white. That is to say, there were just fifty black and colored people to one white person. Many of the judges, all the policemen, and all of the troops except commissioned officers were blacks; and there was no such thing as rape of white women.

The Negroes are of the same races as those imported to our country. The slave ships came in general from the same parts of Africa.

What is the answer?

Are we to believe that because of real or imagined ill-treatment here the Negroes have taken to the custom of raping white women, although they do not do it in the West Indies?

Is it reasonable to suppose that if the Negroes do not commit this crime where they greatly outnumber the whites and where there is no danger whatever of their being lynched, they would take to it in a country where the whites outnumber them almost everywhere, where all authority is in the hands of the whites, and where if they should commit such a crime they are almost certain to be caught, likely to be killed without even a semblance of trial, and not improbably under most brutal conditions attended by atrocities such as are seldom found even among savages?

What reliable evidence is there that the assault upon white women by Negroes has ever occurred or been attempted on a scale sufficient so that it might be considered as a likely danger? Certainly the say-so of those who have been implicated in group murders, called lynchings, a say-so which is not given under oath, and not subject to the analysis of cross-examination by legal counsel is not sufficiently convincing.

Can it be that the "usual crime" does not exist and has not existed? (I am speaking, of course, of its existence as a racial tendency, and exclude from consideration sporadic cases of insane degenerates which occur among all races.) If so, it is one of the most despicable lies of all times.

New York, July 1 HUNTINGTON ADAMS

California Blues

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I got sick of your everlasting jeremiads and stopped my subscription to your damned old indigo-mill; but I find I can't do without it and am sending check to renew my subscription. I find by experience that you stand for what is sound and right and don't go pussyfooting around political and social stinkholes. I read that you are out for a third party that will kill the rats that eat the malt that lives in the house that Lincoln built. This is, in the main, my reason for again enlisting under your banner.

Santa Barbara, California, June 30 CHARLES E. STOWE

Contributors to This Issue

DAVID SARNOFF is general manager of the Radio Corporation of America.

GROVER A. WHALEN, until recently Commissioner of Plant and Structures of New York City, was largely instrumental in establishing the New York municipal radio broadcasting plant just opened.

HUDSON MAXIM is famous as the inventor of smokeless powder and other explosives and is a member of the Naval Consulting Board.

H. L. MENCKEN, editor of the *American Mercury*, contributing editor of *The Nation*, is the author of many books, among them "In Defense of Women."

GEORGE SOULE is a writer on industrial subjects and a director of the Labor Bureau.

H. K. DICK is a member of the faculty of English at Columbia University.

THOMAS CRAVEN, author of "Paint," is a frequent contributor of art criticism to current periodicals.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is an anthropologist who has made special studies of Negro types.

OUIDA MEYER is a member of the staff of *The Nation*.

Books

"He Was an Englishman"

W. S. Gilbert: His Life and Letters. By Sidney Dark and Rowland Grey. George H. Doran Company. $5.

THIS Dark-Grey book about "Gilbert of the Immortal Gilbert and Sullivan" contains many interesting facts, photographs, letters, anecdotes, dates, out of which a biography might very well have been made. The authors show Gilbert in the theater, at home, as lawyer, artist, friend; and yet somehow, perhaps because of the very accumulation of details, they fail to vivify the character of the man who will live a long time in the affections of many because he wrote the "Bab Ballads" and the Savoy opera libretti. What comment there is seems perfunctory, not too discriminating, undeveloped. We should prefer a great deal more criticism, of a different sort, or none. Besides, we suspect that much has been suppressed in compliance with the declared desire

> to prove, what is the obvious and first duty of the biographer to prove, that W. S. Gilbert was capable of the most generous appreciation, that the success of the Gilbert and Sullivan collaboration was largely due to his readiness to listen and to change, and that while he had unquestionably a proper idea of the merit of his own work, he never undervalued the work of his collaborator.

Now the Gilbert enthusiast, usually a person strong enough in mind to contemplate his hero as he was, is not going to be greatly reassured by such stressing of a fancied obligation to do a good job in whitewashing. Even the cause of the quarrel with Sullivan, which might possibly have interested some readers, is hurried over in a few sentences. All this arouses the very suspicions that the biographers intend to allay. If Gilbert was unpleasant at times, there is little enough harm in our knowing it. It is clear that Gilbert took himself and his work very seriously indeed, as seriously as ever the captain of the Pinafore did. "He said, and he believed, that the real Gilbert was the Gilbert of 'Broken Hearts.'" Here is attractive matter for speculation.

It would be ungrateful, however, to hint that there is nothing in the book to be thankful for. Two of the "lost Babs" that it restores are good salty fare, "Prince Il Baleine" and "The Three Bohemian Ones." The epilogue to the richly edifying story of the Bohemians goes:

> By strong exceptions Virtue deigns
> To prove how paramount she reigns;
> A standing rule I do not know
> That's been more oft established so.

The letters set out some delectable bits as well, among them this:

> I read the other day of an Irish lady who married a man she didn't like, and when asked why she married him, she replied that she did so entirely that the poor little innocents who (she felt sure) would some day be born to her should have some one to look after them and protect them if she should die during their infancy. I call that subtle.

On our way through the book we learn without amazement that Gilbert admired the Book of Job, but not Jane Austen; that he built his libretti with architectural care; that he approved of the censorship of plays; that at the age of two he was stolen by bandits at Naples and ransomed for twenty-five pounds; that he had an ear for rhythm but not for melody, and a particular liking for Mozart; that he was an admirable conjurer. While all this seems in character, it does not bring us very near to the springs of Gilbert's genius. He is turned round and round, but not revealed. There is too little play of light and shade; all details seem to be of equal importance; there are no leading ideas to govern the chaos of mere fact. It is entirely too like life. Strachey and his followers have spoiled us for this sort of biography.

A doubt, however, will spring up. It may be true in the end that it is quite as difficult to expose Gilbert's secret as it is to expose Hamlet's or Everyman's. Can it be that the Comic Spirit, recognizing a peculiarly favorable medium for its purposes of expression, uses a Gilbert without his real knowledge or consent? We need a new Meredith to reassess the comic germ. However that may be, surely it is in his astounding command of words that we come nearest the thing which makes Gilbert most recognizably Gilbert, as well as in the endlessly varied and easy exploration of rhythms adaptable to English uses. Here he has no rival. Under his wizard's eye, the dictionary, losing shyness, performs a prodigiously agile dance, all with native grace, that leaves no word undizzy. And not only the English dictionary, but the French as well.

But while this technical facility of Gilbert's may interest the initiated who grow green in the contemplation of its finality, it does not explain his success in the theater. He tickles irresistibly the ear and brain of the most heterogeneous audiences in London, New York, and in little provincial summer "parks." It is, of course, all in the manner, for the matter is the stock in trade of all satiric humorists, but the *how* of the manner is still to seek. Words and ideas clash and kindle. You can always see how the trick begins, but you never see the end of it, because the magician has first laughed you out of thought, and then back again into thought. Your emotions have been worked upon as easily, as pleasantly, and even as mysteriously as by the Mozart grace, the Vermeer coloring, or the cadence of Caroline lyric verse. It may be remembered that Gilbert loved conjuring. He can "trick you into learning with a laugh," and gild very delicately "the philosophic pill," but he survives not by reason of the instruction or the pill.

Since there was more of humor in him than wit he was a conservative; being a poet he could enjoy the wonders in the world and talk about them charmingly; being a satirist as well as a conservative he was not blind to the discrepancy between things as they are and as they might be; being a Victorian he allowed himself the luxury of a little sentimentality. To him belongs the honor both of originating and of perfecting a wholly individual mode of expression, and of bringing back to the comic stage honest craftsmanship and honest merriment.

H. K. Dick

Teachers in Israel

Patriotism of the American Jew. By Samuel Walker McCall. Foreword by Charles W. Eliot. Plymouth Press. $2.50.

Changing Conceptions in Jewish Education. By Emanuel Gamoran. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Bernard Felsenthal, Teacher in Israel. By Emma Felsenthal. Foreword by Cyrus Adler. Oxford University Press. $3.

LET us have books about Jews written either by Jews or by anti-Semites; for the first are at least prevented by the dictates of good taste from the fulsome eulogy and worthless sentimentalizing which Gentile friends of the Children of Israel deem it necessary to bring to the discussions of the Jewish question, and obviously the latter are not guilty of this venial transgression whatever other deadly sins they may commit. These reflections are called forth by the fact that on the crest of the wave of anti-Semitism which recently inundated America have come some books which it is a mortification and a humiliation for a Jew to read. Surely the experience of the past 2,000 years of grace should convince the amiable defenders of the Jew that intolerance is not to be combated by apologia or hatred by flattery.

Thus, even Dr. Eliot's opinion that Governor McCall's book ought to be widely read in the United States does not convince me that there is anything of value in the volume beyond the first and the last two chapters, in which the author generalizes in a liberal and intelligent manner on the dangers of race prejudice and on America's position in the present

Ku Klux crisis. For the rest, it is the usual compilation of historical instances which, though they reflect credit on the Jew, are useless as evidence of Jewish worth and utterly irrelevant to the questions of racial tolerance and America's problem in establishing national amity.

> From the earliest times to the latest [writes Dr. Eliot] the Hebrew race has been to a remarkable extent a literate people, passing down from father to son and from generation to generation the art of reading and writing, the love of letters, and a strong belief in education. On down the centuries the synagogue has been a school for both children and adults, and the rabbis have been teachers of morality, social order, and domestic honor and love.

Dr. Gamoran's volume is a study dealing with the institutional development of this "love of letters" in Europe and America. It is a careful, scholarly work concerned with the broader aspects of the influences which are responsible for the changing concepts as well as with the more concrete manifestations of this evolution. The author regards these developments with a smug and satisfied air; he has played his part in effecting some of the latest changes and he finds them good. In his complacency, Mr. Gamoran occasionally forsakes the critical attitude of the scholar. Hence he, like Dr. Eliot, sees in the numerous commands and injunctions to study the innate Jewish love of learning; it would be more truly interpreted as an important duty which demanded a good deal of emphasis from the prophets of the Bible and the Talmudic sages.

Mr. Gamoran might profit by the genial cynicism of Dr. Felsenthal, who was in a wider sense one of the teachers in Israel. In fact, Rabbi Felsenthal went beyond the confines of his race to teach, and his lecture on Bible Interpretation to a Gentile audience is probably one of the keenest blows at prejudiced theological pedagogy struck in our time. With two other exceptions the selections from his writings given in this volume are addressed entirely to Jews, but they carry implications beyond either sectarian or national problems. Miss Felsenthal's biography of her father is informative, lucid, and restrained.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

An Unquenchable Spirit

The Strike for Union. By Heber Blankenhorn. H. W. Wilson Company. $2.25.

> Shortly before midnight they were awakened by flashlights. Ten khaki-clad men were in the room waving revolvers and they seized Mr. Rykala. All the men went downstairs except one. Just as the door slammed shut, this man leaped at Mrs. Rykala, who was still in bed, violently brushing aside her seven-months-old baby, and falling against it as he hit the bed. With one hand over her mouth, almost strangling her while he covered her with his gun, he speedily overpowered her. Mrs. Rykala is a small, delicate woman who had been in ill health for several months and was able to offer poor resistance. As the thug finished the assault he again threatened to kill her if she told anyone. He was leaving, when two of the other men stepped into the room, looked at her and laughed, making coarse remarks.

THE ten men were the coal and iron police of the Berwind-White Coal Company in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. John Rykala was a miner suspected of union sympathies, and the night was that of May 1, 1922. This is what it may mean to be the wife of a man suspected of union sympathies in the most Christian State of Pennsylvania today.

Mr. Blankenhorn through some obscure chemistry has accomplished a very difficult task. He has succeeded in mixing the oil of emotion with the water of facts, and has given us an account of a strike in the coal-fields which is at once profoundly stirring and meticulously documented. Somerset County is non-union—has always been non-union. Yet when the United Mine Workers struck in the spring of 1922 Somerset County went out with them. There was no organization, no call, but by a curious telepathy the pits were emptied almost spontaneously. And then in the face of guards, guns, evictions, courts, constabulary, and such incidents as that quoted above the county proceeded to organize.

> In some places an accordion led the throng. Then the arriving jitney and acclaiming hullabaloo—"it's the organizers." The climax would be the dead silence surrounding groups of men, hats off, right hands upheld, repeating, phrase after phrase, the oath of allegiance to the union.

The story of the strike, which lasted a year and more before Messrs. Rockefeller, Berwind, Gary, and Mellon finally broke it, its sidelights on labor politics, on the stake of the public in the coal industry, on waste and mismanagement and overdevelopment, on the status of the Constitution in the remoter sections of the Appalachians—are important, and admirably set forth by Mr. Blankenhorn. But more important still is the fact that even generations in the mines cannot quench the human spirit; that, living under a feudalism black as any to be found in the tenth century, men could still come laughing from the pits, still hold up their right hands and swear allegiance to the union, still close their ranks through a winter of privation and suffering, still faint and starve, aye, and die, as a protest and a sign against the intolerable degradation of modern industrialism. It's this which beats the breath from the heart and blinds the eyes with tears!

STUART CHASE

A Modernist Primer

A Primer of Modern Art. By Sheldon Cheney. Boni and Liveright. $6.

THE history of art has revealed many curious phenomena, but nothing so extraordinary as the incredible theories put forth in defense of the more recent tendencies of painting. The plastic arts, essentially the simplest and most perspicuous of all creative forms, have become so heavily encumbered with speculative nonsense that one begins to despair of criticism, and to wish that psychology had never been invented. No wonder the layman is tempted to regard modernism as an esoteric cult, half-science, half-nerves—a meaningless practice devoid of the sanity of human conflicts and aspirations. Mr. Sheldon Cheney's book is no exception. Not in a long time have I seen a work that promises so much and accomplishes so little. With every intention of writing a primer, the author has condensed the theoretical aspects of art into journalistic enigmas, and has with results that are bewildering and pointless made the appreciation of pictures dependent on a set of popular laboratory formulations. In the first place, his desire to display an unusual acquaintance with names and movements has led him to include everything in the modernist category—painting, sculpture, mobile color, the theater—and to praise nonentities and eccentrics if they happen to conform to European mannerisms. In the second, his opinions, while entertaining and cleverly translated into newspaper English, are borrowed from untrustworthy sources.

The aesthetics of the "Primer" is a rather unstable compound of expressionism and Clive Bell. "What is art?" asks the lay reader. "Art," answers Mr. Cheney paraphrasing Mr. Bell, "is expressive form." "And what is expressive form?" "Expressive form," answers Mr. Cheney in the language of Mr. Bell, "is that which provokes the aesthetic emotion." "And the aesthetic emotion?" Here the author is not so facile, but from the general trend of his ideas one gathers that the aesthetic emotion is something very rare indeed. It is indispensable to the enjoyment of art, and yet it is limited to a handful of cosmopolitan hedonists; in common with other emotions it has its basis in human feelings, and yet it is somehow unique. The favored souls capable of this aesthetic excitement understand the purity of art, that is to say, they divorce from the object

all representational elements, all racial reflections, all meaning, and derive a peculiar ecstasy from the abstract harmonics of lines and colors in dynamic combinations. This sort of reasoning may be attributed directly to the curse of half-baked psychoanalysis. Better the descriptive oratory of Ruskin and his disciples than the barren hedonism of the intellectual abstractionists. The truth is that Mr. Cheney is quite as academic in his approach as was, for instance, Walter Pater. To both of these men the whole significance of art is contained in the object: the difference lies in the fact that Pater described pictures in terms of an inordinately refined sentimentalism, whereas the modernist critic describes them in the shifting theories of contemporary psychology.

Until critics take into account the social values of art, and discover its importance as an integral factor in progressive experience, the painter is doomed, I fear, to remain in the isolation which makes him either an outcast or a snob. The theoretical function of criticism is to guide and assist our objectifying faculties by pointing out the relation of current activities to individual needs. Criticism in a professional sense should be an extension of these activities to a larger field, a field where new ideas and new explorations, as they take form in pigment, are considered as possessing an intimate connection with general demands. It is undeniable that the late efflorescence of abstract designs sprang from a widespread feeling of necessity, from a dissatisfaction with imitation and a revolt against unreflective naturalism; but Mr. Cheney, when he touches on the problem, falls back on the expressionistic formula. With him expressionism is a vague and technical affair excusing anything that occurs in art, and he does not take the trouble to show how this doctrine, perhaps the most popular aesthetic doctrine in the world today, has a certain philosophical justification in the lyrical attitude of Croce. Whatever may be said of art as a personal expression, the subject finally arrives at the point where it becomes an object of communication with a definite social value. In this respect it resembles political, economic, and ethical ideas which, according to the richness of their content, are so much change destined to circulate as long as it is related to practical needs, as long as it affords a release for new activity. Art, therefore, is representative of ideational tendencies as well as dreams of beauty and drama, and takes a distinct place in the general evolution and development of thought. It becomes, in short, an ingredient of progressive experience. It is with art as such an ingredient that fundamental criticism is concerned.

THOMAS CRAVEN

Confusion Worse Confounded

Confusion. By James Gould Cozzens. B. J. Brimmer. $2.

"CONFUSION," although it is cleverly joined, is not well written. Speaking of a husband released from military duty, Mr. Cozzens says: "The leisure which Pierre had been denied at the Post enabled him to play the lover now." It may require but a slight correction to give the author's intended meaning—"Leisure, which Pierre had been denied at the Post, enabled him to play the lover now"—yet the significance of such a confusion of thought is multiplied by the frequency of its occurrence, as well as by the overabundant evidence of incoherence in style, particularly the continued misuse of "and." One might attempt to wave such things aside if, as often in Dreiser's case, the style added power to the subject; unfortunately, in this volume, the suave culture of a thousand years receives the same slipshod presentation as the modern mummery of the flapper. It seems hardly necessary to point out absurdities in the tale, such as the infantile speculations of the women when Cerise is born; or the fact that although the twelve-year-old Cerise (on page 55) drives an auto at a speed of over forty miles an hour, with a wave of the hand to passersby, the mature Cerise (on page 299) is to be taught how to drive. Errors of this sort seem the inevitable accompaniment of confusion.

Nevertheless, Mr. Cozzens has worked cleverly, effecting by triple shifting an impression of growth. The first section of his tale is in the land of Carefreedledom, that pre-war paradise in which gold flows like wine and culture is the inheritance of any fair heroine. In this ideal land Cerise learns her six languages, her fencing, shooting, swimming, riding, driving, while the fresh ardor of a beautiful spirit of nature grows in her. The twelve-year-old tomboy stands rapt before a marble Aphrodite, "sunk immediately in the old amazement"; she sits breathless, facing the sunset, until, "at last able to look away from the evening and the soft fields," she calls for a story of old. From this pre-war El Dorado she is transported to our own times, to the men and the maids and the maze of Jazzbohemia; in the round of petty maneuvers for petting privileges, Cerise first endures, then pities, then embraces, while the young Mr. Cozzens trails the young Scott Fitzgerald. The embraces of Jazzbohemia are barren, these writers proclaim; the unsatisfied heroine seeks beyond. In the third stage of the tale the author, brave as the early A. S. M. Hutchinson, achieves his distinction: he sends Cerise for her solution beyond the mundane sphere. She dreams of escape with one hero—at once his aeroplane crashes him to death; she flees from her thoughts with another—a train splinters their automobile and kills the man. In the hospital (in a chapter called White Roses) Cerise seems on the way to recovery; she ponders, decides that life has nothing of value to offer, and she dies. Her tale has united two great periods and types of literary bunk; her death bids for the teardrops of a third. That it should all be taken seriously is a tribute to Mr. Cozzens's skill at cozenage.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

The African at Home

The Bagesu and Other Tribes of the Uganda Protectorate. Part Three of the Report of the Mackie Ethnological Expedition to Central Africa. The Macmillan Company. $6.50.

WITH this work Cannon Roscoe completes the series of three volumes constituting the report of the Mackie Expedition to Central Africa, the other two being "The Banyankole" and "The Bakitara." The expedition itself took place during the years 1919 and 1920, and supplemented the author's previous large experience in Africa, where he has been missionary and student of native life in this region for many years. This third volume, unlike the two which have preceded it, is hardly more than field notes, rather than a monographic study of a single tribe. At the same time, it emphasizes the point which is perhaps one of the most difficult for the lay reader to comprehend when thinking of "primitive" peoples—the individuality of one tribal group in its customs and manners as against another, and the importance of not grouping large numbers of peoples under one heading and saying that they all do one sort of thing or another in the same fashion.

The first people described in the book, the Bagesu, live on the slope of Mount Elgon, a snow-covered peak not far from the Equator lying immediately to the northeast of Lake Victoria Nyanza. These people, "one of the most primitive of the Negro tribes of Africa," live high on the mountain side, where they find refuge and shelter in caves. Driven there by their fierce and more competent neighbors, the Nandi, Masai, and the Abyssinians, they found safety in the high places, where the cold and the ease with which they might hurl missiles on their approaching foes made for safety for them. The caves are also used to shelter their cattle, which are taken out to graze only at night, when raiders are near; at other times they graze about the villages in which their masters live. The tribe is divided into clans, which, to the surprise of Cannon Roscoe (who in

matters of social organization is greatly influenced by the theories of Sir James Frazier), are to all appearances quite unconnected with totems. These clans seem to be of significance in regulating the marriage relationship, marriage within the clan being forbidden. Although living in this cold climate, their clothing is scanty, and their ideas of sanitation, both personal and in regard to their habitations, are simple. Their occupations are mainly agriculture and herding, though the number of cattle they possess is small as compared with the herds of the great cattle-keeping peoples about them. Pottery-making is done by anyone who wishes, there being no special class, and the knowledge of iron-working, usually so extensive in Africa, is rudimentary. The ceremonials which mark birth, death, marriage, and puberty are elaborate, and women, to be eligible for marriage, must scar themselves in stated patterns by raising keloids, which are disfiguring marks made by scratching the body and irritating the wound as it heals by rubbing dirt and ashes in it.

On the northeastern slope of the mountain the expedition found the Basabei, who are described as semi-pastoral. They, too, are divided into clans, and, as among the Bagesu, the clans regulate the division of the land. Each has its own head-man, who controls it and its relations to the other clans, and settles disputes between its members. Unlike some of the strictly cattle peoples to the west, the diet of these people includes vegetable food as well as meat and milk, although in many of their ceremonies the use of cattle resembles that of these other groups. They busy themselves with herding their cattle and working their land, making pottery and knife-blades and spear heads of iron, by building their houses and hunting the wild animals that abound, by dancing and warring. Here, both girls and boys are initiated into the mysteries of adulthood by rigorous and painful operations. The marriage customs of the tribe differ largely from those of the Bagesu, for, whereas there the fathers arrange for the marriage of their sons, the Basabei couple settle matters themselves and then announce the fact to their parents. Other tribes more or less sketchily described, often merely as notes to be added to the earlier accounts collected by the same writer in his "Northern Bantu," are the Bateso, a Nilotic tribe living to the north of Lake Kioga; the Busoga, an early tributary of the Bakitara, whom they resemble in most of their customs, such as the meat and milk taboos, the importance placed on cattle, their political organization, the Bakyiga, who live to the west of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and who are agriculturists as well as cattle-keepers; and still other tribes barely mentioned.

The book is interesting for the diversity of customs set forth for peoples living in a comparatively restricted area, although the shortness of the presentation with regard to each people is disappointing. It is also to be wished that Mr. Roscoe had occasionally let the people speak for themselves, and that, instead of devoting all his space to straight description, had taken and given translations of verbatim texts of some of the customs and ceremonials observed, so that these rapidly disappearing peoples might have left some account of their own for the student of the future. And it is to be doubted whether such illustrations as the one which shows the commissioner's camping ground is of any too great ethnographic interest or value. At the same time, the usefulness of this work must not be underestimated. Authoritative works on the African tribes are all too few for us not to welcome one which is carefully done and done without prejudice. And Mr. Roscoe is quite right when he states that "the origin of these pastoral people of the Lake Region still remains a mystery" and that "there still remains to be accomplished the more difficult . . . task of procuring information from the tribes along the frontier of Abyssinia." It is to be hoped that some light on the prehistoric migrations of the African peoples will eventually be forthcoming, but until many more careful works are given us, the problem will remain insoluble.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Drama

Four Plays from Old Japan

WHILE the music revues are gathering up the jaded population of New York and are holding out alluring enchantments to any lingering convention delegates, a company of young people are offering a group of plays brought to this country from Japan and produced at the Threshold Theater under the direction of Mr. Michio Itow. Mr. Itow, who comes from the Imperial Theater of Tokio, which was destroyed in last autumn's earthquake, has selected an unfortunate time at which to present his efforts. The season well over, and a large proportion of the city's theatergoers fleeing to more inviting regions and leaving for the most part busy workers who seek lighter forms of entertainment, the Japanese plays seem an eminently worthy effort, but a sadly wasted one.

Splendid in certain features—notably lighting, scenic effect, costuming, and the glamorous atmosphere of Mr. Pogany's enchanting murals—they do not succeed in creating the hoped-for illusion. The flower is there and it is beautiful—but it is scentless. After all, in an Oriental play it is the Orientalism that counts for most. There is nothing Oriental about a bouncing young American, and most of the actors, under their make-up and gorgeous clothes, were hardly more than that. With the outstanding exception of Mr. Louis Smith, whose makeup was a highly artistic achievement, the characters, analyzed singly or as a group, missed the intangible illusion without which no amount of scenery could make their efforts thoroughly satisfying.

Of the four plays presented two, "Somebody-Nothing" and "The Fox Grave," were short comic sketches—comic in an inscrutable fashion that reminded one of the most humane Mikado that ever did in Japan exist. There was the master with his two henchmen, and one waited for the introduction of the boiling oil or the melted lead. Mr. Smith, mentioned before, was the master, and as he stood bedeviling his faithful but conniving attendants with smiling ferocity, against a magnificent backdrop of a pale color on which one huge gnarled tree in gorgeous blues and greens spread its stocky branches, one might have been looking at a Hiroshigi print miraculously vitalized.

The longer plays were less effective, if more ambitious. "Forsaken Love," a "poetical comedy," is a melancholy fantasy in which a dashing young Samurai falls in love with a beauteous maiden and, coldly ignored, decides to "renounce the world" and seek consolation in the arms of Buddha. He gets him to his nunnery and makes friends with the children and animals who play about the temple. She, meanwhile, repenting and realizing that she had dallied too lightly with that which she most wanted, seeks the shrine to make confession and expiate her cruelty. There is a lovely scene between them, as with stoic renunciation the young priest closes the gate to her and thereby ends all possible connection with his mundane life. Albert Bliss as Tokiyori, "the heartbroken," does some very good work—if sometimes his manner is rather too Occidental.

Perhaps the most ambitious of the plays was the tragedy "Bushido," bloody, full of intrigue, self-sacrifice, and devotion to cause and monarch. There were many truly dramatic moments in the action—most moving of all the spectacle of a mother willing to see her only son slain almost before her eyes, as a substitute for the sacred little prince to whose honor and protection her life—and her child's—had been consecrated. The closing episode, as the dead child's parents, bowed in sorrow but serene in the righteousness of their sacrifice, remove their outer clothing and prepare for the burial of their slain child, is extremely well done. It leaves an impression of the sincerity as well as the technical potentiality of these players, and the hope that Mr. Itow will give New York a chance to know the plays of his country on some more opportune occasion.

OUIDA MEYER

International Relations Section

Russia's Bill of Damages

MUCH has been said about Russia's debts and the claims on behalf of other nations against Russia for damages and expropriation of property, but little has been said about Russia's claims. In a recent issue of its news letter the Rosta Agency published a summary of the counter-claims put forward by Russia, chiefly at the Genoa Conference in 1922. A part of the text follows:

The Soviet losses were divided in the Genoa memorandum into four main categories. The first category included the following main items: Gold exported from the state treasury illegally (by Kolchak and others), destruction of food and other property, known damages caused to railways, river transport, etc., which can be accurately estimated, and which are based on direct documentary evidence. Altogether, this category totals 12,213,160,000 gold rubles.

The second category consists of domestic losses which cannot be estimated so exactly. In particular, it includes deterioration and damage of railways, water transport, town buildings, peasants' stock, etc., and pensions to be paid to victims of the civil war (on the precedent of the Versailles treaty). The total losses of the second category are estimated at 11,271,590,000 gold rubles.

The third category is still more difficult to estimate in figures, but the damages are no less real. In includes the losses sustained by Soviet foreign trade by the blockade; and losses resulting from reduced industrial and agricultural production. The estimated total is 15,560,220,000 gold rubles.

The fourth category cannot be estimated in figures. No attempt was made to do so. It is certain that, if all the losses enumerated could be computed, they would make an immense total. Among the items included are: Stores and movable property carried off by invading armies (not included in any of the previous categories), the loss in live stock, the value of food crops not reaped as a result of invasion, the famine, in so far as it was made more severe by the blockade which prevented the import of agricultural machinery, etc., the epidemics of typhus and other infectious diseases, in so far as the consequences of blockade made it impossible to struggle against them successfully, the material losses resulting from pogroms, chiefly in south and east Russia, various properties of the state, municipalities, and other organizations carried off from Russian territory, or sums standing to the credit of those bodies in foreign banks, etc.

Without, however, including the losses and damages of the fourth category, the bill of damages thus amounts to 39,044,970,000 gold rubles, or roughly about £4,000,000,000. According to Mr. Lloyd George's estimate, Great Britain is responsible for over 50 per cent of the total damages and losses, or at least £2,000,000,000. This total, it must be emphasized, does not include all the actual material damages and losses suffered by the Soviet Union as a result of the Allied intervention and blockade.

Loss of Life and Human Suffering

It is, of course, impossible to estimate in cold figures the terrible suffering inflicted on 130,000,000 human beings by the civil war which was fostered by the Allies for nearly four years, or the agony of the prolongation and intensification of the famine by the Allied blockade (which Mr. Lloyd George called "the death cordon"), or the miseries resulting from the impossibility of fighting, without soup, disinfectants, linen, etc., the epidemics which always follow in the wake of famine. There is no mathematical means of estimating the suffering of the numerous widows and, above all, of the orphans, left helpless as a result of the civil war, famine, and epidemics.

The actual loss of life resulting from the civil war, the famine, the diseases was enormous. But it was, perhaps, the least terrible of all the sufferings inflicted upon the Russian people as a result of the Allied intervention and blockade.

Although all this suffering cannot be computed in exact monetary terms, the British Government has itself provided a rough measure for translating suffering and death into terms of money.

On January 16, 1920, when the Allied intervention and blockade were still in force, Mrs. O. F. Davidson was executed in Leningrad on a charge of espionage, and in the summer of the same year Mrs. Stan Harding was imprisoned on a similar charge. The justice of these sentences, or the guilt or innocence of the victims, does not concern us here. In June, 1923, the British Government claimed compensation on behalf of Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. Harding in the following note to the Soviet Government:

> The claims in question have been carefully examined. Assessment has been made on calculations derived from precedents which have occurred in other countries in the past. Without claiming the full amounts thus arrived at, His Majesty's Government propose that the Soviet Government shall pay the sum of £3,000 in respect of the claim of Mrs. Stan Harding and of £10,000 in respect of the claim of Mrs. Davidson.
>
> These moderate claims are presented in the hope that it may be possible to arrive at an immediate settlement by agreement. If the Soviet Government is unwilling to agree to the figures mentioned, His Majesty's Government are prepared to submit the assessment of the claims to the judgment of an arbitrator appointed by both parties. In that event, however, His Majesty's Government hold themselves at liberty to put forward figures based on the detailed actuarial calculations on which there have been worked out figures which they only refrain from putting forward in the hope that the presentation of the more modest estimate will afford a chance of immediate settlement.

Both sums were paid by the Soviet Government.

If these two cases were accepted as standards, and £10,000 were claimed by the Soviet for every Soviet citizen who lost his or her life directly or indirectly as a result of the Allied blockade and intervention, and £3,000 for every Russian citizen who suffered from the same causes as much as Mrs. Stan Harding suffered from her imprisonment, the sum total would run into many thousands of millions of pounds sterling.

China and Russia Agree

THE text of the recent agreement between the Soviet Government and China has not been made public, but the following article by George Chicherin, Russian Commissar for Foreign Affairs, printed in the *International Press Correspondence* for June 19, discusses the present relations between China and Russia:

Everyone of us and also every Chinese who has the interests of his people at heart will breathe more easily on learning that the impenetrable wall which separated us from China has at last been thrown down. It is high time! China could have no reason whatever for refusing to resume normal relations with us. The Chinese Government is not a creditor of the Soviet Union and could not make use of the question of the recognition of the Soviet Union in an attempt to compel payment of debts by us. It has hesitated so long over the recognition of the Soviet Union because it did not itself wish to recognize us. It began the blockade against the RSFSR at the beginning of 1918; later it rendered service to the interventionists and hesitated until recently to recognize us for one and the same reason: because of the pressure of the Entente Powers.

Even now the agreement between Comrade Karachan and the Chinese Foreign Minister, Wellington Koo, had to be prepared with the greatest secrecy. The diplomacy of the great Powers at first prevented the signing of our agreement with China and even now would not have permitted it if we had not succeeded in concealing from them the diplomatic documents during the negotiations.

The signing of this agreement by the Chinese Government is therefore a big stride on the road to the liberation of the politics of the colonial and semi-colonial peoples from the yoke of the great Powers. The significance of this independent act of Chinese policy extends far beyond the frontiers of China. It is an historical event in the emancipation movement of the Eastern peoples. China thereby shows that it is following the same road as Turkey did in Sakarien and in Lausanne, as Persia did in the year 1920, and Afghanistan at the beginning of the rule of the Emir Amanuli. The process of the awakening of the peoples of the Orient, their fight against imperialistic suppression, the establishment of their complete freedom is going steadily and inevitably forward. The forces of the Eastern peoples are gradually growing. They are increasing in political and economic strength with every day.

Thereby their friendly relations with the Soviet Union are strengthened. These friendly relations represent one of the most important elements of that historical process which embraces the whole East. These relations become more firm with every success of the Eastern peoples on the road to emancipation. In the same way the resumption of normal relations with the Soviet Union is for China a gigantic step forward on the road to emancipation from the foreign yoke, and, vice versa, its further advance along the same road will conduce to a further strengthening of the friendship with the Soviet Union.

The normal relations between the Soviet Union and China must be of the friendliest nature, and this truth has penetrated deep into the consciousness of the broadest masses in China. The peoples of the Soviet Union will proceed together hand in hand and render each other the fullest support in every respect. The broad masses of China, among whom the name of Lenin has become the most popular, thoroughly realize that the Soviet Republic is their only consistent and entirely disinterested friend. It is precisely because Chinese public opinion recognizes this that it has exercised such persistent pressure upon the Chinese Government and demanded an understanding with the Soviet Union. The undisguised, brutally cynical act of American diplomacy, which endeavored by intimidation and by open pressure to prevent China from coming to an agreement with us, has still further roused Chinese public opinion and thereby accelerated the favorable solution of the senseless crisis, which had already lasted too long, between the Soviet Union and China.

The strengthening of the Eastern peoples who are striving after emancipation, the transference of their whole foreign policy and their inner life to entirely new lines is therefore one of the general causes which led to the restoration of normal relations between ourselves and China. Another general cause consists in the fact that the international policy of a whole series of great Powers has taken, only partially but nevertheless noticeably, a new course. The bourgeoisie of the strongest Western Powers has, if one may so express it, changed from the right horse to the left, among other reasons because their old policy in colonial and semi-colonial countries threatened them with imminent disaster. They were obliged to adopt other methods, to proceed to compromises, to carry out a policy of peaceful penetration. This new colonial policy of the bourgeoisie of the strongest countries meets with essential obstacles; capital seeks and will always seek in the colonies for surplus profit, it will not invest in the colonies for the same rate of interest with which it is content at home. And in order to be able to obtain a surplus profit it will always endeavor to create suitable political conditions. The Soviet Republic alone remains a constant and sincere friend of the Eastern peoples. But the absolute failure of the policy of the mailed fist in the East is compelling the great Powers to adopt a line of compromise. . . .

The appearance of the Soviet Union on the coast of the Pacific Ocean as a power friendly to China immediately raises the question of the world-importance of the Pacific Ocean. The political and economic interests of the world reach out more toward the Pacific. It is the ocean of the future. The prospects which the resumption of normal, that is to say, friendly relations between the Soviet Union and China open will only become gradually clear to us. Already today we can trace in general outline the enormous importance of this event.

A New Famine Year in Russia?

THE Press Bureau of the People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs issued the following statement which was published in the Moscow press on June 20:

The foreign press has recently carried a report that a bad crop is expected in the USSR. . . . The following authoritative statement by the "Exportkhlieb" (state grain-exporting organization) explains the actual state of affairs:

"The information which is being spread by the hostile foreign press does not correspond to the actual state of the crops on this date. There have been no cases of frozen seed. Some cases of too rapid growth due to rainy fall weather were reported in the northwest and in some localities in the northeast. In the first instance they are of no importance since they affected only an insignificant area in a non-producing but consuming region, while in the southeast the crops have become normal during the last ten days of May.

"The state of the crops in May, according to the five-mark system (with 3 as the normal average) as compared with 1923, is best shown in the following table:

Region	*1923*	*1924*
Consuming	2.2	2.4
Producing	2.6	2.7
Southeast	2.7	2.6
Ukraine	3.3	2.9

"The area affected by locusts was 2,115,000 dessiatins in 1923 and 1,473,000 dessiatins in 1924. The area affected by field-mice was 8,700,000 dessiatins in 1923 and 7,673,000 dessiatins in 1924.

"Locusts infested only the Caspian region and Azerbaijan, which have little effect on the total harvest in the Union. Field-mice invaded the Volga region but the department for the protection of plants in the Commissariat of Agriculture, with the assistance of the local population, carried on an effective campaign for their extermination. Even if the whole crop in the region invaded by field-mice should be destroyed it would be foolish to describe the crop of the Union as a failure considering the total area under cultivation in 1923-1924.

"The crops might have been badly affected by the drought during the last ten days of May when the prospects decreased from 3.2 on May 15 to 2.9 on June 1. But the rain during early June improved the situation. . . . Thanks to the rainfall the crop conditions are normal in the Ukraine, the southeast, and in parts of the Volga region. Only in the province of Tsaritsin have the crops been lost.

"It is evident from these facts that there is no general crop failure in the USSR."

June 19, 1924

Articles on international aspects of the oil question will appear in early issues of The Nation, *including: Russian Oil and American Oil Kings, by Louis Fischer; Oil and Revolution in Albania, by Emil Lengyel.*

The AMALGAMATED BANK

103 East 14th St. COR. 4TH AVE. AT UNION SQ.

OFFERS EVERY BANKING FACILITY

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

One Dollar Starts a THRIFT ACCOUNT

ACCOUNTS OPENED ON OR BEFORE JULY 31st WILL RECEIVE INTEREST FROM JULY 1st.

4%

Compounded Quarterly

CHECKING ACCOUNTS INVITED

Business—Personal—Organization

BANKING HOURS

Mon., 9 a.m.-8 p.m.
Sat., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.
other days 9 a.m.-6 p.m.

MONEY TRANSMITTED TO EVERY PART OF THE WORLD

The efficiency of our Foreign Department is recognized by over 300 responsible Banks, which send their remittances to Russia through the Amalgamated Bank. Over $5,000,000 has been remitted in a little over a year.

NEW YORK'S FIRST LABOR BANK

Midol

headache
toothache
neuralgia

Does not affect the heart

Non habit forming

For Headache

General Drug Co.
94 N. Moore St., New York

MARX'S CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE has now for the first time been published in cloth binding: in the same volume is the COMMUNIST MANIFESTO by Marx and Engels. Both are invaluable historical documents. Price 60c. postpaid. Ask for book catalog.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

NEW ADDRESS: W. BEYER'S BOOKSHOP

From June 1st: 213 West 43rd Street

Just West of Times Square—Broadway

Large stock of German and American books New and Second Hand

A BEAUTIFUL PLACE IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS FOR A WEEK-END or an EXTENDED VISIT

5th SEASON

Rates $7 a day and $37.50 a week. Address E. G. Ohmer, Western View Farm, New Milford, Connecticut, 2½ hours from New York. Telephone New Milford 153—Ring 2. Among our guests, such persons as Mr. Louis Untermeyer, Edgar E. Robinson, F. Luis Mora, Dr. Ludwig Lewisohn, Mme. Helen Teschner-Tas, Sara Teasdale, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, C. Bertram Hartman, B. W. Huebsch, Suzanne La Follette, Margaret Woodrow Wilson, William and Marguerite Zorach, Mary Ellis, Frank Alvah Parsons, Babette Deutsch, W. E. Woodward, Ernest Gruening, Lee Simonson, Sidney Howard, Clare Eames, Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Beard, George Ochs Oakes and Irwin Edman have attested to the qualities which give this spot the atmosphere of a home—with all its comforts and none of its responsibilities.

BASH BISH LODGE, Copake Falls, N.Y.

A Camp for Adults

IN THE BERKSHIRES

Less than 3 hours' ride from New York

TENNIS, BATHING, DANCING, ETC.

Rates $30 per Week—$6 per day

Address RUBENSTEIN & LEIKIN

Bash Bish Lodge Copake Falls, N. Y.
Tel. 31, Ring 4 City tel. Intervale 2667

The Lloyd—on Great South Bay

Bellport, L. I.

Wonderful Location Excellent Table All Sports

Cool, Comfortable, Charming

CAMP U.TO PIA

LAKE ELLIS, WINGDALE, N. Y.

A Vacation Ground for Grown-Ups in the Berkshire Hills

120 minutes from Grand Central

WM. J. PERLMAN, Managing Director
DR. WILL DURANT, Associate Director

Telephone 10 - F4

ECHO LAKE TAVERN

5 MILES ABOVE LAKE GEORGE

An ideal spot for rest and fun

Rates $25 per week. Accommodations limited to 25

Reservations booked to Aug. 15—Open until Oct. 1

An opportunity to spend Indian Summer in the Adirondacks.

Fare for round trip to Lake George, $12.28.

For booklet, address Lena Barish.

Watkins 1281 21 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

THE RUSSIAN INN

33 West 37th St., N. Y., near 5th Ave.

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Unique After Theatre Entertainment

Music and Singers

The final article in
Agnes de Lima's series
THE NEW EDUCATION
will appear in next week's issue
of
THE NATION

SPEAKERS: We assist in preparing special articles, papers, speeches, debates. Expert scholarly service. AUTHOR'S RESEARCH BUREAU, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York.

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS

should be mailed to our Subscription Department at least two weeks before it is to become effective. This will insure uninterrupted delivery of *The Nation* to you, and will materially lessen the pressure of work in our office. When notifying us be sure to give both old and new addresses and stipulate the exact date upon which you desire the change made.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

The Nation

20 Vesey Street New York, N. Y.

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1924 No. 3082

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 105
EDITORIALS:
1914-1924 108
Just Another Conference? 109
A Good Ship Gone 109
Literature in Limbo 110
WHEELER AND BRYAN AND DAWES. By William Hard 111
WORKING TOWARD DISARMAMENT. By James T. Shotwell 112
HOW FRANCE WENT TO WAR. By Lewis S. Gannett 113
WHY MATTEOTTI HAD TO DIE. By James Fuchs 114
THE NEW EDUCATION:
III. Following the Child's Lead. By Agnes de Lima 116
READING ON SHIPBOARD. By Ruth S. Alexander 118
A STRIKE AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT. By Roger N. Baldwin 120
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 122
CORRESPONDENCE 122
TWO SONNETS. By Robert L. Wolf 124
BOOKS:
A Voyager's Epic. By Alexander Goldenweiser 124
Where Do We Go from Here? By John M. Gaus 125
Elegant and Commodious. By J. W. Krutch 125
Nordic History. By William E. Dodd 126
Suspense. By Alice Beal Parsons 127
Social Living. By Kimball Young 127
With Apologies to Socrates. By John B. Watson 128
Books in Brief 128
WHAT IS MODERN ARCHITECTURE? By Fiske Kimball 128
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
They Were Born . . . They Died 130
The Disarmament Treaty 131

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN
FREDA KIRCHWEY IRITA VAN DOREN
Managing Editor Literary Editor
ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager
Contributing Editors
ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS
ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

"HARD-BOILED, HARD-BITTEN, HARD-HEADED, hard-fisted"—that is the way William Hard describes La Follette's choice for his running-mate—Burton K. Wheeler of Montana. Wheeler is, indeed, the kind of man who has learned to fight with a smile on his face. All his life he has had to fight. The son of a Massachusetts shoemaker, he fought to earn his way through college. His legal practice in the city of Butte, Montana, was built on fighting. He fought through to success workmen's-compensation claims against the copper companies, which had seemed hopeless in a copper-controlled State. During the war he stood firm and refused to pervert his office as federal district attorney to persecute the industrial radicals who, in Montana, as elsewhere, were branded as "traitors" when they continued to fight their class war. He waged the bitter fight which forced the infamous Daugherty out of office, despite a violent campaign to discredit him and the witnesses who, being Daugherty's associates, were naturally low-lived men. He did not hesitate when, as part of the attempt to stop his investigation, he was indicted on a trumped-up charge in his home State. Despite his complete exoneration by the Senate committee which investigated the charge, it will doubtless be raked up and pressed during the campaign. But Wheeler is used to that kind of tactics; like La Follette, he has stood abuse, and he emerges from such campaigns of vilification better loved and more trusted than ever.

WHEELER'S NOMINATION will add clearness to the issues of the campaign. He and John W. Davis are both able lawyers, but they made different choices long ago. Wheeler chose the defense of poor men, and, for himself, relative poverty; Davis went into virtual partnership with the House of Morgan, became a director of the Santa Fe Railroad, the Rubber Trust, and the National Bank of Commerce, and, presumably, was one of the 357 men who reported incomes over $300,000 in 1922. He chose to be primarily a business man rather than a lawyer. Such choices are in part deliberate, in part instinctive; but they reveal the heart of the men more than all their campaign speeches put together. Davis believes in big business and is proud of the fact that the biggest corporations in the country have selected him to defend them. Wheeler made his fame in opposition to the Copper Trust. Such differences mean more than erudition, diplomacy, or personal charm—although Wheeler is by no means a rough Montana diamond; they betray the inner urge which will move a man in time of crisis. Faced, for instance, with a nationwide railroad strike or mine strike, Davis, we suspect, would seek, lawyer-like, a legal way to crush the strike; Wheeler would seek to end the human abuses which brought it on.

SENATOR WHEELER remains a Democrat, just as Senator La Follette and the North Dakota Nonpartisan Leaguers retain the designation "Republican." Some of the Eastern Republicans and Democrats are perturbed at this "robbery" of party names; they seem to believe that parties remain eternally fixed and stable, and that all good party men should religiously indorse the personal choices of their bosses. But were the Republicans who supported Mitchel for mayor in New York City a few years ago therefore ruled out of their party? Did Democrats who bolted Tammany, or gold-standard men who refused to support Bryan, forfeit the right to call themselves Democrats? The assumption is ridiculous. If we had two old parties with clear-cut differences of principle there might be some excuse for demanding a measure of orthodoxy. But in fact we have two great sprawling organizations, the members of which agree on nothing. The Democracy is an anti-alien, anti-Catholic, anti-Negro, Ku Klux party in the South; an immigrant, Catholic, anti-Klux party in the North, and anything-to-beat-the-Republicans in the West. In Wisconsin men who pride themselves on their hereditary Republicanism swear by La Follette and swear at Coolidge; in the East it is precisely vice versa. What's in a name?

ONE OF THE FINEST TRIBUTES yet paid to Senator La Follette's candidacy appears in the news letter of a large cotton firm:

> With the Democrats having finally nominated the best man in their party, it would seem clear that the country will be safe, regardless of whether Davis or Coolidge wins, and that business should take on new courage; but La Follette, like the weevil, is yet to be heard from.

How happy could Wall Street be with either fair old party! As for the political boll weevil—the insect that eats the heart of the crop—few farmers will look for him near their friend Robert La Follette. They would be more likely to examine the neighborhood of the cotton exchange. We recommend the idea, however, to other trade publicists. For example, in the coal industry, "La Follette, like the deadly mine-damp"; in the hair-net industry, "La Follette, like the French shingle"; in the electric business, "La Follette, like daylight saving"; in the umbrella trade, "La Follette, like fair weather"; or in the undertaking business, "La Follette, like the life-saving corps."

NOW THAT THE HIGHEST COURT of Massachusetts has overthrown the essential feature of the minimum-wage law of that State there seems to be no future for such legislation in this country without an amendment to the Constitution. The Massachusetts law, it will be recalled, did not attempt to fix a compulsory minimum wage. The commission established under the law was not given the power to enforce its decisions. These were only recommendatory in character, but in case of refusal to abide by its findings the commission was authorized to advertise the name of the offender in the daily press, and it was provided that no newspaper could refuse to print such an announcement, under penalty of a fine of $100. The Boston *Transcript* refused to print such an advertisement, and has now been upheld in this action by the State's highest court. In declaring the advertising clause of the minimum-wage law to be unconstitutional the court argued that it was an undue interference in a publisher's business and questioned whether the statute could—as it undertook to do—protect a newspaper against an action for libel. It is possible that under the present practice of jurisprudence in the United States the court's decision is warranted, but obviously it is based on broad general considerations of public policy rather than on any direct conflict of the clause in question with a specific provision of the State constitution. In other words, the action of the court was partly legislative.

IT IS THIS TENDENCY of our courts to exercise partly legislative functions—now a practice of many years—that has made them become a definite menace to democratic government. As Professor Haines pointed out in *The Nation* of May 14 last, there are numerous other countries where the courts have virtually the same power over legislation as here. But it has been exercised in a much more restricted way. In order to get around an attempt to limit its powers the Ohio supreme court recently declared a statute not "unconstitutional" but "unenforceable," on the ground that its provisions were so vague that it was practically impossible to administer it. Without discussing whether the Ohio tribunal was right or wrong in the instance in question, it seems to us that the attempt to distinguish between the "unconstitutional" and the "unenforceable" betrays the erroneous attitude of American courts toward legislation. A court is not actually asked to pass upon the constitutionality of a law as such. Its job is to enforce all the laws, giving preference to the higher in case of conflict. The question of constitutionality arises only where it is argued that it is impossible to enforce a given statute without violating another and higher one: the Constitution. A court has no business to declare a law unconstitutional unless it is impossible to enforce both the act and the Constitution. When a court goes beyond this it invades the legislative field. It is because our judges are continually guilty of such invasion that we must either limit them or abandon the theory of democratic rule.

WHAT ARE OUR "NATIONAL POLICIES" in regard to the ownership of natural utilities—whether they should be publicly or privately controlled? Judging from what we see in the press and hear on the platform, we had formed the idea that the question was at least an open one—that it was, in fact, a matter of controversy and experiment and the future. Apparently we were wrong. Our "national policy" has already been fixed. We are committed to private ownership and opposed to anything else. At least whenever the United States is invited to take a hand in any parley, we find our representative bobbing up on the side of existing monopoly and exploitation. Take the Pan-American Conference on Electrical Communication, for example, which assembled lately in Mexico City. The gathering was favorable to an extension of government ownership and of official regulation of inter-American communications, but A. H. Babcock, the delegate from the United States, refused to sign a resolution to that effect. He assured the assembly that the United States believed that inter-American communications could best be extended by encouraging the investment of private capital. He refused to join in a statement of "principles contrary to the national policies of the United States." How well big business looks after its own! How uniformly it manages to pass its ideas off as those of the people of the United States!

MEXICO IS A PROVINCE of *mañana*-land, election machinery is a bit rusted by disuse, and so despite the heat and fury which preceded this year's as almost all other national electoral contests returns trickle along in a peaceful and leisurely fashion. The result will not be officially announced until Congress convenes in September to scrutinize, compute, and certify to the totals. Nevertheless unofficial reports from widely scattering districts already make certain the overwhelming victory of General Plutarco Elias Calles over his opponent, General Angel Flores. For some months this result has been a foregone conclusion and an eminently desirable one. Calles has been Obregon's right-hand man and, next to his chief, the outstanding figure in revolutionary Mexico. He is a firm believer in the necessity of that modicum of social revolution embraced in the agrarian program, in general education, and in labor legislation which when carried out will make Mexico neither "red" nor "pink," but will substitute for archaic feudalism the basis of modern statehood. Mexico's hope, and her only hope, lies in this direction. Yet it is not sufficient that her chief executive have the proper social viewpoint. He must be strong enough, in a country steeped in the autocratic tradition, to carry out his purposes. The task is formidable; one cannot apply the standards current in a long-established republic like ours to a nominal and still uncrystallized democracy such as Mexico. Calles may fail, but no other man is as well qualified to pilot the Mexican ship of state for the next four years.

ONE OF THE DISADVANTAGES of government censorship is that it often defeats its own purpose. This has happened in a notable way in Brazil. When rebellion started the government clamped down a censorship, and for several days our newspapers printed only the official communiqués indicating that the affair was a trifling flare-up already virtually suppressed. Then word from the revolutionists' side of the fence reached us from Uruguay and Argentina. At once it was evident that the Brazilian government communiqués were about as accurate as the writings of Dr. Cook, and from then on our newspapers have been featuring the news from the other side, relegating the official version from Rio de Janeiro to an inconspicuous place at the foot of the column. As to the causes of the revolution, almost nothing is said in the news from either side. Apparently the revolt is a move of the military group which has long been displeased with the effort of President Bernardes to reduce their control. This group, which centers largely in the province of Sao Paulo, numbers in its membership many of the wealthy coffee planters. They have an additional grievance against the Government in the newly instituted income taxes, imposed in accordance with the advice of the recent British financial mission, which was to revise the fiscal system and arrange a loan. These taxes bear upon the Sao Paulo planters more heavily than the former indirect levies. The revolt springs presumably from the same sources that engineered the uprising of two years ago, which was more promptly squelched.

THE NEWSPAPERS PRINT on the same day dispatches from Japan, one saying that the Government has asked the Mexican Federation of Chambers of Commerce to put it in touch with sources from which merchants may obtain products now purchased in the United States, the other noting that the projected boycott against American motion pictures has virtually collapsed on account of lack of public support. With these conflicting evidences, it is hard to say how effective Japanese retaliation for the exclusion clause of the immigration act may prove, but sentimentally there is no question that our boorish and unnecessary procedure has cut deep into a growing and hopeful friendship. Accounts of recent anti-American demonstrations indicate a kind of religious fervor, an unmodern fanaticism, that is in odd contrast to the easygoing indifference with which we regard the question here. Take these placards in Tokio:

> Japanese must never forget July 1, when America inflicted an intolerable insult on Japan. Always remember the date. Prepare for such steps as are demanded by the honor of the fatherland when the occasion comes. Every Japanese must remember the following rules:
>
> 1. Alter your mode of living so as to impress the date lastingly upon your mind.
> 2. Hate everything American, but remain kind to American individuals.
> 3. Deny yourself all luxury.
> 4. Never forget national honor for private gain.
> 5. Never enter a church supported or guided by Americans or United States missionaries.

ALMOST ANY AMERICAN will admit that Japanese inferiority is a fact. In view of this generally accepted and officially stamped belief it is brilliantly illuminating to read a list of gifts exchanged when America introduced civilization to Japan three-quarters of a century ago:

> The interchange of amenities brought to our President beautiful specimens of gold lacquer, bronze, silver, porcelain, rolls of silk brocade and pongee, coral and silver ornaments, and other articles innumerable, in return for our own gracious gifts to his Imperial Majesty, which included among other things a diminutive locomotive, a telegraph key and wire, a natural history of the State of New York, sixteen volumes of the Annals of Congress, Journal of the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York, two volumes of Lighthouse Reports, a barrel of whiskey, with an assortment of other liquors, and three ten-cent boxes of tea.

It almost is unbelievable but it must be true, for it is printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The prominence of whiskey can only be accounted for by the success with which we had used fire-water in avoiding arguments with the American Indians. But why the "literature"? Perhaps there were wets and drys even then, and the list of gifts was a compromise.

THAT LONG-TALKED-OF PROJECT, a tunnel under the English Channel, has been laid on the shelf again by the British Government, principally because what the newspapers call the "war chiefs" oppose it as a danger to Great Britain in case of hostilities. The "war chiefs" always have opposed the scheme, but more through traditional bureaucratic fear than because of reason. Forgetting that the airplane and the submarine have reduced the value of British insularity anyhow, they argue that a channel tunnel would enable enemy forces to invade England in case of war. Would it? Would any commander in his senses dare start troops through a tunnel unless he controlled the territory about its exit? And if he controlled such territory, he would not need the tube in order to land his forces. Indeed, even for a commander who held both ends of a tunnel, it would be a ticklish means of transport; an enemy submarine or airplane might wreck it midway. A channel tunnel is going to be built some day; it will not forever be just talk. Years of discussion and fruitless effort preceded the successful construction of the Panama Canal. Like it, a channel tunnel may not promise immediate commercial success, but it is a challenge to human daring and faith that some day will sweep away the fears of the "war chiefs," helping to place them and their hatreds on the shelf to which they have temporarily relegated it.

FISK UNIVERSITY has raised an endowment fund of one million dollars—the first Negro university to raise anything like such a fund. It is an encouraging thing that the school which began its career in an army barracks in Nashville nearly sixty years ago should find the confidence and respect which such a fund implies. Fisk is no mere industrial school. It is a full-fledged university; its students are given the same recognition at Columbia and Chicago as are graduates of Harvard or Princeton. Another encouraging sign is the fact that citizens of Nashville have set out to raise a supplementary fund of $50,000, which Fisk sorely needs since the endowment fund is pledged exclusively to teachers' salaries. This is the first time that any Southern city has contributed any such sum to any form of Negro education. Meanwhile Fisk University's other work goes quietly on. Fisk produced Roland Hayes. The Fisk University Jubilee Singers sang before Queen Victoria fifty years ago, and King George is hearing them at Lady Astor's home—they are again on European tour—as this *Nation* goes to press.

1914—1924

TEN years ago this week Europe, rather casually, slipped into war.

It was a grim slip. Europe was appalled, but hardly surprised. She had been preparing for the war for two decades, and her statesmen had grown rather fatalistic about it. The Austrians preferred a European war to loss of their opportunity to crush troublesome Serbia; the Russians preferred it to a loss of prestige; for many Germans it was *der Tag*, and to many Frenchmen it meant the long-awaited *revanche*. No one dreamed of four and a half years of fighting, starvation, revolutions; of the absorption of distant continents; of a miserable post-war decade. After all, as we Americans learned so cheerfully three years later, it did make life interesting. Men lived dangerously, and they did not have time to think. The troublesome petty social conflicts of peace days were for the moment lost in the fires of war. An Oxford professor wrote a much-appreciated essay on The Peacefulness of Being at War.

We in America were very remote. It is difficult today to think back to those idyllic days when President Wilson was proclaiming the duty to be "neutral in fact as well as name," "impartial in thought as well as in action." Less than three years later those days already seemed distant of which Randolph Bourne wrote:

> To the American academic mind of 1914 defense of war was inconceivable. From Bernhardi it recoiled as from a blasphemy, little dreaming that two years later would find it creating its own cleanly reasons for imposing military service on the country and for talking of the rough, crude currents of health and regeneration that war would send through the American body politic. They would have thought anyone mad who talked of shipping American men by the hundreds of thousands—conscripts—to die on the fields of France.

We went into the war with a vim. Neutrality in thought or in action became a crime and we hunted down our pacifists to put them in jail. The mass of the people accepted the myth that they were fighting for an ideal, and when disillusionment came they lost faith in these ideals rather than in war as a method of realizing them.

For the Old World there was a brief glimmer of hope when the guns stopped firing. A new era seemed about to dawn. Russia had thrown off her czar, and all the Central Empires had put aside their kings. No officer dared show himself in uniform in the streets of Berlin. Militarism was for the moment utterly dead. Woman suffrage was suddenly granted in Russia, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium. The French Chamber considered women's rights seriously for the first time in its history and a dozen countries passed eight-hour labor laws. The ranks of the labor unions swelled, and their power grew. Wilson, when he came to Europe, was hailed as a messiah, and everywhere men and women believed the old evils at an end.

Then Europe, too, was disabused. The German delegates at the Peace Conference were kept behind bars, like wild beasts; the secret treaties were incorporated, veiled only in pious phrases, in the peace treaty which President Wilson signed; the name "League of Nations" was given to a league of victors, which the well-behaved neutrals were invited to join (the Central Powers, Soviet Russia, and Mexico were left out); revolutions were drowned in blood in Bavaria and in Hungary (where the American relief agents joined hands with the counter-revolutionaries); and all the Western world, America included, continued the war on Soviet Russia, masking its capitalist hate of the workers' republic in a dreary succession of miserable lies. When Soviet Russia finally emerged triumphant from her war against the world she was so battle- and blockade-worn that she could no longer hope to serve as a beacon.

Gradually the darkness deepened. Italy plunged from chaos into bloody Fascism, and good men applauded it; Russia went through famine; France, refusing to face the emptiness of military victory, demanded of Germany more than Germany could possibly pay, and finally marched her soldiers into the Ruhr, while the mark lost its value and millions went hungry. Desperate Germans prayed for a return of the good old days of the monarchy.

Are we on the verge of a new dawn? Certain it is that for the moment a fresh wind is blowing across Europe. Ramsay MacDonald's Labor Government, slight as have been its concrete achievements, brought with it an atmosphere of decency and friendliness and of expectation of decency from others. The German elections were less of a reactionary landslide than had been expected; France ousted Poincaré and opened the way for new measures. The United States permitted its experts to aid in devising a plan for reparation payments which is today under hopeful discussion. Russia has, unaided by the West, stabilized her currency and resumed trade. Austria and Hungary have been put on a forced regime, under the auspices of the League, which has at least maintained life where there had been despair, and Germany has, for the time, stabilized her currency and made normal living once more possible. If we have abandoned bright dreams we seem at least to be drifting back to normalcy, where dreams may again become plausible.

Normalcy is an advance over the chaos of these later years, but the disposition to regard normalcy through rosy spectacles is a kind of shell-shock, a product of weariness. Normalcy is the pre-war state which produced the war and all our social conflicts, and with it goes that fatal fatalism which permitted the war to occur. Its motto is "What's the use?" The World War was not inevitable; it is easy today to trace a dozen links of causation which led straight to the cataclysm, but it is as easy to suppose a dozen slight changes in the course of history which might have avoided it. As Bertrand Russell pointed out in *The Nation* a year ago, it may reasonably be argued that Napoleon fell because he ate an unripe peach after the battle of Dresden; and if the Emperor of Austria, a very old man, had only eaten an unripe peach and died a decade earlier, or if the war had been postponed a few years until socialism in Germany and revolution in Russia had become stronger, the map and spirit of the world might be very different today. We do not need to accept war as an inevitable incident in normal living; we can change normalcy.

If the world accepts normalcy as an unmitigated boon and basks calmly in it, there is, indeed, little hope. The fact that it is not yet basking, despite well-intentioned efforts, is the real hope of the present hour.

Just Another Conference?

ANYTHING—a conference or a plan or a man—that is heralded as the beginning of a general settlement in the affairs of Germany, France, and England may well be looked upon with skepticism. The stage for the present conference is set in London. So far it is another Allied conference—without Germany, as usual—and if France wins, and it looks very much as if she might, the conference will prepare more plans which the Germans are to accept cut-and-dried from the Reparation Commission. In 1921, in London, upon this same stage, a bill was prepared and handed to Germany for 33 billions of dollars. That stands as the legal bill today and is one of the skeletons in the closet which no one dares to haul forth three years later.

The press has made much of the general optimism and good-will hovering over the conference. This optimism (mixed with anxiety in proper amounts) is of course part of the stage properties for any important Allied meeting, but it has a basis in reality. First, there is the personal friendly accord between Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot. Then there are the Americans. No one knows what our envoys will do, but the Dawes Report is our child and we are proud of it, so there is no telling what may happen. Next, the frank stating of Anglo-French differences is a gain, infinitely better than M. Poincaré's constant repetition of platitudes. Above all, there is the Dawes Report to keep the conferees on the economic track and off the political.

But there are sharp disagreements. The fifteenth section of the Dawes Report states that the successful execution of the plan depends on "cooperation between the Allies and Germany toward assuring political relations such as the world's financiers will consider favorable to a German loan." There lies the real crux of the Franco-British difference. The French do not want to cooperate; they want to impose.

France holds that she should have the last word on sanctions, as she is to receive 52 per cent of the forthcoming reparations. In other words, the French would keep the Ruhr weapon always in reserve. "Thus," writes the *Manchester Guardian*, "the new judicial issue of the legality of the Dawes scheme under the Versailles Treaty leads directly back to the old judicial issue regarding the Ruhr occupation." This is particularly important since many experts believe the payments provided for in the Dawes Report impossibly high. If Germany defaults involuntarily, should the Allies confer, or should France retain the alleged right to invade the Ruhr to punish the delinquents? The Dawes Report assumes an immediate loan to Germany of $75,000,000 and later subscriptions in bonds in still vaster sums. American and English bankers will absorb the larger part of both loans, and naturally they will want guaranties against isolated action by France. The first reports from London are anything but encouraging. Vague compromises are reported which may mean exactly what France wishes and at the same time leave a loophole for England to crawl out if things become too hot. The investors are to have priority on all German resources; but all the rights of the Treaty of Versailles—which includes an explicit priority for reparations—are preserved. Result: France may take separate action when she wishes, just as in the past, and German resources may disappear like snow on the first hot days of spring.

Another hotly disputed question concerns the method of transferring German payments from the receiving body in Berlin to the creditor countries. This involves the appointment of a reparations agent and what power he shall have. An American, Owen D. Young, has been suggested for this position. England wishes this agent to have independent power and France wishes him to be a handmaiden of the Reparation Commission, on which she casts the deciding vote. This provision for the transferring of German payments marked a new understanding by governments of international finance. Instead of the grab-bag fashion of the last five years, the problem of the paying in of reparations was separated from the problem of turning the German marks into the currency of France, England, Belgium. Germany's responsibility was to end when she deposited gold marks in the new bank of issue to be established. Many economists are questioning whether we shall not yet learn that those marks cannot be taken from that bank and be of value to the creditor. Mr. Henry Scattergood stated in an address before the American Academy of Political and Social Science that the drawing of those funds depended "upon the world buying from Germany three times as many goods and services as it has been buying at any time since the war." Who is ready to do that? Certainly not France—and as certainly no French representative will let the issue be clearly drawn.

Another Good Ship Gone

WE told the other day (A Sea Wolf's End, June 18) of the sentence to the junk pile of the steamship Kronprinz Wilhelm—one of the famous quartet of the North German Lloyd. About the same time another vessel, also one of a celebrated quartet, was towed out of New York harbor destined for a similar end. The quartet of which the St. Louis was one—the last—was American; indeed it was perhaps the most notable quartet of American ships ever assembled. The other three were the St. Paul, a sister ship of the St. Louis; the New York; and the Philadelphia.

The St. Louis and the St. Paul were American built—the largest and finest steamships constructed in American yards up to their time. In consideration of their construction by home talent, permission was granted the owners by special act of Congress to put the foreign-built New York and Philadelphia also under American registry. The latter two were built with forward-curving bows—clipper stems—and bowsprits, after the model of sailing vessels. For years after these beautiful lines had been superseded by vertical bows in the newer steamships, the New York and the Philadelphia kept this type familiar to our eyes.

Nowadays steamships leaving the port of New York all sail from docks that are well removed from the business heart of Manhattan Island. Up to the time of the European War, and a bit after, the St. Louis, St. Paul, New York, and Philadelphia used to sail for Southampton from the old pier of the American Line near the foot of Fulton Street, North River—right under the windows of the sky-piercing office buildings of lower Broadway. As they backed out into the stream on a Saturday morning they opened up their whistles to clear the way, sending the roar reverberating through the downtown canyons, sifting even in winter-time through the windows, so that pens stopped adding figures and fingers

balked in tying bundles while somebody's bookkeeper and some other body's office-boy went dream-voyaging.

The St. Louis was in many ways the luckiest and the most renowned of the famous four. As Captain Felix Riesenberg wrote lately in the *Nautical Gazette* she was

> . . . a faithful ship, a brave ship, a proud ship, an honest ship, a ship not without her own memories of great days when cheering thousands responded to her greeting, crowded her decks, and awaited her arrivals and departures. She knew the caressing swish of silken petticoats and the gay laughter of the elite. Her passenger lists were like the social registers of two continents. Fame and riches chose her because she was famous and swift and smart. The black funnels with the white band were the hall-mark of Western Ocean perfection. At her launch, in the great Cramp yard at Philadelphia, in 1895, the first lady of the land, Frances Folsom Cleveland, the lady of our President, broke the bottle of sparkling wine across her sharp steel prow.

1895! Yes, it was almost thirty years ago that the St. Louis and the St. Paul took to the water. They were of about 10,000 tons gross, with a speed of some eighteen knots —both huge and fast for their day. They had scarcely been put into commission when they were yanked out of the transatlantic service and sent into the Spanish-American War as scout cruisers by the Government. The St. Louis cut the Spanish cable at Santiago in 1898. When America entered the World War the St. Louis and St. Paul were again called on by the Government.

After the armistice the famous four all fell upon evil days. They had not reached old age; they were not worn out. But as crack passenger carriers they had been pushed aside by bigger, faster, more luxuriously appointed vessels; and they were too expensive to operate in humbler trade. The poor New York had the most sordid fate of all. Sold by the American Line, she passed through the hands of a series of fly-by-night companies, and at one time was held at a Brooklyn pier for debt, plastered with attachments and other legal papers. In the summer of 1922 she sailed for the Mediterranean. Five days out her engines broke down, and again at the Azores. Smallpox was discovered among her passengers near Algiers, and upon arriving at Palermo she was fined 85,000 lire for failure to carry an Italian doctor. At Naples she was fined again for violation of law in regard to the landing of luggage. She was last heard of late in 1922 in collision in the Sea of Marmora.

About the same time the Philadelphia, also in strange hands, set sail for Naples; but her crew mutinied, broached the ship's stores, and upon arrival in Italy fought both the vessel's officers and the state police. Accidentally or purposely the hold was flooded, and the ship was beached to keep her from sinking. And thus, so far as accounts have reached this side, she came to her end. The finish of the St. Paul and the St. Louis was less spectacular but not less tragic. The St. Paul was sent to Germany to be scrapped a year ago. The St. Louis caught fire at a Hoboken shipyard, after which she was sold for junk to an Italian firm. Towed by a tug that she would once have snorted out of her path, she let herself be led meekly down the Hudson River on a green morning last May—past her old dock at the foot of Fulton Street, past the Battery where she had formerly been cheered, past the Narrows where she had so often come proudly to anchor after a safe passage, and out to sea. . . .

From her, too, we have had the last word.

Literature in Limbo

THE seeds of a literary fashion blow further than most historians ever seem to notice. Scott and Cooper, for example, continue to be valued for the robust sinews which not even their superannuated habiliments can disguise, but critics ordinarily assume that such fashions have passed from the earth. Not at all. The creator of Nick Carter died only the other day, after an immense career of industrious fabrication which went, much of it, into stories of wild adventure told in a fashion that was respectable a hundred years ago. Richardson, for another example, continues to be valued for his fussy insight into the problems of bourgeois sentimentalists, but there is a general assumption that his manner is outlived. Not at all. Bertha M. Clay died the other day, after an immense career of industrious fabrication devoted to the very kind of fiction that has flowed for a hundred and fifty years from the source which Richardson was virtually the first to tap for a wide audience. The dramatic fact which brings the topic into the news is that Bertha M. Clay and the creator of Nick Carter were the same person, were both of them John R. Coryell, whose strikingly double life has ended at seventy-six.

Though Mr. Coryell, after originating the Nick Carter idea and after writing a few stories of the cycle, turned them over shortly to the late Frederick van Rensselaer Day, and showed himself equally productive in many other fields of hack-writing, he may nevertheless be justly enough discussed on only two counts—the counts of Carter and Clay. He was a link between the ancient melodrama and the modern movie. He either disregarded or did not feel the dignity of his forms of literature as Scott and Cooper and Richardson felt them; he played with them in a kind of serene, earnest make-believe, as children play with tales of fairies. A reader and a student, a philosophical anarchist in his opinions, he could no doubt have defended the art he practiced with excellent reasons for the qualities he gave it. But it cannot be seriously denied that he wrote about a universe as remote as fairyland. The considerable verisimilitude of his settings, the simplicity and directness of his narratives, did not make him less romantic. Stories such as his march as a hobby-horse marches, back and forth, back and forth, always in the same spot of ground. They are, to bring the image down to date, like an engine racing in an automobile, with no clutch thrown in to bring their power to bear upon the burden of reality.

The truth seems to be that no mere fashion in literature has a great vitality for any great length of time. Its themes, its conventions, its tricks, once given up by the writers of the first rank, may indeed still be manipulated by hacks with tireless ingenuity, and may long continue to please readers of slowly descending levels of sophistication. But something of the original vitality has gone. Ingenuity has taken the place of fresh creation. The critical faculty has been lulled to sleep by habit. The thing goes on by sheer momentum, without any renewed push from forces continually reborn. The end of a literary fashion dwells in a dim limbo. Let the limbo be populous and thrilling, as it may be; it is still only limbo.

Somehow or other, quantity production seems not to work in literature. It is a pity, for Nick Carter *was* exciting and Bertha M. Clay *was* edifying.

Wheeler and Bryan and Dawes

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE tails of all the tickets seem to have stings in them this year.

Dawes at the tail of the Republican ticket will devote himself, with a poisonousness which Coolidge could not possibly command, to the stinging of "demagogues." Suave, kindly, neat, dapper, sociable, musical, aesthetic, amiable, domestic, Dawes is a honey-bee who is all full of honey and sweet charm till he sees a "demagogue."

Himself, in fact, one of our very best demagogues and delightfully and ingenuously given to passionate appeals to the class feelings of his own class, he is driven frantic when he sees other demagogues making passionate appeals to the class feelings of other classes. He stings them, he threatens to sting them, and he will sting them. Dawes has this writer's affection because of his admirable industry and efficiency as director of the budget and because of his total sincerity in his political views and because of his delicious unawareness of the fact that Plutos as well as Demos has those who natively and naturally speak his language and that in "plutagoguery," as distinguished precisely from "demagoguery," there is no more unconsciously and instinctively perfect platform performer in this country than Charles G. Dawes of Illinois.

Contented property, whether held in large lots or in small lots (and in this country there is plenty of contented property held in small lots), will hug Charlie Dawes to its bosom and will with confidence and elation send him out over the political pastures to raise large swellings on the necks and noses of those whom he attacks. The tail of the Coolidge ticket will be its arousing appeal. It will inspirationally convince many a stay-at-home capitalistic voter that he ought to do his duty for capitalism and go to the polls and vote with vehemence for Coolidge and coolness.

The tail of the Davis ticket is widely said not to have a teaspoonful of brains. It is said that his brother William is a bag of wind and that he is the same except without even the wind. This must be an exaggeration. Or, perhaps, it points to the suspected truth that the most valuable possession of a public man is not brains.

Brainy public men—like David F. Houston, formerly Secretary of the Treasury—seem almost always to hold, as Houston held in 1920, that when economic distress is on its way the only thing, generally speaking, that a government can do is to wave and cheer it on its way. Charlie Bryan, on the other hand, not having brains, and knowing no better, went and reduced the price of coal and the price of gasoline in Nebraska by various actions performed in the course of his labors and alleged or assumed duties as governor of the State. The pundits of economics in political life would never have thought of doing it. That is, they would have thought; and then they would not have done it. Being by definition incapable of thought, Charlie Bryan did it.

Whatever, therefore, is deficient in Davis because of his excess of brains we may expect to see happily and successfully supplied by Bryan because of his lack of them. This writer, after long experience with highly intelligent public men who can see clearly that nothing can be done about anything, welcomes in Bryan a man so dull and so useful that he cannot see it. The tail of the Davis ticket may be its unthinking, but it is also its working, end.

As for Burton K. Wheeler, the tail of the La Follette ticket, this writer ventures the prediction that Wheeler will be the stingingest of all this year's stinging tails.

Wheeler is much younger than either Bryan or Dawes. He is in his early forties. As public men go, he is a mere youth. He is still engaged, as it were, in writing his juvenilia. He writes them in the spirit appropriate to his years. He is not an old young man. He is a young young man. He is politically romantic. He is pugnacious. He is adventurous.

He hails from the East—from Massachusetts. He cannot say Cool-idge, to rhyme with too. He says Cull-idge, to rhyme with full. The long "oo" is too much for him. He has a Massachusetts accent and a Montana temperament. The temperament led him inevitably to Montana. He would have made a great prospector in the old Montana mining days. Or he might have made a great gambler. Taking chances is no bother to him. It is no anxiety to him. When he made his charges against Daugherty in the Senate, he did not have the proof. He only knew that a certain amount of proof existed. That proof might have been stolen from him. His witnesses might have been snatched away from him. They were that sort of people. Wheeler did not hesitate. He made his charges just the same. He took one of the biggest chances that anybody in Washington ever took. He got away with it. When the witnesses were called they still were his. It then became necessary, however, to make them relate gossip. Wheeler did not hesitate. He made them relate gossip. He knew that almost any one piece of that gossip, by itself, was ridiculous. He did not hesitate to be ridiculous. He knew that all the pieces of the gossip of all his witnesses, when put together, would convince—or, at any rate, would persuasively suggest. He did not hesitate to be ridiculous in detail in order to win in mass.

He has an iron heart and a brass forehead. Also he has one of the most charming of smiles—a boyish smile, a cool and deadly smile. He could have put his shooting-irons on the table and smiled handsomely and happily at his fellow-gamblers in the old Montana days. He will cut a wide swath through the hearts of women in his audiences. They love to ask him to dinner in Washington even when he is engaged in trouncing—and perhaps traducing—their favorite conservative statesman on the Senate floor. He is exigent; but he is attractive. He is attractive perhaps precisely because he is exigent and uncompromising and—it might be said—politically bloodthirsty. There is something soft in many reformers. There is nothing soft in Wheeler. He would have made a great bucko mate quelling the crew on an old New England China clipper. He is humane in his policies. Personally he is hard-boiled, hard-bitten, hard-headed, hard-fisted, with a tinge in him of the handsome sword-crossing heart-breaking soldier of fortune.

A soldier of fortune plus what is now called a "social

conscience"—a soldier of fortune animated and dominated by a "social conscience": that is Wheeler of Montana.

La Follette went out to his house and personally asked him to run with him. La Follette in his youth took some chances himself. In Wheeler perhaps he recognizes a fellow-spirit who, when it comes to chances, will not be second to him. La Follette is looking wonderfully well. Yet he is the oldest of the candidates. Wheeler is the youngest. "Old men for counsel." And young men for war? Well, war, one of your names certainly is Wheeler.

Working Toward Disarmament

By JAMES T. SHOTWELL

SENATOR DE JOUVENEL, one of the most influential French politicians, stated in the *Revue de Paris* last winter that in his opinion peace was as much the key to the aspirations of the present day as liberty was in the time of the French Revolution. That, from a Frenchman in whom the traditions of the revolution live, meant a great deal. British and American liberals have tended to believe that the Poincaré policy was the only genuine expression of France, and many of them were surprised when, at the last election—the first chance the French people had had to express themselves politically since 1919—the truer voice of France spoke out. But all along, even among Poincaré's associates, there was a genuine striving for a workable peace formula.

Unfortunately, even the French who represent the peace movement tend to think in different terms from their American and British colleagues, and constant misunderstanding results. Fundamentally, the Frenchman thinks in terms of history—and one who thinks in terms of history can never proceed upon universal principles, whereas the British or American liberal, bred in the traditions of Cobdenism or some similar philosophy, demands as the first condition of readjustment a general acceptance of his principles. Viscount Cecil, for instance, has insisted that you cannot have disarmament until you have general disarmament. The French say that you can, and that you must begin with partial and local disarmament, proceeding from individual differences and circumstances, and that to demand general principles before you develop the situation for them is absurd. The British—and American—liberal is like the medieval realists; he believes in phenomena as attributes or incidents secondary to the whole. The Frenchman is a nominalist, as critical as his Abelard was in the thirteenth century, standing for concrete realities all the time.

This difference became very clear in the attempts made by the League of Nations and other bodies to work out plans for disarmament. The French protested against the constitution of the Temporary Mixed Commission, which drew up the League's disarmament plan, because its members were selected as individual experts and were not responsible to their governments—a device intended to secure initiative. The French claim that it resulted in British delegates advancing clauses of a disarmament treaty which even their own Government would not ratify. When the French protest against these fine sentiments of universal application (which have never been applied) the Anglo-Saxon mind tends to regard the protest as essentially hostile to the peace movement itself. One of the French delegation said that he did not want to go to Geneva to hear the Sermon on the Mount—he could hear that at home any Sunday—but to make a contract binding his neighbor to go as far as he himself would go. And his neighbor would not go very far toward the Sermon on the Mount.

The French believe that the way to peace leads along the historic path of alliances. There is, obviously, nothing wrong in a nation having friends. If having friends makes you feel so secure that you do not have to arm, that is good. But if its effect is that a third party is scared, the result may be a resumption of the old-fashioned arms competition and new wars. Obviously the way to move forward is to get rid of suspicion, and one way to that is through public diplomacy. The French themselves made one very notable contribution to public diplomacy when Colonel Réquin proposed an article, later embodied in the League draft treaty and also in the so-called American plan, providing that treaties the terms of which were fully known and accepted by the Council of the League as harmless and defensive might be carried out automatically in time of crisis, without any delay. But, in order to have that privilege, the same nations should agree to take any unforeseen incidents, or matters arising under secret clauses, before the instruments of mediation provided by the League, such as the Council or the World Court. This means that if an agreement is secret there is delay in executing it—and a soldier fears nothing so much as delay in the moment of danger. For example, the Franco-Czech treaty provides for mutual aid in case of invasion. That is permitted under this draft treaty as "purely defensive." But if such an unforeseen incident happened as occurred in Serajevo in June, 1914, the state which felt its "security" or "honor" endangered would be obliged not to go to war or undertake aggressive measures until other means of redress suggested by the League had been exhausted. It is a method of routing secret agreements into the avenues of public diplomacy. This provision, Articles 6, 7, and 8 of the Cecil-Réquin League treaty, is incorporated in substance as Articles 26, 27, and 28 of the American treaty.

Last winter a group of Americans interested in the problem of general disarmament began meeting in the hope of working out a practical program and discovering a formula which would to some extent unite the main principles of the British and French views and at the same time state in broad terms what might be called the American standpoint toward disarmament. The result was the formulation, after three or four months of discussion, of the so-called Draft Treaty of Disarmament and Security, which is printed in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* this week. A few copies of this document were sent informally to those in Europe at whose request the American group had carried on the last phase of its work. When the Council of the League of Nations met on June 10 some members of it, having this American document in their hands, asked that it be distributed as an official document of the League, with an eye to its consideration by the next

Assembly, when the Draft Treaty of the Temporary Mixed Commission was to come up for discussion. Since that time both the British and United States governments have definitely rejected the League's draft treaty.

The American treaty—which is obviously not in final form, but a basis for negotiation or planning—naturally differs widely from the Franco-British draft. Its distinctively American note is the entire absence of compulsion upon any government to enforce peace at the dictation of the Council of the League or of any other outside body. Peace is to be assured by denying to an aggressor the rights and privileges enjoyed by him in the territories of the other states, through treaties, international law, or municipal law. But it is left entirely to the individual states to say whether or not they will apply these sanctions. This provision has been criticized as an inadequate guaranty, but is it not all that American public opinion would approve? In any case it strikes at once at the entire credit system of an aggressor state. This means that it strikes at the currency, and after the experience of the past five years in Europe no other warning as to the possible consequences of aggressive action could be more clear.

Finally, this American draft treaty must not be taken for more than it is. It is simply a treaty of disarmament, not of universal compulsory arbitration. It is an agreement not to commit aggression, and it includes a readily recognized definition of aggression. It does not insure justice but it denies states the right to attempt to secure what they think justice by force of arms, it is only the beginning—if it is that—of a long process, by the substitution of something else for force in international affairs. Justice within nations has not yet been achieved, yet we have outlawed the feud and eliminated the disorders attendant upon it. The processes of civilization have to do more with procedure than with substance, and the draft treaty is an attempt to establish processes through which civilization can slowly work out a peaceful destiny. This means that the first part of the proposed agreement which would come into operation would be the Permanent Advisory Conference and its Technical Commission. Such a body should not only furnish a clearing-house for that kind of information about armaments which if known is relatively harmless, if withheld breeds war, but it should also study the variant effects of economic sanctions in a world of credit, and the kind of incidents which make for—or are—aggression. In short, we should have a definite and standing challenge to the intelligence of the world on the greatest single problem of our time.

How France Went to War

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

(These are unedited extracts from a diary kept in August, 1914. They are fragmentary, but they are first-hand impressions jotted down on the spot and at the moment.)

RHEIMS, August 1, 1914, 4.30 p.m.—The fools cry "Vive la guerre!" Everywhere crowds, everywhere soldiers, everywhere haste and bustle and noise. For some it is a game, the longed-for war, the chance to fight. "Vive la France!" "Vive la guerre!" "A bas l'Allemagne!" Others know what war is. Wives and husbands and babies go to the station together, the parents pale and anxious, arm in arm, the children half-ready to shout and cheer, yet deterred by the wet cheeks of the mother.

The station is jammed, crowded. A woman sits on her coat nursing a three-month-old baby. The Paris express is already two hours late. All trains today are headed toward the border. France and Germany are at last at war, and Alsace may be revenged and rewon. Long troop-trains pull into the station, their windows alive—some faces glum and weary, some bright and excited. More troops crowd in—wife kisses husband, sweetheart sweetheart, and man man in farewell. Some eyes bright for the adventure before them—some eyes dry and brave, some dry and hopeless, some wet with tears. . . . The station breaks into yet louder cheers—they are off to the war! An old woman presses a franc into a soldier's hand, another runs up with a cake of sweet chocolate. The train windows are like the bleachers at a home run—all arms and hats and noises; heads invisible. The platform responds.

PARIS, the same day, 11 p.m.—The street surges with the crowd; there are thousands there below. They laugh and shout and applaud each new flag, each "Vive la guerre!" and sing the "Marseillaise," and think themselves patriotic. . . . Jaurès is dead, the first martyr in the cause of peace.

The Paris express was 3½ hours late at Rheims and 4 at Paris. Rheims was mad enough, as the troop trains pulled through—infantry, cavalry, aeroplanes. But here the streets were black with crowds; no taxicab or wagon to be had. And soon we discovered worse: no food to be had. One restaurant after another said "C'est fini"—at half-past nine. The crowds had eaten them out. Everywhere the insane mobs. Nowhere policemen. Here a man hurt, lying outstretched on the pavement—a huge jam about him. There a youth of perhaps nineteen standing on a restaurant table, haranguing the mob. Now someone has found a French flag, and the crowd falls in behind, shouting and singing the "Marseillaise" and "Alsace-Lorraine," while the sidewalks resound with applause. Later, English flags appear, and Italian. The crowd grows—they are like college boys, high-school kids. A great cheer goes up. Unconsciously one listens for the rest—one expects an organized college cheer to follow. But this is France, and war. These mad creatures are not celebrating a football victory, but the mobilization of the army of France, the probability of war with Germany.

August 6.—Paris is quiet now. The first wild excitement has passed, and she has settled down to a realization of realities. It is war; she faces it calmly and bravely, and her patriotism is no less that the shouts and parades are things of yesterday. The shops of luxury are closed, but the food shops are open.

LONDON, August 15.—We came over from Paris two days ago. It was a relief to see the calm of the blue sea once more. After the raving mobs of those first Paris days and the dull excitement of the shut-in city, after the wild hatred of Germany and the lying headlines, it was a pleasure to be among a people which took things normally, and, fighting, respected a foe worthy of its mettle.

Why Matteotti Had to Die

By JAMES FUCHS

FOR the placemen and lieutenants of the "regular" Fascisti in Italy the April elections were not merely a struggle for maintenance of power but for their personal safety as well. Nearly 4,000 of their crimes—chiefly assaults, mayhem, murder, destruction of property, and acts of incendiarism—committed before Mussolini's accession to ministerial office, were covered by his Christmas amnesty of 1922. This document, perhaps for the first time in history, made party affiliation a criterion of immunity by pardoning acts of violence committed "with a national aim in view"—in plainer words, by Fascists of regular standing. But many hundreds of similar crimes, still technically indictable, have since been committed by the beneficiaries of the amnesty and their associates, which made victory at the polls a vital necessity to them—and to the author of the amnesty as well—no man in his senses doubting that the day of his downfall as a cabinet minister will be followed immediately by his impeachment.

From *l'Ere nouvelle*

Victory at the polls, however, in the terms of a free and lawfully conducted election, was out of the question. It had to be brought about by a nation-wide campaign of fraud and violence. The administration was confronted not only by a powerful Socialist and Communist movement which in 1919, at the inception of the militant career of Fascism, had control of nearly 2,000 out of the 8,000 Italian municipalities—a movement largely recovered from the effects of Fascisti assault. It had likewise to face a liberal bourgeoisie thoroughly disgusted with administrative inclusion on terms of contemptuous tolerance, a Catholic peasant movement bitterly opposed to Fascismo, and, worst of all, a disaffected Fascist element, bent upon discrediting and combating the "regulars" under the leadership of those about Mussolini.

The trail of Fascismo in office—that is to say of Mussolinism—is littered with tergiversations, broken promises, and shameless disavowals of platform planks deemed essential by Mussolini's original following of 1919. Of these old-timers only two groups are blindly obedient to the chief: the office-holders and certain "men of action" (violent action), in especial need of governmental protection. To understand the bitter indignation of the others it should be remembered that, like Mussolini himself, they graduated from the ranks of international socialism. These "old-timers" are chiefly workingmen and intellectuals, gullible but of honorable intent, who took to heart the syndicalist program of 1919, with which Mussolini split the ranks of the Socialists at the close of the war. They took seriously the endlessly repeated promises, before his accession to power, of holding the balance true in the common national interest in all contentions between capital and labor. The Fascist program of 1919 included a legal establishment of the eight-hour day, minimum wages for all industrial and agricultural workers, old-age and invalid insurance, control of production by the workers, and the technical management of public utilities by boards of employees. Once in office, the Fascist administration riddled its eight-hour bill with 100 special exemptions and a blanket exemption for all industries not specifically mentioned in the bill. It abandoned the minimium-wage plank, abolished the old-age and invalid insurance already in force, suppressed a number of joint boards, and turned over the state-owned public utilities (parcel post, telephones, telegraphs, and governmental railroad lines) to private enterprise. As a consequence, the nationalist ("white") trade unions, in their organ *Il Domani Sociale*, incited their members in a joint manifesto, on the eve of the elections, to vote against the Fascist "national list."

The most powerful personality among the Fascist dissidents is Deputy Cesare Forni. On the threshold of the present year he delivered a sensational speech of challenge and denunciation, declaring that "Mussolini has fallen among bad companions." The Prefect of Pavia urged him to name them. He named Cesare Rossi, Luigi Freddi, Aldo Finzi, and Francesco Giunta. The dissident press added to this list of "bad companions" General De Bono and Giovanni Marinelli. Of the six four are now under arrest as implicated in the Matteotti murder. On January 24, in his speech at the Palazzo Venezia, Mussolini expressly countenanced and vindicated the entire six: "The men denounced as the bad counselors of the good tyrant are five or six men who report to me in person every morning. I herewith make distinct avowal that I look upon them as my closest collaborators and fellow-burdenbearers, who share with me the salt bread of direct responsibility for the acts of the Fascist administration. I declare in your presence that I owe them the deepest sentiments of gratitude and affection."

Another of the Matteotti murderers, Amerigo Dumini, vindicated Mussolini's "bad companions" in a more literal sense of the term; together with three stalwarts of the "regulars," he set upon Forni at a railroad depot. Forni, a man of powerful build, succeeded in knocking down one assailant and, with the help of bystanders, in driving the others to flight, after receiving a severe beating.

Beset by the enmity of at least two-thirds of the nation, and in the midst of fierce contentions among the Fascists, Mussolini entered upon the election campaign last spring. The deputies of his own list, in keeping with a cult of Fascismo—that of *giovannezza* (youth)—were largely fire-eaters below the age of thirty, without any parliamentary experience to speak of, and thoroughly resolved to have a good time hustling, insulting, outshouting, and challenging the deputies of the Opposition.

Mussolini's bearing at the opening session of the Chamber was the strangest imaginable mixture of defiance and propitiation. He delivered his opening speech in a gorgeous fancy dress of his own invention, looking somewhat like a Gilbert-Sullivan Admiral of the Queen's Navee.

For all his bullying airs, he knew that presently the election would be shown up, with a crushing wealth of evidential material, as a huge fraud, a nation-wide orgy of forgery, intimidation, and coercion. His prefects, his *carabinieri*, his militia, his centurions and fighting gangs, several days before election day, had turned hell loose against all adversaries of the administration. He knew that at least a hundred mandates of the "national list" would be plainly shown to be invalid. He also knew who would place the evidence invalidating the elections before Italy and the world. The person designated by the radical Opposition as attorney general in the trial, about to begin, of Fascist governmental corruption was Giacomo Matteotti, Deputy for Rovigo, who had been banished from Rovigo some time before his election by an arbitrary decree of the local Fascisti. Matteotti collected a formidable volume of incriminating evidence concerning the governmental election frauds, the Fascist orgies of violence after the elections, and the personal corruption of some of those who were sharing with the dictator "the salt bread of direct responsibility," namely:

Amerigo Dumini, founder of the Fascist movement of Tuscany and professional gunman of the party; leader of many "punitive expeditions"; implicated in the attack upon the Villa Nitti and the assaults upon the deputies Forni, Misuri, and Amendola. After Mussolini's accession to power he secured a lucrative post as traveling inspector of the Fascist *Corriere Italiano*. About to be exposed by Matteotti as a smuggler of arms to Jugoslavia.

Albino Volpi, another of the assailants of Forni; one of the charter members of Mussolini's Fascio in Milan; chief of the Fascist after-election terror in Milan, where, two days after the election, he and his gang raided a gathering of a hundred unarmed citizens, beating them and leaving fifteen seriously wounded on the pavement.

Filippo Filipelli, editor of the *Corriere Italiano;* Cesare Rossi, chief of Mussolini's press bureau; and Giovanni Marinelli, general secretary of the Fascist board of directors—the three "oil corruptionists" of the American press dispatches.

To keep the murder motive clear from wrong conjectures: there was nothing in Matteotti's record or personal traits to make him a conspicuous target for Fascist vindictiveness. A moderate Socialist, a follower of Turati, he had persistently advised against counter-attacks during the Fascist terror. He was known as a declared enemy of communism, a scholarly jurist, a courteous intellectual without any personal contentions on his hands. He was slain for three reasons: because he countered the move of Mussolini, who wanted 320 mandates declared valid *en bloc*, by revealing the true story of the elections; because he was about to incriminate the chief participants in the after-election acts of terrorism; and because, if suffered to live, he would have forced judicial action against the main corruptionists about the dictator. That, but for the daggers and bullets of his murderers, he would have invalidated enough mandates to deprive the Government of its majority, admits of no doubt.

To mention only a few of the events in connection with the elections, two days beforehand a circular letter of the administration enjoined all employees of the post, telegraph, and telephone systems to vote the "national list" on pain of dismissal. In Girgenti the Catholic (Popolari) municipal authorities were suspended, and reinstated only upon a pledge that they would advise the population to vote the Fascist ticket. In Allesandria della Rocco a police commissioner appeared before the municipal authorities, threatening to return on election day with fifty Fascist militiamen "to crush the skull of everyone not voting the Fascist ticket"—whereupon the entire magistracy resigned. The Fascio of Sciacca, on April 2, openly declared that it would throw out all anti-Fascist ballots, and—to make assurance doubly sure—that it would cast Fascist votes for those former inhabitants that had emigrated to foreign parts. In Campobello di Licata the Fascist militia dosed the chief of Popolari with castor oil, gave him a severe beating, and threatened to do the like to everyone staying away from the polls on election day or voting a ticket other than "the national list." In Mestre the Socialist candidate Vallemari was threatened with death in case of acceptance of the nomination. In Melfi the oppositionist Deputy Di Napoli was forced, by Fascist threats, to abandon his campaign and to leave the town. In Chieti, the Socialist candidate Calliano Magno was first kept under restraint in his house, then beaten by an officer of the Fascist militia and forced to leave town. Four dailies of the Fascist dissidents were suspended by administrative decree, among them *La Sicilia* in Messina and *Il Risveglio* in Pavia, where the anti-administration officials of the communal magistracy were forced to resign. The entire electorate of Apulian and other towns were driven out of town on election day by *carabinieri* or Fascist militia, the local Fascisti stuffing the ballot boxes. All rural clergymen of certain Tuscan districts were forced by *carabinieri*, "looking them up" in their homes, to do Fascist electioneering among their flocks.

On May 30 the Verification Committee on Mandates proposed to the Chamber the validation *en bloc* of 320 mandates. Matteotti fired his opening round, giving a first instalment of his revelations on the elections. The young stalwarts of the Right insulted him and the Opposition in general, and the session closed with a free fight.

Two days later, on June 1, Mussolini's personal organ, the *Popolo d'Italia*, incited to physical violence against Matteotti. His speech in the Chamber, it said, was provocative and deserving of a more tangible acknowledgment than the vituperative epithet leveled at him by a Fascist Deputy. The Premier's vindication of the election before the Chamber of Deputies, a few days later, was unique in its Latin artlessness—not to say effrontery: should a million and a half of the votes cast for the "national list" be found fraudulent or cast under physical coercion, even then the Fascist party would still be the rightful representative of the nation. He had the assurance to continue: "You of the Opposition complain that you were restrained from holding free election meetings. What of that? Such meetings are of no avail anyway." A second broadside of Matteotti, dealing with the election doings of the Premier's personal cronies, and with their transactions in the realm of high finance, would probably have shaken even this extreme of governmental brass. It was not to be. No chance was given him for further and weightier disclosures. On June 10 he was kidnapped by five assassins, among them the Florentine gunman Dumini, and was shot and stabbed to death. Up to the fifteenth, the fiction of a mere abduction of Matteotti alive was maintained by the Government. On the fifteenth Mussolini abandoned this position and owned to a certainty of Matteotti's death.

Matteotti had to die because he was about to prove, what his death has proved beyond rational dispute, that Italy has lost its rank as a nation with a representative government.

The New Education

By AGNES DE LIMA

III. Following the Child's Lead

AT its annual meeting on May 17 an ambitious proposal was made by the Teachers Union of New York. Following an intensive study of the leading private experimental schools in and near the city, the union has outlined and is prepared to submit to the city board of education a scheme for establishing a similar experimental center in the public-school system. The proposal deserves particular consideration because it comes not from outsiders but from a group of workers who have labored long to apply the ordinary methods of instruction. These methods, according to the union, have brought public-school education to a condition of stagnation. Children are turned into automatons by the artificial discipline of drill as an end in itself; they are robbed of their childhood by having to conform to adult standards of thought and behavior; their individual and creative tendencies are smothered by the rigid curriculum to which all must submit; they soon develop antagonistic attitudes toward their work, toward their teacher, their associates, and life in general.

In the school which the union seeks to have established "the boys and girls will reconstruct their experiences in a boys' or girls' world. . . . The environment will be such as to liberate and organize their capacities through self-initiated, self-directed, wholehearted, purposeful activities. In this way they will be able to experience the sheer joy of living. The curriculum will be as varied, rich, and fluid as life itself." The union observes that in experimental schools conducted on this basis children learn the "fundamentals"—the three R's—better than under the traditional methods. This has been determined by the use of objective standardized tests. The many other gains made by the children become apparent if one makes the slightest examination of what these newer schools have to offer.

The experimental centers which served as models for the union's program included the City and Country School and the Walden School in New York City. The City and Country School was founded (as the Play School) by Caroline Pratt in 1914. The Walden School was started by Margaret Naumburg in 1916 and is now directed by Margaret Pollitzer and Elizabeth Goldsmith. To the extent that they serve to revitalize and raise the standard of public-school procedure, these schools have a significance far beyond the education of the limited number of children who attend them.

In both schools, questions relating to curriculum are of secondary consideration and emphasis is laid upon the child's present needs and his innate capacities and interests. The outstanding purpose is to help the children to evolve a world of their own in which they will think, act, and express themselves on their own level. Book learning as an end is discouraged, especially in the early years, for it represents at best vicarious experience. Instead, children are given every opportunity to obtain first-hand contact with the world about them and are given ample and varied materials with which to express their own fresh reactions to these contacts. This involves, of course, the abandonment of fixed recitation periods, of assigned lessons, of immovable desks and immovable children. Freedom from constraint, however, does not mean that the pupils "run wild." Indeed, they hold to their self-chosen tasks with a concentration and absorption rarely found in the ordinary schoolroom, where the slightest interruption—the flapping of a blind or the creaking of a door—is sufficient to shift the whole base of the attention of the class. To those inured to the stereotyped and poverty-stricken responses of children brought up in the conventional environment, the creative achievement of the pupils of these newer schools seems almost incredible. This is most dramatically evident in the field of the plastic arts, where the work in drawing, painting, and pottery achieves a standard of high professional merit. Striking work is done in music, in rhythm, and in imaginative writing.

Characteristic of these schools are the lengthening of the school day and the extension of the school's influence to the earliest years of childhood. With the growing recognition on the part of psychologists, physicians, and child-welfare workers generally of the supreme importance of infancy and earliest childhood, nursery schools have been established in many centers which are concerned with studying early growth and habit formation and making certain that they proceed along wholesome lines. Both the City and Country and Walden schools admit babies as soon as they can walk, and the former has provisions for their all-day care. Both schools also maintain a careful and scientific system of record-keeping, covering every possible detail of procedure and of individual and social development. Since the schools are experimental these records are invaluable as means of checking achievement, as well as for the light they shed on hitherto unexplored fields of child growth.

While the two schools have thus much in common, their method of approach is very different. In so far as classification is possible for either, it may be said that the City and Country School has been influenced by the teaching of behaviorist psychology and the Walden School by that of analytic psychology. Now the psychologist who is concerned chiefly with the science of human behavior declares that the individual can be trained to withstand most of the shocks and disasters of life by being properly "conditioned" in early childhood—by having the right instead of the wrong sensory stimuli presented to him and acquiring early the proper habits of response. The analytic psychologist is also concerned with childhood, but chiefly because of the mechanism of the unconscious to which he believes are relegated the unpleasant incidents of life, especially those of early youth.

Now, it will not do to draw any fine psychological distinctions between the City and Country and Walden schools, but in general terms it might be said that the former is interested in what children do, how they act, and what use they make of their environment, whereas the latter school is mostly concerned with underlying motive and emotional make-up. This does not mean that one school hopes to develop objective and the other subjective types of people, nor that in one school children will grow up mainly

interested in materials and in the other mainly interested in introspective and personal relationships, but the differences between the two schools have this general trend.

Miss Pratt's behaviorist "slant" is well shown in these sentences from her forthcoming book on the City and Country School to be published by E. P. Dutton:

> We are not willing to be dominated or have the children dominated by subject matter. We wish them to form strong habits of first-hand research and to use what they find; we want them to discover relationships in concrete matter so that they will know that they exist when they deal with abstract forms. We want them to have a fine motor experience because they themselves are motor and to get and retain what they get through bodily perceptions.

Miss Pratt has developed her curriculum very much more completely than has the Walden School. As the result of ten years' testing of her theories she is now prepared to assert that certain activities are better performed at certain age levels than at others. For example, seven-year-old children in her school always have for their main enterprise for the year the building of a miniature city in permanent form, just as at six they reproduce the city in block form. At seven, the children construct wooden houses, which they paint, furnish, and wire, they lay out streets, trolley lines, and waterways with a full quota of boats. At eight, the children run the supply store for the school, taking complete charge of all orders and accounting for the money. While not an advocate of formal programs, Miss Pratt believes that the programs of successive years should bear definite relationship to one another and that one year's activities should grow naturally from those of the years preceding. At seven, she also has the children begin their work in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Before that age is reached they have acquired some number sense and a limited ability to recognize written symbols. But at seven, she has discovered, they become more concerned with realities, their drive becomes more conscious, they emerge from the merely play world, and desire to be taught. To those who have made a fetish of sugarcoating the three R's, the story of one youngster is instructive. She reported enthusiastically to her mother one day that spelling was her favorite subject. When her mother inquired whether that was because of some new way of teaching it the child replied: "Oh, no, Miss —— just says *do* it, and we do it!"

Drill is of course reduced to a minimum. For the most part information is acquired naturally as the children carry on their enterprises. For example, children who cannot perform the necessary operations in arithmetic cannot hold the coveted posts of salespeople in the school store. Geography may be said to start with the three- and four-year-olds. The little ones learn to go about the school and to locate their room with reference to the rest of the building. Later they venture out into the streets and locate the school. Excursions to parks, markets, docks, bridges, public buildings broaden their knowledge of their immediate world and furnish material for reconstruction in block, clay, story, or pictorial form. Their inquiries about everything with which they come into contact leads to their acquiring an immense amount of information not found in textbooks. Miss Pratt is far less interested in having the children learn the States of the Union and their capitals than to have them discover the interrelation of different parts of trade and industry and our dependence upon them. "In building a body of what the schools call 'general information' unrelated to the child's experience, they build of straw." The six-year-old group who paid repeated visits to a Cuban steamer each time it docked accumulated a vivid store of material about Cuba which formal instruction would never have provided.

Miss Pratt has occasionally been criticized for limiting the development of imagination by keeping the children too much in the present and giving them too much concrete material. Her answer is that the first-hand experiences of children contain the factual elements necessary to art. "Vivid auditory and perceptive images come from vivid experiences." Children who can observe deeply, whose interests are kept live, and who remain sensitive to new impressions cannot be lacking in imaginative power. As a matter of fact, the imaginative plays, drawings, and writings of the older groups in the school are of a high order. The twelve-year-old class has recently given a performance of Euripides's "Alcestis" which would do credit to maturer students. Their back-drop and costumes, their original music played on lyres made in the school-shop were delightfully executed. There is, thinks Miss Pratt, too much vicarious living, too much vicarious enjoyment in our civilization. Children if taken young enough and helped to develop their own creative purposes will establish habits of being motivated from within, which is the only way in which original and artistic work can be achieved.

In the Walden School there is no attempt to define activities at given age levels, although of necessity older children demand more formal instruction. Groups, according to Miss Pollitzer, are no more alike than the individuals composing them. A class of six-year-olds may be interested in studying boats one year and may embark upon an intensive study of waterways or of transportation. The following year the sixes may, because of summer-camp experience, become interested in primitive life and organization. "The school," says she, "is the child's world and the course of study evolves out of the problems and interests arising from the immediate community life, leading to further and further realms of study." This apparently hit-or-miss method of attacking subject matter does not leave the gaps in knowledge which one might expect. The children uniformly measure up extremely well in all the standard achievement tests and have a store of information frequently far in advance of their years. Some of the courses initiated by them are immensely interesting. This winter, for example, the oldest group, also twelve years old, has been studying anthropology with the help of Dr. A. A. Goldenweiser of the New School for Social Research. The course developed from an initial visit to wholesale markets and observation of the immigrant peoples in them. This led to a discussion of races and their cultures and various experts were invited by the children to address them on these subjects. Dr. Goldenweiser's material on the Iroquois Indians so interested them that they asked him to return and the course thus gradually developed. The stenographic notes of the sessions show an amazing intellectual acumen and range of knowledge on the part of the students. They discussed such topics as primitive cultures, taboos, superstition, religion, morality, inheritance of acquired characteristics, and toward the end of the first term outlined a text on anthropology for children, since no satisfactory one exists.

In the free environment of the school art flourishes naturally. The paintings of the children of the Walden

School have been on exhibit for successive years at leading art galleries of the city and have attracted an unusual amount of attention from artists and professional critics who have been astonished at the originality, the design, the feeling for composition, the richness and color of the work. The children are given no formal instruction and no models, but are from the earliest years provided with large drawing-sheets and appropriate color materials. An artist spends one day each week with the older children, not to impose his ideas, but to inspire them and give any necessary technical assistance.

Similarly the wood-and-linoleum cuts made by the children are of a high artistic order. In this connection it is worth noting that the process of woodcut-making was come upon by chance by a girl of ten working in the school-shop. A printing press had just been acquired and she was intrigued by the possibility of reproducing type in wood. She hollowed out a letter from a block of wood and discovered that it would print. She thereupon decided that if a letter would reproduce, so also would a design, and soon everyone in the school, faculty members included, were enthusiastically making woodcuts. Later linoleum was selected as material more easily handled by children.

In one sense neither Miss Pratt's nor the Walden School is experimental. These happy, vitalized children whom one observes in them are proof enough that what these schools are achieving is of supreme social worth. Bertrand Russell recently remarked that public schools have long demonstrated the possibility of giving instruction without education, that, in fact, any schoolmaster who was caught educating was quickly "given the sack." With the growth of schools like these, and with the gradual incorporation of their principles in the public-school system, it may come to pass that education and instruction will become identical—a thing never before achieved under the sun.

Reading on Shipboard

By RUTH S. ALEXANDER

IT is, as every voyager knows, not only "things rich and strange" that "do suffer a sea-change." Eggs, bread, butter, on any ship, save those great floating Ritz-Carltons which are not real ships at all, have an unforgettable and unvarying difference from those same articles of food ashore. And what man who has made any sort of journey by water will forget the extraordinary difference in the appearance of his fellow-passengers, when at the end of the trip they appear panoplied once again in the normality of their shore-going apparel? Even our books are in some mysterious way different.

I am setting forth no mere academic theory. I know whereof I speak, having recently spent twenty-nine days as the only passenger on a freight-boat loaded mainly with beans from Madagascar and raisins from the Cape. The officers were kind, but busy; the meals, at 8 a. m., 12:30, and 6 in the evening, were not of a nature to linger over; the sports, concerts, deck-games, and other diversions of a passenger liner did not exist. The promenade deck was about as long as the average dining-room of a New York apartment-house. "You'll have plenty of time for a good rest," said my friends. They were correct.

We ran out of Cape Town harbor into a cold wind, a gray, tumbled sea, and a heavy swell. Neither beans nor raisins were present below the hatches in sufficient quantities to ballast the ship to any great extent. She rolled when there was nothing particular to roll about, and tangoed when there was. Under such circumstances the mere physical processes of reading became complicated to an unforeseen extent. The deck was cold and wind-swept; a couple of rubber bands, the purser's device, kept the pages flat, and a rug fortified one against the weather. Still, matters were difficult. The lop-sided swell could not leave a digestion not yet seaworthy altogether unaffected; there was urgent need of books that should absorb the mind and cheat the eye into forgetfulness alike of the dancing skyline and of the fact that we had still, with any luck, twenty-seven to thirty days ahead of us.

In this uneasy plight it seemed natural to fall back in the first place to the new novels among my collection. There was Arnold Bennett's latest, "Riceyman Steps." The gray narrative, artistically a reversion to an earlier manner, and much the gainer thereby, did hold the attention. Here was the Arnold Bennett of that great novel, "The Old Wives' Tale," of that great beginning, "Clayhanger." Gray story to gray sky, the book went well enough; only as it drew to an end, I was beset by an insistent and annoying half-memory. Where had I met that gentle, exquisite, inarticulate servant-girl before? Suddenly I remembered Flaubert's "Un Coeur Simple," of which she is the heroine. And I thought of "Esther Waters," that perfect story, and was glad for the fiftieth time that it is one of George Moore's works published at a price within the reach of poor folks' purses, and angry for the fiftieth time to think of those beautiful books he has published latterly at a price impossible to all except plutocrats and public libraries.

D. H. Lawrence's "England, My England" did not go so well. Its concupiscent landscape and hot-cheeked women seemed in the stark purity of rain-washed air, five hundred miles off the land, faintly nauseating. Not all the splendor of his craftsmanship could nullify the oppressiveness of an obsession which, if one does not happen to share it, is of all obsessions the least interesting. How tonic to turn from this heaviness to the frank indecencies and incomparable wit of Congreve's "The Way of the World," lately revived in London, and hence republished in a cheap edition. How ponderous, how underbred, our modern "daring" comedies seem when read beside a page of this dialogue. Here is wit in one short scene sufficient to make the fortune of any modern playwright. Even Oscar Wilde's brilliant sallies, dealt out impartially to all his characters like a round of cards, are less spontaneous, less delightful than Congreve's. And how charming Millamant is, and how alive, from that moment of her entrance in which Mirabell, watching her approach, says "Here she comes, i' faith, full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders." . . . How is it that young actresses do not pant to play Millamant? She is adorable. She has youth and breeding, wit and charm, nor has her creator left her divested of the beauty of pathos. It is the

measure of Congreve's overstepping of the Sheridans and Oscar Wildes that he has a feeling for the tears of things. A well-known critic who recently watched a perfect Millamant's first-night performance says that at one speech of hers, at the beginning of the famous proposal-scene, she had her audience all but weeping.

> My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I then bid you adieu? Ay-h, adieu. My morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye douceurs, ye sommeils de matin, adieu. I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible. . . .

What exquisite lines to speak, or to listen to, adequately spoken! But they would be a singularly searching test of fitness; to sentimentalize them would be a gross vulgarization; the slightest undertone of flippancy or suggestiveness would make havoc of them. They hold the cry of all girlhood, spoken through the lips of a lady and a wit.

The mere elegance of Congreve's men and women was a refreshment to the spirit on that journey. Indeed, any book which held the atmosphere or described the details of life as it is lived with an infusion of the amenities was welcome. The cockroaches were so large and friendly. A Phillips Oppenheim novel of Monte Carlo, teeming with wonderful clothes, superlative lunch parties, and beautifully groomed Englishmen, helped one to forget, if taken immediately after a meal, what the prunes tasted like, and what salmon mayonnaise, of the reddest and yellowest, looks like, eaten on the same cold plate and at the same time with hot roast beef. And provided one were not too hungry or too qualmish, there were always the feasts provided at Combraye by the incomparable Françoise for the strange, sensitive, unhappy child of Proust's first and most wonderful volume.

Our good ship steadied down as the temperature rose, and the deep blue of Southern latitudes stole into the waters. The fact that it was possible once more to sleep in comfort lifted a tension from us all. The sailors sang at their work, and leaned against the railings to swap yarns and watch the flying-fish. The cook recovered from the effects of a too-sudden reintroduction to prohibition, and gave us something that was not rice pudding for dessert. Books and writing materials began to remain approximately where one placed them. At night, Venus, low down near the horizon, shone with a radiance that burned a golden track in the dark, still sea to rival the paler, broader path of the moon.

In the contented languor of the golden hours, not to be spoiled even by the sticky heat of the doldrums, one's mind turned inevitably to the blessed band of leisurely, long-winded writers. All through the still, breathless nights, when the pillows were little, square, red-hot stones, and the electric fan was a bad practical joke, Moby Dick spouted and disappeared, was spoken of in whispers and rose on the surface to do his deadly work. It is a great book. On land, where time is precious, Melville's florid divagations and inflated apostrophes are apt to prove somewhat irritating; but at sea, in the second week of a month's voyage, time has no value, and little existence except as a convention, so that the sheer bulk in the hand of "Moby Dick" was at once a promise and a pleasure.

Then, by way of contrast, I had a beautiful book, redolent of woodland glades, the aromatic fragrance of wood shavings, and the timeless quietude of the Surrey countryside. This was George Sturt's "The Wheelwright's Shop," printed and bound as the Cambridge University Press knows how. George Sturt, in 1884, entered upon the management of the wheelwright's shop which had been his grandfather's before him. In 1920, paralyzed but "for the first time a free man," having sold out to his partner, he began to write books, of which this account of an old and moribund folk industry is the third. The shop turned out farm wagons of various types, the photographs of which show a singular shapeliness, the comeliness that is the product of an all but forgotten craftsmanship, loving and knowledgable, exercised from the first careful selection of the trees to the last nailing into place of the wrought-iron or wooden "strouter." Mr. Sturt gives us his account of the shop and its activities and his own special share in them in the simplest, quietest of ways. Since, however, he loves that whereof he writes, and is much more concerned (tell it not in Greenwich Village) with it than he is with himself or his "reactions" to it, he has managed to depict for us a section of English country life, very beautiful and almost extinct, as vividly as any novel could have done. Incidentally, he has left us a most valuable social document, one, moreover, especially delightful to ponder over when the eye is satiated with purple sky melting into purple sea, and the ear with the never-ceasing swash of the waves against the ship's sides.

> The expeditions to buy oak were always in the late spring or the summer. The bark had been stripped then—it stood in big brown stacks beside the shining butter-colored "sticks" or butts of timber, where they lay in the brambles and newly springing fern. The "lop and top"—the branches and twigs—had also been stacked, the bigger branches into cordwood, good for fires, the smaller—the twiggy boughs—into "bavins" or "sprays" such as bakers want for their ovens or potters for their kilns. So, the ground was clear enough for the wheelwright to examine his trees, and to measure them if he bought. . . . His quest took him into sunny woodland solitudes, amongst unusual things and with country men of a shy type. . . . As I pushed through some brambles . . . and came to a patch of spurge (or it may have been a mist of blue-bells), the tall young forester who was showing me the oak-trees suddenly dropped forward his full length without bending; and when he stood up he had got a rabbit in his hands.

The days passed. We moved out of the doldrums into the white scurries and sudden changes of the trade-winds. The air grew cooler and the water darker. In this less languorous weather I embarked upon the curious adventures of Master Johann Dietz, born in Halle in the year 1665, surgeon in the army of the Great Elector, and barber to the Royal Court. Dr. Ernst Consentius first published this chronicle taken from the old manuscript in the Royal Library of Berlin, and Bernard Miall, the versatile translator who has recently given us such charming new volumes of Anatole France, has translated the surgeon-barber into English. It is a fascinating autobiography; he is as frank as Pepys, as naively certain of the Almighty's special protection and interest as Benvenuto Cellini. And Master Johann Dietz had interesting experiences, not only as an army surgeon and plague doctor, but also as surgeon on a whaling-ship. The original title of his book, comment upon which is superfluous, gives more of its peculiar flavor than could many pages of description.

> Master Johann Dietz
> Being
> The faithful Description of his Life written by himself Relating all that he endured in the Campaign against the Turks in the Arctic Ocean

> in German cities and countrysides among Soldiers,
> Robbers and peaceful Citizens Young Maidens and
> Apparitions he finally settling down in Halle,
> his native City where he married two Wives and
> all that he suffered in this World.

Master Dietz's unvarnished "description" of siege and plague, storm and battle was finished by me just in the nick of time. It was impossible not to enjoy his company immensely while it lasted. But when the gales which gave New York an April blizzard, and which traveled our way at ninety miles an hour, had struck our ship, his artless materialism would have been somewhat overpowering. It grew so rough that to the roll and pitch we had already experienced was added the continual jarring shock and shuddering subsidence of the ship as her propeller lifted out of the water, hung, and plunged again. Sitting and standing were difficult; even lying in one's bunk meant to be buffeted from side to side continuously; the captain, during the worst night of all, was pitched almost head over heels as he lay asleep. In the saloon the chairs with their occupants slid across and back again, accompanied at times by every glass, plate, and bit of cutlery on the table. Everyone was very kind to me. The white-haired first mate, in his gentle voice, told me "seasick" stories of incredible antiquity and great realism; the assistant engineer laid bets with himself as to my chances of turning up at the next meal; the purser lent me a volume containing all of Strindberg's most macabre plays. As the storm closed in it grew colder and colder, windier and windier, so that the deck was impossible.

I fled then to my cabin, armed with Wilfrid Gibson's "Kestrel Edge." Of his harsh, beautiful, undecorated blank verse I can say nothing higher than that it was possible to finish "Lover's Leap," the finest play in the volume, and take up "Julius Caesar," unread since my school-days, without any feeling of passing from small things to great. "Lover's Leap" is a great play, and, without a single purple patch, unmistakable poetry. But after all, Shakespeare is the man for a long voyage. Here indeed, as Dryden said of Chaucer, is God's plenty. What need I care for the storm when "Macbeth" went so gloriously with it? In the silver fog and bleak rawness that presently succeeded to it, the sheer, adorable, useful high spirits of "Love's Labor's Lost" sparkled more exquisitely than ever. And then I lost time and place in "Antony and Cleopatra." The siren might do its worst, the tackle for the unloading of the cargo bump and rattle as it please, the voices forward quicken and rise in the excitement of nearing land. The Comic Spirit arranged that in the most moving scene of all, the last dialogue of the two regal lovers, just as Antony had sighed out,

> I am dying, Egypt, dying;
> Give me some wine, and let me speak a little,

I was hailed by the captain's shout to come out and have a look at "the rum fleet." Half hidden in the mist, a baker's dozen of schooners dipped and swayed against the horizon on all sides of us, while from one of them a black speck of a boat shot like a bullet across the dark, oily water. The twenty-nine days were over.

A Strike Against the Government

By ROGER N. BALDWIN

SIXTEEN hundred postal employees in Toronto, Canada, marched triumphantly back to work on June 29, after an eleven-day strike, headed by a band of bagpipes playing the "Cock of the North," with the strike leaders carried aloft on the shoulders of the crowd. With 2,000 postal employees in three other cities—Montreal, Windsor, and Moncton, N. B.—they had stuck with a solidarity which amazed even themselves. They had paralyzed the nerve-centers of the postal service. After ten tense days of negotiation they had all won back their places without discrimination against their leaders, and with a gentlemen's agreement that the Government would promptly consider revision of the intolerable wage of $85 a month.

To Americans who were visiting Toronto it seemed impossible—3,500 men on strike against the Government, picketing government post offices day and night without interference by police or the courts, without an hysterical press campaign against "Bolshevism," "revolution," or "treason," and with public support outside labor ranks from many ministers, some newspapers, and even the Board of Trade! The 3,500 men who stuck, out of the 6,000 original strikers, returned to their jobs after repeated government announcements that they had all been "fired," "discharged," or "replaced," and after the Minister of Labor had publicly stated on the second day that they would "not be taken back until hell freezes over." Apparently it froze in ten days.

A French strike leader from Montreal, speaking brokenly but with heat at a Toronto meeting and apologizing "for to speak such bad words," said that "Canada had her first revolution in 1837. The second—she begin now. We go back not miserable civil servants, but free Canadian citizens."

Yet they were conventionally patriotic. After drubbing the Government for hours, they would all reverently stand at the close of strike meetings and sing with real feeling "God Save the King." Many of the postal employees, at least in Toronto, are returned soldiers, still afflicted with war delusions. One visitor who attempted to address them and who said "I wasn't in the war—I used my head," aroused such antagonism that he was put off the platform. The strikers' songs were chiefly the popular soldier songs of war days. Toronto is a conservative city, the heart of Tory Canada. The Labor member of Parliament from Winnipeg, who was on the platform and who did not join in "God Save the King," said that in western Canada at labor meetings they no longer sang it. "We sing the 'Red Flag' instead," he said, "just as they do in England."

More than half the strikers had never been in a union before. This was their first strike, yet they behaved like veterans. Only some sixty men quit their ranks in the eleven days, despite government announcements that their seniority would be lost, their places filled, and despite the crumbling of the strike in every city but four. There was very little strike relief, and no hope of other jobs in the face of widespread unemployment. The tie-up of mail service in the four cities disorganized the whole postal

system; 3,500 men standing firm out of the 10,000 postal employees won whatever was won for the whole body of miserably underpaid workers. The minimum wage is $85 a month for all new men, which is little more than half the minimum cost of living for a small family as estimated by the Canadian Department of Labor and less than three-fourths the postal wage of similar men in the United States.

The immediate cause of the strike was a revision of the salary scale by the Civil Service Commission under which the war bonuses were largely dropped. The men demanded a minimum of only $1,260 a year, against the present $1,020.

An extraordinary factor in the strike was the widespread public support in the four centers. In Toronto the strikers got their case across by house-to-house distribution of some 75,000 handbills and by public parades, in one of which strikers' children made the appeal with placards reading: "Would you trust a man with your mail who took my daddy's job?" The tie-up of all local mail gave these strikers the advantage, as their chairman put it, of "not giving the other side a chance to flood the mails with propaganda."

Even the Toronto Board of Trade actively worked for a fair settlement. The press was commended by the strikers as fair. Six ministers of as many denominations spoke at strike meetings, and prayers for fair treatment were offered in many churches following a printed circular appeal by the strike committee. Liberal Party leaders espoused the strikers' cause, laboring with the pompous officials at Ottawa who refused "to deal with strikers." The employees on the Canadian National Railways threatened that they would not touch mail handled by strike-breakers. Strike-breaking letter-carriers were assaulted by persons to whom they tried to deliver letters. The hose was turned on them. Pickets followed them. They all quit after a day's trial. At the final strike meeting the loudest shout went up when the chairman called for a cheer for "the lady who got arrested for beating up a strike-breaker." Only one case of violence by a striker was reported in Toronto.

Strike-breakers were commonly referred to as "cuckoos," an improvement in exactness over most strike epithets. They were not allowed to rest easily in their stolen nests. The postmaster recruited some six hundred of them, many said to be university students just out of school for summer vacation, but they were totally unable to move the mountains of accumulated mail, and the day-and-night picket line outside the post office did not help their morale. Although thousands are unemployed in Canada, the men organized in the Unemployed Association refused to "scab." In appreciation of their stand the impoverished postal employees took up a collection for them at a strike meeting. The police, who are organized in a non-strike union, were sympathetic, and there was no interference whatsoever. In Windsor, the mayor himself was the strikers' chief spokesman.

The high morale necessary to "stick it through" was a combination of crowd pressure, desperation, and the certainty of being right. At the last meeting genuine sorrow was voiced that it was over; that the uplifting spirit of fighting together would be dissolved into humdrum routine. They knew they had won together a power that would serve them beyond this strike. The men's attitude toward the Government was tellingly illustrated in the final strike meeting. In the face of the Government's announcement, made known at 3:30 p.m. Sunday, that they would all be taken back at 4 o'clock, they simply took their time about closing up the strike. They even indulged in hearing a religious solo, "Jerusalem" (with all three verses), in which the whole crowd joined. They arrived in a body at the post office at 6:30 o'clock. But they were insistent on showing their loyalty to the postal service. They felt that it belonged to them. A resolve was taken in meeting to "clean up all mail, if it meant working 24, 48, or 72 hours on a stretch—to show the public and the Government that we are the only men who can do the job."

The strike audience was quick. It responded instantly to every emotion. It made fine distinctions. It kept its own order, supporting at all times an intense, sawed-off little chairman with a small voice, but with a hard will and an eloquent gavel. One of the Federation officials in advocating acceptance of the Government's terms became too moved to go on when he sketched a picture of the unity and sacrifice of the men in the four cities. In dead silence, looking down, he stood flicking the ash from his cigar. Then the whole audience let go the tension, and broke out into a tumult of understanding applause. From it he got power, and went on. At another tense moment the chairman singled out two men standing in the balcony. "Who are you?" he shouted. The men turned to leave. "Lock the doors," he directed. Then one turned back to explain in a trembling voice that he was just a visitor living at a hotel near by. "Follow them home," ordered the Chair, "and see if they live there. If they don't, bring them back." Scores of men rushed to follow them. "Here, there," shouted the Chair. "We don't need two hundred. Two's enough." Tension broke; the crowd roared; and business went on. When the final proceedings were on, the Chair called a striker to the platform to explain in sign language to the deaf-mutes among them just what it was all about. In sympathetic silence, save for one smart Alec who called "Not so loud," the whole audience followed his jumping fingers and broke into applause when he was done.

The Government's behavior all through was thick-headed. The Cabinet tried to maintain a lofty moral stand, outraged by an unwarranted strike which "bordered on treason." It refused point-blank to apply to its own employees the Industrial Disputes Act, for which, by the way, the Premier was getting an honorary degree from Yale the day the strike broke. The strike started off in bad form due to confusion as to whether or not it would actually take place in accordance with the strike vote, or whether the Government would concede the demands. The Government at first stuck by the Civil Service Commission, a heritage of the preceding Tory Government, but finally turned matters over to the Minister of Labor, who, in conference with the officials of the Canadian Federation of Postal Employees and Toronto leaders of the Liberal Party, conceded enough to get the men back. Whether the gentlemen's agreement to take up the salary scale again and readjust it in two months means what the strikers think it means, still remains to be seen. The Minister of Labor has since protested in Parliament that he conceded nothing and that the men misunderstood. But there are apparently private assurances that satisfy them. They have announced that they will strike again if the Government fails to deal promptly with their demands.

In the Driftway

SMALL, odd, and little-known magazines and newspapers have a fascination for the Drifter that he often fails to find in more conventional—and successful—publications. These waifs of journalism possess a freedom, a spontaneity, an originality that is ironed out of the others. Hence the pleasure of the Drifter when he encountered the other day the *Fossil*, official publication of an organization known as the Fossils, or the Amateur Journalists of the Past. There is an old and enthusiastic organization in this country known as the National Amateur Press Association, the members of which get out little publications of various sorts just for the fun of it. Most of these amateur publishers are still in the first flush of youth. Later many find that getting out a newspaper isn't such fun after all, and quit. Some of these persons—with a secret love for their early ventures—have banded together as the Amateur Journalists of the Past. They get together for an annual dinner, and meanwhile read about one another in the *Fossil*. Fossil Smith and Fossil Brown they call each other, and the Drifter is told that nobody under fifty years of age is admitted. In a recent issue of the *Fossil* the Drifter finds the following:

There has recently been endowed in Philadelphia the Curtis Institute of Music through the generosity of Fossil Cyrus H. K. Curtis, publisher and philanthropist.

On the evening of April 5, 1924, in the cozy annex of the exclusive Metropolitan Club, in Washington, D. C., forty men prominent in American legal circles gave a dinner to Fossil James M. Beck, in celebration of the fortieth anniversary of his admission to the bar.

Fossil William C. Sproul, former Governor of Pennsylvania, is a recently elected member of the [Trust Company of North America's] board of directors.

Fossil-Senator George H. Moses was defeated as a delegate-at-large to the Cleveland convention, and Fossil-in-Ordinary Frank H. Challis happened to be the man who handed Senator George the wallop.

* * * *

THE Drifter's outpourings in the issue of July 16 on the subject of women's names, the Lucy Stone League, and the way in which Old Spain had years ago adjusted the difficulty, has led a Chilean to send some further comment on the practice in Spanish-speaking countries:

As the Drifter suggests, the Spanish have used since long ago a formula conciliatory to manly pride and woman's new rights. After marriage a woman in the Spanish-speaking countries keeps her maiden name, dropping her mother's family name only then, to attach her husband's to it with the possessive particle *de* as the link between them. For the suspicious female, this *de* (of) may sound worse than nothing at all, considering that it means that Señora Maria Gomez de Martinez has become the property of Señor Martinez. But, as the Book says of wealth, what we possess in the same measure possesses us; and as the Spanish use the same particle in the nobiliary sense of being born to a land heritage, it can hardly be sustained that the name Señor Ponce de Leon suggests that he is owned by the house of Leon rather than being in the right sense the lord of it.

And, furthermore, we Spanish do not call a married woman by the cumbersome Señora Maria Gomez de Martinez—except in addressing an envelope. Her younger friends and her domestics alike will call her Señora Maria, *tout court*, or, better, Doña Maria. The romantic idea about everything Spanish would make everyone believe that we address one another as in the chivalrous stories. The fact is that in Spain and all over Spanish America, among other truly democratic practices, we treasure the custom of calling people by their first name, adding Don or Doña, which mixes in the right proportion a measure of affection and respect hardly conveyable in any other language. Thus a great writer like the late Don Benito Perez Galdós was merely Don Benito to his valet as well as to the head of the Madrid Government.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Snappy Journalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "How about this convention? I only enlisted for six months, not for duration. It isn't any fun any more."

Thus, after its ninth day, the genial Heywood Broun showed up the Democratic Convention and, incidentally, explained the columnists. Life is for them a Ziegfeld Follies or Charlot's Revue—it must have pungency, variety, and quick movement. The exactions of spicy and snappy and short paragraphs subject events to the necessity of being spicy and snappy and short. What business has a great presidential convention to drag on with slow-moving, powerful forces? We have other things calling for cinematographic comment than the travail of a great and historic party. There is a new Ziegfeld Follies, and Maughan's flight, and the Parisian Olympics, and much else already forgotten. But if we are to report the convention, then things ought to happen every minute! We ought to be able to dish up pungency daily—paprika swallowing the roast. After all, events are for columnists, not columnists for events. What matters that a long train of causes were operating and deep-rooted forces were slowly emerging, requiring time for clarification and expression? We can't wait. As well have asked a columnist to report Sherman's slow march to the sea, or Grant's campaigns of attrition, or the dreary, weary Battle of the Marne. We want action, and be damn quick about it, so that we can move on to the next action, like the restless motor caravans to Florida or California!

And the convention was no less a trial and a bore to the famous "special" writers. Take the best of them, like William Allen White, whose presence anywhere is like a benison. Being "special" they must give us a "special" stunt. Reporting events in the convention or "behind the scenes" isn't enough. That's a "regular" reporter's job! Esoteric interpretation is the specialty—the subtle stuff that escapes the garden variety, every-day-in-the-week reporter. "Bill" White gave us some amusing bits and some illumination (as, of course, did Heywood Broun), but he, too, felt the necessity of furnishing drama—and so he furnished it. Again it gets back to the pressure for "storiettes." He, too, must supply the short and simple annals for the poor in time. Events, therefore, have to be symmetrical and dramatic—symmetry and drama give simplicity and brevity. The great fight represented by McAdoo and Smith—which, one would suppose, to a considerable extent involved the moral issues raised by McAdoo's professional entanglements and standards since he left the Treasury—is wholly assimilated to the K. K. fight and the wet-and-dry issue, and so becomes a coherent, unified clash between Southern rural Puritanism and Northern urban Catholicism—or is it Paganism? What matters that Underwood of Alabama initiated the K. K. fight and forced the issue, or that Erwin of Georgia gave it most fearless voice in the convention? Moreover, simplicity and drama demand a *deus ex machina*—and so the K. K. issue was a mob creation! The sidewalks of New York stimulated the irrelevant row, and the galleries at the Garden precipitated it! That's dramatic reporting, "inside dope," proving that art is greater than these insignificant facts: (1) The four days' tussle before the Resolutions Committee, away from all galleries, in which the K. K. issue was

insisted upon and could not be composed; (2) the chief promoter of a straight-out fight on the Klan was the least of gallery politicians, Oscar Underwood, supported (3) by Pettangall of Maine, who had forced the fighting in his own State and brought it to New York long before there was a gallery in the Garden.

Of course the Garden convention afforded endless material for the mere fun-maker and wit—for an Artemus Ward or a Swift. That's why among all the "special" writers Will Rogers carried off the laurels. He was plainly and completely out for fun and sauciness; he didn't pretend to interpret the news or to stick his pen below the surface to reality. But when it comes to the historians of the convention, the real news and insight for present-day readers and for future historians will be found in the unpretentious work of the dray horses of journalism, the daily chroniclers of daily happenings—stupid, slow, confused, struggling events—men like Michelson of the New York *World* and Oulihan of the New York *Times*.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 12 FELIX FRANKFURTER

Historical Parallels

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When the serfs of Britain, Russia, and other countries of Europe were encouraged by little groups of radical persons to strive for freedom, conservative folk argued that the serfs were unfit for freedom; that they needed the protection and control of masters.

When Garrison, Phillips, and other radicals urged the emancipation of America's black slaves, conservative folk again argued that the slaves were unfit for freedom; that they, too, needed the protection and control of their masters.

Today, when Alice Paul and her little group of radical women urge a constitutional amendment to liberate women from a servile position under the laws of the Republic, conservative folk argue that women are not fit for equal liberty with men; that they need the "protection" and control of male law-makers and courts—their present-day masters.

Milwaukee, July 2 FRANK PUTNAM

The Nation Among Royalty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am always surprised to find how well known and respected *The Nation* is over here. The young ladies of the Wittelsbach family get your paper and read it religiously. I don't know that they are more intelligent than any other young women I have met here, but it tickled me to find Bourbons, Hapsburgs, and Wittelsbachers reading anything as hugely defiant and forward-looking as *The Nation*. More power to you.

Venice, May 15 A. H. H.

Contributors to This Issue

JAMES FUCHS was associate editor of *Pearson's Magazine*.

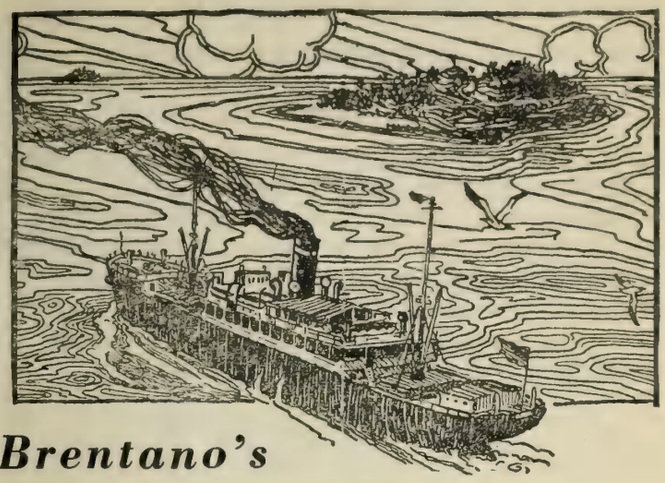
RUTH S. ALEXANDER is a resident of Cape Town who has recently visited the United States.

ROGER N. BALDWIN is director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER is an anthropologist and psychologist and a lecturer at the New School of Social Research at New York.

JOHN M. GAUS, who resigned from Amherst in protest against President Meiklejohn's leaving, is now professor of political science at the University of Minnesota.

JOHN B. WATSON is known for his work in behaviorist psychology.



Brentano's
Bon Voyage Book Boxes

Don't let your friends sail without one. It will insure them many pleasant hours on shipboard. Prices: $5, $10, $15, $20, etc.

Personal selection can be made, or BRENTANO'S will gladly use their best judgment in choosing the new and most popular Books and Magazines.

Write, or wire, name of recipient, giving price of assortment desired, the name of vessel and date of sailing, and delivery will be promptly made to Steamer.

BRENTANO'S

BOOKSELLERS TO THE WORLD

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

The AMALGAMATED BANK

103 East 14th St. COR. 4TH AVE. AT UNION SQ.

OFFERS EVERY BANKING FACILITY

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

One Dollar Starts a THRIFT ACCOUNT

ACCOUNTS OPENED ON OR BEFORE JULY 31st WILL RECEIVE INTEREST FROM JULY 1st.

4%

Compounded Quarterly

CHECKING ACCOUNTS INVITED

Business—Personal—Organization

BANKING HOURS

Mon., 9 a.m.-8 p.m.
Sat., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

other days
9 a.m.-6 p.m.

MONEY TRANSMITTED TO EVERY PART OF THE WORLD

The efficiency of our Foreign Department is recognized by over 300 responsible Banks, which send their remittances to Russia through the Amalgamated Bank. Over $5,000,000 has been remitted in a little over a year.

NEW YORK'S FIRST LABOR BANK

Two Sonnets

By ROBERT L. WOLF

Giddy

"Because from this small coign too high for sound
Save the caw-cawing of a rusty crow;
Down to those neat red roof-trees, row on row,
One flung himself, in self-contempt, and found
The whistling—the enormous surging ground
Quietly intercepted, and a slow
Roll of sweet mist, while angel hands below,
Above, on all sides, softly pressed around:

"Shall I, who lean one hand upon this wall
Sheer down to where the dotted midgets move,
Vault over now, invoking for a fall
Deliberate and planned—indulgent love . . . ?"
He shook the swimming brightness from his head—
"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," he said.

Open Ocean

We two who found the haven snug and safe—
The riding faultless, sheltered, pleasant, warm,
Learn now at last how any rope must chafe,
And put to sea again and face the storm.
Knowing no separate ports at which we touch
Can ever equal this, or offer more,
We know as well, at last, that vessels such
As we were not intended for the shore.

The danger is not small—we count the cost
Of climbing tide and wave, of seeing sail
Across the water, vanishing and lost,
The other—to be swallowed in the gale.
But we are built of too imperious stuff
To rank this harbor-happiness enough.

Books

A Voyager's Epic

Madagascar: Land of the Man-Eating Tree. By Chase Salmon Osborn, LL.D. Republic Publishing Company. $5.

"I HAVE traveled and studied in every country on the globe," writes Mr. Osborn. "To me, the most strange and interesting is Madagascar." Unless I am badly mistaken, most readers of "Madagascar: Land of the Man-Eating Tree" will be in serious danger of joining the company of the author.

An anthropological monograph it is not; for that the book is too discursive and subjective. Nor is it merely a book of travel, for the volume of well-digested fact which it carries is tremendous. Again, it is not just a catechism of a man's ethical code, although in this domain also the book is spiced with innumerable thrusts at the powers of evil in our civilization as well as with wholesome advice as to ways of improving our attitudes, for those of us who are willing to listen. "Madagascar" is a combination of all these qualities. Moreover, it is written in a style which is truly English, nay, American. If Mark Twain had had the equipment of a Darwin and the experiences of a Marco Polo, he might have written such a book.

We learn from it not only of the impressive size and the marvelous geological history of this isle of wonders, but of its four million inhabitants, Negro, Malay, Arab, and white, all in one with their ways, customs, and beliefs, which range from the magic and hunting rights of the primitive savage to the political superstitions of centralized kingdoms and the economic accessories of modern civilization. We learn of rivers so crowded with giant man-eating crocodiles that the natives, at least in their stories, cross the streams by stepping upon the backs of these animals. We read of an amazing tropical flora only partially explored (here Mr. Osborn indulges in a bit of deliberate highbrowism in citing in Latin a page and a half of some of the genera to be found in Madagascar).

> Inasmuch as the tropical areas cover twenty of the fifty million square miles of the earth, it is interesting to note that nearly all the species found anywhere in the tropics appear in the big island and many that are not to be seen elsewhere.

One of the specimens to which we are introduced is the so-called rain tree:

> A watery fluid resembling rain and suggesting a shower drops from the tree continuously. Careful examination proves this rain to be produced by millions of tiny hemipterous insects crowded on the little leaves. They secrete so much of the rain that it drops all the time. They multiply as rapidly as they die and there is no discontinuance of the shower from one end of the year to the other.

The animal life and mineral riches of the island are treated with great vividness. In describing the latter, the author makes use of Mr. Lacroix's two-volume treatise on "Malagasy Mineralogy" as reviewed in *Science* by the ubiquitous George F. Kunz, of New York.

Madagascar is so large and so well stocked with worldly goods that its inhabitants are in many ways self-sufficient. For example, they seem to have no interest or even knowledge of America and its inhabitants. The author's accounts of the United States often fell upon incredulous ears. Many even of the better-informed natives suspected him of telling stories for their entertainment, while others were surprised to learn that not all Americans were Negroes. All this does not imply that racially the Malagasy are either pure or uppish.

> One evening at a party at Tamatave there were black French officers with white wives and white French officers with black wives and they all deported themselves, if anything, with more circumspection than the all whites. The color line is not drawn rigorously by the Germans and not at all by the French, unless possibly the French girls prefer pigmented husbands and lovers; not necessarily both at the same time.

Among the dangers of Malagasy existence we hear of a pestiferous bedbug (mentioned by Mr. Osborn in company with the crocodile) called jigger, which is a deadly enemy of man. The native method of ridding a house of jiggers is noteworthy. A crowd of children is invited in, allowed to sit a while on the floor, walk about, and depart. Then it is found that most of the jiggers will have fastened themselves to the feet of the youngsters. The jiggers are removed and there is no further trouble. If, however, they are permitted to remain in the body, they grow, encyst, and incubate. When the growth reaches the size of a grain, the whole cyst breaks and the myriad progeny journey through the body, destroying everything in their path. Death, of course, cannot be averted.

Interesting pages are devoted to a description of trials by ordeal, an institution, incidentally, which Madagascar shares with Africa as well as, until recent times, with Europe.

Space does not permit more than a mere mention of the sketch of native history which, in horrors, adventure, and romance, may well be compared to the Arabian Nights.

The creation legend of the Hovas is worth quoting in full as given by Mr. Osborn:

> The Hovas are descended from one man and one woman. God placed the man on the summit of the mountain Andringitra and the woman on the top of the Ankaratra; the man thirty miles south of Antananarivo and

> the woman forty miles north. They knew nothing of each other and wore no clothing. But the Creator had made them for each other and He gave them a mighty hunger which led them to each other. But before the happy design was fulfilled there was a trial of strength and fortitude. They were made to wander for months through the lonely valleys and over the trackless mountains. Their longing grew only the more fervent. Each night they were given blissful dreams and the promise that at the proper time when their love had been tested enough they would find each other and be happy. One day the man made a fire to cook his simple meal of manioc. This fire spread into the dry forest and made a huge mass of smoke that could be seen for a long distance. On the same day the woman made a fire to cook sweet potatoes and it also ignited the woods. Each saw the smoke made by the fires. They took heart anew and felt that they were soon to find each other. The man started toward the smoke on Ankaratra, building fires on every crest as he proceeded. The woman went in the direction of the smoke she saw and lighted fires to guide the man for whom her heart yearned. Six days after they saw the smoke the first time they came face to face. There they stood speechless, enraptured with the beauty and love and radiance that each saw in the other's face. In just a little time their voices were heard in words of love and endearment and they perfectly understood why they had been sent to each other. No snake, no apple, no punishment; just perfumed bliss such as the world had not known up to that time.

It would be unfair to Mr. Osborn to conclude this review without at least a passing reference to his humanitarian outlook. He, for one, has not been taken in by the Nordic myth. He has only sarcasm for the paternalistic exploitation of natives by their civilizing brothers.

> The fact is that a Nordic super race never existed. This earth is a sad old raft and those who squirm and fall overboard and climb on again down the river of the ages must learn that if they are to have a place they must grant one. Nearly three-fourths of the peoples of the earth are colored and they are vital and they must be treated right or humanity will pay for it. We must learn justice and practice it and teach it to those from whom we may one day beg it.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

Where Do We Go from Here?

Social Change. By William Fielding Ogburn. B. W. Huebsch. $2.

"SOCIAL CHANGE" is an excellent book. It at once provides the reader with an introduction to the relationships between our natural and social heritages and the controversies now being waged as to their relative significance in social development and offers us the example of an excellent method of analysis and study in the social sciences.

The argument is simple, but with far-reaching implications. After indicating the limitations imposed upon us both by human nature and by the institutional scheme which men have built up, Mr. Ogburn points out that our material culture develops fairly rapidly, owing to the reworking of old and the employment of new discoveries and inventions. Our non-material culture, on the other hand, such as law, custom, ethical codes, institutional organization, changes more slowly. This is due in part to the growth around a given system of vested interests, it is due to tradition, habit, forgetting the unpleasant, and to various other traits of *homo sapiens*. Consequently between non-material culture and material culture there is always a "cultural lag," exemplified by our failure to provide for a program of conservation of natural resources until long after those resources had clearly approached exhaustion, by the failure of the law to take account of machine technology in its treatment of industrial accident until long after there had been injustice and waste, and in our failure to plan and predict city growth long after the terrible costs of such planlessness were only too evident. But since our human nature is frequently poorly adjusted to our material culture—the human body becomes fatigued, while the machine is tireless—we have physical maladjustments, as revealed in nervousness and insanity, as well as social maladjustments, as revealed in the cultural lags mentioned above.

Practically all of the book is devoted to this very able and dispassionate analysis. The last few pages suggest possible ways of meeting some of these difficulties, but Mr. Ogburn is frankly and avowedly less interested in this side of the situation. He is very stimulating, however, in his brief discussion of recreation as a means of enabling us to meet these maladjustments.

This book is admirably objective in its treatment of social problems. I can also speak from experience based upon its use in classes of mine when I say that it gives the student who is first attacking the study of social institutions an excellent orientation toward the relations between our natural and social heritage and toward the significance of inventions, social changes, and maladjustment. As a matter of fact, I think that this is a better book than Graham Wallas's "Social Heritage," because I think that the author is more careful in using terms and arguments, and is much more objective in treating social problems. Furthermore, he seems to me to supply an excellent approach to the significance of the new work in physiology and psychology for social sciences. One may be a little fearful, after reading "Social Change," of the growth of a special jargon in the social sciences. After all, those of us in those sciences do aspire to some mark of the trade. Perhaps it is another example of cultural lag.

The lay reader will find here an interesting introduction to the world he lives in. He will not be too optimistic concerning his power to change or direct that world when he finishes the book. But if we do not know where we go from here, it is something to know the methods of travel, and at least exciting to know why we get wrecked.

JOHN M. GAUS

Elegant and Commodious

Sandoval. By Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
Inigo Sandys. By E. B. C. Jones. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

WE moderns may possibly lack a proper respect for our grandfathers, but we are certainly not without a lively and almost unprecedented interest in them. Biographers and novelists have established what amounts to a veritable cult of the immediate and unheroic past, and now Mr. Beer has joined Mr. Strachey, Mrs. Wharton, and Miss Macaulay in the exploration of times past. Less weighty than Mr. Strachey or Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Beer has the advantage of a certain debonair insouciance, and like his fellow-explorers he is fascinated by an age so near and yet so far, by customs and habits of mind which are really only of yesterday, yet have a quaintness which is almost legendary.

In that New York where he lays his scene, Tweed was boss, and Ward McAllister, strolling down the aisle at Daly's, dubbed ladies and gentlemen knights of society with a touch of his gloved hand. Up the Hudson, ingenious patriots who had taken advantage of the war to buy cotton at five dollars and to sell it to England at fifty built houses overlooking the river, had them described in printed pamphlets as "elegant and commodious, surrounded by extensive grounds, furnished with four bathrooms," and bought genuine oil paintings by the best Parisian painters to demonstrate that America was not behind Europe in the arts. It was the age of innocence, but it was something more; ladies, it is true, played harps and did not mention legs, but the gambling hell was an accepted institution, and though champagne was drunk with a certain self-consciousness it was consumed in considerable quantities.

Moreover, some of its youth could give points to the younger generation of today in fast living, and its politicians had the advantage of living in the epic age of robbery. The days of great Elizabeth were, we have it upon good authority, "spacious days," but those of the other great queen were, on both sides of the Atlantic, at least "elegant and commodious." Yet America was not quite England. It tried hard to be Victorian, but the essential rowdyism of its rank youth broke through, and even its vulgarity had a vigor which was not wholly contemptible. Of the great numbers enthusiastically playing the game of respectability on both sides of the Atlantic, there were fewer in America who never doubted that it was more than a game.

Only that past which is remote enough to be peopled with genuine antiques can be heroic, for the merely outmoded is bound to be a little comic, and so Mr. Beer's novel is not without satire, but he looks upon his chosen scene chiefly with the eye of a romancer. He is not so much concerned with social moralizing as Miss Macaulay and he does not catch as much of a lingering fragrance of sentiment as Mrs. Wharton, but he exploits to the full the bright colors and the grandiloquent gestures of a lively and fantastically lavish age. The story which serves as an excuse for his *mise en scène* is melodramatic and trivial enough, but nowhere are his documents in evidence, and he moves with quiet ease through forgotten scenes which he conjures up with a casual air and none of the portentousness of the historical romancer of the old school. For an hour and a half harps twinkle and gentlemen bow; bottles are emptied, cards shuffled, and hearts are broken; then the lights go out, and the New York of the sixties drops back into the yesterdays which are dead.

Perhaps in retrospect we get a little the impression of a very lively wax-works, but the costumes are fresh and the illumination is good; what more can we ask? Though sometimes we like to fancy otherwise, the past is never really much more than that. Only that part of it which has remained unchanged today can really live for us, and in no historical romance ever written are cast-off modes of thought more than merely costumes, more or less skilfully draped upon lay figures. Grandmother's ideas are like her crinolines—good only to dress a masquerade.

Four novels by Miss E. B. C. Jones have nourished a real admiration for her genuine and delicate talent for psychological analysis somewhat in the James manner, but even that admiration is not sufficient to inhibit a wish that her people might be exposed to a little of the rowdyness which Mr. Beer describes. She is not exactly effeminate—the firmness of her delicate line saves her from that—but her people are too invariably nice not to awaken an occasional impatience. Her world is the world in which pink-cheeked youths fresh from the university play tennis with moderately emancipated maidens who have competent mammas usually within easy reach. Being very modern, they not infrequently break the commandments, but they are never ruffled out of their manners, and they conduct even their illegitimate love affairs with such perfect decorum that one sometimes longs for a little less sensibility and a little more passion.

Cambridge, the scene of the first portion of the present book, is undoubtedly a beautiful place, and the life of its undergraduates has a graceful charm. But outside the walls, cricket, for instance, is not a sacred ritual, and one expects in novelist and even character some faint suspicion of that fact. Yet neither Miss Jones nor her Inigo seems to have it, and they take with the same solemnity every traditional mode of feeling in the right little, tight little class of their right little, tight little island. No hint of that larger world in which each must create anew the modes of his thought and feeling ever comes to disturb the mild comedies and serene tragedies of her people, but she endows them with all the grace possible to those who have chosen to lead the merely comely life.

J. W. Krutch

Nordic History

Jefferson Davis, President of the South. By H. J. Eckenrode. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

WE have here a book, like so many others, of good and bad qualities intimately interwoven. I should like to pick out the good and set it over against the bad.

Mr. Eckenrode treats the causes of the Civil War and therefore of Jefferson Davis fundamentally. They were distinctly industrial, although there were moral influences that at times proved powerful. The rise of industrial America is, however, the basic cause; and Eckenrode's chapter treating this subject is excellent, discriminating, and not sectional or hot-tempered.

His portrayal of the planter system is hardly equal to his portrayal of its rival, the industrial, but it is good and sometimes the picture is most lifelike. Nor is there any taking of sides. In fact Eckenrode likes both the industrial and the planter inequalities and oligarchies. He makes it plain that he thinks democracy was and still is a great blunder. Men can not govern themselves anyhow. And maybe he is right.

For Davis as an historic figure Eckenrode has little but praise. The old notion that Davis was a mere traitor, a selfish politician willing to wreck "the best government on earth," is entirely exploded. Davis was a man of highest integrity and most devoted patriotism, the patriotism that swears by the Constitution and the law and cares little for that vast body of toiling folk who make up the country. Davis was even tender to these, but not at all impressed by the great thesis on which the United States was first projected, democracy. Nor does Eckenrode waste his time upon that dream.

There are some new facts brought out in the recent body of the correspondence of Jefferson Davis, edited by Dunbar Rowland, to which I should like to call attention, but I must only say that these new facts substantiate all that Eckenrode claims for Davis as a high-toned and considerate leader of men. Davis was not a stubborn, narrow, or personally vain and opinionated man as so many have made him out. And a new biography of a popular character, such as this is, ought to be widely read.

Now for the bad. There are very serious misjudgments in this work. It is, unfortunately, based frankly upon the very flimsy foundation of Madison Grant's "The Great Race," or some such title as that. Madison Grant a philosopher! A guide to the uncertain steps of historians! That I had never expected. His philosophy is the old gospel of God's chosen people put forth by the ancient Hebrews, urged and practiced by the Romans, pressed upon the world by Napoleon. Now comes an American historian and writes the story of the Civil War in the spirit of this ancient "will to power." The war between North and South was but a lamentable conflict between the two Nordic elements of the country. One of the great groups was defeated; the other was successful only after the loss of something like a million lives and perhaps ten billions of wealth. And the outcome was and is the dominance of the industrial Nordics, the Republican Party with its industrial barons for underpinning.

One may well agree that the destruction of the planter civilization in favor of the industrial oligarchy which all historians, but Rhodes, recognize as dominating American life since 1865, was unwise, perhaps a calamity. One may well recognize the fact that Lincoln lost his cause before he lost his life; but to glory in that loss and lament the danger that the beneficiaries of Lincoln's defeat may yet lose their control of the country is strange indeed in one who, if he be a historian, must look impartially and with a certain inward sorrow upon the futile struggles of men for ideals.

As I have said this is an interesting, a sad book. If historians fall such easy prey to mere propaganda what may not the rest of us be excused for doing?

William E. Dodd

Suspense

The Snob. By Helen R. Martin. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

IN fiction as in life there are the methods of God and of the Devil. Doubtless God knows all about the little puppets he turns loose on the world, since of course they were fashioned in his own workshop, but he gives them a run for their money, possibly because he realizes that the play will be more interesting if for their day the puppets seem, at least to themselves, to be real. But the Devil is always hovering over his progeny with his trident. "So you think you're in love, do you?" he sneers. "As a matter of fact, your liver is on the rampage."

Whether or not it is from innocence that Mrs. Martin belongs to the creative school, the fact that she does enables her to tell a good story. In spite of much elementary social theorizing in the course of which all the popular Main Street arguments for the present system and against socialism are neatly bowled over, in spite of repetitious Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, only mildly interesting in itself, in spite of a quite impossible situation, the book absorbed my attention on a spring day from the opening chapter to the end. Impossible though it may be, there is a situation. The titillating Mephistophelian school can have no situations because they have pricked the mystery of personality, reducing it to a few generalizations.

And even if mere innocence is the saving quality of Mrs. Martin's point of departure, she adds to it first-rate craftsmanship in the telling of a tale. The reader is continually in an agreeable state of suspense, being kept busy throughout the first chapters speculating about the character of the little country school-teacher for whom the Snob, although reluctantly, endangered his career, later striving to anticipate the reactions of Leitersville on the mysterious Nancy and of Nancy on Leitersville, and in the end tumbling happily from one denouement to another.

The characters may be somewhat sentimentalized by the pink and gray lenses turned on them, it may be a bit inconsistent to enable these socialistic aliens who neither toil nor spin and who nevertheless rival Solomon in all his glory, to "put it over" on the penurious, hardworking, and unbeautiful natives because of their superior wealth and prestige, one may have one's doubts as to the Snob himself—all this is for the moment beside the point as the tale unfolds.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Social Living

Social Psychology. By Floyd H. Allport. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

THERE are two standpoints in social psychology today; the first, which is sociological, involves the group as a unit of study; the other, which is psychological, in the strict sense, deals with the individual in social situations, either real or imaginary. For Mr. Allport social psychology falls under this second category.

In accordance, then, with his thesis, the author has confined himself very largely to describing and interpreting the mechanisms of individual consciousness and behavior as they involve social stimuli and the responses thereto. The opening chapters give a general behavioristic background to the problem with emphasis upon the "prepotent reflexes": hunger, sex, struggle, rejection, approach and withdrawal, and "sensitive zone reactions." Through learning, which consists chiefly in the process known as "conditioning," habits are built up which furnish us with the concrete features of conduct. Connected with these fundamental behavior patterns are the emotions and feelings. The author has modified the James-Lange theory of emotions to take into account the differentiating aspects of bodily sensations and the place which the autonomic nervous system plays in emotional expression.

Following this preliminary treatment of human nature is given an interesting analysis of personality. Here are presented some original researches upon temperament, compensation, inferiority feelings, sociality, and domination-submission tendencies. While there is in this volume no direct acceptance of Freud, the influence of psychoanalysis upon Mr. Allport's conception of personality is everywhere evident. In fact, one of the outstanding contributions of the book, aside from its specific content, is the author's acceptance in a systematic treatise of much of the new psychology, although it is couched, on the whole, in terms of behaviorism. To him "personality is preeminently the social aspect of the individual" whose traits are a combination of original nature and much transformation under family, playground, and other group environment—a viewpoint very much like that of Freud, Adler, and Jung.

The second part of the volume deals more especially with "social behavior," that is, for Mr. Allport, the reactions and attitudes of the individual in social situations. The chapters on "language and gesture" and on "facial and bodily expression" as forms of social stimulation are the ablest summary of this important material which the reviewer has seen in English. True to his general standpoint, however, the author does not venture beyond the mechanistic phases of the topics into the wider significance of human communication which is so basic to social intercourse and social control. And in the section on the relation of infantile to primitive language there is an unwarranted assumption that non-inflective languages, for instance agglutinative or polysynthetic languages like those of native Africa or America, are inherently inferior to our own Aryan tongue which no modern anthropologist would accept.

Two chapters are given over to the presentation of experimental data on the responses of the individual to the presence of other persons. Confirmation of older observation is here given. The mere presence of other people tends to make, in the individual, for quantity rather than quality of motor skill. So, too, working in groups tends to eliminate individual differences in mental performance leveling the thinking capacity of the brighter to the mediocre standards of the average member concerned.

In the discussion of crowd behavior, more specifically, the author follows Martin's interpretation fairly closely. The older theory has been that the crowd wipes out the individual's own personal attitudes and ideals. It is here maintained, on the contrary, that more frequently the real deep-rooted emotional attitudes of hatred, selfishness, and aggression of the individual are there fully expressed, simply because of the feeling of universality and of release from responsibility which the crowd fosters. As Mr. Allport puts it, "The individual in the crowd behaves as he would alone, *only more so.*"

The final chapters discuss the place of social attitudes in social adjustment and give a sketchy account of the nexus between the individual and his institutional environment.

It may be said in conclusion that this book is a very adequate account of the fundamental mental mechanisms behind social relations. To hold with the author, however, that the province of social psychology consists in this sort of treatment only is to ignore the important contributions to this field of such writers as Tarde, Le Bon, Graham Wallas, J. M. Williams, and the type of studies now being published under the direction of Professor Park at Chicago. I believe that the basic foundations of social psychology must first treat the individual mechanisms of mind coupled with an analysis of the concrete nature of idea and attitude. In the second instance, account must be taken of the specific environment around which these attitudes and ideas revolve and toward which behavior is directed. To ignore either the individual or the social environment in dealing with social psychology is to possess a particularistic formula from which the full interpretation of social living will tend forever to escape us.

KIMBALL YOUNG

With Apologies to Socrates

The Logic of Conduct. By James MacKaye. Boni and Liveright. $3.

ON the cover of Mr. James MacKaye's book, "The Logic of Conduct," we are told that it is "a revolutionary book that transforms morals from a philosophy of life into a science of life." Goodness knows we need a book that will do just that; but shades of Plato and Socrates! What do we find? Forty-five "sessions" between a junior and a senior! Each "session," conducted in some peaceful, secluded spot, consists of a dialogue between the two about the *good*, the *bad*, and the *indifferent*. The conclusions reached by these youthful but all too close friends advance ethical thought not one whit beyond the point where Plato had Socrates leave it. If the author had only introduced a bit of romance—if the junior had only been a girl, one could have forgiven him even 486 pages!

Socrates if alive would be furious at the abuse of his method at the hands of a 1924 writer who knows so little of the color of the water that has passed over the dam in the stream of philosophy and psychology during the past twenty years.

In his preface Mr. MacKaye states that we are in need of a group of volumes on the science of "utilitechnics." He modestly intimates that should the demand justify the preparation of such volumes he would be glad to undertake them. If the present ancient, threadbare presentation is an earnest of what they will be like, heaven forbid that in this day of the high cost of paper and printing he can ever again find so lenient a publisher for his manuscripts.

JOHN B. WATSON

Books in Brief

Plays in Prose and Verse. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Later Poems. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Company. $2.50

Two volumes of a new edition of the works of Mr. Yeats which will fill in all six volumes. The edition is welcome, since its predecessors are difficult to obtain and are necessarily incomplete. The first of the two volumes at hand contains more plays than have hitherto been collected in a single book; the second contains all of Yeats's poetry written since "The Wind Among the Reeds."

What Is Modernism? By Leighton Parks. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

A simple, readable, well-informed, and well-reasoned statement of the case for modernism by a devout churchman. If it does not meet all questions and doubts both from without and within the church, it ought to allay many fears as to the piety of the more conservative modernist and his loyalty to the church.

Treve. By Albert Payson Terhune. George H. Doran Company. $2.

While it is largely true, as Mr. Terhune says, that the story of one's dogs, like the recital of one's dreams, is of no special interest to others, this writer gets around the handicap by the communicable eagerness of his enthusiasm. Knowing so much about collies, he has become their literary spokesman. The shaggy aristocrats are fortunate to have their interpretation in the hands of a writer who is sympathetic without being sentimental.

Le Français Classique. By G. Cayrou. H. Didier. 20 francs.

Although addressed directly to students preparing for examination on precise interpretation of classic texts, this book will be useful to American teachers whose interest in words and their ways extends further than the novel of yesterday. It contains approximately 2,200 words common in the seventeenth century and now either obsolete or used in a different sense. Definitions from early dictionaries are followed by examples and by remarks from contemporary grammarians to illustrate shades of meaning.

What Is Modern Architecture?

By FISKE KIMBALL

SPEAKING of her buildings, Henry James compared New York to "an ample childless mother, who consoles herself for her own sterility by an unbridled course of adoption." It is the current view that American architecture, under the lead of designers such as McKim, Stanford White, Charles Platt, and John Russell Pope, has turned its back on modernity and reconciled itself to a barren reproduction of the classic. It is not the true or vital view. If we consider more intently the work of this contemporary classic school, we will find it is not only creative, but that it has an underlying affinity, real though not obvious, with the progressive work in modern painting and the other arts.

In the thought of the nineties, by contrast, the insistent search for a "modern style," for an "American style," was bound up with the effort to find a new expression for modern materials and structure. Its doctrine, derived from the writings of Ruskin and Viollet-le-Duc in the sixties, crystallized in the mottoes: "Form follows function" and "You may decorate your construction, never construct your decoration." It was in reaction against the historical eclecticism of the mid-century, the indifferent copying of historic forms, Greek, Roman, Gothic, and Renaissance. Taking to heart the environment theory of Taine, it emphasized the novel elements in modern life, rather than those of continuity with the past. Thus its attention was devoted primarily to the new products of modern materialism, steel and concrete, the skyscraper and the factory.

In 1895 Louis Sullivan of Chicago for the first time solved the problem of indicating the steel frame of the office building. He abandoned any wall surface in favor of a visible protective casing of the steel itself. This he accomplished in the Wainwright Building in St. Louis, and repeated and developed, the following year, in the Guaranty or Prudential Building at Buffalo. The essence of the building, its height, and the relatively greater strength of the vertical bars of the frame, he emphasized by doubling and accenting the vertical lines. The achievement in the expression of structure was widely recognized and acclaimed. Few, if any, tall buildings from 1897 to 1912 failed to show its influence, which extended far beyond the circle of consistent "modernists" who sought to abandon all historical forms. It was taken up also by the eclectics, and hybridized especially with Gothic, which itself involved the tendency to structural expression and an emphasis on the vertical. The skilful use of Gothic forms in so conspicuous an instance as the Woolworth Building, in the years 1911 to 1913, gave them increased currency. Even the most determined classicists did not remain untouched. Thus in McKim, Mead and White's Municipal Building, designed in 1908, the structural lines of the steel columns were accentuated by shallow vertical strips.

A parallel achievement in the expression of concrete factory construction was made by Ernest Wilby, associated with Albert Kahn of Detroit. In designing the first Ford plant at Highland Park, the idea came of exhibiting the concrete frame itself, and filling the entire space from pier to pier with glass. Only below the sills did a low parapet wall of brick remain. The new treatment, which had great practical and economic advantages, spread over the country like wildfire, and has given the American industrial building its characteristic physiognomy.

These realistic treatments of the subject matter of modern life have their obvious relation with the realistic movements in painting and sculpture, in literature and music. Painting from Courbet through the impressionists and neo-impressionists, sculpture in the hands of Carpeaux, Meunier, and Rodin, the music-drama of Wagner, the novels and plays of Tolstoi, Flaubert, Zola, and Ibsen, all seek characteristic beauty through truth to nature, rather than abstract beauty through relations of form. And while, nevertheless, the men of fundamental greatness in the other arts, as in architecture, preserved a sense of form, the lesser men and the imitators fell into the formlessness which we see, for instance, in Monet's successors.

Against this formlessness of the impressionists, this scientific observation of nature, this equation of beauty with truth, there began a reaction, even before 1890. Cézanne wrote "One must compose by the cylinder, the sphere, and the cone," and he let anatomy and photographic foreshortening give way. Bourdelle, Maillol, and Mestrovic became "archaic" and geometrical. The symbol replaced the statement of objective fact. Representation itself has been discarded by painting and sculpture in some instances, and the possibility of a purely abstract art of form and color asserted. In literature there has been a renaissance of verse, with a multitude of novel experiments in form. Music has tended to abandon its programmatic and representative efforts to express extraneous ideas, and to revert to its own language, enriched by new scales and tonalities.

In the architecture of the past the preeminent manifestations of pure or abstract form, as against a structural or sculptural emphasis, have doubtless been in the classic styles. Periods of renewed interest in unity and purity of form, such as those of the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, have coincided with reversions to the classic elements, which have come to constitute a universal language, of elementary geometrical simplicity. It is in this sense that we must interpret the new revival of the classic which has decidedly gained the upper hand in American architecture during the last generation.

It is important to note that this movement in its origins owed little to contemporary Europe and that it has remained American in leadership. Although the leaders have been men of European training, it has not been the style of their French masters which has determined theirs. McKim and White came back from France with their portfolios full of picturesque high-roofed chateaux, such as Hunt, their predecessor at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, had already been transplanting here. Their initial works, whether showing the influence of Richardson or of the Queen Anne period, were themselves romantic in composition. The earliest work in a new manner, one which in the sequel assumes importance of the first magnitude, was the group of Villard houses in New York, built in 1885 on Madison Avenue between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets. The four houses were not individually differentiated, but were welded into a single great palace, simple and uniform, its details suggested by the Italian Renaissance. When I once asked Mr. Mead how this sudden departure came to pass in the work of the firm he spoke of the gifted and unfortunate Joseph Morrill Wells, one of their designers, and showed me Wells's two sober drawings of the Farnese Palace and Lescot's wing of the Louvre, still on the walls of the office, representing his classic ideals, which became the ideals of his great associates.

A series of influential works quickly followed, the most notable being the Boston Public Library, for which McKim's uniform and majestic competitive design was adopted in 1888. Then came the marvelous phantasm of 1893 at Chicago, in which the unsubstantial realities of wood and plaster were bodied forth in an ideal splendor and harmony of form. Here McKim himself was rivaled and outdone by Charles Attwood in his two superb designs of the Peristyle and the Fine Arts Building, the latter a masterpiece which well deserves the promised resurrection from its sad decay. The effect on current practice was electrical. Almost overnight the whole public architecture of the country was turned into a monumental and classical channel. When, in 1901, McKim and Burnham made the great plan for the architectural development of Washington, the movement found a nationalistic sanction in the buildings of the early republic, unparalleled abroad in their literal adherence to the classic ideal.

Although, to many later works of the school, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts has contributed its analytical science of planning, it is a mistake to suppose the movement itself to be, as Jacques Gréber has asserted, "preuve de la force d'expansion de la génie française." The scores of *élèves* who have returned from the unrivaled discipline and emulation of the Paris school have had here to lay aside their French language of form, based on characteristic emphasis and on lavish, dynamic energy, to learn anew a language of almost mathematical simplicity and of Dorian harmony. Not one has permanently escaped the overwhelming domination of the American classic.

Even the citadel of functionalism, the skyscraper, has finally been captured. In 1912 there rose in upper Fifth Avenue the building of the Century Holding Company, the first of the "millionaire apartments," at the corner of Eighty-first Street. Here McKim, Mead and White no longer compromised, but were true to their own implicit theory of form—that "instead of constructing first, without preoccupation with the final appearance, promising oneself to utilize the ingeniousness of the construction as the decoration, one should relegate the ingenuities of structure to a position among the secondary means, unworthy of appearing in the completed work." The steel frame disappeared again behind sheer, unbroken walls, the merits of which lay in uniformity and proportion. Almost simultaneously came Charles Platt's Leader-News Building in Cleveland with its vast plane surfaces of grooved stone. Now the multitude of high apartment buildings east of Central Park follows the new precedent with one accord, and the Federal Reserve Bank raises its sheer cliffs of unbroken masonry in the narrow lanes downtown. For better or worse, the struggle to express the steel frame, so burning in the nineties, has become a dead issue.

Meanwhile foreign conquests have begun. The French, who made fun of the plaster colonnades at Chicago in 1893, reproduced them at the Paris exposition of 1900, so unlike all its European predecessors. The English, abandoning their long tradition of ridicule, are frank in admiration. The leaders of the new generation, such as Adshead, Richardson, and Atkinson, know America well. They have modeled their schools on ours, and are striving to bring about a revival of their own fine classic architecture of 1800. The young pensioners of the Royal Institute have already come to America to study, more than once; and now with the founding of the Bossom scholarship they will do so as a regular practice. They are not interested merely in the commercial and material aspects of American architecture, but equally in the largeness and simplicity of style. With the building of Bush House in the Strand, the first conspicuous monument of this style on English soil, the buzz of admiring tongues tells us that in architecture American hegemony is won.

In the never-ending flux of artistic creation, what is the "modern" of one generation is no longer the modern of the next. We may admire the apt epigram of the nineties, but if we persist in repeating it, it becomes a platitude of today.

In art, unlike science, there is no single "right" way. Only to stand still is wrong, since it belies the imaginative and creative nature of art itself. Which way is forward at the moment is determined only by the march of events. If the procession turns south, those who still continue westward are condemned henceforth to insignificance. Such a great change of front has taken place in our day. Wells and McKim, White and Attwood, we now see, did not lead merely the rear-guard of a belated historic revivalism, but a new van. In their apparent classicism, the architects are really marching side by side with the modernists in sculpture and painting—alike votaries of a new worship of abstract beauty of form.

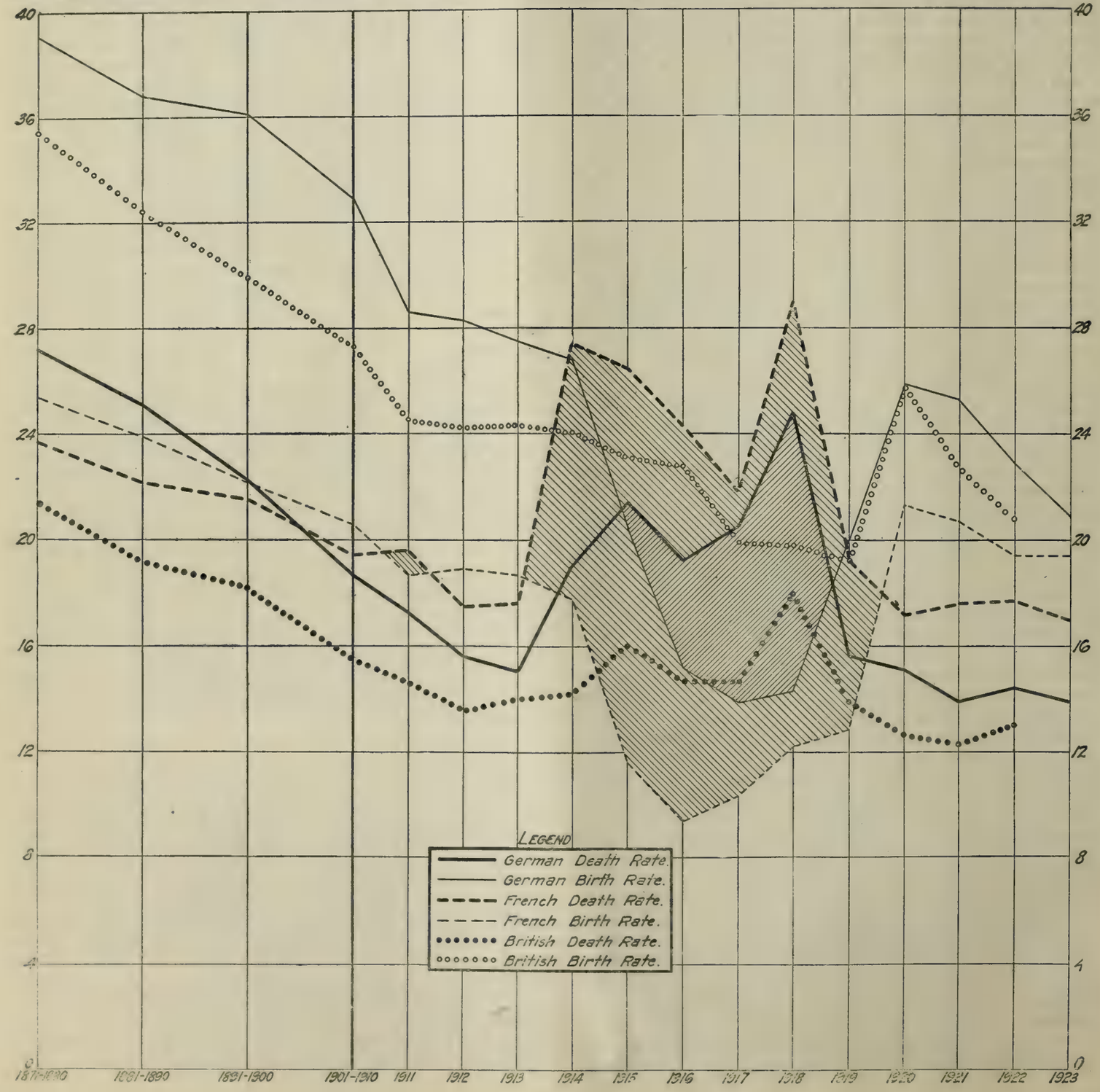
International Relations Section

They Were Born . . . They Died

THE shaded patches on the accompanying chart show the excess of deaths over births in France and Germany during the war years—the smaller patch the excess in Germany, the larger that in France. The chart is compiled from figures given in the May 1 issue of *Wirtschaft und Statistik*, issued in Berlin by the German Government.

The three columns at the left each cover a decade—they show the steady pre-war decline both in birth- and death-rates in France, Germany, and Great Britain. The coincidence between the decline in deaths and that in births is striking; the excess of births over deaths in each country remained virtually stable through the four decades covered by the chart. The later columns cover each one year. In France in one year before the war (1911) the deaths actually exceeded the births. It is important to bear these pre-war figures in mind in considering the later figures.

In both Germany and France the death-rate jumped in 1914, in France exceeding the birth-rate. In Germany it did not cross that line until 1915. In both countries the birth-rate fell sharply in 1915 and still more in 1916; in France it began to pick up in 1917, in Germany not until 1918; in both countries it leaped upward in 1919 and 1920,



in 1920 almost equaling the pre-war rate in Germany and in France reaching a high point not touched in any other year of the present century. Then it began falling again. In Germany the 1923 birth-rate was only 20.9, as compared with 27.5 in 1913, in France it is still above the pre-war figure—19.4 in 1923, 18.7 in 1913—partly because of the inclusion of Alsace-Lorraine in the later years. The French death-rate is almost precisely at the pre-war level; the German death-rate is slightly below the 1913 figure, although not nearly as low as it would be had the pre-war decline continued. France is, consequently, gaining population slightly more rapidly than before the war; Germany much less rapidly than before, but still more rapidly than France. This gain, however, is offset by an emigration approaching the huge figures of the eighteen eighties.

The British figures used in the chart are, relatively, deceptive, for they do not include military losses. They do, however, reveal three things: first, that the British birth-rate showed no sharp decline until 1917, and then declined but slightly, although it jumped in 1920 to an almost unprecedented figure; second, the increase in mortality among even the civil population in war time; third, they show the extraordinary increase in civilian deaths in 1918 due to the "flu" epidemic, and make plain that the peaks shown in the death curves for all three nations in 1918 are primarily due to that plague rather than to any increased intensity in the fighting.

The Disarmament Treaty

THE Draft Treaty of Disarmament and Security, drawn up by a committee headed by General Tasker H. Bliss and Professor James T. Shotwell (who comments on it elsewhere in this issue), is here reprinted because of its importance despite the fact that it has already been made public elsewhere in the United States.

The High Contracting Parties, being desirous of promoting peace and of lessening the danger of war by reduction and limitation of armaments, agree to this treaty.

PART I—GENERAL MEASURES

Chapter I—Outlawry of Aggressive War

Article 1.—The H. C. P. [High Contracting Parties or Party] solemnly declare that aggressive war is an international crime. They severally undertake not to be guilty of its commission.

Art. 2.—A state engaging in war for other than purposes of defense commits the international crime described in Article 1.

Art. 3.—The Permanent Court of International Justice shall have jurisdiction, on the complaint of any signatory, to make a judgment to the effect that the international crime described in Article 1 has or has not in any given case been committed.

Chapter II—Acts of Aggression

Art. 4.—The H. C. P. solemnly declare that acts of aggression, even when not resulting in war, and preparations for such acts of aggression, are hereafter to be deemed forbidden by international law.

Art. 5.—In the absence of a state of war, measures of force by land, by sea, or in the air taken by one state against another and not taken for purposes of defense or for the protection of human life shall be deemed to be acts of aggression.

Any signatory which claims that another signatory has violated any of the terms of this treaty shall submit its case to the Permanent Court of International Justice.

A signatory refusing to accept the jurisdiction of the court in any such case shall be deemed an aggressor within the terms of this treaty.

Failure to accept the jurisdiction of the court within four days after submission of a claim of violation of this treaty shall be deemed a refusal to accept the jurisdiction.

Art. 6.—The court shall also have jurisdiction on the complaint of any signatory to make a judgment to the effect that there has or has not in any given case been committed a violation of international law within the terms of Article 4.

Art. 7.—The Permanent Advisory Conference hereinafter mentioned shall from time to time consider the further codifying of the principles of international law relating to acts of aggression and preparations for such acts.

In this regard, the conference shall take into account the additional security to the signatories and the progressive disarmament which are by this treaty contemplated.

The recommendations of the conference shall be submitted to the H. C. P. for their adoption, and shall also be transmitted to the Permanent Court of International Justice.

Chapter III—Sanctions

Art. 8.—In the event of any H. C. P. having been adjudged an aggressor pursuant to this treaty, all commercial, trade, financial, and property interests of the aggressor and of its nationals shall cease to be entitled, either in the territories of the other signatories or on the high seas, to any privileges, protection, rights, or immunities accorded by either international law, national law, or treaty.

Any H. C. P. may in such case take such other steps toward the severance of trade, financial, commercial, and personal intercourse with the aggressor and its nationals as it may deem proper and the H. C. P. may also consult together in this regard.

The period during which any such economic sanction may be continued shall be fixed at any time by the court at the request of any signatory.

In the matter of measures of force to be taken, each signatory shall consult its own interests and obligations.

Art. 9.—If any H. C. P. shall be adjudged an aggressor by the Permanent Court of International Justice, such power shall be liable for all costs to all other H. C. P. resulting from its aggression.

Chapter IV—Decrees of the Permanent Court

Art. 10.—The H. C. P. agree to accept the judgment of the Permanent Court of International Justice as to the fulfilment or violation of the contracts of this treaty.

Any question arising under this treaty is *ipso facto* within the compulsory jurisdiction of the court.

Art. 11.—If a dispute arising under this treaty shall be submitted to the Permanent Court of International Justice, it is for the court to decide as to its jurisdiction and also whether or not its decree has been complied with.

PART II—DISARMAMENT

Chapter I—Reduction and Limitation of Armament

Art. 12.—The H. C. P., recognizing that excessive armaments constitute a menace of war, mutually agree:

(i) To limit or reduce their armaments to the basis necessary for the maintenance of peace and national security.

(ii) To study the ways and means for future reduction of armaments either as between all signatories or as between any two of them.

Chapter II—Demilitarized Zones

Art. 13.—In order to facilitate the security and progressive disarmament contemplated by the present treaty, any H. C. P. may agree with one or more neighboring countries for the establishment of demilitarized zones.

Chapter III—Permanent Advisory Conference

Art. 14.—The H. C. P. will call a permanent advisory conference upon disarmament which shall meet not less than once every three years.

This conference shall, in addition to its functions as described in Article 7, publish periodical reports concerning the actual conditions of the armaments of the signatory states.

The conference shall advise the H. C. P. concerning measures to be taken to insure the carrying out of the principles of the present treaty and it may prepare supplementary treaties for the establishment of demilitarized zones and for the further promotion of disarmament and peace.

ART. 15.—The Advisory Conference upon disarmament shall appoint a Permanent Technical Committee.

ART. 16.—The Permanent Advisory Conference or its Permanent Technical Committee shall give advice on technical questions to the Permanent Court of International Justice at the request of said court.

ART. 17.—The expenses of the Permanent Advisory Conference and of its agencies shall be borne by the signatory Powers in the proportions of their respective budgets for defense.

PART III—INTERNATIONAL INFORMATION

CHAPTER I—COMMISSION OF INQUIRY

ART. 18.—By the terms of Article 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations:

"The members of the League undertake to interchange full and frank information as to the scale of their armaments, their military, naval, and air programs, and the condition of such of their industries as are adaptable to warlike purposes."

In order to facilitate the carrying out of the said engagement by the Powers party thereto, the signatories hereto agree that there shall be maintained under the direction of the Council of the League of Nations a commission charged with the duty of making the necessary official examinations and reports.

ART. 19.—The said commission shall proceed under such regulations as the Council of the League shall from time to time approve.

ART. 20.—Subject to such regulations the members of the commission shall be entitled, when they deem it desirable, to proceed to any point within the territory of any signatory or to send subcommissions or to authorize one or more of their members so to proceed on behalf of the commission.

ART. 21.—The signatories hereto will give all necessary facilities to the said commission in the performance of its duties.

ART. 22.—All reports made to the Council of the League by the said commission shall be communicated to the signatory Powers.

CHAPTER II—OPINIONS OF THE COUNCIL

ART. 23.—The Council of the League, taking into account the reports and opinions of the said commission, shall at any time when requested by any signatory hereto, consider summarily whether (a) the armaments of any signatory to this treaty are in excess of those fixed under its provisions; or (b) the military or other preparations of any state are of such a nature as to cause apprehension of aggression or an eventual outbreak of hostilities.

ART. 24.—If the Council shall upon such request be of the opinion that there is reasonable ground for thinking that a menace of aggression has arisen, the parties to the defensive agreements hereinafter mentioned may put into immediate execution the plan of assistance which they have agreed upon.

ART. 25.—If the Council shall, upon such request, not be of opinion that a menace of aggression has arisen, a public report to the effect shall be made and in such case no signatory shall be under any obligation to put into execution any plan of assistance to which it is a party; but any signatory, believing itself to be threatened with a menace of aggression, notwithstanding the fact that the Council of the League has not been of such opinion, may forthwith notify the Council to that effect, and such signatory shall thereupon have full liberty of action in military or other preparations for defense, subject, however, to the limitations as to armament which are imposed by any treaty then in force other than this treaty and treaties dependent thereon.

PART IV—TREATIES OF MUTUAL ASSISTANCE

ART. 26.—The H. C. P. may conclude, either as between two of them or as between a larger number, agreements complementary to the present treaty, exclusively for the purpose of their mutual defense and intended solely to facilitate the carrying out of the measures prescribed in this treaty, determining in advance the assistance which they would give to each other in the event of any act of aggression.

Such agreements may, if the H. C. P. interested so desire, be negotiated and concluded under the auspices of the League of Nations.

ART. 27.—Complementary agreements, as defined in the preceding article, shall, before being registered, be examined by the Council with a view to deciding whether they are in accordance with the principles of this treaty and of the Covenant.

In particular, the Council shall consider if the cases of aggression contemplated in these agreements are of a nature to give rise to an obligation to give assistance on the part of the other H. C. P.

The Council may, if necessary, suggest changes in the texts of the agreements submitted to it.

When recognized, the agreements shall be registered in conformity with Article 18 of the Covenant. They shall be regarded as complementary to the present treaty, and shall in no way limit the general obligations of the H. C. P. nor the sanctions contemplated against an aggressor under the terms of this treaty.

They will be open to any other H. C. P. with the consent of the signatory states.

ART. 28.—In all cases of aggression, for which provision is made in the agreement constituting a defensive group, the H. C. P. which are members of such group may undertake to put into operation automatically the plan of assistance agreed upon between them; and in all other cases of aggression, or menace or danger of aggression, directly aimed at them, they will consult each other before taking action, and will inform the Council of the measures which they are contemplating.

PART V—PARTIES TO THE TREATY

CHAPTER I—ACCESSION

ART. 29.—Any state, member or not of the League of Nations, may adhere to this treaty by depositing an act of adhesion with the Secretary General of the League, who shall at once inform the other signatories thereof.

CHAPTER II—WITHDRAWAL

ART. 30.—Any party to this treaty may withdraw therefrom by depositing an act of withdrawal with the Secretary General of the League of Nations. Such withdrawal shall take effect one year after the deposit thereof and only as to the party withdrawing.

CHAPTER III—RATIFICATION

ART. 31.—The present treaty shall be ratified and the instruments of ratification shall be deposited as soon as possible with the Secretary General of the League of Nations.

It shall come into force:

In Europe when it shall have been ratified by five European states, including France, Great Britain, and Italy.

In Asia when it shall have been ratified by two Asiatic states, one of which shall be Japan.

In North America when ratified by the United States of America.

In Central America and the West Indies when ratified by one state in the West Indies and two in Central America.

In South America when ratified by four states in South America, one of which shall be either Argentina, Brazil, or Chile.

In Africa and Oceania when ratified by two states in Africa and Oceania.

With regard to the H. C. P. which may subsequently ratify the treaty, it will come into force at the date of the deposit of the instrument of ratification.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1924 No. 3083

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 133

EDITORIALS:
- Nobody's Children 135
- "Appalling Confusion" in the New York *World* 136
- Debunking 137
- The Father of the Brownies 137

SINCLAIR *VS.* STANDARD OIL IN RUSSIA. By Louis Fischer 138

NEW MORALS FOR OLD:
- Women—Free for What? By Edwin Muir 140

LA FOLLETTE'S PARTY—WILL IT LAST? By William Hard 142

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 143

CORRESPONDENCE 144

GIVE NOT WITH YOUR HANDS. By MacKnight Black 146

BOOKS:
- A Course Charted. By Johan J. Smertenko 146
- A Civil War City. By Emily Clark 147
- Personality in Architecture. By Harry Hansen 147
- An Old Master. By Eliseo Vivas 148
- A French Realpolitiker. By Lewis S. Gannett 148
- Industrial Democracy. By Stuart Chase 148
- Byron: The Last Phase. By Samuel C. Chew 149
- Books in Brief 149

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- A Program of Reconciliation 150
- The Communists and the Experts 150

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN

FREDA KIRCHWEY, MANAGING EDITOR IRITA VAN DOREN, LITERARY EDITOR

ISABEL LA MONTE, ADVERTISING MANAGER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS

ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

LA FOLLETTE'S CAMPAIGN needs money! It is impossible to manage a campaign—to send out organizers; hire counsel and obtain names to get the ticket on the forty-eight State ballots; prepare, print, and circulate literature; buy radio time—without money. Stories of million-dollar funds for La Follette may be set down as sheer invention; the fact is that the campaign has been financed on a shoestring, and that nothing larger than shoestring contributions are in sight. Money is needed now. La Follette's campaign must be financed by hundreds of thousands of small contributions. Labor organizations will help raise the funds, but few unions are able to give out of their war-chests for a political campaign, and it is slow work raising large funds from among union members. The two old parties pass the hat quietly among their big-business friends, thereby creating secret bonds and subtle allegiances to sources of large contributions. La Follette makes no such appeal to wealth. That is why *The Nation*, on the inside back cover of this issue, is appealing to La Follette's friends among its subscribers to start *The Nation's* La Follette-for-President Fund.

NORMAN THOMAS FOR GOVERNOR is a slogan which appeals to the editors of *The Nation*, who have known and worked with him day after day for many years. The 1924 Socialist candidate for Governor was for a time an associate editor of this paper; he has long been one of its most valued and active contributing editors. His has been an extraordinary evolution—from small boy in President Harding's home town, through Princeton, through pastorates first at a "silk-stocking" church and then at a working-class church, into a fearless war-time pacifist, editor of the *World Tomorrow*, member of the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland, editor of the New York *Leader*, and director of the League for Industrial Democracy. Among his associates on the ticket are other unusual men and women, among them Frank Crosswaithe, an exceptionally able Negro orator, and Professor Vladimir Karapetoff, head of the engineering department at Cornell.

MICHIGAN'S MILLIONAIRE SENATOR is on the war-path again. It was Senator Couzens who insisted, four months ago, on hiring Francis J. Heney of San Francisco to help dig for graft in the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Treasury, and called out the President's improvident protest against all the investigations. He is one of the few men in public life who fails to bat an eyelash when Secretary Mellon fires a batch of statistics at him; Mr. Couzens also is accustomed to thinking in millions and he calmly fires more figures back at the Pittsburgh millionaire. The recent publication of the 1922 income-tax figures, it will be recalled, showed that Mr. Couzens was right and Mr. Mellon wrong in their last winter's controversy. Mr. Couzens has flatly refused to accept a resolution adopted by his State Republican organization binding all candidates to all other candidates of the party, Coolidge included. Now, recovering from a surgical operation, he announces that he intends to continue the investigation of the Treasury Department. One might expect a Treasury Department conscious of rectitude to welcome investigation. Instead, Senator Watson, administration supporter, indignantly retires from the chairmanship of the Senate Committee, declaring that "the country is tired of investigations," and administration organs like the New York *Evening Post* denounce the "sinister aspect" of this "Hunting Ammunition for Mud Guns." If there is mud in the Treasury comparable to that which Senators Walsh and Wheeler spaded out of the Interior and Justice departments, the country will certainly support Senator Couzens in getting after it.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT plans nation-wide military maneuvers for September 12. The National Council for the Prevention of War protested. The governors of Maine and Nebraska refused to participate. The opposition became so strong that President Coolidge was called in to help. In a long letter to Frederick J. Libby of the Anti-War Council, the President argued that the demonstration was "merely a compliance with the purposes of the National Defense Act of 1920," "a non-militaristic gesture for the purpose of keeping down to its lowest possible point the professional military organization of the United States"; he objected that "It is not a mobilization, and the people

who first attached to it the terms Mobilization Day and then proceeded to condemn it have been utterly unfair." But, as Mr. Libby replied, the name Mobilization Day

> was first used publicly in the *Army and Navy Register* of January 5, where, under the heading Prospective Mobilization Day Maneuvers, it was announced that "the greatest peace-time military demonstration in the history of the United States" had come nearer realization that week when Secretary Weeks gave favorable consideration to the Mobilization Day plans on which General Staff officers have been working for months.

Later the War Department used the phrase in its own publicity. It is something that Mr. Libby has forced the militarists, the President at their head, to retire behind a new name. But the whole plan for a showy "mobilization" or "defense test," call it what you will, should be abandoned. To claim that it is required by the National Defense Act of 1920 is nonsense. Does the President mean to imply that he and Mr. Harding violated the law in 1921, and 1922, and 1923, before the bright idea occurred to the General Staff?

SOMETIMES BANKERS provide a useful supplement to politicians. The course of Franco-British negotiations might be summarized somewhat as follows: Premier MacDonald and Premier Herriot met in England, liked each other, and devised a businesslike program for execution of the Dawes Report. When Herriot went home he met a political storm, stirred up by Poincaré, which led him to revise his plans. MacDonald went to Paris and made a show of compromise and conciliation. The two premiers met again in London, accompanied by formidable delegations of "experts," and drew up an impressive draft of their compromise agreement. Then they took it around and showed it to the British and American bankers, who said "That won't do."

SUCH A VERSION, of course, lacks accuracy in detail. In substance it is true. The success of the Dawes Plan depends upon the ability of the governments concerned to put it into effect in such a manner that the bankers, satisfied, will feel ready to advance several hundred million dollars—or, more exactly, will feel able to sell the bonds to their customers. They hold the whip-hand. Their judgment can overrule prime ministers. In the present case it is probably a healthy thing for the world that the bankers are in a position to quash compromises forced by the exigencies of local politics. The dangerous facts remain that the bankers—chief among them John W. Davis's clients, the House of Morgan—today hold a power beyond that exercised by the kaisers and czars of a decade ago, that their power is steadily increasing, and that neither the democracies of the West nor the fascist dictatorships have yet discovered any adequate method of controlling their actions.

FIVE YEARS AGO the International Labor Organization set up by the League of Nations met at Washington and drew up a draft convention for a general eight-hour day. Though most of the great industrial Powers have some sort of eight-hour law, not one of them has yet ratified the convention. The catch lies in the provision that ratification binds the state for a period of ten years. Both employers and government representatives feared to go that far. Mr. Tom Shaw, Great Britain's Minister of Labor, has recently attempted to break this deadlock by urging "simultaneous ratification" by France, England, Belgium, and, if possible, Germany. The new Government in France has declared its desire for early ratification, and Belgium would probably follow France's lead. In Germany, however, the future of the eight-hour day is very doubtful.

REPARATIONS ARE OF COURSE the fly in the ointment. The German employers are using that excuse to the limit. Stinnes declared before his death that for the next fifteen years or more German labor must work an extra two hours each day in order to clear the reparations bill. Unfortunately on this subject there is much argument and very little proof and the workers have scarcely more than their employers' word for it. They are not in a particularly trustful mood, as the big industrialists have been struggling too hard and too openly to deal a mortal blow to the unions as well as to the eight-hour day. Within the Reichstag Socialists and capitalists are evenly enough balanced to block each other. Outside the Reichstag the employers have used other and simpler tactics. Notices have been posted announcing an increase in working hours. As a result there have been strikes, but as the unions cannot finance long strikes the employers usually win in the end. How successful the employers have been is shown by an article in *Vorwärts* (Berlin) for June 28 giving the results of an inquiry made by the German Federation of Trade Unions. During one week in May reports were received from 46,123 works employing 2,453,523 persons. Of these employees 54.7 per cent worked more than 48 hours a week and 13 per cent worked more than 54 hours. Five years after their revolution the German workers must begin all over again their fight for the eight-hour day.

THE LOOTING OF HAITI continues. The $40,000,000 National City Bank loan forced on that helpless country which automatically extended American occupation sixteen years beyond even the treaty negotiated by the notorious "military-pressure" method, is being used as its beneficiaries intended it. Of the $16,000,000 actually floated two years ago the Haitians have got nothing. There is talk of schools and public works, and numerous salaries are being drawn in anticipation of them. But the only real action has been the settling of every concessionnaire's claim on lip-smacking terms. Take the long bankrupt Haitian railroad, for instance, of which Roger Farnham, formerly vice-president of the National City Bank, was first president and then for many years receiver. It was an enterprise of dubious financial soundness at best, considering the great construction costs in the highly mountainous terrain. After several years work on it was discontinued, the Haitian Government refusing further payments on the ground that nearly every specification had been violated. The merits of the conflicting contentions were never threshed out. Instead the United States Navy, the United States Department of State, and the United States federal courts were called in. Result: The railroad security-holders have been handed the new 6 per cent Haitian bonds, guaranteed by Uncle Sam, and cash in addition. "Each holder (of a bond)," United States Judge Julius Mayer declares, "of the principal amount of $96.53 and coupons receives a new Republic of

Haiti bond of the principal amount of $72.39, and $35.75 cash." And the court states "securities which were worthless . . . have now an appreciable value." None will dispute it.

REGRETTABLE AS WAS THE DEATH of an American consular officer and the severe beating of another of our citizens at the hands of a mob in Teheran, it was not an act for which the Persian Government should be blamed. The tragedy seems to have been due partly to religious intolerance and partly to anti-foreign feeling—to a kind of Persian Ku Klux Klanism. Hitherto Americans have not been as unpopular in Persia as, on account of our bullying State Department and our unscrupulous big-business methods, we are rapidly becoming in most other parts of the world. Persians still remember the good fight for their national integrity put up by W. Morgan Shuster, although in recent years the machinations of our oil interests have done a good deal toward identifying Americans with the rest of the international exploiters. The dispatches indicate that the two Americans who were set upon were mistaken for Englishmen—against whom there is much resentment—but apart from this their actions were obviously indiscreet, since they were photographing a religious shrine and festival. It is difficult, under the circumstances, to justify the American note demanding apologies, guards of honor, payment for a man-of-war, and similar paraphernalia—it reeks of the Big-Stick arrogance which reached its fine flower in the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia in July, 1914.

THERE SEEM TO BE A NUMBER of really simple things that the British Labor Government might have done but hasn't. We mentioned in a previous issue the publication of war documents. In a letter to the editor of the *New Leader* (London) we read: "By the will of Cecil J. Rhodes fifteen scholarships were assigned to German students, and in the years before England declared war on Germany these students were in the enjoyment of the stipends arranged for by the will. I understand that by an Act of Parliament Rhodes's will was upset, and the German scholarships allocated to various parts of the British Dominions. . . . Peace should, it seems to me, abolish wartime exclusions."

MEXICO SEEMS TO BE IN THE GRIP of counter-revolution. Reaction has her by the throat and the fruits of many years of revolutionary struggle and heroic sacrifices are in hourly peril. A few weeks ago a couple of young women wandered across the frontier between Texas and Mexico clad in the garments of freedom, of independent action, of swift progress—they were, in fact, clad in knickers. Were they welcomed in Mexico as happy symbols of its own freedom, its own progress? They were not. They were chased back across the border; Mexico, revolutionary Mexico, would have none of them. Meanwhile, in Mexico City, a war on bobbed hair is raging, and already it has spread to other parts of the republic. In Tampico a bobbed young woman saved herself from attack by swimming away from a crowd of young men. Another was saved by an army officer. Knickers and bobbed hair—if Mexico crushes out of existence these universal emblems of youthful and feminine revolt she may as well throw her constitution into the sea and hand her oil wells to the foreigner.

Nobody's Children

ENGLAND'S new legitimacy bill is a short step toward a civilized code of personal relations. By its provisions a child born out of wedlock becomes legitimate through the subsequent intermarriage of its parents. An amendment designed to except from this rule children born of adulterous unions was passionately defended but ultimately defeated.

Penalizing children for the sins of their parents has as good legal precedent as it has biblical and biological. By the common law of England, overthrown in the bill just passed, a person could not achieve legitimacy nor have it thrust upon him; he could only be born legitimate. A bastard was "nobody's child." It could inherit neither from the father nor the mother, and its status was unchanged by the subsequent marriage of the parents. In countries accepting the civil or canon law, the marriage of parents legitimized a child previously born. The introduction of this principle—exactly the principle embodied in the recent bill—was urged by the English bishops in the twentieth year of the reign of Henry III. But the proposal was voted down by the Lords whose pronouncement became famous in English legal history: "Nolunt leges Angliae mutare, quae huc usque usitatae sunt et approbatae"—"They do not want to change the laws of England, which up to the present have been used and approved." And so an inhuman doctrine which was sanctified by its antiquity in the year 1236 remained binding until 1924.

Like England under the new dispensation, the United States accepts in general the old church doctrine. The usual rule in this country today is that an illegitimate child becomes legitimate upon the marriage of its parents and may then inherit property and claim support.

Such provisions are interesting; the vast majority of illegitimate children, however, are untouched and unhelped by them. Born of casual unions which do not end in marriage, unacknowledged or disowned by the father and unwanted by the mother, the illegitimate child is still in a human sense "nobody's child." His chance of life is smaller than that of the child born in marriage; his economic circumstances are usually deplorable; he is frequently abandoned to public charity; and his life is that of an outcast from decent society.

It is these conditions that demand change. Scandinavia, through the influence of its powerful and radical women's movement, has passed liberal legitimacy laws going far toward securing the health and social status of all its children. Soviet Russia, too, has put the welfare of children above all other considerations. One of the earliest decrees of the Soviet Government contains these clauses—which we print for the edification and future guidance of the so-called civilized nations of the world:

> Children born out of wedlock are on an equality with those born in wedlock with regard to the rights and duties of parents toward children, and likewise of children toward parents.
>
> The persons who make a declaration and give a signed statement to that effect are registered as the father and mother of the child. . . .
>
> In case the father of a child born out of wedlock does not make such a declaration, the mother of the child or the guardian or the child itself has the right to prove fatherhood by legal means.

"Appalling Confusion" in the New York *World*

THIS is the cry now raised against the La Follette candidacy: It will create confusion. We had expected it, of course, in the Washington *Post* and similar journals. We were not prepared to find the New York *World* echoing it. But that newspaper has been somewhat hard put to it to explain why it is sticking to the Democratic Party, whose degeneracy it has so often bewailed. So the *World* assumes that the only success that can be achieved by the La Follette ticket is to throw the election into Congress. "The confusion would be appalling," it declares. "And the result, whatever it was, would in no sense come from an exercise of the people's will." We have rarely come across more specious reasoning. In brief, the case these dailies seek to make out is this: It is a crime for La Follette to be running because he is likely to be so strong as to cause Davis and Coolidge to fail of a majority in the electoral college. Ergo, Mr. La Follette's supporters must not try to exercise their sovereign rights as American citizens to found a new political party unless they guarantee that they will carry so few States as not to interfere with the working of a hopelessly outworn institution. If the *World* and its reactionary contemporaries could only be assured that La Follette would do no better than Mr. Taft did, they would be quite content to have him run.

Obviously, if no new party could be launched which ran any risk of such a popular success as to deadlock the electoral college, we should be forever condemned to the existing ones, no matter how rotten and degenerate they were or how utterly they might fail to serve faithfully the American people. This cry was never raised by the *World* during the Roosevelt candidacy in 1912, if our memory serves us. We do not believe it was raised when the Republican Party came into being. It could have been then with equal justice. Roosevelt was attacked as a traitor to the two-party system by hidebound Republican papers, but even they did not assail the Colonel on the ground that he might throw the election into Congress. Yet no one foresaw that Taft would carry only two States. The pretext is too flimsy. To attempt to shoulder upon Mr. La Follette the responsibility for a situation made possible by the Constitution itself will mislead no thinking person. What the *World* and its contemporaries should do is to point out unceasingly the dangerous condition due to lack of clarity and vision in the drawing of the Twelfth Amendment. It is one of numerous reasons for calling a constitutional convention to overhaul our entire organic law, for it is idle to presume that this country must and shall have only two parties.

Plainly neither the *World* nor any other journal would do else than ridicule and denounce Senator La Follette if, after reading their solemn warnings of an impending chaos, he should issue a statement to this effect, to the millions who desire to vote for him:

> Dear friends and supporters! I am profoundly conscious of our great and pressing economic issues, of our far-reaching political evils. I am aware that the government is honeycombed with graft and corruption. I am aware that millions of you are disgusted with both the old parties and that many of you will be deterred from voting if you cannot cast your ballots for some one other than Mr. Davis or Mr. Coolidge. I am also deeply stirred that some of you have turned to me and asked me to carry the banner of a new order. But I find that if I run and too many of you should vote for me I might upset the electoral college. It is true that the college has been for one hundred years a vermiform appendix in our political system. Yet one must have respect for vermiform appendices. Besides, if I should by chance get enough electoral votes I might deprive both dear Mr. Coolidge and dear Mr. Davis of the chance of winning, and create appalling confusion. Therefore, while not forgetting our political ills and your grievances, I thank you very much for your good-will and retire from the field. Perhaps four or eight or twelve or twenty years from now a situation may arise in which some one else may lead a new party with the assurance that he will get either so few votes or so many as not to jeopardize the smooth functioning of the electoral college. Faithfully yours,
>
> ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

Would not the *World* call for a lunacy commission?

If the election were thrown into the Senate, the *World* says, the result would in no sense "come from an exercise of the people's will." Is that Mr. La Follette's fault? Moreover (and nobody knows this better than the *World*), the people's will is constantly thwarted by other anachronisms in our political life. It was not the people's will which nominated Mr. Harding or Mr. Davis. It was not the people's will which decreed that a Congress elected in November, 1922, should not sit until December, 1923. Those who are really concerned as to the people's will ought to be the first to say "Hats Off!" to the La Follette movement. It is the product of the spontaneous desire of great groups of our citizenry. It is financed by no group of big-business men and engineered by no corrupt political machine. It is without party machinery, yet it is spreading like wildfire.

Supposing—and it is not more impossible than it was for Roosevelt to outrun Taft in 1912—that the third party should run second, but that Mr. Davis, by reason of the solid Southern bloc, should win just enough electoral votes to deadlock the electoral college? The offender would then be Mr. Davis, not Mr. La Follette. Would not the Washington *Post*, which declares that "if too many votes support a third ticket the actual will of the people of the United States may be thwarted," then be justified in berating the Democrats for having thwarted the people's will by casting too many Democratic votes? And why, if it is a question of Mr. La Follette's having too many votes, do not these papers simplify the problem and specify just how many votes the followers of La Follette shall graciously be allowed to cast? The people's will! Well, only 58 per cent of the American electorate voted in 1920. Despite his huge majority, less than 35 per cent of the electorate voted for Mr. Harding—he was a minority President as was Wilson in 1912. Did the *World* cry out in 1912 or 1920 that the will of the majority had been thwarted?

No brave, independent action was ever taken in our political life without someone solemnly wagging his head to declare it meant confusion. No great reform was ever achieved save in the face of endless assurances that it meant chaos and the thwarting of the people's will—this was notably true of the anti-slavery struggle. No such contest would ever have been won had men been deterred by fear of the effect upon the Constitution—radical anti-

slavery men publicly burned the slavery-protecting Constitution. If chaos comes in our political life this autumn the responsibility will not be Robert La Follette's, but that of the masters of privilege, those dominators of our political and business life who are responsible for conditions that cry to the stars for remedy, who are driving Americans into that revolution for which Woodrow Wilson called, which he strove in vain to bring about. To Robert La Follette attaches only honor for his readiness to take up the fight where Wilson left it, for his willingness to raise up a standard of revolt to which honest Americans may repair.

Debunking

HISTORY can wait. Time brings to light contemporary letters and journals, picturing the "great men" of a day as keen associates really saw them—although even then the piety of editors too often deletes the most expressive phrases in order that the poor public may not be too harshly disillusioned. Meanwhile the poor public, victim of its incurably respectful reporters, usually lives in a fairyland of myth and hero-worship.

The Kaiser and the Crown Prince are suffering the deflation process in their own lifetimes. For the sake of their legends they should have died at the front on armistice morning. Instead, they fled in disguise to Holland, and that fact, which could hardly be glossed over by the friendliest correspondents, began a process which still continues. The inside stories of their diplomatic experiments, their marginal notes, even their letter-paper is being exposed to a cynical world. The latest revelations come from the private letters of Kiderlen-Waechter, who crowned a long diplomatic career by becoming Foreign Minister in 1910. Kiderlen, writing to his *amie*, tells how, during the Turco-Italian war, the Crown Prince wrote him on paper decorated with a colored sketch of a *cocotte*, suggesting that Germany should seize the occasion to get something out of Turkey. He also paints a pretty picture of the Kaiser on his private yacht in the North Sea, amusing himself by putting a group of fat generals through setting-up exercises, laughing and poking them in the ribs, while the irate supporters of the monarchy tried to look as if they liked it.

While Germany is being debunked, however, we Americans are still in the grasp of political myths. Frank R. Kent, the veteran Washington correspondent, delivers a mighty blow at our American illusions in the current issue of the *American Mercury*. Newspaper reporters, he says, are as unaware as the public that they are engaged in a "conspiracy to keep from the public the facts about public men." It does not matter whether their papers are hostile or friendly, the reporters uniformly help build myths. The explanation is simple enough:

> The reporter's business is to get news. The more news he gets the more secure his job and the greater his value to his paper. The public official has what the reporter has to have, to wit, news. Competition with other reporters and the fear of being beaten spur him to the closest possible relationship with every man who has it. . . . As a matter of self-interest his effort is to establish friendly personal relations with his news source. He thinks the way to do this is by protecting him, refraining from telling rude and illuminating truths about him, sidetracking little details that would be unpleasant or hurtful. . . .

Hence the Coolidge myth. The Boston newspapermen knew that he did nothing about the police strike until it was all over, but they bootlicked the Governor and built up a legend. Every Washington reporter knows, as Mr. Kent points out, that as Vice-President Mr. Coolidge was "so near nothing" that his party intended not to renominate him. He became President, and the legend-mills set to work again. The reporters meet him twice a week. They see him as "a very much dismayed and huddled little man who is as close to complete futility as any man in his position can ever get"; they know that what he says to them "is mostly non-committal, neutral, evasive"—but they must have good stories. So they "inject their own vigor into those pale and anemic utterances"—and "the weak and watery utterances of a passive and pallid little man, torn by indecision and doubt, become the forceful and vigorous talk of a red-blooded, resolute, two-fisted, fighting executive, thoroughly aroused and determined." The public comes to believe that a strong, silent man sits in the White House.

How are we to escape such myths? There is no ready answer, but there is an encouraging fact to report. Among the most successful and appreciated Washington correspondents are William Hard, Frank R. Kent, and Clinton W. Gilbert. Gilbert and Kent played the game for years. Today they are busily pricking soap-bubbles. Is it an omen?

The Father of the Brownies

PALMER COX is dead; the Brownies have lost their father. A generation now sedate in middle age was surprised to learn that the creator of its childhood friends had lived so long. The Brownies had become almost as authentic and universal a part of American childhood as Cooper's red Indians. For nearly half a century Cox's whimsical genius had been equipping their thin-legged bodies with dress suits and policemen's garb, stocking caps and nautical dress, and sending them forth on high adventures. Generations of children and ex-children lose a friend.

Cox's must have been a rarely happy life. He was one of those fortunate persons whose talents rescue them from a life of dull business. He grew up in a Scotch settlement in Quebec, but early wandered to California, where he made two false starts toward the happiness he achieved in the days when his Brownies were making *St. Nicholas* famous. Eleven of his thirteen Brownie-books are still in print: and hardly a year passes without a reissue of one or another of them. Their royalties made it possible for him to build and live in a Brownie castle in his boyhood home.

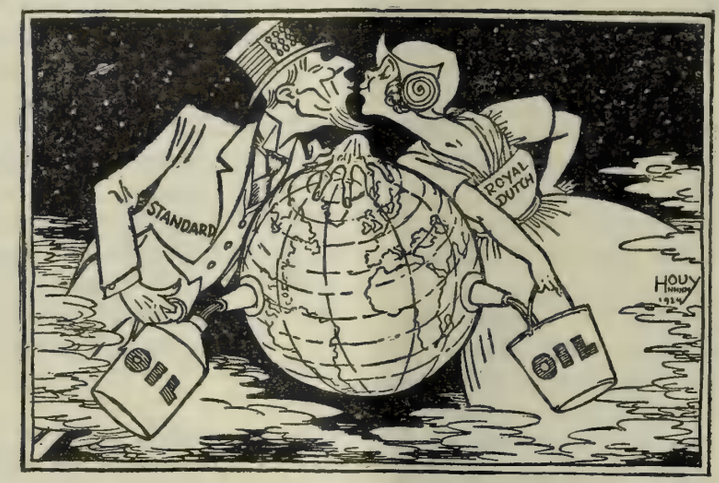
Strictly speaking, of course, Palmer Cox did not "create" the Brownies. They crossed the ocean when his ancestors came from Scotland. Cornwall knows Brownies, and Scotch tradition swarms with them. Medieval German houses bear carved figures of Kobolds obviously related to the creatures of Cox's fancy. Rome and Arabia were peopled with similar beings. But he rescued them from the byways of folk-lore and made their antics a living part of contemporary life; his Brownies were as much his own creations as the Kewpies are Rose O'Neill's, and that their popularity survives his death at eighty-four is eloquent tribute to his genius. For the fancies of childhood are fleeting, and it is rare that one generation will read the favorites of its parents' youth.

Sinclair *vs.* Standard Oil in Russia

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, June

SOMEWHERE in the United States the Sinclair Oil Company and the Standard Oil make common use of a small pipe line. Elsewhere in the United States and throughout the world the two companies are cutthroat competitors. Sinclair is the youthful rebel of the oil industry. He has broken lances with the Standard Oil in Persia and indirectly in Soviet Russia, for when he went to Moscow last summer trailing Senator Fall, Mason Day, and a host of others behind him in the hope of obtaining a concession in Baku he was defying the mighty House of Rockefeller, which claimed Baku as its own. Sinclair was stepping in where angels feared to tread, and he knew—he said so to his coworkers here—that a Nemesis would pursue him. He was in "for the greatest battle of his life."



From the *New Leader* (London)

The Marriage of the Oil Trusts

Baku is probably the richest oil-field in the world. Before the war most of it was held by the Swedish Nobel Oil Company. After the Bolshevik revolution the Standard Oil, by which we generally mean the Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Standard Oil of New York, bought up most of the Nobel interests in Baku. The Communists, however, nationalized the wells and refineries of Baku, and have never paid any heed at all to the Standard Oil's claim.

Actually, however, the Standard Oil's animosity toward Soviet Russia was born in Persia, and here, too, Sinclair plays an important role. The tale goes back to March, 1916, when Akaky Mefodievitch Khostaria, a Russian citizen, obtained a concession from the Persian Government to exploit the oil-fields in the five provinces of North Persia. But it was obtained, according to Wossoughod Dowleh, several times Prime Minister of Persia, "under coercion by the Czarist Government and without the consent of the Persian Parliament."

On May 8, 1920, Khostaria sold all his rights in North Persia to the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, in which the British Government holds the controlling interest. In February, 1921, the Soviet Government signed a treaty with the Persian Government according to which the Khostaria concession and "all other concessions forced from the Government of Persia by the late Czarist Government for itself and its subjects" were declared "null and void." By the same treaty the Shah's Government pledged itself not to hand over any of the canceled concessions to any third state or its citizens without the approval of the Soviet Government.

With the claims of the Anglo-Persian Company to the North Persian fields thus canceled, the Standard Oil appeared in the field. Much of what transpired is veiled in doubt, but the course events took cannot be mistaken. The Standard Oil obtained a lien upon the concession in December, 1921. In March, 1922, however, it was still discussing with the Persian Government the form of a proposed loan and the matter of "moral suasion" by American financial advisers. In accordance with this program in the summer of 1922 the United States Department of State sent a financial mission, headed by Dr. A. C. Millspaugh, one of the Department's officers, to Persia; its members became Persian officials and are still there. At this time Mr. Hughes was insisting to Lord Curzon on an "open door" for the Standard Oil in Mesopotamia and Palestine—British mandated countries. Curzon was adamant and clouds gathered over the Anglo-American horizon. Then Sir John Cadman, former British Oil Controller, technical adviser to the Anglo-Persian, supplanted the diplomats and undertook direct negotiations with the American oil companies. A give-and-take ensued: the British satisfied the Standard Oil's desire for a share in Mosul's production and in whatever oil might be struck near the Dead Sea (where the Standard Oil has been prospecting for some time), and the Standard Oil abandoned its independent concession and identified itself on a fifty-fifty basis with the Anglo-Persian's claim on the Khostaria concession. Obviously the two companies were convinced that their joint power backed by the influence of their governments could bring to life what Persia had declared dead. Mr. Hughes, indeed, officially expressed his "approval" of the Khostaria claim—although at a later date Mr. Sinclair forced him to inform the Persian press that, as between two American oil companies, he was neutral.

Here the Soviet Government enters the scene. Russia is naturally averse to British penetration of North Persia; such penetration would make Great Britain Russia's next-door neighbor. In pre-war days the problem was solved by vivisecting Persia into English and Russian "spheres of influence." At present the British and the Anglo-Persian with the D'Arcy concession still hold South Persia, while Russia exercises its influence, first, by the veto on oil concessions in North Persia which the 1921 treaty gives it, and, secondly, by its control of the only commercially available route for bringing oil out of North Persia into the outside world—the one that leads across the Caspian and the Caucasus to the Black Sea.

Accordingly, when the Standard Oil joined hands with the Anglo-Persian in supporting the Khostaria concession, Soviet Russia immediately saw the danger of British penetration via the Standard and forthwith entered its objections. Thereupon the Persian Government repulsed the Standard Oil, and subsequently lent an ear to Harry F. Sinclair. In June, 1923, it passed a law providing for con-

cession of the northern oil-fields to an "independent" American company, in return for a $10,000,000 loan and other valuable considerations, and in December it signed an agreement with a Sinclair representative. This agreement, however, required ratification by the Persian Parliament and difficulties ensued. Sinclair may have resorted to American tricks, for the Teheran journal *Naserelmelleh* of January 15, 1924, charges that he gave the Persian Prime Minister a bribe of $275,000. This has, of course, been denied. Be that as it may, Sinclair has the inside track. In fact the Rosta correspondent at the Shah's capital recently reported the arrival there of a Sinclair agent who had come to arrange the terms of the $10,000,000 loan on which the concession is conditioned. The only substantial security which the Persian Government can pledge in support of such a loan is its right to 16 per cent royalties on the Anglo-Persian oil-fields in South Persia, however, and naturally the British interests fight the proposal to have their revenues used in aid of an American concession. Hence the delay in ratifying Sinclair's concession and hence, probably, the revolutionary disturbances in Persia last March.

Sinclair's victory over the Standard Oil in Persia was at least indirectly the result of Soviet Russia's intervention. Add to this the circumstance that the Communists granted Sinclair a concession for oil in Sakhalin and that they subsequently entertained a proposition from him for a more valuable concession in the Caucasus, and one may feel that there is a case against the Moscow Government for allying itself with the dark and unscrupulous force which the Sinclair company has proved to be.

This would be a misinterpretation. The truth of the matter is that with the exception of such companies as the Gulf and Texas Oil, which however have never ventured beyond the Western Hemisphere, Sinclair is the best and almost the only Soviet customer.

The British companies are eliminated as a matter of course. For if the Russian Government is opposed to having the British as neighbors in Persia it would hardly be likely to invite them into its own home. The oil of the Caucasus is the great prize in the Near East. English interest in the Georgian Menshevik Government and all of Churchill's and Curzon's schemes for intervention in Soviet Russia were probably dictated in large part by a desire to gain a foothold in the Caucasus and obtain possession of its invaluable petroleum resources at Grosni and Baku. In fact the British and their puppet Russian generals did capture and hold Baku till as late as April, 1920, when they were finally dislodged by the Red Army. Even to this day—so it is charged—the British carry on intrigues and propaganda in the Caucasus with a view toward weakening the Soviet regime there. That Russia should therefore bar British oil interests from the Caucasus will be readily understood.

The writer recently showed to a member of the collegium of five of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs a clipping from the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* to the effect that in connection with the Russo-Dutch diplomatic negotiations the Russians had listened to a proposal from the Royal Dutch Oil Company—in reality a British organization—regarding a concession in the Caucasus. He denied the rumor and added: "You may take it for your general guidance that the Bolshevik Government will grant no concessions for oil to English companies." (The Emba oil-field, lying deep in the trans-Caspian region and far removed from any territory under British influence, is probably the only exception to this rule.)

The Standard Oil Company is subject to the same suspicion, for, though it may fight certain British oil firms with money and cannon in some parts of the globe, it is suspect to the Russians because of its alliance with the Anglo-Persian in Mesopotamia and in Persia and because of a deal with the Royal Dutch-Shell oil interests with regard to Russian oil.

Remains Sinclair. But, the same member of the Foreign Office's collegium said to me: "We would much rather deal with the Standard Oil, whose financial and political influence is far greater than that of Sinclair." The connotation here is clear enough. Russia needs money and wants recognition. It is prepared to barter its oil for these. Soviet Russia is perhaps the richest oil country in the world. The Baku field is estimated to have an underground supply of from eight to nine billion barrels of the crude product. The oil of the Grosni district, likewise tremendously rich, contains from 7 to 8 per cent of paraffin and is therefore the best in the world. Then there is the Emba field, the Fergana region in Central Asia, and the Kuban. If the Soviet Government possessed the necessary funds it would keep these valuable resources for itself. It would drill, draw, and refine the oil and then pocket all the profits. But to do so equipment, improvement, and development are needed, which the state cannot afford. Last year Russia's total oil output amounted to 400 million poods; this year production could easily be increased, but the Government does not plan to go beyond the 400 million figure simply because funds are lacking. Hence the policy of concessions.

The Standard Oil, however, does not want a concession. The Standard Oil wants the Nobel holdings in the Caucasus which it claims, denationalized. It wants them as its own unquestioned property and not as a qualified concession from the Bolsheviks. Therefore the Standard Oil (and Mr. Hughes) insist on denationalization in Soviet Russia. Mr. Hughes sets it as one of the conditions for United States recognition of Soviet Russia.

About a year ago Mr. Dodge of the Standard Oil visited Moscow and probably attempted to persuade the Bolsheviks to denationalize his company's holdings in the oil-fields. He failed. It is just possible that Mr. Dodge's failure is somewhat related to Mr. Hughes's failure to accord recognition to Soviet Russia.

The question of recognition was also involved in Russia's dealings with Sinclair. The Sakhalin concession, it will be remembered, was granted to the Sinclair company on condition that the concession becomes invalid if after five years (1927) the United States has not recognized Soviet Russia. The larger and more valuable concession which brought Sinclair to Moscow last July also had a rider: a loan of $250,000,000. So big a loan plus the tremendous investment which such a concession requires must be protected, and there can be no protection without diplomatic recognition. The American lender-concessionnaire would therefore be inclined to bring pressure on his Government to establish friendly relations with Soviet Russia. To this extent the offer of a concession to Sinclair in the Caucasus was a bid for American recognition.

Nobody will say whether recognition was discussed between Sinclair and Litvinov. It may well be that Sinclair did explain that since President Harding was his friend and several cabinet members his pals, he could be of no little use to Russia in obtaining recognition—provided, of

course, he got the oil. But such things can go without saying.

The blow which the Walsh investigation gave Sinclair obviously prevented him from floating anything like a quarter-billion-dollar loan for Russia. It also removed his pals from office. If now the forthcoming elections remove Mr. Hughes from office, denationalization and oil will cease to play a role in the question of American recognition of Russia; the matter can be determined by the healthy instinct of two large nations to be on good terms with each other.

And the fate of Russian oil? Recognition by the United States and by Great Britain may bring the Moscow Government credits and loans with the aid of which it would itself operate the oil-fields of the Caucasus. Or the Soviet Government may continue its concession policy. In that event American companies would enjoy a virtual monopoly, for though the Emba field may be granted to the Shell company, which held title to it before the war, the unfathomable wealth of the Caucasus would await American exploitation. The Standard Oil's union with the Anglo-Persian may in itself not eliminate the Rockefeller company unless it chooses to eliminate itself by further agreements with other British organizations like the Royal Dutch and the Shell. For in reality such agreements, which have already been rumored, are not at all matters of business. They are rather an outgrowth of the desire of the Standard Oil to draw an iron ring around Russia by inducing all the powerful oil firms of the world to keep "hands off Russian oil" until Russia recognizes the rights of former owners in the Caucasus. Such a boycott would supposedly bring Russia to her knees. With Sinclair unable to raise the necessary capital the Standard Oil may feel that its battle is won. But Russia can wait.

New Morals for Old

Women – Free for What?

By EDWIN MUIR

IN the beginning of the Scottish Shorter Catechism there is a beautiful affirmation. "The chief end of man," it says, "is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever."

To any one nourished on the literature and thought of the last half-century that sentence, which defines the chief purpose of life as praise and enjoyment, comes like an audacious blasphemy, a blasphemy, however, bringing light and freedom. The terms of the dogma are a little antiquated now, but it would be easy to restate them in modern language. For "God" we might substitute "nature and man" or, if we were metaphysically inclined, "God in nature and man." The authors of the Shorter Catechism, entangled as they were in a gloomy theology, recognized that the significance of life cannot reside in the labor by which men maintain it, but in some kind of realization of ourselves and of the world which is the highest enjoyment conceivable of both.

Let us go back for a few decades and see if we can catch the values of our time confusedly shaping themselves within the framework of human life. I say shaping themselves, for as Nietzsche said fifty years ago, the time of the conscious valuers has passed; our values for a century have not been created, they have happened. They happened because men had become skeptical not merely of God, or of the existence of a moral order, but of life itself, and could not set before themselves any purpose justifying life, but only its bare mechanism, work, duty, the preservation of society. It has been, thus, one of the main achievements of modern thought to banish from the world the notion of enjoyment. This was begun first in a philosophical way by the utilitarians, who were reasonably convinced that, factories existing for the first time as far as they knew in history, it was incumbent on men to work in them. A fine philosophy, truly; yet men believed in it. After the utilitarians came the advocates of self-help, who showed that the utilitarian policy might not be without individual advantage; that if one cut off one's pleasures, or at least those which cost money, one might win a bizarre, undreamed-of success. The anchorites of wealth arose, the great men who, when they had acquired riches which might have built a new Florence, if scarcely a new Jerusalem, could make no use of them, preferring to teach in Sunday-schools and endow universities. In the eyes of these men wealth was justified only if it could not be enjoyed, for enjoyment was the one thing which went against all their ideas, all those instincts which had set them where they stood. Wealth, thus, could not be enjoyed, could not be used, for when they had reached their end the means still remained means.

The disciples of Smiles have disappeared; men get rich in other ways now; nevertheless a whole view of life has been left behind which we have not fundamentally questioned. The Victorians established the basis of morals in utility; we have come to the stage when we imagine that the basis of life itself is utility. For recreation as an end in itself we have so little appreciation that even sport has become a kind of duty, and nothing is more devastating than the scorn of a conscientious athlete for those who, enjoying perfectly good health, do not go to the trouble of keeping themselves fit. A little unpremeditated pleasure still persists in our common lives, in fox-trotting, drinking, and revues, but it is without either taste or resource; it is not expression but simply relaxation, an amusing way of being tired. The one thing that people will not pardon is the taking of pleasure seriously as an end in itself. The aesthete, at the Renaissance a type of the opulence of life, and quite a common, indeed an expected type, is in our day an aberration demanding our satire when once we have overcome our indignation. Nothing shows more disastrously how incapable we are of entertaining the conviction that life in itself, apart from the labor necessary to make it possible, is a thing worth living. Even art has justified itself for several decades chiefly by its social utility, and only now, against strong opposition, is it escaping from the barriers set up by the generation overawed by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells. The notion that men may be on the earth for something else than sweating is dead. We have arrived at an amazing incapacity for joy; and

life is to us always less worth living than it should be.

This exaltation of means has brought about a general instrumentalization of life. It weighs heavily upon men; but upon women its weight is crushing, for women have not such a ready capacity as men for transforming themselves to the image of their functions, and they disfigure themselves more in the attempt. Consequently, as woman has taken a larger and larger part in our tentative and unsatisfactory civilization she has undergone, in fact and in people's minds, a distorting process. It is true, woman, lovely woman, the fair charmer, has passed away; but we are hardly better off now when she has become a term like economics. After the economic man has come the economic woman; that is, an entity almost as useful as machinery, and for the inner culture of mankind almost as uninteresting.

How, in striving for emancipation, woman has reached such a dismal stage in her development is one of the saddest stories of our time. The age is an age of work; woman desires freedom, the right of every human being; and freedom in such an age can only mean the freedom to work. But to work, except in a few vocations such as art, is in our time to specialize oneself, and the freedom of women has necessarily resolved itself into a permission to do little things which can give them no final satisfaction. Their freedom is bounded by the slavery under which men, too, suffer; and in changing their occupations they have not escaped from the cage, but only out of one compartment of it into another a little more cheerless than the first. They have achieved a little more liberty than they had before; but this liberty is disenchanting because it leaves them as far away as ever from the full liberty of their spirit. Perhaps in no other age has woman been, in a deep, instinctive sense, so skeptical as she is at present.

And for all this the age—an age in which labor has a fantastic prominence—is responsible; for it is in a time when everybody works, and when there is nothing conceivable that one can do but work, that the cantankerous question of inequality arises. Only in a race can one be slower than another; only then does the necessity to become as good a runner as the fastest come home poignantly to every one. But if it should happen that life is not a race at all? Where leisure is regarded as a more important thing than work and work falls into its proper, subordinate place as the mere means to leisure one does not think very much about inequality, for it has no longer any urgent importance. Nor does one set much value, except in superficials, on uniformity. Among people free from crushing labor (as the whole human race may some time be) there has always been delight in diversity and scorn for uniformity; for, to people enjoying their spirit and the world, diversity even when it is exasperating is of infinite interest, giving a satisfying sense of the richness of life.

Comedy—and comedy is idleness tolerantly enjoying itself—is founded, it has been said, upon a recognition of the equality of the sexes; but it would be more just to say that it is founded upon a view of life into which the notions of equality and inequality do not enter at all, because they are unnecessary. To Congreve and Stendhal women were not the inferior sex, for, in spite of the conventions in which ostensibly they moved, they were free, and therefore interesting. And remote as these figures are from us, they demonstrate a very useful truth, that the way to get over our stupid obsession with inequality is to reach a stage where diversity will be the norm, involving disadvantage to no one. Toward that stage, which can only be made possible by a more general leisure, we are moving, if what the reformers and the scientists tell us is true. It will be a stage in which rules will have more importance than laws and spontaneous actions than obligations; and most of the things we do will be regarded as play rather than duty. Conduct will probably be about a fourth of life, instead of the three-fourths postulated by Matthew Arnold. And although this state has not come yet and may not come for a long time, it would be as sensible to found a philosophy upon it as upon a period of transition as dismal and impermanent as ours. Moreover the values of the past are against us as well as those of the future which we imagine. There is a certain ignobility in the dispute over human inequality, a failure to rise to the human level. It is not a question but a misunderstanding, which the accumulated imaginative culture of the world might have made impossible. A little sense of the richness of life would disperse it. Who would be so fantastic as to say that Falstaff is greater or less than Ophelia, or whether Uncle Toby is the exact equal of Anna Karenina? To ask the question is to evoke at once an image of the diverse riches of human nature and of the poverty of mind which can reduce it to such terms, destroying all interest and all nuance.

But where our instrumental philosophy has had the most grotesque effect has been upon our conception of love. People have come to regard love as merely a device for propagating the race. Now this view of love is not new; it has always been dear to the bourgeoisie, who have always thought it a matter of immense moment that they should have sons to carry on their businesses when they were dead. It is the immemorial philistine conception of love: the strange thing is that it has been taken over by the intelligentsia and glorified. This is in the strictest sense a revolution in thought. No one who has written beautifully of love has thought of it as the intellectuals think. To Plato and Dante the essence of love did not reside in procreation; nor has procreation been anything but a divine accident to the poets. And that is in the human tradition, and probably in the natural order of things; for it is possible that both love and procreation are most perfect when they are unpremeditated, and the child comes as a gift and a surprise; for in the fruits of joy there is a principle of exuberance which distinguishes them from the fruits of duty.

The intellectuals have destroyed the humanistic conception of love as pure spontaneity, as expression, by setting its justification not within itself, but in the child. In "Man and Superman" Mr. Shaw makes Tanner say that if our love did not produce another human being to serve the community, the community would have the sacred right of killing us off, just as the hive kills off the drones who do not attain the queen bee. But what does that mean? It means that happiness is of no importance, that it is a matter of the slightest moment whether, in a life which will never be given to us again, we realize some of the potentialities of our being or pass through it blind to the end. If it is worth while living at all, this must needs be the precise opposite of the truth. The child, like everything else, is justified; but it is not justified because it adds to the potential wealth of society, but because it adds to our present delight, and moreover lives a life as valid as our own. The truth is that we dare not admit that any pleasure whatever has a right to exist without serving society, and serving it deliberately.

The joys of other generations have become our duties; and it is significant that Mr. Shaw and the bulk of the intelligentsia are at one on the birth-rate with the Roman Catholic Church, that church which has on many occasions through its theologians affirmed its belief that sensual love is a guilty thing, and, using its own kind of logic, has exhorted man to multiply and replenish the earth.

"The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever"; and that being so, it is the task of those who are a little more serious than the serious to set about discovering the principles of glory and enjoyment in life. And—I am setting down a truism—the main principle of enjoyment for the human race is not art, nor thought, nor the practice of virtue, but for man, woman, and for woman, man. The exchange of happiness between the sexes is not only the creative agent in human life, perpetuating it; it is also the thing which gives the perpetuation of life its chief meaning. People have always felt this vaguely; it has made labor endurable to them; but hardly ever have they recognized it clearly, and to the poets and artists who know it they have always responded a little skeptically. They have thought of love as a justification a little too materialistic for life; but love is only materialistic when it is regarded as a means.

To accept men and women as ends in themselves, to enter into their life as one of them, is to partake of absolute life, that life which at every moment realizes itself, existing for its own sake. We cannot live in that life continuously; for the accomplishment of the intricate purposes of society we must at certain times and with part of our minds regard our fellow-creatures as instruments; but the more we tend to do so the more we banish joy from life. Life does not consist, whatever the utilitarians may say, in functioning, but in living; and life comes into being where men and women, not as functions, but as self-constituted entities, intersect. This is the state which in religion as well as art has been called life; this is the final life of the earth, beyond which there is no other. We may accept it or pass it by; but whatever we may do with it, it is our chief end, giving meaning to the multitudinous pains of humanity. This commerce between men and women is not merely sexual, in the narrow sense which we have given the word; it involves every human joy, all the thoughts and aspirations of mankind stretching into infinity. It is the thing which has inspired all great artists, mystical as well as earthy. It is the point of reference for any morality which is not a disguised kind of adaptation; for virtue consists in the capacity to partake freely of human happiness. All reform, all economic and political theory has a meaning in so far as it makes for this; and that was recognized by the first reformers, the utopians who had not yet become mere specialists in reform.

The libertarian movement has been such a dismal affair, thus, not because it has been too free, but because it has not been free enough. The democracies and the women of the world have been potentially liberated; but not so very long ago they were slaves, and they have still a slave's idea of freedom. Instead of equal joys they have asked for equal obligations; and the whole world is in the grip of a psychological incapacity to escape from the idea of obligation. Against the unreasonable solemnity which this has imposed on everything there is little left for us except a deliberate and reasonable light-heartedness; this, and the faith that the human race will some time attain the only kind of freedom worth striving for, a freedom in joy.

La Follette's Party—Will It Last?

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

TO this reporter the elements supporting La Follette seem to be fortuitously conjoined members of a body of clay into which La Follette will have to breathe the breath of life if the body is to remain intact and spring to its feet and live as a new and permanent political party.

Each of the three great elements supporting La Follette is doing it for a special separate reason of its own.

Let us consider, first, the railroad trade unions. Why was it that in the Cleveland convention the railroad trade unions were so strongly represented and the plumbers and carpenters and bricklayers and cigar-makers and barbers and textile workers and iron-puddlers—and even miners—were relatively so weakly and scantily, and sometimes even negligibly, represented?

Is the locomotive engineer by inherent nature more radical than the carpenter? Is the railroad conductor by inherent nature a more outbreaking character than the miner? Are the "aristocrats of labor" in our train service more democratic politically than the lower branches of the labor tree?

The answer manifestly simply is that the railroad trade unions have a special grievance of their own in relation to the Government and in relation to their employers under the Esch-Cummins Transportation Law. When and if that grievance is abated we must in common-sense expect to see an averaging-out of the radicalism of the railroad trade unions and of the radicalism of other unions.

Meanwhile, a large part of the agricultural element which will support La Follette in the Northwest has been brought to its present state of mind by innumerable orations declaring that the specific proof of the need of a new political movement is the low price of wheat.

In the first two decades of this century a relative rise in the price of farm products, especially as compared with railroad freight rates, was accompanied by an almost complete disappearance of the old Granger and Greenback and Anti-Monopoly and Populist movements which had rallied and thrilled the agricultural West and Northwest during the last three decades of the last century.

In 1892 the Populists got a million votes at the polls and twenty-two votes in the presidential electoral college. In 1900 they got fifty thousand votes at the polls and not one electoral vote.

What is to prevent a relative revival of agricultural prosperity from doing to the La Follette party what it did to the Populist Party?

The third great element energetically promoting and supporting La Follette—in addition to the railroad trade unions and the Northwestern farmers—is the Socialist Party of Debs and Hillquit. Most of the railroad trade unionists and most of the Northwestern farmers are far

indeed from being Socialists. They are distinctly non-Socialist. So are all the members of La Follette's own immediate machine, and so is La Follette himself.

On domestic issues the La Follette party has a pro-governmentalist wing, as illustrated by Hillquit of New York, and it has an anti-governmentalist wing, as illustrated by Voigt of Wisconsin, a La Folletteist who in the House of Representatives was one of the official managers of the opposition to the governmental wheat-trading corporation proposed by the McNary-Haugen bill.

On foreign issues the La Follette party has a pro-League wing, as illustrated by William H. Johnston, who was chairman of the Cleveland convention, and by Burton K. Wheeler, who is the party's candidate for Vice-President, and it has an anti-League wing, as illustrated by Shipstead of Minnesota, who is the outstanding figure among the outright Farmer-Laborites of the Northwest, and by La Follette, the party's candidate for President.

Is each of the two old parties divided on crucial issues? So is the new party.

What dominant idea can fuse the elements of the new party together? What permanent idea, what permanent vision, can keep the hungry elements of the new party alert and alive for "progress" when perhaps their hunger has been satisfied by larger personal incomes and when they are tempted to follow the old Populists back from penniless radicalism to affluent political regularity?

There is only one State in this Union in which a radical movement has outlasted internal divisions and has outlasted prosperity. That State is Wisconsin.

Wilsonian Democratic radicalism in New Jersey in 1911 and 1912 produced the famous legislative "Seven Sisters" against "monopoly" and in favor of "the new freedom" in the economic life of the State, and then the "Seven Sisters" became wall-flowers and "the new freedom" became a mirage and Wilsonian Democratic radicalism in New Jersey became an empty memory.

Johnsonian Republican radicalism brought forth immensely larger fruits and gave California a new governmental era, which in the essential machinery of it has remained operative till now. Yet, with the temporary decline of Johnson's personal power in California, no new fruits are today apparent in the Californian political air. It has become an air carrying few seeds of change.

Meanwhile in Wisconsin—and in Wisconsin alone—a progressive movement, showing its head above ground sturdily in 1898, is still throwing out new branches and bringing forth new fruits from the same roots and the same sap in 1924.

What is the explanation? Is there an explanation? This writer will attempt one in an ensuing article.

Here he points out just two summary facts.

In the first place the Wisconsin movement has been characterized by a deep passion for human personal individual liberty—and liberation. People were to be freed from so-called "subjection" to railroad corporations but they were also to be freed, for instance, from subjection to their own ignorance. They were to get ahead not merely by throwing the railroad corporations off their backs but also then by doing something for themselves in their own sweat. Therefore the La Follette movement enormously and spectacularly supported the State University in its effort to study out and develop the means by which the individual farmer and the individual wage-earner and (for that matter) the individual business man might by his own exertions find for himself new capacity and new liberty and new prosperity together.

In the second place, and in association with this interest in liberty, the La Follette movement in Wisconsin has never attempted to make the State the operator of business but only an agency through which a fairer field—fairer in justice and fairer in fruits—could be given to the private operators of it in so far as was consistent with their duties to other tax-payers and to consumers.

The La Follette movement in Wisconsin has not been socialism in harmony with Mr. Hillquit's idea. It has not been individualism in harmony with this writer's idea. It has been an in-between third thing—the only thing of its kind in America—the only thing that has kept a so-called progressive movement in America permanently intact and alert and alive. In an article next week this writer will essay to describe it in operating practice as the possible coming inspiration of the suddenly assembled and incoherent and unadjusted political body which La Follette is now nationally leading.

In the Driftway

ANTHROPOLOGISTS who for the last fortnight may have been smacking their lips in joyous anticipation of a feast to make the researches of Mr. Beebe and his companions seem like the attempts of mere infants in the art of fauna-hunting may now sit back quietly in their chairs, unfurrow their brows, roll down their sleeves, and heave a sigh of relief—not unmixed, the Drifter fancies, with a tinge of disappointment. They may even go on comfortably with their summer vacationing, safe in the knowledge that there are no rock-hurling apemen at large in the untenanted jungles of the Northern Pacific coast. The Drifter sits back, too, and idly goes on with his own summer plans—which include a trip abroad when rates are at their lowest—but not before he casts a roving eye over the cuttings that strew his desk and are, alas, all that remains of what might have been the nucleus of a new and exciting chapter of life in the animal kingdom. And he reflects, too, on the possibility that real apemen who inhabit far-away regions as yet unexplored may even now be swinging by their prehensile tails and snickering over the gullibility of their more civilized human relatives in distant zones.

* * * *

WHAT started it all was the report which came winging across from the West two weeks ago: A tribe of apemen had appeared in the wild mountain defiles of Washington, and had made battle with stones on a lonely prospector's cabin. What really happened will doubtless never find its way into the first readers and history primers of another generation, but certain it is that the waiting East was thereafter treated to a fortnight of fantastic journalistic narrative, with the result that the archives have been prepared with oil and wine, fine linen and purple against the reception of this latest living contribution to their treasures. The Drifter suspects that many a thrill of joy in that fortnight has passed up the spines of a round hundred scientifically inclined college professors weary of tipping back their chairs on the boarding-house porch or

waiting for a bite more promising than a bull-head or a catfish.

* * * *

TWO weeks of round-eyed expectation. Two weeks of feverish perusal of the morning news, of vivid conjecture and the consultation of tomes, and of conversation, and controversy. Indian lore, drawn from its source by way of the tribe's most erudite living member, legends and fables unearthed—and always the trimming of fascinating journalistic jargon: "apemen"—"hairy Indians"—"mountain devils"—"giants roving the hills"—"shaggy creatures who kill game by hypnotism"—"ventriloquists."

* * * *

AND then the sickening denouement. The Drifter cannot find the courage to tell of it. He sighs and passes the buck to a fellow-dupe. It is the New York *World* of July 23. The fellow-dupe has nothing to say. It presents cold type, devoid of a touch of human emotion. There is only a stark, brief paragraph, hanging by a thread to the end of a column and looking as though it had been whittled to fit its meager two inches of space:

> PORTLAND, ORE., July 22.—Two boys at the Y. M. C. A. Camp at Spirit Lake on Mount St. Helens believe that they were the "apes" which prospectors reported hurled stones at their cabin recently.
>
> One boy, Maxwell Pierce, wrote to his parents: "We stumbled onto a trail that led to the miners' cabin. A couple of them greeted us with revolvers. They told us we were the first ones ever to find their cabin, but the next day they told the rangers their 'apeman' story."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

1848-1860-1924

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "America is no place for third parties"—that is the belief of every 100 per cent American who has not read the history of his country, and probably could not quote a line of the Constitution or the Declaration of Independence. But whether America is a place for third parties or not, we have to admit that there have been third-party movements, one of which finally crystallized into the very party of which Silent Cal is now the leader.

The situation at this time is, in many respects, like that of 1848. Calvin is our Cass, La Follette our Van Buren, but at this writing who can say who is our Taylor? The previous administration had toadied to the slave-owners, and although from the North, Cass refused to "interfere with the rights of the States" in this regard. So today Coolidge has toadied in every respect to Wall Street; in place of the Mexican War we have the oil scandal, which the President has all but condoned, doing nothing to punish the wrongdoers.

The Socialist Party occupies the position of the old Liberty Party, which compromised with the "progressives" of the time in the formation of the Free Soil Party. While this party was not strong enough to win its way, it did hurt the other parties. Van Buren, a lifelong Democrat, left his party for his ideals, sacrificed his position in society, and ran as a "radical." La Follette, whatever have been his views, has always been a Republican in name, though he may have little in common with Lodge or Coolidge. But neither did Van Buren and Calhoun have much in common, though both were members of the same party. And just as Van Buren probably drew more votes from Cass in 1848, especially in the North, than from Taylor, so will La Follette probably draw more votes from Coolidge than from the Democratic nominee and secure the latter's election.

Yes, and in 1846-1848 we had a great Puritan reform movement and the beginning of the anti-Catholic, anti-"furriner," 100 per cent Nordic American Party which lived and died and then was resurrected in the form of the more powerful Know-Nothing Party.

This brings us to the analogy between La Follette and Lincoln, probably the two most honest, whatever else may be said, of all the characters that have ever appeared in American political life. Lincoln would never have been elected if he had not had three opponents. La Follette cannot be elected, except by a miracle, if there are three parties this fall. But if, like the Know-Nothings, or American Constitutional Party, their offspring, the K. K. K., should put a ticket in the field, "Fighting Bob's" chances would be greatly enhanced.

This will not be another 1912. Will it be an 1848? Will it be an 1860?

San Francisco, July 4 SAMUEL LEWIS

Against Gandhi

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wonder whether your interest in Mr. Gandhi is sufficiently two-sided to permit of my gently protesting against the exaggerations and fulsomeness of some of your recent pieces about him? Your correspondents appear to worship from afar, but if I understand *The Nation* correctly it wants to get the clay feet into perspective when it takes a picture, and to have a good look at the halo, tap it if necessary, to make sure it is not stannous.

What happened is quite simple. When Mr. Gandhi was in South Africa he used the weapon of non-cooperation with a compact and fairly small body of Indians there who were naturally homogeneous. When he became prominent in India he took up the same weapon against excellent advice which urged upon him the fact that he was bound to fail if he used all India. He thought he knew better, but after 1919 he saw for the moment the possibility of danger, and said so when he opened the 1920 campaign. His own words:

> I should cease to cooperate [with the non-cooperators] and advise every Hindu, and for that matter every one else, to cease to cooperate the moment there was violence actually done [by his own followers], advised, or countenanced. I would therefore urge upon all speakers the exercise of the greatest restraint under the greatest provocation. . . . The cause is doomed if anger, hatred, ill-will, recklessness, and finally violence are to reign supreme. I shall resist them with my life, even if I should stand alone.

All unimpeachable sentiments expressed on March 10, 1920, but not for long afterward. (Mind you, this was after Dyer had done his fiendish work at Jallianwallah Bagh; so the worst its rulers could do was already behind poor India.) He took to provocative language. He called the Government devilish and satanic over and over in public, to mobs of every sort. He burned piles of European clothes to the tune of execration. He denounced everything modern, like motor cars and trains, while he himself used them.

When violence appeared *did* he resist with his life? Not in the least. He fasted once or twice for a day or a week, without the least effect upon anybody, as far as one could notice. He called his own passive-resistance movement of 1919 "a Himalayan blunder," but was tempted to repeat the blunder on a large scale in 1920. In March he spoke, as I have shown, but a few months later we heard with horror his announcement that it might be necessary to wade through "rivers of blood" and stride over "mountains of corpses" to get to the goal. Whose blood and bodies? Chauri Chaura is a good specimen of the answer in fact. There the Indian police were burned alive by the Indian people roused by Mr. Gandhi's wild lan-

guage. You may say he was not to blame. But what then was the good of his several promises to "retire to the Himalayas" if there were violence, or even coercion? Would he had retired! As the number of riots mounted, the Government became anxious. At last came Malabar, after ninety-two other disturbances, some most serious. Not all were directly consequent upon non-cooperation, but the excessive number in the total and the considerable number traceable directly to that prove that Mr. Gandhi is not a man of his word. Well, then Malabar. Thousands dead, tortures unspeakable, homes burned, and all the rest of it. Mr. Gandhi stood helplessly by. But the Government had had all it could stand. What would any government do under such circumstances? It arrested him politely, and gave him comfortable quarters in privacy.

The political workers who really united India were those who built up the home-rule movement from 1913 to 1918—Mr. Tilak, Mrs. Besant, and others. It was they, and not the non-cooperators, who got the announcement of home rule as the goal (Parliament, August 20, 1917) and got the reforms of 1919, in which progressive steps were guaranteed. They in turn built upon the work of the Congresses of preceding years. The Congress had not had the daring and the vision to demand this, but the home rulers had, and they soon got the Congress to accept the demand and back it up. This united the country and gave it hope and enthusiasm. When Mr. Gandhi appeared on the scene he had this capital to use, and he used it most unwisely, squandering it in his visionary schemes, his swaraj-in-a-month-or-two promises (there were several of these) and those wild-cat ventures which exploited schoolboys ruthlessly and poisoned the mind of young India, teaching it to howl down speakers and destroy the magnificent, restrained, but one-pointed will, which the home rulers had evoked.

What did Mr. Gandhi contribute? Disunion, for one thing. The country was united in 1917. All that Mr. Gandhi did was to help break up the firm union. His subtle egotism made him a tool for Islamic interests. Bit by bit he lost his footing in spiritual things, as practical considerations (which he never understood) drove him into corner after corner. Your pages have never dealt with this side of the story. I know that you aim carefully at the truth, but I know also that as regards India you have failed lamentably to hit it.

Sydney, Australia, May 1 F. KUNZ

Private Property in Esthonia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter in *The Nation* of April 2—somewhat tardily brought to my attention—Professor Piip, the Esthonian Minister at Washington, commenting on an article of Mr. Louis Fischer's in which references were made to the new Baltic republics, remarks:

> Mr. Fischer overlooked also the agrarian reform put through in Esthonia in 1919 and in Latvia in 1920, by which all the large estates were proclaimed state property and taken over after payment of compensation.

The large estates were, indeed, taken over, but the phrase "after payment of compensation" is a trifle misleading. Payment was offered for the "inventory"—i.e., animals, machinery, etc.—and not infrequently refused by the former estate-owners, in the belief that such acceptance of payment might be construed as acceptance of the principle of confiscation. The question of payment for the land itself was postponed to an indefinite future date.

This partial compensation, based on the pre-war value of the articles in question, turned into Esthonian paper marks at an arbitrary rate of exchange, was so small that the owner of a large and well-developed estate might find himself with no more than enough to pay his board and lodging for a few months in Reval.

That the Esthonian Government, desperately trying to establish itself and make both ends meet after the hurricane of war and revolution, had no funds with which to compensate the estate-owners is understandable enough. That it felt itself compelled to "meet the competition" of Soviet Russia, from which it had just won its independence, is also understandable, although this aspect of the matter can scarcely be gone into here. But it is only fair to the Balt estate-owners to state the plain facts—that their losses as the result of their own revolution were only slightly less complete than those of estate-owners in Russia itself.

New York, June 14 ARTHUR RUHL

Hurting France

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his appeal through your columns for books of reference for the University of Strasbourg, André Koszul cites as an example of the way in which the Germans had neglected scientific productions from America the fact that in the library there the Poole's Index to Periodical Literature stops at 1902! Surely the French professor must know that Poole's Index, as such, has stopped, and that for the last twenty years or more its place has been taken by the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. If that is not on the shelves at Strasbourg, it is, indeed, some indictment of German thoroughness, though one wonders why the French, during the five years since the war that they have been in charge, have apparently till now made no effort to supply the deficiency.

I take pleasure in sending the missing volumes and subscribing to the current numbers of the Readers' Guide for the University of Strasbourg. Those who are interested in seeing the writings of one nation studied in another are always glad to respond to an appeal of this kind, even when it is accompanied with an apparent attempt to discredit still another nation. We may feel that some of the finest spirits of France—Renan, Anatole France, Romain Rolland—would not at this time have mixed any such slur with their appeal. It is a shame that other Frenchmen do not realize that such an attempt now to turn prejudice against the Germans merely lends color abroad to the mistaken feeling that such a tendency is characteristic of the French, and thus tends to hurt the reputation of France more than it does that of Germany.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 15 H. W. L. DANA

Against Blasphemy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The good Lord knows that I am not the most appropriate person to act as Defender of the Faith but I have got to say this or bust:

In the New York *Tribune* of Sunday, July 27, appeared a photograph of one of those terrible boy evangelists who sometimes are spewed forth by the darkest hinterland. The text accompanying the picture announced that the brat had been arrested for speeding, and then, if you please, had prayed for the policeman who arrested him quoting the Bible words: "Forgive them for they know not what they do."

In the name of an outraged citizenry I beg to protest against this vile profanation of an inherently holy sentiment. To publish the mug of that arrogant little wretch is bad enough. But spare us his blasphemy!

Westport, Connecticut, July 27 H. v. L.

The next article in the series on New Morals for Old will be Modern Marriage and Ancient Laws, by Arthur Garfield Hays.

Give Not With Your Hands

By MacKNIGHT BLACK

Give not with your hands; they might break, lifting mountains.
Give not with your lips, shaping words like blue swords, or lanterns of silver, to fail.
Give with your heart, like earth, the old giver,
Not knowing what life shall come out of its wholeness,
Thundering the white pear branches of Spring from its silent dark!

Books

A Course Charted

Culture and Democracy in the United States. By Horace M. Kallen. Boni and Liveright. $3.

ALTHOUGH inseparably bound up with the discussion of the state of civilization in the United States which is the subject of the rest of his book, Mr. Kallen has written in the chapter Humanism and the Industrial Age a critique which goes far beyond the confines of our national cultural problem. It is, as its title denotes, a study of the transformation of the human mind by the forces of our time; it is the philosophical solvent that melts all the inquiries, criticisms, and utopias of the present generation into fluid thought capable of moving toward some attainable goal; it is, in short, the stuff that religions are made of. Given the fundamental ideas at which Mr. Kallen has arrived, a Loyola would have organized a new order in which he could initiate genuinely creative laws of living, a Luther would have arraigned the present spiritual props of our social framework and, like Bryan, would have maneuvered legislatures into making theological doctrine a political question, a Wesley would have moved the mob to a vision of higher values and would at least have substituted some emotional ritual for the concepts that his audiences could not absorb—and Mr. Kallen writes an essay for a book which will be read by a few hundred intellectual defeatists who are incapable of greater exertion than their daily commiseration of God for the sorry state of the universe.

The fault is, of course, Horace Kallen's. He lacks both Peter and Paul in his make-up, or, to put it in the succinct terms of our industrial age, he does not sell his idea. It is not that he is wanting in the magnetism or the fervor of these religious leaders, but that he is writing without the compass which guided them to their all-important ends. There is a conflict as well as a contrast between the clear and concrete goal to which each of his chapters is directed and the devious, difficult course which each sentence and paragraph pursues. The reader who would follow Mr. Kallen to his conclusion will be amply rewarded by the Pisgah sight of contemporary civilization and of its future possibilities, but he must be prepared for an arduous journey which will tax all his faculties. Let me not be misunderstood. In this volume the reader is not asked to crash through the noxious underbrush of dead and moldering terms and concepts that obstruct progress in the works of the general pedagogues of philosophy; Mr. Kallen is most emphatically not academic—he is fresh, vital, and vigorous. Again the reader is not forced to seek out the implications of inadequate definitions and to rescue important meanings from pages of surging emotions; Mr. Kallen is no *enfant terrible* of a howling generation—he is articulate and comprehensive. But he pursues each idea to its philosophical source, each deduction to its logical end; he not only hunts the fox, but also bolts every hare that comes athwart his chase. That's his undoing.

The essence of his conception of the ultimate reconciliation between man and the machine, or, rather, of the true conquest by man of machinery, toward which the twentieth century is heading, may be gathered from a few extracts:

> The living pattern of this new humanism, the humanism of the industrial age, cannot yet be fully prefigured. Only some of its qualities can be signalized and the attitude toward man and the world in which its freedom and fellowship cohere. . . . There has been a concentration on the attainment of self-knowledge and self-mastery through the psychological disciplines; not constrained; spontaneous rather, and inevitable. Its spirit is a joyous realism. . . . It aims at freedom, but its foundations are such that when it turns from rebellion to creation the freedom it attains will rest secure on the recognition of the casual bases of life and will crave the courageous attempt to evaluate and master them. . . . This is an experiential naturalism. It acquiesces in the living propulsions of its theme. It seeks to understand it by its history and setting and to give it ideal fulfilment by working out the perfections wherein a reaction to life becomes an achievement of art. Both joy and beauty enter into it. . . . It does not interpret, it envisages. The metaphysical democracy of science directs its imagination and guides its craftsmanship. Before its temper and spirit the ancestral quarrel of romanticists and classicists, of ancients and moderns, is dispelled as vapor before sunlight. History and the future, the near and the far, the passionate and the intellectual, the traditional and the novel, the ephemeral and the lasting, the hidden as well as the public, have equal holiday in its court, but particularly the hitherto unregarded common things, the routine and grubby detail of daily life. Whatever has a ground in existence is capable of a glow of beauty without illusion, which this new spirit in art promises to elicit and set forth. . . . It promises, when it comes, to be much more socialized than the old humanism, its freedom and fellowship being spelled in terms of the community in the individual, not the individual in the community. Of religion, in its traditional sense, it gives no indication; it would seem to make no claims on life; rather it accepts and enjoys. Its spirit, consequently, will be catholic, tolerant, disillusioned, and serene.

This, then, is the promise of what the age of science holds in store for the spirit. In a large measure the changes toward this ideal are inevitable and self-engendered or, at least, generated by conditions beyond human control; but to the extent that life may be molded and shaped in order to bring it about, the work will be done not by the humanist sect in the academies, "romanticists disturbed by their own times and fleeing for refuge to antiquity," but by the new rebellious generation which even now, as it turns from revolt to disillusion, has intimations of the new humanism.

In the United States this spiritual development is further complicated by the problems peculiar to our country. And this brings us to the bulk of Mr. Kallen's book. Is culture compatible with democracy? Is democracy compatible with the temper of the American people? Who is the American people—or is it peoples? Is the Ku Klux cry against "foreigners" simply a cruder and more rancorous expression of the theories that are axiomatic to the mind of the average Anglo-Saxon-American? Is the Anglo-Saxon-American more American than the Irish-Jewish-Scandinavian-American, or any other hyphenate? These and other inquiries into the national constitution and the American psychology make up the studies. It is at once obvious that the work is timely as well as permanent.

It is more. It is a challenge and a test. Henceforth every American, especially he who plays his part in molding public opinion, must take a stand for or against the ideas to which Mr. Kallen has given expression, unless he would be accused of groping blindly for an unknown end. Columbia is moving forward, and moving swiftly. And now Mr. Kallen has mapped not only her direction, but the sources of her motive power as well. Surely no one should presume to take the helm and steer her course without considering this chart.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

A Civil War City

Richmond, Its People and Its Story. By Mary Newton Stanard. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

BETWEEN old and new Richmond, as interpreted by Mrs. Mary Newton Stanard, there is a narrower gulf than I had believed possible—in fact, hardly a gulf at all, only a gradual gentle progress along the original track marked out by William Byrd. This is reassuring to those who know Richmond, because the old city, for the most part burned in the war between the States, was, as American cities go, sufficiently picturesque. We are accustomed to regard the new city as a more or less mushroom growth, whose relationship with the old is vague—at times non-existent; a city whose picturesque qualities live chiefly in certain of its inhabitants.

Richmond's story, from its foundation by Colonel Byrd and his friends in 1753—it is a comparatively new city—to its return to the Union in 1870, moves easily. It is not generally known outside the State that Richmond has not been the most romantic part of Virginia, except during its four years as capital of the Confederacy. Aristocratic Virginia lived for the most part on its plantations, and Richmond was a center where laws were made and tobacco was bought and sold. As the successor to Williamsburg it became an important part of American history, and Mrs. Stanard has used this history to make an amazingly interesting story. Colonial Richmond, revolutionary Richmond, and the Richmond which witnessed the debate for and against the Constitution between the adherents of Washington and Jefferson shortly after the colonies became States, are recreated with color and grace.

Enlightening, too, is the tale of a Negro uprising which did not quite occur at the dawn of the nineteenth century. This is fresh information to many persons who believe that if Negroes had been allowed to remain black they would never have become a problem. The battle between Federalists and Republicans is presented quite without bias as are the personalities of Marshall, Mason, Henry, Randolph, Pendleton, Madison, Monroe, and others who pass through "the Court End of town." This "Court End of town," by the way, remains one of the few visible links between old Richmond and new. Some of it still stands, lazy and mellow, its white porticoes and iron balconies giving no threat of the lodging-house mustiness all too prevalent within.

Poe's intermittent residence in Richmond and his editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, as well as the visits of Thackeray and Dickens, figure in the latter part of this history, and the subjects of Thackeray's lectures are so alluring that one compares them a bit wistfully with the subjects selected by the English lecturers of today; for example, "Steele and the Times of Queen Anne" and "The Georges of England; Court and Town Life During Their Reigns." He was "delighted," he wrote to a friend in New York, "with the comfortable, friendly, cheery little town—the picturesquest" that he had "seen in America." The first part of the verdict is frequently echoed by novelists who visit Richmond today, but alas for the picturesqueness! George F. Babbitt is as prominent a citizen here today as in Zenith, but he has not pushed his way into Mrs. Stanard's enchanted town, even in her extremely well-done Epilogue.

The Civil War and Reconstruction, which form the core of Richmond's history, live in these pages with a distinguished freedom from bitterness and are the most essential part of the book. For Richmond is preeminently the city of the Civil War. At that period only she was to Virginia what Philadelphia has always been to Pennsylvania and Charleston to South Carolina. Her great traditions, social, military, and political, belong most utterly to that period, when Richmond held literally the nerve centers of America.

EMILY CLARK

Personality in Architecture

The Autobiography of an Idea. By Louis H. Sullivan. With a Foreword by Claude Bragdon. Press of the American Institute of Architects, Inc. $3.

THIS unusual and revealing book is the spiritual confession of an American architect whose philosophy of life is imbedded in its pages as deeply as in his brick and stone. Louis H. Sullivan, whose life closed this spring in Chicago almost at the time of the publication of his book, belonged to a generation of architects who were strong personalities—Stanford White, John W. Root, Daniel H. Burnham, H. H. Richardson, Richard Hunt, and perhaps half a dozen more. They were most effective in the eighties and nineties, when they preached a message of beauty as well as utility—the *venustas* and *utilitas* of Vitruvius—and when, concretely, they met and solved the pivotal problems growing out of the coming of the skyscraper. The temptation to place Mr. Sullivan in the last century is not an error of chronology, for like a writer who exhausts his ideas before the end of his days the architect found his career ended soon after he reached middle age.

Mr. Sullivan has disclosed much in these pages about the evolution of building in America, but his principal concern is with his "idea." He conceives of man as a receptacle of power, who, through fear and tradition, has been hampered in the use of his imagination and his intellect; he celebrates him as a free, conscious agent, capable of becoming a creative dreamer with power of vision to harness the imagination and the intellect, to make science do his will and his emotions serve him. He argues that "man's spirit must be free that his powers may be free to accomplish in beneficence," that man, freed from dogma and fear, may be driven on by imagination, "the inscrutable dynamic power that energizes all other powers." Readers in philosophy may be pardoned if they see here and there a kinship to the doctrines of positive freedom of will, the free, self-conscious spirit, and the rational use of the intellect that have a Kantian ring. It is the story of Mr. Sullivan's progress that is much more important than the evolution of his philosophy, for there are passages here that recall the thorny path of Philip Carey in "Of Human Bondage."

There is plenty of proof that Mr. Sullivan applied his rationalism and his individualism to his buildings. He started with the conviction that "for centuries art had been belittled in superstitions called traditions"; that form followed function, in fact that "function created or organized its form," and that "a realistic architecture should be evolved based on well-defined utilitarian needs—that all practical demands of utility should be paramount as a basis of planning and design; that no architectural dictum, or tradition, or superstition, or habit should stand in the way." He found that the immediate problem was increased daylight in buildings. "This led him to use slender piers, tending toward a masonry and iron combination, the beginnings of a vertical system." He has told here how he built the Auditorium in Chicago—"with its immense mass of ten stories, its tower, weighing thirty million pounds, equivalent to twenty stories—a tower of solid masonry carried on a floating foundation; a great raft 67 by 100 feet." The story of these rafts, moored in Chicago's ooze and sand, is too detailed to be related here—the best account is to be found in "John Wellborn Root" by Harriet Monroe—but their evolution is a chapter in American building. A few years later came the tall, thin, structural iron shaft—the product of the imagination of sales managers of Eastern rolling-mills, who saw their first opportunity for using it in Chicago. The problem of foundation as related to height was solved.

Louis H. Sullivan has recorded here his deep, inward regret that the World's Fair of Chicago of 1893 took its architecture from classical antiquity instead of from the imagination of its builders. The beautiful palace of the arts, soon to be rebuilt in stone in Jackson Park, he terms "the most

impudently thievish." Even at this late day he calls the Fair "a naked exhibition of charlatanry in the higher feudal and domineering culture, conjoined with expert salesmanship of the materials of decay." His opportunity at that Fair consisted chiefly in planning and executing the great door of the Transportation Building. Perhaps it was in a spirit of defiance that he made it so magnificent—for many will remember that it blazed forth in gold amid the cold, dignified classicism. That American architecture can be better served in developing native ideas than by rebuilding the Parthenon on Western prairies I earnestly believe. But I cannot follow Mr. Sullivan in his conviction that the Fair, by its emphasis on the classic, wrought irreparable damage to the art spirit in America, any more than I can imagine the mastery of Greek and Latin working harm to the writer of a pure English prose.

HARRY HANSEN

An Old Master

Celestina, or *The Tragicomedy of Calisto and Melibea.* Translated from the Spanish by James Mabbe (anno 1631). Edited by H. Warner Allen. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

FEW masterpieces have a greater claim than "Celestina" to a place in a collection "of the more robust and human examples of the classic and medieval literature" which the Broadway Translations purpose to be. For "Celestina" is a most profound record of life as understood by a race whose distinguishing feature, according to Havelock Ellis, is, above all, "its primitive and eternal attitude of heroic energy . . . directed toward the more fundamental facts of human existence." "Celestina" is so great an achievement, indeed, that if it ranks second to "Don Quixote" among the glories of Spain, it is not because Cervantes knew human character better than Rojas (whose claim to the authorship of this book is no longer disputed), nor because Rojas was an inferior artist. But rather, because the allegorical meaning we can read into "Don Quixote" gives it a more immediate significance to any age than "Celestina" could possibly possess. In fact, if we could rid ourselves of traditional prejudices we should readily come to see that Rojas's insight into the human soul was in every respect as deep as that of Cervantes, and that his artistry was, perhaps, superior. Mabbe's translation, in spite of the liberties he took with the text, is, in its effect, almost perfect. Professor Allen's introductory essay on the picaresque novel contains much keen criticism and historical information difficult to obtain in so succinct a manner. His arguments supporting Rojas's claim as author, however, are a mere rehashing of facts already well known.

ELISEO VIVAS

A French Realpolitiker

Lettres à un Ami: Souvenirs de ma vie politique. Par Alexandre Ribot. Paris; Editions Bossard. 12 francs.

ALEXANDRE RIBOT was one of that fateful generation whose youth was formed amid the scorching memories of French defeat in 1870 and whose old age found satisfaction in the World War and its intrigues. One wonders if the pan-German youth of today will be as proud of their *revanche* fifty years hence as Ribot was when he wrote these memories of his service in five war cabinets.

As Minister of Finance Ribot was responsible for the war policy of postponing taxation, which has left France with a franc worth less than a quarter of its pre-war par. France did not begin to increase her taxes until after three years of war; Ribot did not even raise a loan until after a year and a half; he lived on inflation. A third of his memoirs is a defense of this policy. In 1916 he began borrowing from American bankers, and his methods improved; it is a little disconcerting to discover how thoroughly Morgan dominated the French fiscal policy even before America entered the war.

The offensive of April 16, 1917, the consequent mutinies, the Russian peace offers, the invasion of Greece all occurred under Ribot's premiership. Nivelle's offensive was not of his planning, but the brusque rejection of the Russian peace offers and the ousting of Constantine were his work, and he was proud of them to his death. He was not the father of the secret treaties, but he was their apologist.

> What preoccupied the Ministry, and especially the President of the Republic [Poincaré], was the fact that we had no written proof of the Czar's promise to support our demand for Alsace and Lorraine and our project of an independent buffer state on the left bank of the Rhine.

It did indeed preoccupy them—so much so that Ribot, like Poincaré, was resolutely opposed to letting the French Socialists try their hand at peace-making in Stockholm in 1917.

> If France had agreed not to demand Alsace-Lorraine and if Italy had given up her claim for Trieste, Germany would doubtless have made some concessions to France in Lorraine (not giving up Metz, however), and the Emperor of Austria would have ceded the Italian-speaking Trentino to Italy in return for some compensation in Africa or elsewhere.

Those to Ribot were impossible terms, but how much better than the "peace" we have!

The story of Constantine's abdication is amazingly frank. It was pure French *Realpolitik.*

> The way to satisfy Admiral Jellicoe, justly fearful of inability to supply the troops at Salonica, because of the submarine war, was . . . to seize the railroad from Salonica to Athens via Larissa. That required a Government at Athens on which we could count.

So Constantine had to go. Ribot decided to land French troops and put him out. England objected. Kerensky's Russia objected. Ribot listened, agreed not to use force, and sent Jonnart to do the deed. Jonnart planned to use force; the English heard of it and protested violently to Ribot; Ribot failed to forward the protest but telegraphed Jonnart that he was "sole judge" of what to do—and the French troops, of course, were landed. It was the depth of duplicity as well as the height of bullying. Ribot, proud of it, died honored as one of France's great leaders.

He was, after all, typical of his generation—the post-war-of-1870 generation that made the pre-war-of-1914 and mid-war policies. Clemenceau was his contemporary; Poincaré spiritually belonged to his generation. Of these and of Millerand, Painlevé, Briand, Joffre, Foch, Lloyd George, and Venizelos he gives discriminating and not too friendly portraits. Of the men now coming to the fore in France he knew little; he never noted economic motivation; he thought exclusively in terms of national prestige. The war of 1870 had blighted him—as the war of 1914-18 seems to have blighted the rulers of tomorrow in Germany.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Industrial Democracy

Representative Government in Industry. By James Meyers. George H. Doran Company. $2.

THIS is an earnest and thoughtful book, but still a somewhat disappointing one. There are in American mills today no less than one thousand plans of employees' representation in actual operation. Mr. Meyers is connected with one of the most successful—the Dutchess Bleachery—and has had ample opportunity to study the technique at first hand. He does not draw heavily on this wealth of operating data, however, but tends rather to give us his philosophy in the historical process, evolution, the psychology of the worker, capitalism, the church, morality, education, and the distribution of income. Not that his philosophy is bad. On the contrary, it seems to me remark-

ably good. But it has all been said a great many times before by Hobson, Veblen, Bertrand Russell, Tawney, and others. For those who have not read the realistic economists intensively, Mr. Meyers's summary is compact, lucid, and to the point. But for those who have so read them, most of the book is an old story, and the paucity of quantitative data covering the subject in hand is, we must admit, a cause for considerable regret.

Mr. Meyers traces the growth of industrialism, shows how the status of the industrial worker today is a de facto slavery —however much the air may be charged with such words as freedom, liberty, equality, and democracy; and how this de facto slavery breeds a relentless psychological reaction of servility or rebellion. In this impasse—of which every intelligent student of industrial affairs is aware—what is to be done? Mr. Coolidge and his friends say nothing. Mr. Trotzky and his friends say communism. Mr. Cole and his friends say guild socialism. Mr. Meyers says introduce representative government into the factory as it has already been introduced into the political state. And he proceeds to a broad outline of the technique involved, and various odds and ends of cases. The outline commands our attention, but the cases—virgin soil for a new book—are pitifully meager. Four main types of workers' representation are set forth:

1. Plans which allow the shop committee of the workers advisory powers only. Such are hypocritical and largely farcical in that the management has absolute veto.

2. Plans which provide for outside arbitration where men and management cannot agree. This removes much of the hyprocrisy, but places little real responsibility on the workers.

3. Plans where representatives of the workers are placed on the board of directors of the company. This is a commendable gesture, but in a crisis the workers, being in a minority, can always be outvoted on the board.

4. Plans where the company deals directly with the *accredited organized trade union* of the workers. Here Greek meets Greek, and here is the only possibility of real control and real responsibility. Mr. Meyers hews to the line when he tells us that of the four classes enumerated this is the only one where hope for genuine industrial democracy lies. Paternalism and democracy have nothing in common, and in class four paternalism is completely relinquished.

But beyond this sound classification I have learned little. I should like to be shown that representative government in industry can bring about at least a partial truce on the industrial front, that it does tend to blunt the edge of the struggle between dividends and wages, that it will abate the de facto condition of industrial slavery and its attendant servility and rebellion, and so make life for millions less of a mockery and a torment. But Mr. Meyers, for all his fine analysis of the factors leading up to the present impasse, adduces no conclusive nor yet compelling data, and gives me little more than hopeful dreams. And of the most significant experiment yet undertaken—the Baltimore and Ohio agreement with the machinists' union—the book contains no word.

STUART CHASE

Byron: The Last Phase

Byron: The Last Journey. By Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

Byron and Greece. By Harold Spender. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

MR. NICOLSON justifies his "presumption" in traversing again the ground already explored by so many scholars by remarking upon the new material that has lately become available and upon the "slightly different angle" of approach which he has adopted. He rightly discards the old legend that the poet went to Greece inspired solely by Philhellenic enthusiasms. But that legend was long since discarded by every student of the subject. Byron was bored in Italy, harassed by his ill repute in England, anxious to escape; yet when committed to the Greek cause, he hesitated and procrastinated and went reluctantly. His statesmanship was of no high order, yet instinctively he decided rightly when, after months of waiting in Cephallonia, he elected to join Mavrocordate in Missolonghi rather than throw the weight of his prestige to the side of the government of Eastern Greece. At Missolonghi he experienced a protracted agony of disillusionment, but by choosing to die rather than to follow the advice of friends and escape, "he secured," says Mr. Nicolson, "the liberation of Greece." The confused events after his death amply bear out this assertion.

Mr. Nicolson writes after his kind—the kind of biographers of the "new" school. He is soundly documented; brilliant, entertaining, clever (a little too clever), at ease. Having decided upon his "angle" of approach, he does not hesitate to minimize or to suppress evidence not in line with his point of view. The picture he draws of Byron is amazingly vivid, but it does not show the whole man. The biographer is fundamentally out of sympathy with his subject until the protagonist is on his death-bed—when sympathy suddenly emerges. Throughout the earlier chapters there are persistent faults of taste and temper. Mr. Gamaliel Bradford is the man to write the book which Mr. Nicolson has attempted to compose.

The chief value of Mr. Spender's compilation is that it gathers together all Byron's writings upon Greece. The plan of printing prose and verse vis-a-vis on alternate pages was not a happy one. Mr. Spender's own comments are somewhat jejune. He errs as much upon the side of overenthusiasm as does Mr. Nicholson in the opposite direction. His narrative of the rape of the Elgin marbles is informative but very badly put together. In a group of appendices various Byronic problems, some of them not at all related to his main subject, are discussed. His bibliography is marred by serious blunders.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Books in Brief

The Happy Traveller. By Frank Tatchell. Henry Holt and Company. $2.25.

Most of the things which the conventional travel guide omits as either undignified or irrelevant will be found in amusing and vivid paragraphs in this volume. The vicar of Midhurst, London, starting with the thesis that travel is the high estate for the young and the poor in purse, proves himself a delightful repository of diverting information, applicable to remote corners of the earth. These pages are filled with detailed and unexpected hints. For instance, "The decay of national costume makes it easy for a man to pass as a native anywhere, at least in Europe." "I take a neck scarf to wear in the country and one rubber collar for the towns." The demarcation between city and country could not be more pithily sketched. Mr. Tatchell tells one what to eat in various countries, and what to drink. He knows a Greek remedy for sunstroke, and an old-fashioned one for cold feet. There are brief conversational guides in many languages, and many hints for walking excursions. The author says that "The Happy Traveller" is a book for poor men, but it is rich in experience.

Come: Let Us Walk Together. By Gabriel Heatter. Brentano's. $1.

It is touching to discover that sporting-goods salesmen still have their inspirational wants supplied in the form of uplift editorials; it is perhaps a little alarming to learn what brand of uplift is on tap. "His Majesty, the American Sportsman" is the keynote, and every transaction involving a tennis racquet or a fishing rod takes on the high glamor of benefaction. "For every dollar a man hands you across the counter . . . you are giving him health, you are restoring happiness, you are leading him back to youth, you are taking him out under the sun, out beside smiling streams and laughing waters." Mr. Heatter writes in the mood of a super-Spalding.

International Relations Section

A Program of Reconciliation

THE executive of the Union of Democratic Control in England has issued the following statement of its views on the Dawes Report and the reparations problem. The present executive of the Union consists of the Right Hon. Lord Acton, Mr. J. A. Hobson, Mr. L. S. Woolf, Mr. H. B. Lees Smith, Hon. Bertrand Russell, Mrs. H. M. Swanwick, Mr. E. D. Morel, M. P.; Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. F. J. Shaw, Captain E. N. Bennett, Mr. C. R. Buxton, and Mr. Hamilton Fyfe.

The executive of the U.D.C. has taken into careful consideration the report of the expert committees appointed by the Reparation Commission to examine and consider the means of balancing the budget and the measures to be taken to stabilize the currency of Germany, and, recognizing the limitations of the committees' terms of reference, expresses the hope that the French and German governments will accept the report.

1. In view of the legacy produced by the events of the past five years and which the present British Government inherited when it took office, we approve its adoption of the report, because we feel that the proposals embodied therein offer a possible means of escape from a situation which was rapidly leading to disaster.

2. We hold, however, firmly to the view that the policy and the principles which still find expression even in this report, viz., that further immense sums must continue to be paid, by way of tribute, for an unspecified number of years, to the victorious states in the Great War by the German people, are morally wrong, politically unwise, and economically disastrous.

MORALLY WRONG, (a) because the continued enforcement of such tribute is avowedly based upon the assumption, arbitrarily affirmed, never submitted to impartial investigation, and reduced to absurdity by post-war official disclosures, that prewar Germany was *solely* responsible for the war; (b) because the overwhelming majority of the present generation in Germany cannot manifestly be considered responsible, in any case, for the events which culminated in the outbreak; (c) because the formal acceptance by Germany of these obligations under the Versailles treaty was obtained under duress and is, therefore, morally invalid.

POLITICALLY UNWISE, because the infliction upon the German people of the moral stigma involved in the assumption of sole guilt, upon which it is sought to justify this tribute, must remain as a rankling sore calculated to hinder the growth of a spirit of peace and good-will, to discourage Germany's application to enter the League of Nations, and, therefore, to prove an obstacle to material and moral disarmament.

ECONOMICALLY DISASTROUS, because the payment of this immense tribute is impracticable, and no stable economic conditions in Europe are possible so long as the attempt to extort it persists.

Therefore, while we consider that, for the reasons already stated, the British Government is justified in giving the recommendations of the report a fair trial, we hold that, should the scheme elaborated in that document break down, no British government should ever again identify itself with a policy which requires the payment by the German people of impossible sums in money and in kind.

We also recommend that there should be an explicit and formal agreement that no separate action shall be taken by any of the signatory governments in the event of another default or failure on the part of Germany.

We urge that the acceptance of the report by the French and German governments should be immediately followed:

(a) By Great Britain renouncing any further share in reparations provided that this renunciation decreases by an equivalent amount the total sum to be paid.

(b) By Great Britain inviting Germany to apply for admission to the League of Nations, and supporting her claim to sit on equal terms with the other great Powers.

We recommend the renunciation, in these circumstances, by Great Britain of any further share in reparations for the following reasons:

1. Because it is the wise and noble tradition of our people, exercised on many occasions in their history, to display generosity toward a worsted foe.

2. Because virtually no sums are now due to this country in reparations by Germany except under the guise of pensions and allowances, the legitimacy of the demand for which, under the terms of the armistice, has long been a matter of the gravest doubt to many Englishmen, irrespective of political views or prejudices.

3. Because, in the ultimate resort, these payments can only be effected in manufactured goods, which form of payment would have the most detrimental results upon our home and foreign trade and upon our employment.

4. Because the enforcement of an annual and enormous tribute upon Germany must necessarily be accompanied by a decline in the general conditions of the German working-class population, with the inevitable effect of lowering still further the standard of life of our own industrial and agricultural classes.

The Communists and the Experts

THE representatives of the Communist Party and the Communist parliamentary groups of Germany and of France, the representatives of the unions and the revolutionary works councils of Germany and of the United Confederation of Labor (extreme left) assembled at Cologne issued the following statements on the Dawes Report, in *l'Humanité* of June 24:

Plundering capitalism, which killed during the war twenty million workers and peasants, has not succeeded in bringing peace to the world since the conclusion of hostilities. In spite of all the artifices of high finance, in spite of abominable repressions against the class-conscious proletariat, they have not been able to reestablish the equilibrium of the capitalist economic state. Capitalism struggles everywhere in the grip of its final crisis. In that situation it is trying by a new method to lead astray the laboring masses with the hope of procuring a delay before the ultimate collapse.

The experts' report is the expression of a grand scheme intended to concentrate international capital against the proletariat with greater force than ever before. The direction of that enterprise is in the hands of the English and American capitalists—in spite of the financial competition between London and New York. Capitalism in all countries strives toward that goal by assuming a mask of democracy and pacifism. It has removed the representatives of open aggressive politics such as MM. Poincaré and Baldwin; Signor Mussolini assumes a democratic air, and Mr. Coolidge accepts his candidacy with Mr. Dawes, president of the Experts' Commission.

For the moment the capitalists of America, of England, of France, of Italy, not forgetting those of the Reich, try to hide their imperial antagonisms in order finally to be better prepared to master the working masses.

THE COMPLICITY OF THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATS

These miserable maneuvers of the capitalists are generously supported by the Social Democrats and the bureaucratic syndicalists of the Amsterdam International. Mr. MacDonald

Hotel Astor

Times Square ∞ *New York*

The life of New York, with its ceaseless activity and gay animation, centers in and around the Astor; yet within its guests' rooms you find quiet, seclusion and congenial comfort.

F. A. MUSCHENHEIM

Astor Roof

Dancing during dinner and throughout the evening

Lyman and His Famous California Orchestra.

WHEN THE COURT TAKES A RECESS

A collection of articles on subjects of current interest which both entertains and offers valuable information to the man who would know his City and its problems.

By JUDGE WILLIAM McADOO $2.00 E. P. Dutton & Co.

MARX'S CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE has now for the first time been published in cloth binding: in the same volume is the COMMUNIST MANIFESTO by Marx and Engels. Both are invaluable historical documents. Price 60c. postpaid. Ask for book catalog.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

PROGRAM AND MESSAGE
of the
International Fraternal Secret Order
of the
World Opportunities Society

"Come ye seekers after friendliness and peace, romance and opportunity"

Order, enclosing 25c, from the WOS, P. O. Box 1224, Chicago, Ill.

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S

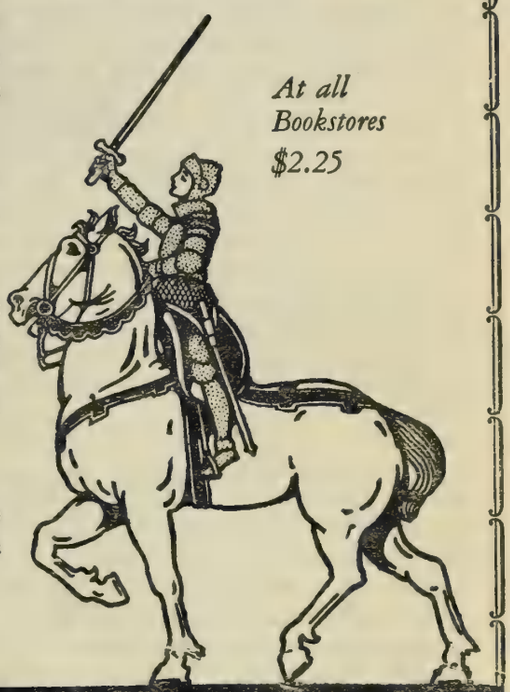
By BERNARD SHAW

Shaw's new play, with its lengthy and provocative preface, is the most important literary work of the season.

Heywood Broun calls it "The finest play written in the English Language in our day."

If, through some unfortunate chance, you are not already a Shavian, obey the impulse and become one at once. "SAINT JOAN" is obtainable at any bookstore.

SAINT JOAN



At all Bookstores
$2.25

BRENTANO'S
Publishers New York

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S

DOES YOUR CHILD FAIL TO CONCENTRATE?

This fault is often found in super-gifted children, due to lack of interest in routine work.

Our progressive methods, our small classes, and our understanding teachers enable us to attain unusual success with such children.

A COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL OF THE *progressive new education type*, WITH SMALL BOARDING DEPARTMENT UNDER IDEAL HOME CONDITIONS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN, IN WASHINGTON'S LOVELIEST SUBURB.

CHEVY CHASE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL
DEPT. A, CHEVY CHASE, MD.
Stanwood Cobb, Harvard A.M., Director

YOUNG WOMAN—American, Protestant, single, age twenty-eight years, of excellent health; college graduate with business and teaching experience; willing to travel; cultured, tactful and trustworthy. First-class references. Box 232, care the Nation.

THE NATION will be glad to pay the current price, plus postage, for several copies of **THE NATION** of **April 30, 1924.** Please communicate with the Circulation Department.

German Books, Etchings
W. BEYER
213 West 43rd Street, New York City

SPEAKERS: We assist in preparing special articles, papers, speeches debates. Expert scholarly service. AUTHOR'S RESEARCH BUREAU, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York.

STEINWAY
THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

The Nation is informed that one Barnet G. Braverman is representing himself in Austria as a correspondent of *The Nation.* The name is unknown to us. Mr. Braverman has no authority to represent this journal.

BASH BISH LODGE, Copake Falls, N.Y.
A Camp for Adults
IN THE BERKSHIRES
Less than 3 hours' ride from New York
TENNIS, BATHING, DANCING, ETC.
Rates $32.50 per Week—$6 per day
Address RUBENSTEIN & LEIKIN
Bash Bish Lodge Copake Falls, N. Y.
Tel. 31, Ring 4 City tel. Intervale 2667

CAMP UTOPIA
LAKE ELLIS, WINGDALE, N. Y.
A Vacation Ground for Grown-Ups in the Berkshire Hills
120 minutes from Grand Central
WM. J. PERLMAN, Managing Director
DR. WILL DURANT, Associate Director
Telephone Wingdale 10 - F - 4

ECHO LAKE TAVERN
5 MILES ABOVE LAKE GEORGE
An ideal spot for rest and fun
Rates $25 per week. Accommodations limited to 25
Reservations booked to Aug. 15—Open until Oct. 1
An opportunity to spend Indian Summer in the Adirondacks.
Fare for round trip to Lake George, $12.28.
For booklet, address Lena Barish.
Watkins 1281 21 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

THE RUSSIAN INN
33 West 37th St., N. Y., near 5th Ave.
LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER
Unique After Theatre Entertainment
Music and Singers

defends with skill the affairs of the large bourgeoisie of Great Britain; M. Herriot openly leans on M. Blum, and the Italian Social Democrats are at all times ready to throw themselves into the arms of a Mussolini under a democratic mask.

The new government of the left in France plays a most extraordinary comedy before the masses. M. Herriot promised the evacuation of the Ruhr without really wishing it. And the intention of M. Herriot reveals itself plainly in the nomination of General Nollet as Minister of War. The other promise of M. Herriot, assuring to officials the right of coalition, is already revealed in all its nullity. . . . And the same comedy is being played at the same time by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald before the English proletariat.

The Effect of the Plan on the German Workers

The experts' report will have as its first result the making of Germany into a colony of international capital, and the German capitalists are invited to become the slave-drivers of the German proletariat. The realization of the experts' plan means for the German proletariat a new reduction of wages, a working day of ten to twelve hours, the rise in price of all the necessities of life by the increase of indirect taxation and custom duties, and enslavement by the combined forces of the republic of Herr Ebert and the creditor states.

The execution of the experts' report imposes on the German proletariat an increase of the fiscal charges to two billion and a half gold marks. For some time the feeble and transient improvement of the standard of living of the German proletariat has been offset by the pernicious effects of the Micum agreements and the mass unemployment which recommenced at that time.

The Effect on the French Workers

The effect of the experts' plan on the French proletariat will be identical. Anglo-Saxon capital will reduce France to the same slavery in which Germany is at present. The action of Mr. Morgan to stabilize the franc was to begin with very dangerous. The same international trust will operate the factories and works which use the cheapest and most oppressed labor, therefore those of Germany. And the proletariat of France, of Belgium, of England will have to choose between two things: either unprecedented unemployment, or a reduction in the standard of living of the German working class, by reduction of wages, loss of the eight-hour day, etc.

The entente of international capital revealed by the experts' plan will not last. The antagonisms between the two capitalist groups will destroy that hypocritical alliance. As a consequence the plan of the experts does not assure the peace of the world; on the contrary, it heralds new imperialistic and international conflicts.

It is the duty of the internationally conscious working class to lead a united fight against this scheme of world capital; and in that fight the Communist parties of all countries find at their side the works councils and the revolutionary unions. . . .

In Germany as in France it is necessary to break the domination of capital by fighting for working-class control of production. That fight should be led by the masses of the workers, the employees, the officials, in close cooperation with the works councils.

As to the scheme of the experts to hand over to private capital the German railways, till now property of the state, we demand instead in France as in Germany the nationalization of the railways, of the post and telegraph, etc., and of their administration by the workers and the officials. The fight of the railway men against capitalist exploitation, such as has already developed in Germany and in France, is one of the most important tasks at present.

As to the scheme of the experts to hand over the central banks to international capital we shall, in Germany as in France, demand rather nationalization of all banking institutions.

The experts propose by the system of obligations imposed on German industry to build themselves into a single international trust. To counter that project we propose, in Germany and in France, the nationalization of all the essential industries —mines, metallurgy, textiles, chemical products, etc.

As to the project of the experts to complete the system of indirect taxes to the detriment of the working masses we propose, in Germany as in France, the abolition of all such taxes, the suppression of the infamous tax on wages, and the confiscation of all the capitalist fortunes. . . .

As the whip of the experts stimulates German economic life toward increased production, the flow of German merchandise into the international markets will provoke the greatest competition among the victor states and will cause damage. All the past attempts to execute the Treaty of Versailles, that infamous scheme of plundering capitalism, have only tended to augment the confusion in international economics and the misery of the laboring masses in all countries. . . .

And those who are suffering are the workers of all countries including the victor countries; for the capitalists always know how to unload on the shoulders of the workers the debts of the war. The scandalous enrichment of the French capitalists through the reconstruction of the devastated regions of the north of France emphasizes this fact. The French capitalists who are as responsible for the war as the German capitalists have no right to claim reparations of German workers.

All resistance to the reduction of wages and the increased cost of living, all resistance to the acts of capitalist violence in Germany and in France is at the same time a blow against the plan of the experts.

Down with the capitalist pirates gathered in Europe!

Down with their acolytes, the Social Democrats!

Long live the revolutionary workers of Germany and France!

Long live the Third International!

Long live the accession of the soviet republics of Europe!

Contributors to This Issue

Louis Fischer is *The Nation's* correspondent in Moscow.

Edwin Muir, poet and essayist, has been assistant editor of the *New Age* (London) as well as dramatic critic for the *Scotsman* and the *Athenaeum*. He was a frequent contributor to the *Freeman*. At present he is in Prague, at work on a series of essays, a novel, and a volume of poetry.

Emily Clark, editor of the *Reviewer*, is one of a group of young Richmond writers who founded that magazine.

Harry Hansen is literary editor of the Chicago *Daily News*.

Samuel C. Chew, the foremost Byron scholar in this country, has just published a new book, "Byron in England."

MT. AIRY, (Near Harmon-on-Hudson)
A new colony for liberals and radicals. 54 minutes from Grand Central station; frequent expresses. Property a mile from Croton Lake, two miles from station, three miles to the beach. *¼ acre of high, dry and well wooded land* (equal to 4 city lots of 25 x 100 ft. each) *$150 to $400.* Address Harry Kelly, No. 70 Fifth Ave., Room 411, for circular. Office hours 2:30 to 6 P.M. daily except Saturday. Saturday 11 A.M. to 2 P.M.

THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF GARDENING FOR WOMEN
Offers a two years course in practical gardening, including the propagation and care of flowers, shrubs, fruit and vegetables, the laying out and management of small gardens as well as large estates.
At Hayward, California (one hour by train or motor from San Francisco). Principal: Miss J. Walrond-Skinner, N. D., Hort., F. R. H. S.
Tuition $250. Term begins Jan. 15, 1925. Only six students will be taken the first year. Write for information now and make application to the Principal, Hayward, California.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1924 No. 3084

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 153
EDITORIALS:
Sword-Rattling 155
The Tariff-Commission Scandal 156
As Students See It 156
Conrad and His Fame 157
LA FOLLETTE IN WISCONSIN. By Arthur Warner 158
WISCONSIN AND SOCIALISM. By William Hard 160
THE BURIED PAST OF GREENLAND. By Poul Nörlund 161
BAKING YOUR OWN BREAD. By J. P. Warbasse 163
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 165
CORRESPONDENCE 165
IF SOME GRIM TRAGEDY. By Ninna May Smith 167
BOOKS:
The Value of Personality. By H. A. Overstreet 167
A Spanish Woman Novelist. By Eliseo Vivas 168
Some Essayists. By Johan J. Smertenko 168
Tant' Alie. By Ruth S. Alexander 169
Euphues His English. By Gerald Hewes Carson 169
Exploiting Jefferson. By Lewis Browne 170
Before Sudermann Found Himself. By Roy Temple House 170
Books in Brief 170
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Get Rich Quick in Poland. By Anna Louise Strong 171
A Letter by Matteotti 172

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN
FREDA KIRCHWEY, Managing Editor IRITA VAN DOREN, Literary Editor
ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager
Contributing Editors
ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS
ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

INDORSEMENT OF LA FOLLETTE AND WHEELER by the American Federation of Labor means more than appears in the cautious words of the Federation's statement. It means that the Old Guard in the Federation is weakening. The younger forces in the ranks, including the leaders of half a dozen of the largest unions, demanded support of the third-party ticket, and, despite a veil of traditional phrases, they got it. Labor has officially indorsed the new party's leaders and its platform (with a mild and obscure reservation on international affairs). The Old Guard was strong enough to reiterate the historic policy of the Federation not to support any political party as such—but where is the difference if the Federation can denounce both old parties and support the program and candidates of the new? When the Federation meets at El Paso after the election there will be time enough to discuss further the question of a labor party for America. Meanwhile the most conservative labor body in the world has gone on record that "Mr. La Follette and Mr. Wheeler have throughout their whole political careers stood steadfast in the defense of the rights and interests of the wage-earners and farmers" and will put the force of its organization behind the effort to make its three million members active workers for La Follette.

FIVE MEXICANS are killed every month in the United States—at least that is the average of a six-year record. Mexico has not therefore broken diplomatic relations, demanded apologies and indemnities, or filled the front pages with scare headlines. Mexico is small and weak, and we are large and strong. So whenever one American or Englishman is killed in Mexico we are faced by an "international incident." The recent murder of Mrs. Evans, the Texan widow of an Englishman whose spirited —and violent—defense of her ranch against nationalization was at the bottom of the British-Mexican incident of a few weeks ago, ought not to create more international excitement than the death of a Polish miner at the hands of a Pennsylvania mine guard.

EUROPE HAS DECLARED PEACE—that seems to be the momentous outcome of the London Conference. It may really be a momentous outcome despite the discouraging record of successive peace declarations which have come out of Europe since the peaceless Peace of Versailles was signed more than five years ago. For this time peace exists not merely in the ink on the documents but in the hearts of the men who hold the pens. That is the achievement of Ramsay MacDonald. He has been more eager to create a pacific atmosphere in Europe than to win a political advantage at home, and his patient effort has gone far to do away with the hate and distrust which have made the previous peace formulas mere scraps of paper. It still remains true that good intentions are not enough, and it is possible that, in his desire to calm French opinion, Mr. MacDonald and the Americans who have worked with him have gone further along the path of compromise than will prove wise. The program which emerges is a Dawes Plan made more stringent to please the French, and the original Dawes Plan was harsh enough. The revised plan, while providing a number of intermediate stages, leaves the French with a final possibility of independent action. This, in view of the fact that many experts consider the Dawes schedules of payments beyond Germany's real capacity, may prove serious. The bankers, however, profess themselves satisfied with the safeguards provided, and the stage is set for application of the plan.

AMERICA'S PART IN EUROPE'S AFFAIRS promises to be increasingly large. The plan upon which Europe will work is known as the Dawes Plan, after the American chairman of the international commission which devised it; an American will sit, "unofficially" but none the less effectively, on the Reparation Commission when it adjudges default; an American will, again "unofficially," be the Agent General of Reparations, and another will be trustee of the holders of the German loan bonds; and these two will sit on the powerful Transfer Committee, which will decide how much cash reparations will be paid to the Allies. Essentially, Americans will become the umpires of Europe. The Americans chosen will be big-business men, with the abilities and narrownesses of the type, and their action will be an acid test of the international statesmanship which American business life can produce. They will act not as official agents of our Government, speaking as representatives of our national interests, but as private citizens, with the good-will and cooperation of our Government but in no

sense committing it by their actions. They will be trusted because it is believed that Americans have an aloofness and impartiality which those who have been plunged into the maelstrom of European politics must have lost. And thereby our "return to Europe" is itself a vindication of the aloofness from Europe's politics which has been our policy since the Senate rejected the Treaty of Versailles.

WHILE MACDONALD AND HERRIOT were conferring in London troubles were accumulating behind their backs. The shadow of Poincaré has overcast Herriot's mind ever since he took office, and neither on the Ruhr nor on domestic questions such as the amnesty law has he acted as a free man. MacDonald has imperial worries. The Sudan question has stirred Egyptian opinion as it has not been stirred since peace-conference days, and Premier Zaghlul is on his way to London to seek an understanding. Egypt, which has provided and paid for the bulk of the army which has kept the Sudan quiet, is not satisfied with the present status of the "condominium" in which she shares the name but not the reality of rule. For England the Cape-to-Cairo route is at stake, and with it a measure of imperial prestige; there is the usual white-man's-burden claim of solicitude for the natives; and the British capitalists who have invested in cotton developments dependent upon the new irrigation projects are of course active. Still nearer home Ireland is demanding action in fulfilment of the treaty. This treaty called for a boundary commission to adjust the Ulster frontier, but Ulster, defiant as ever, will not even appoint a member of such a commission. Ulster did not sign the treaty and has a technical point in its favor; but the honor of three British governments—one led by a Liberal, one by a Tory, and one by a Laborite—is pledged to execution of the treaty. It is a hard nut to crack; and unless MacDonald finds some way to crack it civil war is likely to return to Ireland.

JUST BEFORE ITS SUMMER RECESS the United States Supreme Court handed down a significant opinion clarifying its previous rulings in regard to labor unions and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. In the Coronado Coal Company case the Supreme Court had decided that a labor union could be sued as such, but it held that the particular strike involved in that case was not in restraint of trade because the output of the mines affected was so small as not to influence prices in interstate competition. The court did not make it clear, however, whether the strike would have been held a violation of the Sherman law if the output of the mines had been greater. This zone of doubt has now been clarified. In the case of United Leather Workers *vs.* Herkert Meisel Trunk Co., decided on June 9, the court ruled that a strike, even when attended by an illegal picketing campaign, would not be held to be a violation of the anti-trust law unless it appeared that the strikers intended not only to curtail the production of articles destined for interstate commerce but also to monopolize the supply of the product or to control its price or to discriminate between its would-be purchasers.

THE MERE FACT OF A STRIKE for increased wages or more desirable working conditions seemed to the court too remote from the stream of interstate commerce to be considered an intent to violate the Sherman law. This decision is further fortified by the court's reference to the Coronado case as having by implication decided the same question. For years it has been the aim of those who have ably and industriously attempted to apply the Sherman law against labor unions to persuade the Supreme Court to declare illegal any substantial labor-union activity curtailing production in a business the product of which subsequently entered interstate trade. This latest decision of the Supreme Court (Chief Justice Taft wrote the opinion) seems definitely to close the door to that attempt. In late years labor unions have received substantial setbacks at the hands of the Supreme Court; fortunately there seems to be a limit.

HEAVEN BE PRAISED that civilization leaves the cramped and exploited American Negroes their precious gift of pageantry! The Universal African Legion, the Universal Police, and the Royal African Guards of Marcus Garvey's parade in New York last week may be porters and elevator boys in daily life, but they look like potentates. The strictly Nordic shoe clerks and realtors of the Loyal Order of Moose, by contrast, who solemnly sidled up Fifth Avenue the same week in many military kinds of uniforms, looked like a legion of porters and elevator operators. Universal Negro Improvers march and play band instruments better than the loyal Moose ever will. On the platform of Carnegie Hall the colored men wear more gorgeous academic hoods than even the hypothetical winner of H. L. Mencken's contest in university degrees. Garvey's own red and green cockade is an important symbol to followers of this man who combines imposture so incomprehensibly with conviction. One pictures him and his band, when they have completed the conquest of Africa of which they dream, patronizing their primitive cousins intolerably. Much as one admires the ingenious ethnology of their demonstration that Jesus had Negro blood, it is hard not to regret that they have kept the white man's god in all but color.

NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS before the American fliers hopped off from Iceland for the inhospitable shores of Greenland, Eric the Red, father of Leif Ericson, set out on the same route. For the American fliers it is a trip of a few hours; Eric the Red sailed in his open viking ship for days and weeks. The Americans had compasses and maps; Eric had neither, and no destroyers patrolled the sea to save him and his comrades from mishap. Of the twenty-five ships with which he set sail only fourteen ever saw the shores of Greenland. Greenland then was probably a greener, gentler country than today, as Poul Nörlund tells in his amazing story of Greenland's Buried Past (printed elsewhere in this issue), but it was a stern enough venture to set out from the hot springs of Iceland for a country which even at its warmest never supported a man-size tree. The civilization which Eric founded there lasted five centuries—longer than our post-Columbian culture on this continent—and then faded out as the little brown Eskimos advanced southward and the Norse ships ceased coming. But if those heroes whose bones the Danish archaeologists are only today dislodging from the frozen soil of Greenland could wake to see the airmen drop down into Greenland's harbors, doubtless they would toss back their viking locks and cry, "Skoal, brothers!"

Sword-Rattling

PLAYING with soldiers is a poor sport, for children or for grown-ups. It is a particularly dangerous sport for the responsible heads of nations. "Mobilization days" and "defense tests" are a kind of playing with soldiers. It does not matter very much whether civilians are called away from their pacific occupations or whether the show is confined to the professional soldiers and the semi-soldiers who spend their vacations in training camps—the reserve officers, national guardsmen, and such; the business of parading uniforms and guns, emphasis on the fact that we have the greatest potential military strength of any nation on earth, is bad business. It ought to be stopped, and we believe that the common-sense of the American people, stirred by the outspoken protests of Governors Baxter, Bryan, Sweet, and Blaine, will put an end to it.

There are indications that official Washington is already beginning to back water. President Coolidge himself, although he has made himself official sponsor for the "defense test," eagerly claimed that it was not a "mobilization." His letter to Frederick Libby, of the National Council for the Prevention of War, in fact, makes that point three times. The letter showed, to be sure, only that President Coolidge did not know what was in the minds and official publications of his own military advisers. The War Department junkers, as Mr. Libby's reply showed, wanted a "test mobilization"; they hoped, on September 12, to give a triumphant display of the military forces of this nation. They intended to call the militia out of offices and factories, and, wherever possible, to assemble civilian volunteer units. Three days after the President's letter, when the War Department issued its official order to the corps area commanders, it still stated:

> It is the intention primarily to have a test mobilization of all active units of the Regular Army, all units of the National Guard, and the organized reserves. . . . The event will not only provide instruction for persons in the military service, but will also afford opportunity for patriotic assemblies, parades of local units of the army, State guards and constabularies, civic and veteran societies, reserve officers' training corps, schools, etc., accordingly as may be developed in each locality. . . . Subject to certain modifications . . . the test mobilization will be conducted in accordance with the prescribed regulations governing the mobilization of man-power for military purposes and basic plan, War Department mobilization, 1923.

That order impressively reveals, beyond any question, the intention of the War Department to have a mobilization.

What is a mobilization? We have just had an impressive reminder. Ten years ago Europe mobilized, and from the moment of its mobilization war was inevitable. Of course the War Department's play with soldiers in September, 1924, will have no such dread effects as the Czar's general mobilization order in July, 1914. But Europe, still bleeding from the consequences of those mobilizations of ten years ago, can only interpret our war-games in the light of the war-games with which its military leaders—prattling of peace then as fluently as our Mr. Weeks and our generals today—developed Europe's readiness for war in the decades preceding the cataclysm. Is America so ready to follow our example, Europe must ask. Konrad von Hoetzendorff, commander-in-chief of Austria's armies in the war, has already hailed the omen.

What does Mobilization Day mean if it does not mean a desire to excite the American people and make them readier for military enterprises? Secretary Hughes did not have this day in mind, but his words were significant, when he said before the National Institute of Social Sciences last May:

> In respect to our international relations it is important that we should appreciate the fortunate position we hold and govern our conduct accordingly. . . . So far as we can see into the future we are safe from the slightest danger of aggression. . . . We know that in no Power or possible combination of Powers lies any menace to our security. . . . There is no occasion to indicate our proper authority, for no one challenges it. There is no reason to demonstrate our ability to take care of ourselves, for no one doubts it.

No, this is no time for such a show as the War Department proposes. It is, as John W. Davis says, "a time when every energy should be bent to getting the world back to peace and to work, calming the prejudices and passions growing out of the World War and encouraging fruitful trade and commerce." It is, as Governor Blaine, La Follette's lieutenant in Wisconsin, says, "a time when all people of the civilized nations of the world are demanding a reduction in armaments both on land and on sea," and at such a time Governor Blaine is indisputably right in insisting that "it is inadvisable for the American Government through propaganda and demonstration to stimulate a national military movement." To utilize a day which is almost the anniversary of the Battle of the Marne for a nation-wide military show is a blow at the heart of America and at the heart of the world.

We need appeasement. We need lessons in peace rather than war. We emphatically do not need such hysterical suggestions as are put out in the military propaganda:

> An enemy is coming. Scout aviators report huge air transports, giant planes bigger than anything conceived of today, preparing to hop off from foreign shores with thousands of men and tons of ammunition and arms.

This is a time for propaganda for disarmament, not for armament. There is work enough to be done in Washington if we had there an administration which really had peace as its goal. Eight years ago, on July 19, 1916, Robert La Follette stood up in the Senate of the United States and spoke these words, which ring as true today as in those days before we abandoned our neutrality and attempted to settle the problems of the world by force, by a mobilization which was more than a test mobilization. La Follette said then (and he stands for the same things now):

> *Let us prepare the manhood and the womanhood of our country for the struggles of peace: more compensation for the industrial soldiers who fall by the wayside by reason of the hazards of their occupations; more compensation to their widows and children; pensions for the aged and infirm who have failed in the struggle of life to gain a pittance against old age or misfortune; more wages; more education; more money for the common good; more money to fight contagious diseases. This is the preparedness toward which we should turn. We should spend less to prepare to kill and more to prepare to live.*

The Tariff-Commission Scandal

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE has done well to call attention to the scandalous condition of affairs in the Tariff Commission so far as the sugar report is concerned, and we trust that Mr. Davis also will help during the campaign to rouse the public to the way that body has been controlled or blocked by representatives of the interests affected by the tariff graft. The commission has been hamstrung for months; its personnel is evenly divided between those who believe that public office is a public trust and those who think that they are on the commission in order to serve private interests; several of the latter are obviously disqualified to sit in important matters because they or their families have a financial stake in the tariff schedules under study; and although this situation has been known to President Coolidge since he has been in the White House—he has repeatedly been approached about it by party leaders and business men—he has had neither the courage nor the rectitude to deal with the scandal. More than that, every effort is being made to get rid of the excellent chairman of the commission, Mr. W. S. Culbertson (the latest suggestion being that he be "kicked upstairs" into the Mexican Embassy), in order that his sense of duty and simple honesty shall not stand in the way of the interests, notably the sugar interests.

We confess to a temptation to say "we told you so"; we pointed out when it was constituted that the Tariff Commission could and would come to nothing, and that the protected interests which have for so long owned the Republican Party and a good part of the Democratic were content with this device only because they felt sure that they could control it. Indeed, while ostensibly agreeing to the proposal that this new body should have the power to reduce as well as to raise tariff rates, their real idea was, we believe, to use it to get more tariff graft for themselves without the bother, difficulty, and danger of going to Congress for it. So far they have been eminently justified in their confidence, for in the two years that have elapsed since the Fordney tariff went into effect the commission has lowered just one rate, which affected the cost of living not of human beings but of certain horned cattle!

Although a program of basic inquiries into some of the important schedules was laid out by the commission virtually nothing has been done to carry it out. Only in the matter of sugar has there been any threat to the tariff privileged, and thus far that industry has succeeded in warding off action. This has been chiefly due to the fact that President Harding appointed to the commission three interested men. One, Mr. Marvin, was secretary to the notorious Home Market Club in Boston and is utterly opposed to reduction of any schedule whatever. Another, Mr. Burgess, was an officer of the United States Pottery Association and had served as the recognized lobbyist for that industry when the tariff bills of 1909, 1913, and 1919 were drawn. The pottery industry enjoys a 70 per cent duty. Not unnaturally, when the commission voted a year ago for a preliminary inquiry into conditions in the chinaware and pottery trades, Mr. Burgess voted against the proposal. The third member appointed by President Harding, Mr. Grassie, is related by marriage to the great Louisiana sugar family of Caffery. The latter fact moved Congress at its last session to suspend the salary of Mr. Grassie if he sat in connection with sugar. For weeks it has been known that the sugar inquiry ordered by the commission has been completed. One word from Calvin Coolidge would have given it to the public, but that one word has not been spoken. Indeed as the term of one of the unbiased members of the commission has expired there is much eagerness to see whether our Chief Executive will reappoint him or give his job to some other henchman of the protected interests.

Since the passage of the Fordney-McCumber tariff the commission has been asked to act upon the rates on 168 different commodities. Of these applications, twelve have been denied any investigation, sixty-two are "pending," which means that nothing has been done about them although the list includes the most vital commodities. In twenty cases informal inquiries were undertaken and then suspended; fifteen cases were not investigated because, although the article was protected, there was no production of it in this country—a magnificent swindle on the public! William Hard declares that of the remaining commodities fifty-nine are shelved and forty-six are under investigation, only three final reports being ready in addition to that on sugar. Such is the result of the determination to "regulate" the tariff by "scientific inquiry" and scientific adjustment to the country's needs.

All of which is additional proof of the curse the tariff lays upon the whole country; the only way to end the graft and scandal is to break down the whole tariff structure. That will come to pass in due time as it should have years ago; there can be no such freedom for the American citizen as Mr. La Follette calls for until the tariff is rooted out. It remains the greatest source of corruption in our national life and the chief citadel of privilege and of corrupt big business.

As Students See It

EDUCATION, it has been said, is about the only thing that we pay for and then try to get as little of as possible. If this is true—and, largely, it is—there must be something wrong with our methods, because an appetite for knowledge is as general in all normal youth as an appetite for food. Appreciation of this is leading to a vast pother in our day on the subject of education, some aspects of which have been considered in Agnes de Lima's articles in *The Nation*. Naturally most of the new ideas in regard to education emanate from teachers and other persons professionally concerned with the subject. Our attention has been called to some suggestions coming from the victims themselves—dealing, to be sure, with the later stages of the process. The president of Dartmouth College, after appointing a faculty committee to report on advisable changes in educational policy and method, had the happy thought to get a similar report from students. He asked twelve undergraduates to make a serious study of the subject, arranging to let the work count as the equivalent of one college course.

The students, in their conclusions in regard to methods of instruction, begin thus:

> The chief indictment against the present method of teaching is that the student is forced into a passive rather than an active attitude. The criterion of passing is his ability to absorb, retain, and regurgitate on the proper occasions about 50 per cent of the information the instructor sees fit to include in his course, together with the latter's

> supposedly authoritative commentary thereon. The student is pitifully dependent upon the instructor for information or for directions as to how to get it. . . . Is the culture and intellectual interest of college graduates meager? Do they forget and lose interest in the things they encountered in college? If so, is it not because they were spoon-fed there, and now that the manipulator of the spoon is no longer present they go hungry, never having been shown how to open the cupboards in the pantry nor even the location of the pantry itself?

In suggesting changes the student critics at Dartmouth begin with a drastic recommendation for the virtual abolition of lectures, which have "degenerated into an attempt at mass education, and the classroom, which has tended to become an arena for academic inquisitions and student bluffings."

> In order to make the acquisition of the necessary information the concern of the student rather than of the instructor, lectures would be almost entirely abandoned. It is more desirable that the student should dig out his information from books than that he should take in a professorially predigested account of it. An exception may be made in courses where demonstrations and experiments by the lecturer are of particular value and assistance, as, for example, in physics. Attendance at such lectures should be voluntary; the lectures should be offered to the students to make clear things that would otherwise be difficult to understand. If they prove helpful, the students will attend. Another exception may be made in the case of instructors who, by their grasp of the subject and their personality, can make lectures illuminating and inspiring. By all means let them lecture, bringing their personal point of view to bear on subjects already familiar to the students through their reading in the course. Here, also, attendance should be voluntary.

In place of lectures there would be assignments by topic or question, to be the work of a week or more.

> In some few cases it might be necessary to tell the student just what and how much to read in preparation, but more often the instructor would merely designate, in general, available sources of material and let the student select from them what and how much he will. This will mean more work for the student and probably some confusion at times, but he will learn to choose for himself in the matter of reading. It will turn his attention to the topic as such and away from an assignment of so many pages.

In regard to classes, the students recommend small groups—five to ten each—meeting once a week for discussion with the instructor. They also suggest certain regular office hours for instructors when students might consult them, and they advocate written work in the form of short assigned papers.

Dartmouth's student critics say of the existing method of testing students through daily quizzes and frequent hour examinations that it "fails miserably in its purpose in most cases and succeeds only moderately well in others." The daily quiz, the students declare, is a check but a hopelessly inadequate one except in elementary science courses, and it "puts a premium on superficiality or the ability to memorize and retain irrelevant material for a few short hours." In place of the daily quiz a program of periodic papers of an exhaustive nature is recommended.

We shall wait with interest to learn what teachers think of these suggestions. To us they seem as hopeful as any that have appeared.

Conrad and His Fame

JOSEPH CONRAD had the rare good fortune to please many classes and, as a result, when he died in England on August 3 the measure of his fame was probably fuller than that of any other writer of the English language except Rudyard Kipling. Others had achieved at least an equal measure of critical approval, and still others had sold their works in greater numbers, but only in the author of "The Jungle Book" and "Gunga Din" was equal popularity combined with an equal weight of critical approval. People to whom Hardy would have been dull had they ever read him and Shaw completely incomprehensible devoured Conrad with delight. Nor had, apparently, his fame reached its peak. He had just returned from a trip to America where he had been greeted like a conquering hero and his latest novel, though one of his least distinguished, had been treated as an assured best seller.

The secret lay, perhaps, in the multiplicity of his qualities. We speak sometimes of the one touch of nature or of some other trait which is supposed to enlist the interest of all mankind. But when all unite to admire the same work it is usually true that the poet and the peasant pay honor to the same author not because they see the same thing but because they see two different things. So it was with Conrad. It is true that the sea has a universal charm and that he treated this age-old charm in a peculiarly modern manner. But while the critics admired him for the subtlety of his style and for the color of the darkly brooding spirit there revealed, his great popular audience found in him simpler things—adventure, the appeal to racial solidarity, red blood—so that to some, it may be said, he was not much more than a fellow to Jack London, or even Robert W. Service.

Fortunately for him his qualities as a writer and the convictions of his mind nowhere came into open conflict with the ideals of his time. He may have been, as Mr. Mencken makes him out, a fit companion in his pessimism for Theodore Dreiser and it may be that

> In the midst of the hysterical splutterings and battle-cries of the Kiplings and the Chestertons, the booming pedagogics of the Wellses and the Shaws, and the smirking key-holes of the Bennetts and the de Morgans, he stands apart and almost alone, observing the sardonic comedy of man with an eye that sees every point and significance of it, but vouchsafing none of that sophomoric indignation, that Hyde Park wisdom, that flabby moralizing which freight and swamp the modern English novel.

But the fact is not so obvious as to prevent Mr. Phelps from leading his little flock to Conrad because his books "are based on the axiom of the moral law." And at least the great public could read him as it could not read Hardy or Shaw or Anatole France and get something from him without disturbing either its optimism or its moral ideas. It was his fortune either that he had no quarrel with his generation, or at least that the generation did not know that he had. Probably his name will go down as one of the important writers of our generation, but it is not likely that he will retain the preeminence which he holds in the minds of the great masses of readers. For though he outdistanced in popular estimation certain other great figures, it was not because of enduring artistry.

La Follette in Wisconsin

By ARTHUR WARNER

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE began his political career with a fight against the local Republican boss. He has been fighting bosses ever since, until forty-five years later finds him fighting all the bosses of both the Republican and the Democratic parties in his candidacy for President of the United States.

In 1880 he was twenty-five years old, recently graduated from the University of Wisconsin, just admitted to the bar, and penniless. He had a mother and sister to support, and was engaged to be married. The job of district attorney of Dane County—paying $800 a year and $50 for expenses—looked good to him. So he went out among the farmers, asking for their votes and never imagining that anything else was necessary. He had not gone far before he was asked to call upon the Republican county boss. The boss told him who the next district attorney would be. The name did not begin with "L."

"I intend," replied the young man, "to go on with this canvass; and I intend to be elected district attorney of Dane County."

He was.

Four years later he decided to run for Congress, and again went out to talk with the farmers. Again he was called to account by the bosses.

"Don't you know," he was told, "that there hasn't been a Congressman nominated for fifteen years who hasn't had our support?"

"I know of no reason why I should consult you," replied La Follette. "I've been out in the country consulting the people, and I'm going to consult a good many more."

"Well, young man, you can't go to Congress."

"I think I can."

He did.

Characteristically, he went even *before his term began.* The Congress to which he had been elected did not meet until December, 1885. La Follette went to Washington in the January previous, and attended the sessions of the closing Congress regularly in order to learn the ropes. Senator Sawyer, then the chief power of Wisconsin in Congress, took a fancy to the young man and asked him upon what committee he would like to serve. La Follette wanted to make use of his legal training, and named the Committee on Public Lands, explaining that many land-grant forfeitures were pending which he would like to tackle. Senator Sawyer replied that he would fix it with Speaker Carlisle (although the latter was a Democrat), and La Follette said no more. But when the committees were announced La Follette found himself assigned to the Committee on Indian Affairs! He had, it seems, expressed too much interest in land-grant forfeitures. And, besides, Senator Sawyer had a bill coming up presently which he wanted to have favorably disposed of by the Committee on Indian Affairs. Unfortunately for the Senator's plans (he was in the lumber business) La Follette decided that the bill was intended to facilitate stealing timber from the Indians, and ought not to be passed. He was successful in blocking it.

A little later, in spite of strong pressure by Senator Sawyer, the young Congressman headed off a land-grab bill intended to benefit Wisconsin railroads, and in his second term he further outraged his would-be mentor by refusing to vote for the Nicaraguan canal bill. This was a measure that Democratic as well as Republican henchmen were working for, both parties having been promised a campaign gift of $100,000 if they put the bill across. Harry F. Sinclair did not originate the idea of subsidizing both parties when he gave to the Harding campaign fund with his right hand and to that of Cox with his left.

In spite of La Follette's obstinate honesty, Senator Sawyer remained friendly to him until, after six years in the House, La Follette lost his seat in a Democratic victory and went back to his law practice. Then Senator Sawyer—as La Follette insists—tried to bribe him to use his influence with a judge who was his brother-in-law. The controversy came into the newspapers, and La Follette was bitterly assailed in party circles for besmirching a man of Senator Sawyer's prominence. The incident probably settled La Follette's future, for the political and even personal ostracism that followed led the young man to question the whole structure of party government as it was then builded, and in 1894 he and his friends came out squarely against the Republican State machine. They were beaten back that year, again in 1896, and still another time in 1898—chiefly by the unabashed corruption of delegates at the conventions. But the reform forces did not bolt the party, nor did they run up a white flag. "I didn't have one," said La Follette in commenting on these events later.

La Follette was campaigning indefatigably in those days, in season and out, hammering home his ideas of a more just and democratic political philosophy. An instance of his courage and presence of mind occurred when he was talking from a farm wagon at a fair in Oshkosh. His opponents were there too. He had barely got into his speech when the bell for starting the horse races began to ring and boys rushed through the crowd shouting:

"Score cards for sale! Score cards for sale!"

Roosevelt on La Follette

Thanks to the movement for genuinely democratic government which Senator La Follette led to overwhelming victory in Wisconsin, that State has become literally a laboratory for wise experimental legislation, aiming to secure the social and political betterment of the people as a whole.

Wilson on La Follette

I have sometimes thought of Senator La Follette climbing the mountain of privilege . . . taunted, laughed at, called back, going steadfastly on and not allowing himself to be deflected for a single moment, for fear he also should hearken and lose all his power to serve the great interests to which he had devoted himself. I love these lonely figures climbing this ugly mountain of privilege. . . . I am sorry for my own part that I did not come in when they were fewer.

The horses started down the track and the audience scrambled to get out of their way. At once La Follette had the wagon in which he was standing driven out upon the track. Addressing the judges' stand, he announced:

"I am here by invitation, and I propose to finish this address. If interrupted again, I shall talk all afternoon to the exclusion of any other program."

About that time La Follette had come to the conclusion that the only way to down the bosses was through direct nominations in the primary elections. No State had a direct-primary law then that amounted to anything or included all elective officers. La Follette began to propagandize for the novel scheme through speeches and pamphlets, and presently he and some associates found means to buy a country weekly of which John M. Nelson, now Representative in Congress and manager of the present Progressive campaign, was made the editor. It set forth the following program:

> Protection for the products of the factory and the farm.
>
> Sound money, a dollar's worth of dollar.
>
> Reciprocity in trade.
>
> Adequate revenues for State and nation.
>
> Equal and just taxation of all the property of each individual and every corporation transacting business within the State.
>
> Abolish caucuses and conventions. Nominate candidates by Australian ballot at a primary election.
>
> Enact and enforce laws to punish bribery in every form by the lobby in the legislature and wherever it assails the integrity of the public service.
>
> Prohibit the acceptance by public officials of railroad passes, sleeping-car passes, express, telegraph, and telephone franks.
>
> Enact and enforce laws making character and competency the requisite for service in our penal and charitable institutions.
>
> Enact and enforce laws that will prohibit corrupt practices in campaigns and elections.
>
> An economical administration of public affairs, reducing expenditures to a business basis.

This platform is illuminating of conditions a quarter of a century ago when direct, open corruption in politics was commoner than today and the railroads were the great manipulators of public policies. The great industrial corporations of our day had not yet come into existence, nor centralized financial control through a few powerful banks. La Follette proposed to attack party corruption through direct primaries and to assail railroad privilege through laws taxing the companies upon the full physical value of their properties—like all other interests—instead of following the scandalously inadequate and discriminatory methods then in vogue whereby farmers, manufacturers, and home owners were paying 1.19 per cent of the market value of their property in taxes while railroads paid only .53 per cent of their market value—based on their stocks and bonds. The campaign of 1900 was fought chiefly upon direct primaries and railroad taxation, and—at last—the new political forces won. La Follette became Governor on January 1, 1901.

It was a great victory, placing La Follette in the seats of the mighty just as the new century came in. Yet the two years that followed were probably the bitterest and most disillusioning of his life. The old machine obtained control of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, the most powerful and about the only independent newspaper of importance in the State. The new editor called on the new Governor and offered the *Sentinel's* support if La Follette would drop the program of railroad taxation and direct primaries. Otherwise the newspaper would oppose the Governor and retire him to private life.

"If you will let up," La Follette quotes the editor as saying, "the legislature will be taken care of."

The Governor said he proposed to stand by the party pledges.

"Well, if that is your answer," was the reply, "the *Sentinel* will begin skinning you tomorrow."

It soon developed also that the "Stalwart" Republicans (the old machine) had control of the Senate, and even the lower house presently began to disintegrate. The most powerful business and personal pressure was brought to bear; by slow attrition or direct corruption the La Follette forces were worn down. The session ended by substituting for complete direct primaries a bill setting up a worthless scheme for county officers only, while instead of railroad taxation a bill was passed imposing *a tax on dogs!* La Follette vetoed both bills and then, broken with work and disappointment, was obliged to spend the next year in getting back into health.

La Follette was back on the stump in 1902, and was again elected Governor—with a legislature having more backbone. A railroad-taxation bill was passed, and the direct primary went through in the form of a referendum to the people in the election of 1904. Speaking of the railroad legislation, La Follette says in his autobiography:

> As an immediate result railroad taxes were increased more than $600,000 annually. When I came into the Governor's office on January 1, 1901, the State was in debt $330,000 and had only $4,125 in the general fund. But so great were the receipts from our new corporation taxes, and from certain other sources, that in four years' time, on January 1, 1905, we had paid off all our indebtedness and had in the general fund of the treasury $407,506. We had so much on hand, indeed, that we found it unnecessary to raise any taxes for the succeeding two years.

A law was also passed providing for expert accountants to ascertain if the railroads were correctly reporting their gross earnings in Wisconsin, the companies previously having been left practically to assess themselves. It was discovered that secret rebates to the amount of about $1,100,000 had been given during the preceding six years which had not been reported in the declarations of earnings. The State recovered more than $400,000 in back taxes on this account.

La Follette was encouraged but not satisfied with his second term as Governor. He saw that the preliminary successes of the progressive forces must be extended and consolidated, and he went into the 1904 campaign with more energy than ever. The direct-primary proposal was to be passed on by the people that autumn, and La Follette, having obtained full taxation of the railroads, was now determined to get authority to regulate rates, in order that heavier taxes might not be shifted to the people in the form of higher fares.

"I spoke forty-eight days in succession," he said later of the 1904 campaign, "never missing one single day excepting Sundays. I averaged eight and one-quarter hours a day on the platform."

La Follette picked out the districts where men that he regarded as faithless to the people were seeking election, and he opposed them regardless of their party. He inaugu-

rated what later became known as The Roll Call, reading from the official journals the records of candidates on legislation. Sometimes he threw his weight to the Democratic candidates. "And I cleaned up the legislature," was his comment afterward.

On election day the La Follette forces were returned to power and the direct-primary proposal was carried by a majority of 50,000. One of the early acts of the new legislature was to elect La Follette as United States Senator. But he did not resign the governorship and go to Washington. He knuckled down to the job of getting through his desired legislation, first and foremost the regulation of railroad rates. He got that, together with other laws which brought Wisconsin forward from the rear guard of boss-ridden, corporation-ruled States into the very van of progress and democracy. Critics who are disposed to regard La Follette as an obstructionist and a demagogue will do well to ponder the remarkable record of constructive achievement in his five years as Governor of Wisconsin.

Nor did this legislation retard business or drive capital from the State. Its object was not to destroy corporations but to put them out of politics; to take away the privileges and unfair advantages obtained through corruption. From 1903 to 1909 the railroads invested some $39,000,000 in new construction in Wisconsin. While during the first five years of its existence the Railroad Commission caused a saving of $2,000,000 a year to the people through reduced rates, still the net earnings of railroads in Wisconsin increased slightly more than for all lines in the United States. The increase in Wisconsin was 18.45 per cent; in the United States as a whole it was 18.41 per cent. This was due to the greatly increased business brought by lower rates. Is there, perhaps, a moral in this for our present railway situation?

Eleven months after his election to the United States Senate La Follette felt finally that he could pass on the work in Wisconsin to other hands. He resigned the governorship, and early in 1906 he went back to the scenes in Washington which he had first known twenty years before as a green Congressman.

(*This is the first of three articles on La Follette's political record. It will be followed next week by an article on La Follette in Washington and the week thereafter by an article on La Follette in America.*)

Wisconsin and Socialism

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

CHESTER C. PLATT, State manager of the Wisconsin Nonpartisan League, has written a book entitled "What La Follette's State Is Doing"; and in the course of this book he remarks that it is "discouraging to note how little progress in public ownership has been made in Wisconsin in thirty years."

He is particularly distressed by the fate which overtook a certain proposed Wisconsin State constitutional amendment in the year 1922. According to that amendment all cities in Wisconsin would have been empowered to increase their indebtedness until it was equal to 10 per cent of the value of the taxable property within their boundaries and would have been enabled thereupon to acquire and operate street-railway systems and plants for the furnishing of light, heat, water, and power.

Simultaneously—in the year 1922—Mr. La Follette was running for reelection to the United States Senate. He was reelected by a spectacular majority.

The public-ownership constitutional amendment, however, was defeated. The votes for it numbered 105,000. The votes against it numbered 219,000.

It seemed possible for a State to be heavily for Mr. La Follette and yet be heavily against public ownership.

Mr. Platt seems to feel further that Mr. La Follette himself is not so actively zealous for public ownership as he might be and that Mr. La Follette's friend Governor Blaine is similarly delinquent. Mr. Platt says: "So far as I can learn, neither Senator La Follette nor Governor Blaine in their campaign speeches of 1922 spoke a word in favor of the constitutional amendment which would have opened up the gateway to municipal ownership of public utilities."

Mr. Platt thus bears witness to the truth of the proposition which this writer has been endeavoring to insinuate into the intelligence of a reluctant and refusing public.

The La Follette movement in Wisconsin has not been characterized by any profound persistent passion for public ownership. In all Wisconsin today there is no such illustration of public State ownership and operation as is furnished in the State of New York by the Barge Canal.

Wisconsin, it is true, has passed many laws dealing with business and has established many State commissions dealing with business, both agricultural and industrial.

These laws and these commissions are by many observers called socialistic. They are socialistic if the Fordney-McCumber tariff law is socialistic. They are socialistic if the United States Tariff Commission is socialistic. They represent an "interference" by government in the economic field. The tariff sort of interference is defended on the ground that it makes people more prosperous. So is the Wisconsin sort of interference.

Wisconsin in the year 1907 established a peculiarly drastic regulation of privately owned public utilities. Since that time—in the ensuing seventeen years—only one public utility in Wisconsin has gone bankrupt. Can regulation of public utilities by any other State government, or by the federal government, show fairer results—for the public utilities?

In Boston a gigantic local traction system is operated by public trustees appointed by the Massachusetts public authorities. In Wisconsin the need of public trustees for public utilities does not occur. Successful public regulation has obviated public operation. Regulation, if sufficiently drastic, has been shown to be not the avenue to socialism but the barricade against it.

Wisconsin had State grades, State standards, State labels for such commodities as butter and cheese. Are the private owners of butter and cheese factories thereby oppressed? On the contrary, they are thereby privately enriched. Their Wisconsin State-branded products—accord-

ing to the Year Book of the Federal Department of Agriculture—are continuously able to command a price premium in the national market.

The North Dakota State Government started a bank and, being the government of a wheat State, started a grain elevator and a flour mill.

The Wisconsin State Government started no bank and, although it was destined to be the government of an outstanding dairy State, started no State-owned factories for dairy products. On the contrary, it encouraged and promoted the privately owned factories for those products by two methods—education and regulation.

The Wisconsin State Government gives financial aid to cow-testing associations. The federal Government gives financial aid to railroads. It has lent many millions of dollars—for instance—to the New York, New Haven and Hartford. Under the accepted idea there is governmental interference on behalf of certain interests. Under the Wisconsin idea there is governmental interference all around. It is not socialism. It is simply what might be called making governmental interference unanimous.

On that basis the Wisconsin "progressive" or "radical" movement—instead of dying out in a few years, as every other "progressive" or "radical" movement in our whole national history has died out—can now be seen controlling and governing the State of Wisconsin at the end of thirty years of continuous existence.

In that fact is there, or is there not, a lesson for the ladies and gentlemen who want to make the present national La Follette movement produce a permanent new national political party?

Further and finally the friends of the idea of a new national political movement will note that the Wisconsin movement has steadily had behind it in its legislative activities the intense laborious research of great economic specialists like Dr. John Commons and that it has been accompanied by uniquely lavish expenditures of public money on the education of the individual Wisconsin boy, girl, woman, and man in the State University, in the extension courses of the State University, in ordinary grade schools and high schools and normal schools and extraordinary new part-time continuation schools for young citizens already earning their living.

The 1923 Wisconsin Legislature appropriated $150,000 for a building in Milwaukee to be used as a center for university-extension courses conducted from the State University at Madison. In Milwaukee there is also now a new part-time school building, the construction of which will have cost more than $3,000,000.

The number of working children doing part-time school work in Milwaukee has risen to about 13,000. The nation can never duplicate the growing economic result of the Wisconsin movement without the Wisconsin movement's passion for schools.

For individual self-improvement the educated Wisconsin farmer thereupon, with instructions and assistance and advice from Madison, forms his own cooperative societies and does not ask the government to market his products; he markets them himself. Governmental interference for the purpose of producing ultimately more opportunity and more capacity for private individuality—that is the laboring soul of the Wisconsin idea. And this writer ventures the view that no new national party without that soul and without that intense technical laboriousness will ever be anything more than a fortuitously aggregated body, materialistic and transitory.

The Buried Past of Greenland

By POUL NÖRLUND

AMONG the many adventurers, discoverers, and explorers who have written their names on the pale Arctic heavens there shines—after the lapse of almost a thousand years—the name of an Icelandic outlaw, Eric the Red, the discoverer and colonizer of Greenland. All the daring, gruffness, and audacity of the Viking age center in this proud, lonely figure who, in the Scandinavian countries, has become one of the personifications of a barbaric but glorious past, and whose name, in America, too, is recalled together with that of his son Leif Ericson, the discoverer of the American continent.

In the fiords of South Greenland Eric the Red founded a free political community, where he and a few of his countrymen found wider scope for their bold self-sufficiency and spirit of independence than could be found at home in Norway and in Iceland. Here they possessed practically the same means of livelihood as in northern Iceland—pastures for their large flocks of sheep and for their cattle and horses; the most advanced even tried to raise corn. Over the moors they hunted the reindeer, and in the sea seals and white bears which came drifting on ice-floes along the shores, and they were not afraid of setting out on expeditions to the north in search of the huge sea-monsters frequenting those regions, particularly the walrus, the skin of which was cut into thongs and the tusks traded to the Norwegian merchants who visited the country.

On the inmost shores of the deep fiords about Julianehope and Godthope, where the colonists settled most thickly, the sites of their farmyards, undisturbed by the ravages of time, are still to be found beneath the sod and the willow copses. According to a topographical description dating from the fourteenth century the settlements consisted of about 300 farms, two cloisters, and sixteen churches, one of which was the cathedral at the episcopal residence of Gardar. The sites of most of these are now known, thanks to a charting carried on by both skilled and unskilled persons for more than a century and a half, and on the basis of excavations in both Greenland and Iceland made by Captain Daniel Bruun it has been proved that the Greenlandic dwellings corresponded to the old Icelandic dwellings of the Saga period.

By continued archæological excavations we shall certainly be able to procure still further details concerning the old Greenlanders' life on the farthest outpost of European culture. Even now, through excavations which the present writer undertook in 1921 for the Danish Commission for the Scientific Investigation of Greenland, new and unexpected perspectives have been opened.

One of the most renowned Icelanders who followed Eric the Red to Greenland was named Herjolf Baardson. He took land farthest to the south, a few miles from Cape Farewell, but in contrast to all his companions he settled on a headland by the open sea instead of seeking shelter in the snug fiords. At Herjolfsness grew up a large farm, which later had its own church, and in the neighborhood was a harbor, one of the favorite ports of call of the Norwegian merchant vessels.

The storms of centuries lashed the headland and made relentless inroads upon the exposed churchyard where, at the water's edge, some remains of the old graves were laid bare. To anticipate the sea in its devastating work we excavated the whole churchyard. Around the little though not quite insignificant church lay the graves, layer under layer, the uppermost fully decomposed, but the lower showing a more and more wonderful state of preservation the deeper we reached. There were coffins joined with wood-nails or baleen fibers; there were small carved crosses, sometimes with runic inscriptions, which had been placed in the hands of the dead; but the most remarkable things were the garments in which the corpses had been wrapped when their relations could not procure any coffin.

People have been so accustomed to the things which can be preserved and excavated in the warm countries, for instance, in the tombs of Egyptian kings and others, that it is necessary to emphasize how remarkable—indeed in its way unique—this discovery of medieval garments is. In Europe also in that period the dead were frequently wrapped in clothes instead of being placed in coffins; but never once has a complete garment been brought out of the earth. They have all rotted.

No one could ask for a more vivid illustration of the medieval Greenlanders' life and culture than that given by the dresses now exhibited in the National Museum of Copenhagen. They are woven of wool and were certainly made in Greenland, where the women had plenty to do in working the wool from the great flocks of sheep which grazed on the mountain slopes. Probably the Greenlanders also exported ready-made cloth as did the Icelanders; there were, indeed, so many articles of necessity which had to be bought in Europe that furs and walrus tusks were hardly sufficient to pay for all their requirements.

But if these dresses were made in Greenland their congruity with the European fashions is so much the more startling. One by one you can take them forth and point out their parallels in the abundance of medieval sculptures and miniatures which we in Europe must use instead of the originals as a sort of fashion paper. They are the same fashions which we find in Paris and the Netherlands, they are the same headdresses which Petrarch wore or which later in the fifteenth century the Florentines used. It speaks strongly for the activity of international intercourse, and for the Greenlanders' intimate relations with Europe, that these fashions were able to wander the long way over Scandinavia and, on the Norwegian merchant vessels, farther, away out to Herjolfsness.

Of course, the Greenlandic imitations possess nothing of the gorgeous splendor of the original models. The material is coarse and the colors have disappeared—if gaudy colors were used, as in medieval Europe. These dresses were much worn and often mended before being used as shrouds, and naturally the lapse of centuries has left its traces. But when we imagine them in their original condition we must admit that the cut is intricate and well deliberated, and the best pieces have so fine a fall that they are really a pleasure to look at. They were not such garments as the peasantry wore in Scandinavia.

According to our European "fashion papers" most of the dresses belong to the period about the middle of the fourteenth century, but of course in Greenland they must be later. It was a period when the dresses fitted the body closely to the waist, falling toward the feet in soft, voluminous folds, and when the men, too, wore long, richly folded dresses which they slipped over their heads like a jumper, while as head-gear they used closely fitting hoods of which the upper back part was continued into a long tail or tippet which dangled down the back or was fastened round the head. This hood—the French *chaperon*—was very highly favored throughout Europe in the later Middle Ages. It was the most popular and most characteristic garment, and it is really surprising that not one single specimen has been preserved in Europe, while fourteen to fifteen pieces were recovered in fine condition from the Greenlandic soil.

How is this possible? They wrapped the dead each in his garment and put him into the rude earth, and 600 years later we found the corpse decomposed, as is the way of nature, but the wrapping in about the same condition as when it was buried.

The explanation is that these graves are below the line at which in these days the soil will thaw in the warm summer time. The dresses have been frozen down. But this is an answer that raises a new question. They cannot have cut the graves in the frozen ground; in that case the corpse would not have been decomposed, and all the garments were penetrated by grass roots which must have originated at a time when these layers of earth were unfrozen. The only reasonable explanation is this: In the Middle Ages the ground thawed to a greater depth and then a change of climate occurred before the putrefaction from the corpse spread to its surroundings. Such changes may well have come gradually if we suppose that the deepest and best-preserved graves were made at midsummer and even at the beginning thawed only for a short period of the year.

The excavations at Herjolfsness support a theory which is set forth by Professor O. Pettersson of Sweden, and which for the last decade has engaged the attention of meteorologists and historians. According to this theory a change of climate, ascribed to cosmic causes, took place during the latter part of the Middle Ages, affecting a great part of the earth.

The Norse commonwealth of Greenland existed independently for about 250 years, until in 1261 it surrendered to the Norwegian Crown. Soon afterward the king received the monopoly of the navigation of the coasts of the country, but in return he assumed the obligation of maintaining commercial intercourse, and the arrangement must certainly have been a benefit to the isolated Greenlanders. A real peril was prevented—for Norwegian shipping was at this moment rapidly declining, and skippers were scarce who, at their own risk, would keep up the connection. The purely European character of the garments found at Herjolfsness must prove that throughout the fourteenth century there was a rather lively intercourse with Europe; indeed it proves that the Greenlanders far into the fifteenth century were in communication with the old country, because we found European fashions from the second half of that century. But the arrival of ships became rarer and rarer and

at last stopped altogether. If a change in the ice conditions of the coasts of South Greenland really occurred it must have been fatal to navigation; probably one ship after another was caught in the ice packs until at last there was not one skipper left in Norway who knew the difficult and perilous route.

To us, who lived for a whole summer at Herjolfsness and saw ourselves blocked most of the time by drift-ice coming from the east and rounding Cape Farewell, it is hard to imagine how the Norsemen, under similar ice conditions, were able to use this place as a harbor. Nowadays Herjolfsness is one of the points on the southwest coast which is most difficult to navigate; the ice forces the ships farther north, where they cannot "stand in" toward the land until they have passed the whole of the old eastern settlement.

The change in climate made life harder for the Greenlanders. Supplies from Europe were necessary for their existence, their wholly European culture depended on a close connection with the home country. And, on the other hand, the same conditions which became fatal for the Norsemen brought the Eskimos southward, for their source of livelihood was on the drifting ice, the favorite haunts of the seals. But in the long run the two peoples could not live side by side without collision; there was not room enough for both. We imagine that they settled their differences not by a decisive contest but by small local feuds. Naturally the Norsemen, cut off from supplies from Europe, got the worse of it against a people inured to the Arctic climate and living in complete independence of the rest of the world.

Many people, among them renowned scientists, refuse to believe that the same Eskimos who nowadays are famous for their peacefulness were able to accomplish such a war of extermination. But my own nation, the Danish, now one of the most peaceful and anti-militaristic people in the world, a thousand years ago sent one devastating Viking army after the other over Western Europe. It has been said that the white race cannot be conquered by the savage; but it is often seen that its superiority disappears if it is isolated. And talk of the Norsemen's superiority to the Eskimos is silenced by the last result of our excavations at Herjolfsness.

After our return the remains of the excavated skeletons (their state of preservation being rather bad) were forwarded for examination to the renowned Danish anatomist, Professor F. C. C. Hansen. His careful investigations show that the last Norsemen of Greenland were a badly degenerate race, small and wretched persons, suffering from rachitis and tubercular diseases, many of them cripples, degenerated through intermarriage and undernourishment. Their teeth were even in youth decayed because of bad food. Consequently it was not a host of tall champions who had to fight the Eskimos, but a doomed race. We bow with respect to these our kinsmen who, voluntarily or involuntarily, stayed at their advanced outpost, and there were left to die. And their fate does not become less tragic because the breaking of communication with Europe was primarily due to circumstances of which their countrymen at home were not masters. But we must admit that the Eskimos, the little hardy polar people, by the right of the strongest, took Greenland from the white race. It was, under these circumstances, no great achievement.

Baking Your Own Bread

By J. P. WARBASSE

THE price of bread was five cents a loaf when wheat was $1 a bushel. When the price of wheat went to $2 the price of bread jumped to ten cents a loaf. The wage of the baker was not doubled. Only the price the consumer paid was doubled. One might get the idea that bread is made out of flour alone. It is not. It is made chiefly of labor, flour, and water. Wheat has been down around the pre-war price for several years, but the price of a loaf of bread stays around ten cents. What is this fiscal yeast that raises bread so successfully and keeps it raised?

During the war the farmers asserted their patriotism, paid their good money for government bonds, and made a terrible wail; and then were bribed to raise lots of grain by the promise of $3 wheat. That high-priced wheat cost them more than they got for it. It was the most expensive wheat the American farmer ever raised. It did him more harm than good. He knows it now. The bankers got the money, and he got deflation as a present from the bankers.

Now, the important fact is that most of the people in the United States are not farmers. This is no longer an agricultural country. It is a commercial country. Buying and selling the products of labor is more profitable than working. But still all of the people eat bread. The eight- and ten-cent loaf is the price they are still paying for that crop of $3 wheat that was raised half a dozen years ago. That crop of wheat has been bought and paid for ten times already by the consumers—and they keep on paying for it. But the farmer does not get the money. What is more, the farmer also buys flour and bread, and he has already spent his share of the money he got for his $3 wheat for these daily necessities. The interesting thing that is happening is that the people are paying for bread that they do not get. Big and little bakeries are developing and absorbing this surplus between the producer and the consumer. The "bread king" is actually coming into existence to take his place along with all of the other "kings."

What can the people do to get the full amount of bread they pay for? Bakeries are multiplying—but their purpose is not to make bread to feed the people but to make profits for the owners of the bakeries. What can the people do to bake bread to eat? This is an old question. The family answers it by turning the kitchen into a bakery and the good housewife into a baker. That is one way to bake bread to eat. There is another way.

I know a little town of 3,500 population. It has eight hundred families. The cooperative consumers' society in that town has nine hundred members—more than a member for every family. The society has five stores and a bakery. The bakery turns out about eight hundred loaves a day at a cost of less than five cents a loaf. This bakery is owned by the families that use the bread. Besides enjoying the advantage of having wholesome bread, eight hundred housewives are released from the baking function. The work of the eight hundred is done by four.

But what is more important, these people are learning how to administer their own business. If they can carry on stores and a bakery, they can qualify to carry on other functions for their own service. This happens to be a cooperative society of a town in Switzerland.

But the people in their voluntary societies of consumers can also carry on big business in this same field. The United Cooperative Baking Society of Glasgow, Scotland, is a good example. Its first bakery was started with one oven in a little old house in a back street. Now it has grown until it has over $2,500,000 share capital. It distributes $8,000,000 worth of bread and cakes a year, and makes a surplus-saving for its members of over $300,000. This bakery society devotes $7,000 a year to cooperative education, carries $250,000 worth of flour and bread in stock, and has $1,500,000 in reserve. It uses 30,000 tons of flour a year and puts out 800 tons of bread a week. Its 120 ovens are equipped with the most modern machinery. All of this highly successful and steadily growing business has been owned and administered from the beginning—fifty-five years ago—by the consumers who eat the bread. This is not the largest cooperative bakery. One in Vienna, Austria, is still larger, supplying bread to more than half the population of that city.

In England, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Russia, France—in every European country these bakeries of the people are to be found. The strong cooperative societies in Belgium did not begin with stores, as was the case in England, but with bakeries. "We are bombarding the citadel of capitalism with loaves of bread" has always been the slogan of Belgian cooperation. The society of Ghent turns out 120,000 loaves of bread a week in this bombardment. Bread is sold in that country at a reasonable price. The surplus-savings accumulating in the treasury of the society are used for all sorts of social purposes—life and sickness insurance, old-age pensions, medical care, unemployment, insurance, education, entertainment. And then the surplus accumulating beyond these needs is used to open stores for the distribution of other commodities.

In practically every town in Germany—or at least in 3,126 towns—is a cooperative consumers' society. The bakery is the next institution started by these societies after the store and the savings bank. Take Nuremberg, for example; there is a cooperative society of 50,000 members with a bakery having twenty-three ovens. The largest profit-making bakery in Nuremberg has four ovens. The Nuremberg society can supply the whole city with all the bread it needs.

The largest bakery in the city of Hamburg is that of the cooperative society. The cooperatives in Germany, Switzerland, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, and half a dozen other countries own their own flour mills. And the federated societies of England not only have the largest flour mills in the British Empire but they own thousands of acres of wheat-lands where they produce their own grain. The same is true of most German towns and cities. They are producing bread to eat. The middleman is fading away.

There is something in these bakeries besides providing bread to eat at cost. They have carried efficiency to so high a plane that they are undoubtedly contributing to the health of the people. I remember seeing a machine for removing dirt and impurities from the flour in several of these bakeries, and I was informed that the profit-making bakeries did not use this machine. "Then what becomes of the impurities " "Why, the people eat them," was the reply.

In the United States we have about seventy-five successful cooperative bakeries. Fifteen of these are Jewish, three are Italian, ten or fifteen are Scandinavian or Finnish, and the rest are run by Americans or by a mixture of nationalities. Three of these bakery societies have a membership of around 2,000 each. Most of them are smaller, ranging from sixty to six hundred members.

As an example of what the people can do for themselves in the United States, let us take a look at the bakery of the Purity Cooperative Association of Paterson, New Jersey. Twenty years ago it started with eight members. They went from house to house and raised money in amounts from twenty-five cents to five dollars, until they had $800 in hand. They then rented a little bakery with one oven for $24 a month. The profit bakeries tried to put them out of business, and nearly succeeded. So poor were they that at times they did not have the money to buy a bag of flour. But they stuck it out and grew, and presently they moved to larger premises. Then they bought a house and equipped it with ovens. Ten years ago they put up a bigger brick bakery building with every modern appliance. And five years ago they built another of still greater size. In 1905 they baked 150 loaves daily, using one barrel of flour and employing two bakers. In 1915 they baked 3,650 loaves and 1,350 dozen rolls daily, used thirty barrels of flour, and employed twelve bakers. Today they have 2,000 members who are supplied with $250,000 worth of bread a year. Three auto-trucks and two wagons carry bread to the consumers. The property is worth $150,000. Their ovens turn out 5,000 loaves and 24,000 rolls a day. Big machines automatically weigh, sieve, and mix 500 pounds of flour at a time. They use a carload of flour a week. The society also runs a meatshop which sells $100,000 worth of meat yearly. It requires forty-two employees with a weekly pay roll of $1,600. Although only $8,000 has been subscribed in capital stock, the resources of the association are $175,000. The sum of $1,000 is contributed yearly to cooperative education.

Two years ago this Purity bakery united with three other bakeries in the same district, to form a federation. The four bakeries do a weekly business of $20,000 or $1,000,000 a year. The surplus-savings of these bakeries vary from 5 per cent to 25 per cent. Some is used to create funds for expansion and for educational purposes. The remainder is given back to the members as savings-returns. Every one of these bakeries is keeping down the price of bread in the neighborhood where it operates. By the price standards that they set they are saving millions of dollars to millions of people in the cost of bread who never heard of the bakeries.

When food controller Hoover fixed the price of bread during the war, the private-profit bakeries protested that they could not produce bread at so low a price. But the cooperative bakeries protested against being required to charge so high a price for bread. Despite protests both made money. The first group produced the poorest bread they could and put the profits in their pockets; the second group produced the best bread they could and gave the profits back to the people. Which of these principles is to be adopted ultimately in production and distribution remains to be seen. All that can be said for the present is that the profit motive in industry has got the world into a good deal of a mess; and as far as bread goes the people are still paying for much that they are never permitted to eat.

In the Driftway

CIVILIZATION, like almost everything in this world (even the Drifter's steady old desk in these days of whirling atoms), is difficult to define. We have highbrows who defend it, and anthropologists like Westermarck who take delightful jabs at civilized peoples as compared with primitive folk. The Drifter being a sentimental philosopher, and also because it pains him to think of century after century without progress, wishes with all his heart and soul, and half of his mind, to believe in progress. But the other half of his mind can't abide the absolute assumption of progress or that it is represented by "me" and "mine."

* * * *

ALL this has been aroused not by recent deep researches into anthropological lore, but by the arrival of the "white Indians." In the first place the Drifter's emotions were enlisted, his sympathy was aroused for Marguerite, Alo, and Chepu. The story of their first "hot and uncomfortable" day in city clothes brings squirms of approval from the Drifter's hot and uncomfortable body. Then an inspired reporter wrote that "they looked at the Statue of Liberty as if they thought it no more wonderful than a palm-tree." Well, well! We wonder how many palm-trees that man has seen. The Drifter wasted several hours thinking about palm-trees and reporters and the Statue of Liberty. He went out to the S of L in one of the little boats that leave from the Battery, and chose a particularly unfortunate day, as part of the Democratic Convention was going out to compare it to a palm-tree too.

* * * *

THEN the Drifter went home and read Beebe's "Jungle Peace." He saw the sun drop into the jungle with tropical quickness, leaving for a moment the clear, golden sky. There was the quiet of sunset. Then darkness and the night noises of the jungle. He followed the fairy-like moonlit trail through the jungle. He sniffed the delicate and penetrating odors of orchids, crushed leaves, decaying wood. And then his imagination played him a trick, and he smelled (although psychologists say one can't recall smells) smoke, gasoline, dust, and hot asphalt. Some of us who admire so prodigiously our "wagons that go by themselves, boats th[illegible] tower up into the clouds" would be heartily bored in the most marvelous of jungles unless we had a Beebe there to interpret. The Drifter's wrath increases when he reads that "the burden of understanding New York with its skyscrapers, its subways and elevateds, its automobiles and its throngs is too much for them." Do we superior New Yorkers understand New York? We know how to follow the green or black line in the shuttle, but pray what do we "understand"? And if we did, might we not know more about life if we knew the answer to the question of the great black frog of the jungle, Wh-y? Wh-y?

* * * *

PLEASE don't send in applications for membership in a back-to-nature club. The Drifter has no intention of starting one. He has an adequate appreciation of the comforts of civilization and a highly developed fear of many of the crawly things of the jungle. But he does wish for the sake of the peace of that aforesaid half of his mind that his fellow-beings wouldn't consider themselves the be-all and the end-all of the universe. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Married Women's Titles

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You note the fact that Susan B. Anthony introduced Lucy Stone on some public occasion as "Mrs. Stone." Mrs. Stone was the name by which my mother was known to all her friends and neighbors and to her associates in reform work. It was the name by which she wished to be called. She had no objection to the change of title that indicates whether a woman is married or single. But she regarded the loss of a woman's name at marriage as a symbol of the loss of her individuality, and she would have none of it.

She spoke with warm indignation of the woman in "Bleak House" who had been Mrs. Captain Swosser and Mrs. Professor Dingo and was now Mrs. Bayham Badger. She said it was like a slave who was Cuffee Smith if he belonged to Mr. Smith, and Cuffee Jones if he became the property of Mr. Jones.

Before her marriage, she consulted several eminent lawyers, including the Hon. Salmon P. Chase, who was afterward Chief Justice of the United States. They all told her that there was no law requiring a married woman to take her husband's name; it was only a custom. It is said that my father's family were rather glad to have her keep her own name. His elder sister, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, was the first woman in modern times to take a medical degree—a thing looked upon as altogether shocking. The family thought they had enough odium to bear because one woman named Blackwell was practicing medicine, without having another woman of that name lecturing for woman's rights in a bloomer dress.

When Massachusetts gave women school suffrage in 1879, my mother let herself be deprived of her vote rather than sacrifice her principles. She would not register as Lucy Blackwell, and the authorities would not let her register as Lucy Stone. I have seldom seen my father more indignant. He proposed that he and I should go before the registrars and make oath that we had known this woman for many years, and that her name was Lucy Stone. Of course, it would have been useless. She lost her vote because a small Boston official thought he knew more about law than the Chief Justice of the United States.

In recent years, I am sorry to say, Massachusetts has adopted an enactment in regard to the re-registration of women after marriage which requires them to use their husbands' names; but there was no such provision at that time. Sooner or later it will be repealed.

Chilmark, Mass., July 24 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

La Follette in California

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On May 5 a group of earnest men and women gathered in a ramshackle hall in Long Beach for the purpose of forming an organization which they hoped would aid in the election of Robert M. La Follette to the Presidency next November. Although at that time the possibility of La Follette's running was speculative, if not remote, this group with vigorous confidence set to work and founded a La Follette for President Club. It is only fair to say that the founders were not representative of the citizenry of Long Beach or of Southern California as a whole; the meeting was inspired and given zest almost wholly by a few farmers of the Northwest, those Nonpartisan Leaguers whose efforts for progressive political action have earned the profound admiration of every one whose heart hungers for true political emancipation.

The organization has grown; at each meeting the crowds get larger and the enthusiasm for La Follette waxes higher.

All of this has taken place in the city of reactionaries and stand-patters where not so long ago Eugene Debs was denied the right to address a public meeting.

The writer tells this with the hope of inspiring other communities to do likewise. He knows of communities whose conditions should be much more favorable for the forming of La Follette clubs, and he appeals to the progressive citizenry throughout the land to choose the psychological time, unite upon a common footing, and send Robert La Follette to the White House next November. All that it requires is union.

A few words to the extreme radical, he who is called "red" but whose heart is intrinsically white. The time has come for you to realize that diplomacy is a necessary instrument and that much can be gained by using a little of it now and then. I am addressing this especially to those extremists who see in Robert M. La Follette but another capitalist a little disguised. You fail to recognize the true virtues of the man, his unimpeachable record for justice and fairness, and above all the certainty that he would protect you in the exercise of your full right of citizenship.

Let us, in this hour of test, forget that we have separate grievances and differences of opinion. Now is the time for discussion but not for dissension. The hope of any movement lies in the solidarity of its supporters. Let us for once make a united effort to enact a theory we are wont of preaching.

Long Beach, California, July 17 ALBERT VAN AVER

"Mother of Exiles"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the passage of the recent immigration law further restricting the admission of aliens into the United States, I most respectfully suggest that a congressional committee be appointed and instructed to proceed to Bedloe's Island, New York, armed with crowbars, sledges, and chisels, and wrench from the base of the statue of the Goddess of Liberty the bronze tablet to Emma Lazarus, which bears the following lines from her fine sonnet The New Colossus, written in 1883:

> "Keep ancient lands your storied pomp!" cries she
> With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
> Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
> The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
> Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
> I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

Either that, or reverse the position of the goddess and turn her back to Europe.

Superior, Wisconsin, July 10 JOHN A. CADIGAN

Contributors to This Issue

ARTHUR WARNER, associate editor of *The Nation*, has made a special study of La Follette's political record during the past forty-five years.

POUL NÖRLUND, deputy keeper of the Danish National Museum at Copenhagen and author of historical and archaeological essays, led the Danish Archaeological Expedition to Greenland in 1921.

JAMES P. WARBASSE is president of the Cooperative League of America and editor of *Cooperation*.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG, who has spent the greater part of the last three years in Russia, is the author of "The First Time in History," recently published in America.

H. A. OVERSTREET is head of the department of philosophy at the College of the City of New York.

ELISEO VIVAS is a young Spanish critic who contributes frequent articles on contemporary Spanish literature to current periodicals.

"The Modern Quarterly aims to attract enlightened readers who are at once radical and metaphysical, serious and educable. It is consistent in its demands upon the intelligence of its readers and its effort to bring the whole range of human affairs under its vigorous scrutiny. It is well informed . . . . contentious and courageous."—The Nation.

THE MODERN QUARTERLY

Scientific—that is the word which characterizes the present age. Science has been applied to every phase of modern thought, but here for the first time a scientific approach is made toward literary criticism. If you are scientific—and you must be to be modern—then you cannot afford to miss this frontier approach entitled:

SOCIOLOGICAL CRITICISM OF LITERATURE
by V. F. Calverton
with an important preface by Ernest Boyd

IS AMERICA RIPE FOR A LABOR PARTY?
Three articles on the present labor situation by
James O'Neal C. E. Ruthenberg V. L. Reynolds

—continuing Adolf Moor by V. F. Calverton
—A Revolutionary Interpretation of Philosophy by Haim Kantorovitch
—Materialism and Art by George Plechanoff
—Poems and Book Reviews

THE MODERN QUARTERLY
P. O. Box 322 Baltimore, Md.
I enclose $1.00 for a year's subscription to The Modern Quarterly
" " $5.00 " The Nation and The Modern Quarterly for a year
" " $ .35 " a single copy of The Modern Quarterly

Name .....

Address .....

PLEXO
"TOILET LANOLINE"
—the year-round skin treatment

This wonderful emollient is used with great success by noted skin specialists for pimples, blotches, facial eruptions, roughness, abrasions and chapped lips and hands. It protects the delicate skin surfaces against trying weather conditions and by supplying nourishment to the facial nerves and skin cells effaces wrinkles and restores the bloom of youthful health. "Toilet Lanoline" is especially recommended for cuts and burns and for relief of pain after exposure. "Toilet Lanoline" is a remarkable skin softener and preserver. A delicately scented preparation that is safe for SMALL CHILDREN.

PREPARED BY
PLEXO PREPARATIONS, Inc.
NEW YORK
Sole Agents and Distributors
General Drug Co., N. Y., 94 N. Moore Street

If Some Grim Tragedy

By NINNA MAY SMITH

If some grim tragedy had smote me down
I might have risen spent
From the chastising rod, yet in some way
Magnificent.

But life moves tranquilly without event
Day after wearisome day,
Save for the little rodent cares that make
Me small as they.

Books

The Value of Personality

A Living Universe. By L. P. Jacks. George H. Doran Company. $1.

The Lost Radiance of Christianity. By L. P. Jacks. George H. Doran Company. $0.75.

Seeing Life Whole. By Henry Churchill King. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The Reconstruction of the Spiritual Ideal. By Felix Adler. D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

THERE seems something curiously futile about most philosophies. They are so endlessly talky. They lose themselves in a maze of words. The sciences, on the other hand, are powerfully silent. They do not argue. They make their experiments and present the results. What philosophy needs, apparently, is to learn how to talk less and do more. Curiously enough, there is a settled view that philosophy cannot be experimental. Philosophers themselves accept this view.

> You ask us to test our conclusions as do the scientists. But how can we? Philosophy has no brass instruments; no measuring rods; no laboratories. Philosophy is a thing of the mind, with no tests save the pure canons of logic.

And so the philosopher, a little sadly, a little shamefacedly, perhaps, resigns himself to talk.

But is this true? Philosophy is a critical consideration of our basic assumptions. Is it not possible to put a basic assumption to the test, to see how it works itself out? In a little book called "The Living Universe" Dr. Jacks proposes this. There are just two fundamental philosophies, he contends: that one which assumes the universe to be dead and that one which assumes it to be alive. How shall the one or the other of these philosophies be proved? By arguing? Not at all. Even at the best there are realities which speech is powerless to express. Reality in the last analysis can only be acted. You cannot prove that beauty is beautiful to one who sees no beauty. The proof of beauty is the living appreciation of it. You cannot prove that sex love is a great and transforming experience to one who is physiologically immature. The proof of love is in the loving.

So Dr. Jacks holds we cannot prove by the logic of the tongue or pen that the universe is either living or dead. The only proof is in living as if it were the one or the other. By the fruits of that living we shall know. And here is where philosophy becomes experimental. We have, let us say, talked this matter over for hours. We have matched argument with argument, point with point. Let us now end it all and put it to the test. Live as if the universe were dead; and see what happens. Live as if the universe were alive; and see what happens. If the one experiment lands us in confusion and self-destruction, while the other brings transforming and heightening experience, we have our laboratory test.

It is somewhat in this manner that Dr. Jacks puts to the test these two fundamental philosophies. Our actual philosophy nowadays, he holds, as taught in the schools and lived in our business and political lives, is the philosophy which assumes a dead universe. From that fact follows our dominant technique —exploitation. We use nature, master her, control her. And it is no wonder that we have no compunctions about using human beings, mastering, controlling them in our interests. That we are essentially a political and economic civilization is symptomatic. Political units (nations) seek power; profit-makers seek power. Our civilization is quarrelsome because it is dominantly a civilization of exploitation.

Suppose we tested out the other philosophy, not by talking about it but by acting it. Instead of mastering, using nature, physical and human, we should then, with a kind of joyous appreciation, seek to coact with all nature. Instead of a preponderating interest in domination we should have an interest in growth and wider association. Education, instead of emphasizing personal success, would emphasize development. Nations, instead of aiming at power, would aim at welfare.

Here, then, is a working hypothesis which Dr. Jacks proposes. Can it be put to the test? He is not despondent as are many post-war writers. He feels that the hypothesis is being put to the test even now and is working. There is one powerful movement he holds, which indicates that civilization is taking a new direction. The military era is being succeeded by an era of intense interest in education. The basic interest of education, however, is not in domination but in development. In the end such a newly directed civilization will mean the suppression of the exploitation motive, which treats all that is not ourselves as if it were a means to our private ends; it will mean the increasing substitution of the motive of joyous association with realities that are truly living.

It is because Christianity has in large measure lost this sense of joyous association with a living universe that it has become the thing that it is of solemn "duties," magical ceremonials, and terrifying eschatologies.

Dr. King, also, joins forces with the "living-universe" philosophy. He develops his argument, however, in a different way. Where Dr. Jacks says, Try out the "dead-universe" hypothesis and see how it works, Dr. King says, consider all the sciences and philosophers whither they point. And considering biology, psychology, ethics, and philosophy, he finds them all pointing to what he holds to be fundamental in the Christian view of life. One is grateful for the very liberal and humanistic view which Dr. King takes of Christianity and particularly for his defense of a Christianity of the man Christ as over against a Christianity of the Old Testament. But when it comes to a reasoned view of the universe, one must confess that his selective principle seems to be worked overhard to find in the sciences and philosophy supports for the particular theistic view of the universe that has come to be known as Christian. The book, however, has many fine insights and is to be commended for its vigorous effort to see life not from some partial point of view of religion or of science but from the point of view of all man's authentic experiences.

Felix Adler, on the other hand, has no confidence in metaphysical approaches. He must find whatever spiritual reality there is in the universe through the spiritual quality in himself and others. Finding that, he has no hesitation in believing that the universe is spiritual, a society of spiritual personalities. But for Adler, as for Jacks, there is no real knowing save through acting. The spiritual in me is found precisely in the degree to which I act toward others as if they were spiritual. Here again we have the setting up of an hypothesis and the testing of it through specific action. Dr. Adler has illuminating things to say about marriage and social reconstruction. At times the thought is made unduly obscure by what seem to be quite unnecessary metaphysical subtleties. But throughout there runs the challenge of the single basic assumption: Treat humanity in all situations—marriage, business, industry, poli-

tics—as if it were spiritual and the world will find an end of its sorriest troubles.

There is much with which one might honestly differ in all these books, but they are significant as defenses of the supreme value of personality and of the livingness of reality by men who nevertheless are in profoundest sympathy with the scientific viewpoints of our day.

H. A. OVERSTREET

A Spanish Woman Novelist

Mariflor. By Concha Espina. Translated from the Spanish by Frances Douglas. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Red Beacon. By Concha Espina. Translated from the Spanish by Frances Douglas. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

THERE is something in the literature of modern Spain which seems to articulate in an almost inaudible manner the frustration and the futility of its life. In Baroja, in Azorin, in Perez de Ayala, or, better still, in those early records of passion of Unamuno which his later fame has overshadowed, we invariably catch a common note: a subtle vein of melancholy, of regret, similar to, although less precise and more sophisticated than, the sober sadness over the failure of life to bloom which is, in our own literature, the leading motive of Sherwood Anderson. A time there was, amply recorded, when Spanish literature seemed to overbrim with brutal joy. The Spaniard was then successful through a desperate activity in chasing from his consciousness the ghost of disillusionment. And while his life was spilled in remote fields of action, his literature, reflecting the exaltation of his life, was a record of sword gashes, revenges, and a repressed lust often too violent to hide itself under the name of mysticism. Today, tired, perhaps, or perhaps spiritually as well as materially bankrupt, his literature has but one theme, disillusionment.

This is the reason why tragedy—that is to say, the failure in a vital aspiration—seldom is to be found in modern Spanish literature. The modern Spaniard—Unamuno is perhaps the only exception—has no really vital aspirations. His is the weariness of a lack of ideals. But if one does not find tragedy in modern Spanish literature, in the best of it one finds the elements of greatness. For it springs—in Baroja and Azorin this is surface clear—from an ineluctable conflict between two permanently opposed interests within the artist: from the conflict between the artist's desideratum for a truly adventurous and noble fulfilment of life and his Sancho Panza longings for comfort and safety.

In Concha Espina, however, these elements of greatness are not to be found. As a technician she seems supremely gifted. She is unusually articulate and sensitive enough to echo the subtle moods of the earth and the sky as well as the petty sufferings of her puppets. But the conflict of truly vital and radical interests, which alone lends a tale of the moment the color of permanence, cannot be found in her. The only grace that raises her from a novelist of sentimental trash into the ranks of interesting mediocrity is a faint sense, of which she seems to be seldom conscious, that the life she describes is adumbrated by the weariness of acknowledged futility. Her theme in both these books is poverty, which drives the sentimental wants of the individual to a conflict with the interests of the family and of established custom. Poverty circles over her creatures with the ever-nearing flight of a hawk, finally clawing them down to submission. It is here that she fails. Her understanding of life is too tenuous to make us feel that the failure of her victims to triumph over poverty is the tragic denouement of what might have been a nobly successful life. Her heart's desire is vulgar. There is no difference between her idea of happiness and that of the shopkeeper. This world would be, for her, the best possible if we could manage to eliminate poverty from it. Then the beautiful girl would be able to marry the sensitive young poet, rather than sell her charms to a rich elderly man who can save her family from its dire needs. Confronted with the possibility of such a Utopia we cannot help feeling grateful that human stupidity perpetuates so mean a thing as poverty, for it occasionally lends the only glimmer of meaning to human life.

It is true that Concha Espina is "the foremost woman novelist of Spain today," as she has been called. But it should be remembered that since the death of the Countess of Pardo Bazan there has appeared no woman writer capable of doing work of permanent human significance. The fact that she is the recipient of a prize from the Academy merely attests her ideologic and artistic respectability. There is, therefore, very little excuse for the translation of these two books into English. For though writers of universal merit are few today in Spain, there are, nevertheless, several more deserving of the honor of translation than she.

The translations have been well done.

ELISEO VIVAS

Some Essayists

Modern Essays. (Second Series.) Selected by Christopher Morley. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

The East Window and The Car Window. By Bert Leston Taylor. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Pearls & Pepper. By Robert Palfrey Utter. Yale University Press. $2.50.

The Mancroft Essays. By Arthur Michael Samuel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

Now That I'm Fifty. By Albert Payson Terhune. George H. Doran. $2.

Summer Ghosts and Winter Topics. By Felix E. Schelling. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

Beauty, Truth, and Humour. By Henry Charles Duffin. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 4s. 6d.

MR. MORLEY announces that he has chosen these essays for an "imaginary undergraduate," more aptly described by our grandfathers as the young person, but it is my most earnest recommendation that they be read by the generation which produced the other collections here reviewed. If there be a millionare bootlegger anxious to emulate the Medici, I hereby urge upon him the service of distributing the "Modern Essays" to the writers under discussion—not excluding Mr. Morley—as an act worthy of the supreme patron of belles-lettres. For if they do nothing else, the essays in this volume demonstrate beyond question or doubt that it is possible to write entertainingly and significantly without imitating the two saccharine saints who opened and closed the nineteenth century. Mr. Morley shows again in his preface and slight introductions the influence of that stilted, Stevensonian geniality and the lulling, Lamb-like love of life which are considered the *sine qua non* of essay writing by most gentlemen nearing their grand climacteric. His paragraphs abound in "high-minded publishers," "nicest people," "high-spirited trade organs," and "most amiable of men." The undergraduate, male and female, is anything but imaginary to me, and I venture to proffer the opinion that the "promissory pupil" of today is sufficiently different from the collegiate literary enthusiast of Mr. Morley's year to call such "kindly humor" sentimental slush. Nevertheless, this young person will enjoy enormously nearly every one of the essays in the book, because behind the mannerism Mr. Morley chooses to affect there is genuine literary appreciation and an understanding mind.

B. L. T., "requiescat in pace," was blessed with broad sympathies and good taste, and he also possessed enough native wit to show through the dressing-gown of an adopted manner. Seated at the East window, however, he drew it close around him; when traveling he naturally discarded the encumbrance. A literary Baedeker would mark him with a double star—

modern but worth while. Mr. Utter, on the other hand, saves part of his work from the state of boredom which only the repetition of a no-longer-popular style can produce less through his modernity than by virtue of his youth. Mr. Utter is still one year shy of fifty, and there is resiliency as well as vigor in his thinking.

Fifty is such a silly season. It is the period when life is so thoroughly a matter of routine that nothing untoward happens. And this absence of accidents is set down by the smug ancients as owing to their accumulated wisdom and mellowed experience. Then out of the fulness of their maturity these mad wags dispense "wise saws and modern instances." Seated in their comfortable studies they seek to forget their commercial, political, or academic occupations by recalling their Elia and their Tusitala. Wrapped in their humorous sadness they ooze out the contemplations "blasted with antiquity," and their style is like the style of a poor relation, a fawning imitation of the patron's manner.

When in his fictitious letters he goes behind the nineteenth-century humorists to an earlier form, Mr. Samuel displays qualities of intelligent apperception and independent speculation. As for the others, "I learned," confesses Mr. Terhune, "that I have unsuspected powers as a bore." Messrs. Schelling and Duffin have not learned that yet, although it is more obvious. When an American bore puts his Touchstone philosophy into print, he is generally dull; when an English one does it, he is stupid.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Tant' Alie

Tant' Alie of Transvaal; Her Diary, 1880-1902. Translated from the Taal by Emily Hobhouse. London: Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 6s.

MEVROUW ALIE BADENHORST, born de Wet, of Mahemsvlei, District Potchefstroom, Transvaal, in the year 1900 found herself alone on her farm with her children and her Kaffir servants, her husband a prisoner of war in the camp at Simonstown, and the future dark and uncertain. On April 21 she got a letter from him, describing the sea and sea-shore landscape, both so new to his inland-bred vision, and telling her of friends, of the camp life, and of his thankfulness that he had not, as yet, been told off to the batches of prisoners being dispatched to St. Helena. He closed his letter, as usual, with affectionate greetings to all his people, "From your husband, who never forgets you." Then for a year she heard no word, good or bad, and as a means of escape from the sorrow and anxiety of her life, she "began to write this book." She went back to her childhood, and put down the story of her life up to the capture of Cronje and the exile of her husband, and then carried the narrative forward until July 3, 1902, when, peace having been made, her husband and the others came home again. "In two steps I was beside him with the cry: 'How old you look, how thin! How are you, how are you?'" And with their farm in black ruin, but with hope renewed in both by the joy of their reunion, they begin again their life, and the story ends.

I say "the story" advisedly; for although the book is virtually a diary, and though she appends by way of epilogue a special affirmation of its absolute truthfulness, Tant' Alie of Transvaal has given us a story as fascinating as any novel, a "human document," as Miss Hobhouse says Olive Schreiner called it, of unusual interest and importance. We live with her through the awful suspense, the needless suffering, the senseless indignities, the physical hardships which the Boer War brought to her and her sisters on the lonely farms and in the unspeakable concentration camps. To Tant' Alie, both her God and her country were fundamental, living realities; her passionate love of both colored and conditioned every hour of her adult life.

But in plain, vigorous phrases she gives us an unvarnished account of war as it appears both to the fighters and to the non-combatants of the invaded country. Sacred as is to her the cause for which her men are fighting, there is no war-glamor in her mind or in her book. "O that my grief," she writes, "were engraved with a pen of iron so that our children's children might know of it."

She went through the long, terrible months with a courage and gaiety and a ready helpfulness for all who had need of it, very remarkable in consideration of her own continuous illness, and the equally continuous tension under which she lived. Always she was keenly alive to and comforted by natural beauty. Her joy in the loveliness of early morning in the veldt is moving. Product of a simpler, less sophisticated age and culture than our own, she read little but her Bible and her hymns; she shared with the rest of her people a childish horror both of the sea and of hospitals; she loved and hated and believed without analysis and without subtlety. But, in reading these pages, we realize the dignity, the mettle, and the greatness of her type and of her race.

Miss Hobhouse, whose beautiful work for the women and children in the concentration camps is not forgotten, has done the world a service by her publication of this book. Her translation reads smoothly, and she has been careful to preserve the simplicity and decision of the original manuscript.

RUTH S. ALEXANDER

Euphues His English

Last Essays of Maurice Hewlett. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE career of Maurice Hewlett was curious. He began at the apogee. His early romantic novels, "The Forest Lovers," 1898, and "The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay," 1900, caught the fancy of the times, and fixed him with precision as a late nineteenth-century euphuist and romantic. Subsequently, Hewlett experienced almost an uninterrupted diminuendo until his death, though he produced a score of books of poetry, fiction, and essays. He ended in unread celebrity with the bitter complaint that he had been immolated for the sins of his youth.

At the beginning of the war Hewlett retired to "Broad Chalke" in the Wiltshire country, and occupied himself with essays and reviews, producing four volumes of fugitive pieces. The fourth now appears as a posthumous collection of "Last Essays."

That Hewlett has had somewhat less than his due, and that he has been esteemed for the wrong things, is true. Yet there is some color for his misjudgment. The character he gave himself in "The Forest Lovers" is apparent in "Last Essays," even after one remarks the lapse of twenty-five years and the difference between a costume novel and a little essay for Mr. J. C. Squire's London *Mercury*. There still lingers about his pages a faint perfume of the nineties. He still wears his erudition like a crimson cloak. And in his style, ever studied, proleptic, elliptical, there is the dexterous and unremitting effort to capture a distinctive and curious manner, calculated, like Pater's, "to bring a highly qualified matter into compass at one view." Hewlett is capable of the boldest flights of cleverness and *pastiche*. Thereby one measures the distance he falls short of finished artistry.

In "Last Essays" he says a word regarding his French interests, Beaumarchais, Cardinal de Retz, Madame de Maintenon, Pierre de L'Estoile, and La Bruyère. He touches upon the current novel and ballad-origins, daffodils and the instincts of human nature dramatized by young ladies who have babies without husbands.

One catches Mr. Hewlett best, however, in his sophisticated return to origins. Latterly he was interested aesthetically in the English peasant, turning back with Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton to the purview of history and society of a romantic Tory.

"I believe in Poverty, Love, and England," he wrote. And

again: "I want men to be gentlemen, and women to be modest, I want men to have work and women to have children."

Thus Hewlett engaged in a rear-guard action with the spirit of the times, while his own spirit pensively refreshed itself upon the lineage of the Wiltshire shepherds.

GERALD HEWES CARSON

Exploiting Jefferson

The Thomas Jefferson Bible. Edited by Henry E. Jackson. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

IT is one of the ironies of history that while the theologues and pulpiteers of the land were fulminating against Jefferson for being an atheist, an infidel, and an enemy of Christ, he himself should have been occupied each night poring over the "Gospels" and clipping from them what he considered "the most sublime code of morals which has ever been offered to man." And it is another of those ironies that Jefferson's modest little anthology, to which he himself would not add one word of comment or interpretation, should now be offered to the world doused and almost drowned in unrelieved blather. The so-called Jefferson Bible itself occupies little more than eighty pages, but its editor, Dr. Henry E. Jackson, president of the College for Social Engineers, manages to make of it a volume three hundred and thirty-three pages in length! This he accomplishes partly by inserting in the anthology a passage which he is convinced Jefferson would have included had he known his own mind; partly by presenting the "Bible" in the Weymouth as well as the King James version; and largely by adding a gratuitous and attenuated preface in the best manner of the Chautauqua orator.

Typical of the preface is the passage in which Mr. Jackson laments the character of our heroes, and offers us a brand-new set to worship. Taking the Beatitudes as his measuring rod, but first changing one of the verses beyond recognition, adding another of his very own coining, and then labeling them all to suit his taste, he selects the ten worthies whom he considers the most conspicuous embodiments of the virtues described. Here they are in beatific order: Mental hospitality—Abraham Lincoln; internal resources—Francis of Assisi; self-control—Moses; healthy dissatisfaction—Socrates; intelligent sympathy—King Alfred; respect for persons—William Penn; capacity for cooperation—Confucius; public-mindedness—Joseph Mazzini; passion for justice—John Bright; duty of happiness—Robert L. Stevenson!

To speak with restraint, it is deplorable that what Jefferson affectionately called his "wee little book . . . which I call the 'Philosophy of Jesus'," should have been so unhappily exploited. It deserved better at the hands of posterity.

LEWIS BROWNE

Before Sudermann Found Himself

Das Bilderbuch Meiner Jugend. Von Hermann Sudermann. Stuttgart and Berlin: Cotta.

NONE of us who defied the Solomons of criticism and quaffed long ago the heady mixed wine of "Die Ehre" and "Heimat"—alas, how soon those glorious concoctions lost their "kick"!—has ever outgrown, surely, a feeling of gratitude to the genius who stirred a little audacious naturalism into a pitcher of sticky melodrama and made the stuff fizz and snap and tingle till we almost imagined we were getting something new. And "Frau Sorge," too, had a certain fragrance of dreariness which no one had put into fiction before. Neither the playwright Sudermann nor the novelist Sudermann fulfilled the promise of his first work; but the first work was too good to allow us to forget him. He has published an overconscious record of his life to his first regular occupation—the editing (and nearly all the writing) of a small liberal weekly with a rural circulation. These "Confessions" are as frank as Rousseau's—just how frank that is, we are not quite able to measure, since men have been known to confess to weak and ugly actions which they never committed. It might have been foreseen that the son of a man who wept because he burned a hole in his Sunday trousers, and of a woman who put her boy through school and the university by peddling milk, would develop a uniquely racy mingling of cowardice and courage, of romantic yearning and hustling enterprise. Sudermann sowed wild oats by the bushel, loafed, whined, and blundered for a long time before he came into his own. We should feel better satisfied if we could hear the other side of his quarrels with various aunts, cousins, and others; and in general there is a hardness about the book, be it confession, defense, vituperation, or the more objective passages, which is annoying. But nearly every page is alive. We have known something about some of these matters from various novels, and we are glad to have them all together here. There is a hint of a continuation, which is interesting.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Books in Brief

A Perfect Day. By Bohun Lynch. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

Not in a very long time have we met anyone as insolently happy as Mr. Lynch. He is in perfect health; he is a summer guest in a luxurious country house so perfectly managed that the servants read his thoughts down to the point of presenting a tankard of beer at the very moment he desires it; he has just been left a legacy; his beloved wife is on the point of returning from a long journey, and he is preparing to present her, as a surprise, with the house they have long dreamed of. Since in "A Perfect Day" there can be no conflict but only a crescendo of contentment, the book is something of a *tour de force.* It is, however, quite a successful one because Mr. Lynch is too acutely conscious of the unusual character of his good fortune to write a "glad book" and because there is enough cynicism in his determination to accept his happiness without worrying about those who have less to keep him from being, like the professional optimist, depressing.

Government of the West Indies. By Hume Wrong. Oxford University Press, American Branch. $3.50.

A concise outline of the constitutional and governmental systems of the British colonies of the Caribbean that is of especial value at this moment when our own islands in that region are clamoring for more democracy and a greater amount of self-determination. The author, who is assistant professor of modern history in the University of Toronto, notes that there is a high degree of particularism in the British West Indies, and he thinks that geographical and social differences make political federation a still remote possibility.

Fenceless Meadows. By Bill Adams. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

The Middle Passage. By Daniel Chase. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Bill Adams left the sea more than twenty years ago, he tells us, physically incapacitated for living there any longer. But he is still tramping the deck in spirit, and in this volume of short stories he has set down some authentic records of sea life, especially of the old sailing-ship days into which his personal experiences reach back. Sometimes too sentimental and sometimes too melodramatic, Bill Adams is nevertheless closer to reality and better worth reading than the author of "The Middle Passage." The latter seems to know the sea too, but he has intruded into some good pages of sea adventure in the golden age of the clipper ships a love episode of only moderate interest.

International Relations Section

Get Rich Quick in Poland

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Warsaw, May

HOW long the swollen borders of Poland will continue, and how soon they will be dissolved by another war, is a matter on which the financiers of the Entente appear quite cold-bloodedly to be gambling. Neither business men, peasants, nor politicians count on permanence, but are rather attempting to make hay while the sun shines by exploiting the territory to the limit. The chivalrous and patriotic Poles, led easily on to desire a bigger, brighter Poland, are beginning to find that they are pulling the chestnuts out for their flattering friends in France, with rather more danger of burned fingers than they yet appreciate.

The recent Italian loan of 400 million lire, for instance, is for ten years, which appears to be the limit of the time chance which foreign financiers wish to take. It bears 10 per cent. It is accompanied by the condition that Poland must purchase 40 per cent of all her tobacco, which she sells through a state monopoly, from two specified Italian firms. It is common comment in Warsaw that these firms will make in four or five years out of Poland a profit amounting to more than the entire loan, which will thus be repaid three times or more during the ten years.

The natural comment of an arriving American on this transaction is that these two favored firms must stand well with Mussolini, if the power of the Italian banks is thus used to enrich them; but such a comment meets only a blank stare in Warsaw, for they are completely accustomed to similar deals with all the Entente nations. These nations are not treating Poland as a colony, since for a colony one assumes some responsibility; but rather as a temporary field for exploitation, which need not be either preserved or built up. France, which profits most, has large concessions in the oil-fields of Galicia and is exploiting them in a method designed to take out as much in as little time as possible, without building up any permanent industry in a territory which may sooner or later cease to be Polish, and hence pass from her control. While the Polish Government is anxious to have new borings made and refineries built, France insists on exporting the oil in a crude state and building up refineries in France instead of Poland. With ten thousand workers employed in extracting oil, barely sixteen hundred are employed in any work of refining, where over thirty thousand might profitably be working if Poland refined her own oil. France even succeeds in obtaining preferential treatment over Polish citizens, in that she is allowed to export oil duty free, while Polish companies must pay for export customs.

All countries in Eastern and Central Europe have adopted the fashion of high or even prohibitive customs on luxuries, in order to keep their money in the country and prevent the fall in the currency. But a special convention between France and Poland compels Poland to accept all the French wines, silks, and perfumes that may be sent her, charging no more than pre-war duties. Only French wine may be imported into Poland; the Polish Jews now growing grapes in their vineyards in Palestine can send none home to their folks. France demands and secures a tariff 40 per cent lower than Germany has, so that German firms, shipping to Poland, often send via France to save duty.

England's special province is the great forest country of East Poland. Here lies the Bieloviezhe, the special hunting preserve of the former Czar, one of the oldest and most famous forests in Europe—thousands of square miles of primeval timber, on the borders of Russia and Poland. The inhabitants around are White Russian, but the territory was given to Poland by recent treaties. It is cheerfully stated in Warsaw that England consented to this extension of Poland's borders for the sake of getting the forests on cheaper terms than she could hope from Russia. Aurochs (European bison) and wild boar and wolves by thousands are still raised on this preserve of the old Czar; but the stand of timber is being ruthlessly cut in the reckless way we have known in American woods, without the replanting and careful cutting that are Europe's traditions. Small Polish capitalists made the first profits from it. They obtained rights to cut government timber in return for giving half the cutting to the state. This right applied only to special areas planned by experts for the purpose of improving the forests with rights of way and by the removal of dead areas. But wholesale bribery of local inspectors enabled the lumbermen to bring out the best timber recklessly. With a sinking Polish mark which made their freight bills and wage rolls practically nothing, they bore the wood out to Danzig and loaded it on ships for England. One typical lumberman, as described by a friend, had "in 1916 only his ten fingers" and now has six million dollars.

From the beginning Englishmen were prominent sharers in these stock companies, though at first they had to be organized as Polish corporations. But the present stabilizing of the mark, with consequent stable freight rates and wages, together with the rising cost of bribes, has frozen out the smaller Polish firms. Hence comes a big concession to England, arranged only a few weeks ago and giving to a big English company the rights to the greater part of these thousands of miles of forest.

The Poles have rather courted this situation, though it does not now entirely please them; and Polish capitalists are taking advantage of it on much the same kind of temporary basis of quick returns. Since the Great War, one slice of territory after another has been added to Poland with the consent of the Entente, mainly for the purpose of injuring Germany or Russia, but occasionally for mere lack of concerted will to oppose some new annexation by the Poles. So at present from 35 to 40 per cent of both the territory and population of Poland is not only non-Polish, but distinctly anti-Polish. All the fringes of the country are inhabited by annexed and none-too-willing citizens, who maintain a placid belief that the next turn of the wheel will hand them to some other nation.

I overheard three or four White Russian peasants, in the stables of a Polish landowner, discussing a regulation which had obliged one of them to sign himself as a Pole. "But we are not Poles; we are White Russians," said one emphatically. "Since the land is now Polish, we also are Poles," said the other. "It does not matter to be Poles for a while. When Russia comes back, we will be Russians again."

Such is the general expectation in Eastern Poland. The Polish Government tries to counteract it by dividing up the estates of old Russian landowners, and establishing colonies

of Polish soldiers "to stiffen the frontier." But the territory is too vast to be thus stiffened. It comprises perhaps one-fourth of Poland, throughout which the young men drafted to the army must first learn the Polish language in order to understand the commands.

But, meantime, fortunes are being made! In Upper Silesia the old German state mines, seized by the Polish Government, were organized into a private stock company, with French capital owning half the stock and the Polish state the other half. Korfanty, that famous patriot leader of the guerrilla attacks on German towns which were finally successful in taking Upper Silesia from Germany against the will of its inhabitants—Korfanty now represents the Polish state in the big coal trust and has become one of the richest men in Poland.

A scandal like our own Teapot Dome is starting in the Polish Senate, where they are investigating Kukharski, formerly a minister of commerce and industry, and before that of finance, who lent two million Swiss francs of state funds to a Polish-French stock company, which obtained from the Government a confiscated Russian textile firm of world renown. Later, Kukharski allowed the loan to be repaid in Polish marks, which had depreciated to ten or fifteen thousand dollars. Still later, he was discovered to be financially interested in the company himself.

Oil, timber, and coal are going out of the land, in ways which build up no enduring industry but rather rob the territory. There are a few Poles who see this, but the majority are still dazzled by the dreams of Polish greatness by the aid of the Entente and with the friendship of France. But if, ten years or so from now, Russia or Germany or both begin to reach out for lands which are still theirs by population and desire, it will probably matter very little by that time to the business groups in the lands of the Entente. They are taking the high profits that go with risk; they are basing their plans on uncertainty and getting while the getting is good.

A Letter by Matteotti

THE causes of the assassination of the Italian Socialist Deputy, G. Matteotti, were described in an article by James Fuchs in *The Nation* for July 30. His careful inquiry into the financial corruption of the Fascist regime as well as its electoral intrigue and terrorism, and his readiness to publish his findings, directly brought about his death. It is interesting to reproduce in this connection a letter by Signor Matteotti himself, printed in the London *Statist* for June 7, giving some of the slain Deputy's opinions and facts:

In the *Statist* for April 26, 1924, some data are given in regard to Italian finances; but these data the Italian Government has published in order to give an optimistic impression, and unfortunately they are insufficient for an exact estimate, and they cannot survive criticism.

It is said that the deficit of the budget in the financial year 1921-1922 amounted to about 7,000 millions in Italian lire, while the deficit in the first year of Fascist Government (1922-1923) is said to be only 3,000 million.

As a matter of fact, the deficit for the year 1921-1922 was really 15,760 million, but more than 12,500 million referred to extraordinary war expenditure and to the purchase of provisions (Chapter 64/71 for the Italian army, 95/96 for the navy, 164/240 for the Treasury), the payment and accounting for which had been delayed until 1922. Excluding these expenses, the real deficit for the year 1921-1922 must be calculated at no more than 3,255 million. Between this deficit and that of the Fascist year (in which all war expenses have ceased) there is a difference of only 214 millions, that is to say a very small improvement.

It is true that the estimates for 1922-1923 had been for a deficit of 4,000 million, but the improvement to 3,000 million was the result of the simple fact that the revenue of the "douane" had been estimated erroneously as 250 millions instead of 1,208 millions, to which this revenue really proved to amount. This was merely an error and indicates no improvement, because in the year 1921-1922 the same revenue was 1,059 millions as compared with an estimate, equally erroneous, of 151 millions.

It is perfectly true that "all the usual statistical indices of the conditions of the country indicate a constant progress in Italy"; but that has nothing whatever to do with Fascism, for it is merely the result of a development which began several years before the Fascist regime. When, for instance, it is said that the Government of Mussolini has diminished expenditure, that is not true. The expenditure for the year 1921-1922 was 24,851 millions, as compared with 21,000 million and 20,000 million in the years 1922-1923 and 1923-1924; but the first of these years included, as we have already said, some exceptional war expenditure. The number of the Ministries has been reduced, but not the expenditure.

The number of employees in the military and civil service has been reduced from 115,000 to 110,000 (excluding the employees of the railways); that is to say in a proportion almost equal to that of the last year of the *ancien régime;* the expenditure, however, has increased by more than 100 millions of lire; and in the Department of Signor Mussolini (Foreign and Home Office) the number of the employees has increased by more than 1,000. Only in the Railway Department has there been a great reduction of the employees engaged during and immediately after the war; but the chief aim of this reduction was to get rid of the employees who were not Fascists. Indeed, in the first year of Fascist administration more than 16,000 railway employees were engaged on a permanent basis to take the place of the temporary workers sent away for the sake of "economy."

The deficit in the railway budget has really been reduced from 1,258 millions (in the year 1921-1922) to 906 millions (1922-1923), but it is necessary to add that, if the cost of coal had been as high as it was during the Government of Signor Giolitti, the railway deficit of the Fascists would have reached the highest sum ever reached before, that is, more than 1,400 millions.

The only great financial "reform" of the Fascist Government is the suppression of the inheritance tax; and we consider this a grave error. If the number of citizens who pay income tax is increased, that is no particular merit of the Fascist Government, but merely the continuance of a tendency, observed also in the year before, when the number of the income-tax payers increased by more than 50,000. The Fascist "merit" consists only in having included in the tax-roll even the lowest paid workmen of public administrations, whose wages were reduced by 5 and 10 per cent.

In conclusion we may say that the financial conditions of Italy are improving continually, but not in consequence of any reduction of expenditure effected by the Fascist Government. The improvement is really due to the fiscal measures of the preceding governments, which increased the income from taxes from 2,050 millions in 1913-1914 to 7,400 in 1919-1920, and to 12,700 in 1921-1922. This sum has not been increased in the first year of the Fascist era, 1922-1923. It is certain, however, that the weight of these taxes (that certainly will give Italy a budget without deficit in a few years) is really very heavy considering the economic condition of the country. . . . The cost of living is still rising, while wages are diminished by about 15 to 20 per cent. . . .

G. MATTEOTTI

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1924 No. 3085

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 173
EDITORIALS:
Mr. Davis Accepts 176
Stepping on Haiti 177
British Humor 177
Hunting Red Witches 178
JOSEPH CONRAD. By H. L. Mencken 179
LA FOLLETTE IN WASHINGTON. By Arthur Warner 180
NEW MEXICAN MELODRAMA. By Helen Black 181
THESE UNITED STATES—XLVIII. NEW HAMPSHIRE: NOT YET ABANDONED. By Ralph D. Paine 183
FROM THE BOOK OF EXTENUATIONS. By Edmund Vance Cooke .. 186
NEW MORALS FOR OLD:
Modern Marriage and Ancient Laws. By Arthur Garfield Hays 187
PARTY GOVERNMENT EBBS. By William Hard 189
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 190
CORRESPONDENCE 191
BOOKS:
Colonies of England. By Charles M. Andrews 192
A Momentous Voyage. By C. Hartley Grattan 193
The Tragic Lift. By J. W. Krutch 194
Coal Mining. By Winthrop D. Lane 194
In Argentina. By Ernest Herman Hespelt 195
A Musical Chronicle. By Henrietta Straus 195
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Labor in Greece. By George Saranton 197
The Conference: An Analysis 198
Bossing the Far East 199

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN
FREDA KIRCHWEY, MANAGING EDITOR
IRITA VAN DOREN, LITERARY EDITOR
ISABEL LA MONTE, ADVERTISING MANAGER
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS
ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

JOHN W. DAVIS has appeared before the United States Supreme Court seven times since he returned from his ambassadorship in London in 1921 and resumed private practice. Almost every one of these cases cuts into an important social issue. To summarize them is to summarize the choice John Davis made when he faced the question of the character of practice which he would enter. The New York *World* has been chalking to his credit cases which he argued, when Solicitor General, in the routine discharge of his duties. These are cases in which he appeared by his own choice. Let voters who doubt *The Nation's* objection to John W. Davis study this list:

1. United Mine Workers *vs.* Coronado Coal Co. (259 U. S. 344). Mr. Davis attempted to recover triple damages from the national union for injury sustained in a local strike, which he claimed was a conspiracy to restrain interstate commerce in non-union coal.
2. Pennsylvania Coal Co. *vs.* Mahon. (260 U. S. 393). Mr. Davis defended the coal company against a Pennsylvania statute to prevent sub-surface mining where life and property would be endangered.
3. New York City *vs.* N. Y. Telephone Co. (261 U. S. 312). Mr. Davis defended the telephone company.
4. Pennsylvania & Ohio *vs.* West Virginia. (262 U. S. 553). Mr. Davis appeared for interests seeking to prevent West Virginia's use of its own natural gas.
5. American Bank *vs.* Federal Reserve Bank. (262 U. S. 643). Farmers Bank *vs.* Federal Reserve Bank. (262 U. S. 649). Mr. Davis defended the Federal Reserve System's effort to curtail the power of the State banks.
6. Window Glass Manufacturers *vs.* United States. (263 U. S. 402). This was a suit under the Sherman law, brought by the United States against the glass manufacturers' and the glassworkers' union. Mr. Davis represented the manufacturers—not, as often reported, the union.
7. United States *vs.* Coffee Exchange. (263 U. S. 611). Mr. Davis appeared for the Coffee Exchange in a suit by the United States under the Sherman law.

MORE THAN ONE OLD-PARTY Congressman has called in recent weeks to renew his friendship with editors of *The Nation* and solicit aid in winning indorsement in his district by the La Follette forces. Such calls are signs of the times. Representative Fiorello LaGuardia, after ample time for meditation upon the exigencies of metropolitan politics, has read himself out of the Republican Party and into the La Follette independent camp, and his election in New York City seems assured. La Follette's magnificently clean-cut statement in opposition to the Klan will not, we believe, hurt him as much as the wary politicians predict. There is a mass of old-fashioned decency in this country which will respond to such frankness. The victory of Jack Walton in the Democratic primary in the Klan-ridden State of Oklahoma is eloquent evidence of the decline of the Klan in the region of its erstwhile glory. Klan-indorsed candidates won in other States, but other issues were dominant. All Oklahoma knew that the Klan had impeached Walton and put him out of office because of his spectacular fight on it, and if he wins the election, as he did the primary, it will mean that Oklahoma is disgusted with the Klan. The political year may end better than the dismal prophets assume.

WHEN THE KAISER insisted that the United States had entered a Gentleman's Agreement in 1897 which virtually made us a part of the Entente, serious historians replied "Stuff and nonsense." The Kaiser was, of course, wrong; but the revelation on August 7 at the Williamstown Institute of a secret "executive understanding" made by President Roosevelt in 1905, just before the close of the Russo-Japanese War, makes one rub one's eyes and wonder. Tyler Dennett, who had been rummaging around among President Roosevelt's "private papers," discovered a strange document, known in diplomatic parlance as an "agreed memorandum." According to the New York *Herald-Tribune*

> The agreement, concluded by a personal representative of Colonel Roosevelt and a Japanese envoy just before the opening of the Portsmouth peace conference, gave Japan a free hand in Far Eastern affairs to the extent of justifying it in extending a protectorate over Korea, and even in assuming charge of Korea's foreign affairs, and in return it extracted from Japan a pledge not to covet the Philippines.

JOHN VAN ANTWERP MACMURRAY, chief of the division of Far Eastern affairs in the Department of State, recognized the authenticity of this document, but insisted that

> It was in no sense a treaty. It was a wholly personal understanding as to the attitude which President Roosevelt, in the exercise of his executive discretion, was prepared to take under given circumstances, and, important as it was in determining the relationship of this country to Far Eastern questions then at issue, its importance may not be in the fact that it bound our government to anything, but in the fact that the Chief Executive had definitely formulated the policy upon which he might be counted to act.

State Department officials may be interested in such technicalities. The ordinary citizen will realize with horror that President Roosevelt thereby made the United States a partner in the subjugation of Korea and a partisan at a peace conference where it supposedly acted as neutral. Do the "private papers" of our Presidents contain any more records of such secret diplomacy?

THE GERMANS seem to have been the hit of the London Conference. After Americans, French, and British had wrangled for weeks and become rather tired of one another, they sent for the Germans, rather dreading the event. The Germans arrived, and apparently were pleasant to lunch with and tactful in conference. They did not growl back when Ramsay MacDonald sternly greeted them with an announcement of his impending departure on the noon train for Scotland. They liked MacDonald and liked Herriot and liked the Americans, and accepted most of the ingenious technical compromises which had been worked out without them. (A summary of these compromises, borrowed from the valuable *Bulletin* of the Foreign Policy Association, we print in this week's International Relations Section.) Only on one point did they insist: that the French and Belgian troops be withdrawn from the Ruhr. That was one of the points which everyone had been dodging energetically. It was "outside the agenda." Sooner or later, however, it had to be faced, and the German insistence upon it as a necessity of their internal political situation rather helped matters. Herriot wanted to withdraw from the Ruhr, but he too feared his domestic enemies, and the danger of a reactionary outbreak in Germany provided him with ammunition. So the conference ends in excellent good-will. The Dawes Plan is launched in a most auspicious atmosphere.

THE FLURRY OVER THE POLITICAL and diplomatic questions involved in the Russo-British negotiations has obscured the solid achievement of the business men and experts who hammered out the trade agreement which is incorporated in the general treaty. England will be doing more than merely "signing a blank check" even if she ratifies the treaty before the details of the debt and the loan proposals are worked out; she will be putting into operation a complete machinery of commercial intercourse elaborately designed to meet the needs of a capitalist and a communist government engaged in friendly trade. The agreement gives Great Britain most-favored-nation treatment in the matter of tariffs and general trade facilities, and her vessels will have the same privileges as Russian ships in Russian ports. It gives England the same right as Italy to carry on coastwise shipping between certain specified ports in the Black Sea. It gives diplomatic immunity to the persons and offices of the Russian Trade Delegation in England except in their capacity as commercial agents. It guarantees Russia's right to claim as property of the Soviet Government all ships of Russian registry that come into British ports no matter who the present owners may be. It allows for the separate negotiation of treaties or trade agreements by Russia with the British dominions, including the Irish Free State and India.

THIS AGREEMENT MEANS MUCH to England, which, through a dozen different trading corporations, is carrying on a lively commerce with Russia in machinery, lumber, manufactured goods, and flax. It would mean something to the United States but for the sheer insanity that runs through our Russian policy. Already several companies, incorporated under our laws and authorized by the Russian Government for trade in the United States, are carrying on business with American exporters and manufacturers. But, thanks to Mr. Hughes, our ships in Russian ports must pay for wharfage, piloting, and other facilities five or six times the amount paid by Italian or British vessels. The tariff levied on our goods is higher. Our agents and business men have neither ordinary consular services nor the protection of an American passport. All this because Mr. Hughes seems to believe, in the face of considerable evidence, that Russia has no government.

YOU CAN COUNT ON ENGLAND to produce from within her own borders as severe critics as will be found among her worst enemies. We commented a few weeks ago on a British judge who dared to commend the butchery at Amritsar. Promptly Mr. George Lansbury stood up in the House of Commons and made the following motion:

> To call attention to the following statement reported as having been made by Mr. Justice McCardie in the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice during the trial of the libel action brought by Sir Michael O'Dwyer, late lieutenant-governor of the Punjab, against Sir C. Sankaran Nair, formerly a member of the Executive Council of the Viceroy and Governor General of India, viz.: "Speaking with full deliberation and knowing the whole of the evidence given in this case, I express my view that General Dyer, in the grave and exceptional circumstances, acted rightly, and, in my opinion, he was wrongly punished by the Secretary of State for India"; and to move that an humble Address be presented to His Majesty praying that he will cause the removal from the bench of the High Court of Judicature in England of Mr. Justice McCardie, on the ground that he is unfitted to carry out the judicial duties attaching to his high office.

The motion was, to be sure, not pressed. Prime Minister MacDonald felt that discussion of the subject would only add to the harm already done by the "objectionable" comment, which was, he said, "delivered at the conclusion of a lengthened and somewhat heated trial; and the very form in which it was couched shows that the learned judge was not informed as to what took place."

IN INDIA the decision of an English judge supporting the Amritsar action is reverberating; Japan is raging with the insult of national inferiority thrown in her face

by the United States; China is resentful over the domineering interference of the Western Powers in dictating when and how she shall turn over Czarist Russian property to the Soviets after her recognition of Soviet Russia. All, according to the Oriental papers, are affronts which white superior peoples feel they can safely deal to an inferior people. "Asia for the Asiatics" is a cry that is gathering in volume. "The cry of Asiatic unity," declares an editorial in *Forward* (Calcutta), "does not emphasize a Monroe Doctrine for Asia; it does not enjoin the law of exclusion. Asia does not want to expel others, she wants to live herself. . . . The Orient has common sentiments, common traditions, and common ideals. The mighty mission of every Asiatic youth is therefore to recover the rights which the Orient ought to have always exercised, to restore the equilibrium between East and West, and to strive for Asiatic independence to the most complete success, as leading to the world peace." Japan in her present humiliation talks of an Asiatic Doctrine with Japan playing the part of Uncle Sam in the Monroe Doctrine. Tagore said recently that her hurt has been the greater because she felt as a result of her immense progress in Western civilization that she had been accepted as Western while the rest of Asia remained Oriental. He added that the rebuff will probably be good for Japan and for the unity of the peoples of Asia.

EVERY COUNTRY, we suppose, has to have its Bernhardis. We have Rear Admiral W. L. Rodgers, retired, late chairman of the executive committee of the general board of the United States Navy. Rear Admiral Rodgers has been stirring Williamstown with his demand that we arm for a war which he, relying on Henry Pratt Fairchild's statistical tables, predicts as coming one hundred years hence—on that day, to be exact, when some still-to-be-born doctor emerges from the delivery room victorious and announces that the population of this country has reached a total of 200,000,000. "If our successors remain a virile people, as the world fills up they will remain armed to take what they want at the expense of others," says the admiral. "If there is any manhood left in the American people" we will—upon reaching the 200,000,000 mark—go to war "in order to keep our place in the world, protect our population, and give it a place to go to at the expense of other nations." It is a little difficult to argue with a gentleman who after retiring from a busy life in the navy mounts a Berkshire hill and looks one hundred years into the future. There is really nothing to do but to cry "Hurrah!" to each of his impressive predictions. After all, if the rest of the war-mongers would confine their efforts to a future a full century distant this generation could plug along in very pleasant peace.

WHETHER JUDGE CAVERLY of Chicago gives the boy murderers of Robert Franks the maximum penalty or not the case marks a new attitude toward crime and criminals. Defense lawyers often assume the attitude: "My client may have committed this crime, but let's see you prove it"! Clarence Darrow, defense lawyer for Loeb and Leopold, said in effect: "My clients did the deed, and we are going to find out the reason—not the reason they think they did it, but the causes in their training and character, of which they themselves are not aware." It is true that only rich prisoners could afford the expensive psychiatrists who made this analysis; but through their wealth these prisoners have demonstrated the kind of justice every prisoner should have. The prosecuting attorney's rage is natural—for a man who takes evident delight in inflicting punishment. Not this case alone is at stake but his profession. When crime becomes a matter for pathologists, when we cease talking in terms of guilt and begin to talk in terms of psychological cause and prevention, lawyers for criminal prosecution—or defense—may no longer be needed.

HENRI DUMAY, publisher of the *Quotidien*, the Paris radical daily newspaper which played so large a part in putting Herriot in office, served his newspaper apprenticeship in America, on the New York *World*, in the days when American newspapers still lived adventurously. And he has just performed on the other side of the ocean a feat of which James Gordon Bennett, who sent Stanley across Africa and the Jeannette toward the Pole, would be envious. Frenchmen were vastly interested in the fate of Miguel Unamuno and of Soriano, the Spanish intellectuals whom the dictatorship exiled to a tropic island. Dumay accordingly chartered a yacht and set sail to free them. He landed on the tiny island of Fuerteventura, succeeded in rescuing the Spaniards, and set sail homeward, with a front-page story as well as the two exiles aboard. As a story his feat lost its "edge" through the fact that while the two exiles were sailing toward Madeira and safety the Spanish Government amnestied them. But as a gallant venture, in the best tradition of the heroic days of journalism, Dumay's act deserves its niche in the hall of newspaper fame.

NO SOONER DO AMERICANS stop taking advertising seriously—those at least who read the *American Mercury* and the cynical paragraphers of the daily papers—than Britishers fall into the dismal habit. The English reviews reported the International Advertising Convention recently held at Wembley with a reverence that was depressing. Mr. St. Loe Strachey's leading editorial in the *Spectator* was respectful enough to herald at least a second Milton. The *Manchester Guardian* issued a resplendent supplement in black and gold in honor of the convention. And the source of all this eloquence, the convention itself? Here is a sample of its deliberations, part of an address on church advertising:

> The willingness of the newspaper editor to cooperate with the churches is shown in the report of the "Back to the Bible Bureau" of Cincinnati, Ohio, for the year 1923. That report shows that 1,500 newspapers are printing Bible texts and verses every day in the year, and more than 90 per cent of these newspapers are carrying these vital messages on their editorial pages. This is an editorial feature carried by the newspapers in preferred positions at their own expense. The director of the bureau, supported by a wealthy churchman of Cincinnati, estimates that more than $3,000,000 of reading-matter space had been contributed by the newspapers to the publication of Bible texts.

Is it unfair to accuse the advertising profession of what a pungent old Socialist used to call "cashing in on Christ"?

Mr. Davis Accepts

MR. WILSON at his best seldom surpassed the beauty and the occasional eloquence of Mr. Davis's speech of acceptance. It more than bears out the belief of *The Nation* that Mr. Davis's nomination brought to the front a speaker of rare ability and charm. What a relief that is after these years of senseless and meaningless rhetoric from the pens of Harding and Coolidge, words intended to conceal thought or to hide real purposes or to cover up the fatal lack of genuine education and of brains. To find now a candidate who not only respects the King's English but uses it with literary skill must rejoice even those who, like ourselves, prefer another leader. It lifts the whole debate to a higher plane to have a keynote struck like this, to have an opponent who delivers hard blows with perfect chivalry. You can see him saluting with his rapier before he makes his touch. You can see him combining skill with grace and complete courtliness to his adversaries, and yet perceive the iron wrist which guides the stroke. More than that, you can feel the genuine indignation with which he, as an American, resents the insult and indignity put upon his country by those who have dragged our good name in the mire and allowed corruption to reach the very sanctuary of our government. Neither Mr. Coolidge nor his associates, so lukewarm in denunciation of evil, can read Mr. Davis's indictment of them and not feel the heat of his steel. At more than one place he lunges with a power and force not to be countered when he seeks to indict or to convict. If the whole issue were that of honesty in government, without regard to the issues which shape public and private honesty; if it were all a matter of fine personality in the candidate; if there were not profound and far-reaching economic questions involved, we should be willing to grant that the Democrats had a candidate with a compelling appeal to the public.

But there lies the hitch. When we pass beyond John W. Davis, the prosecutor, we strike a minor key. He tells us nothing that is new and has few remedies to suggest. He rightly would have Calvin Coolidge burn with indignation at the wrongdoing of his party associates, but when it comes to the wrongs of great masses of Americans there is no burning indignation on Mr. Davis's side and no advocacy of deep and far-reaching remedies. He does not answer completely the one question which counts today: "Under which king, Bezonian?" What the American people want to know is whether this man really puts property above human rights, whether he stands with the aspirations of the masses or whether he is with those whom privilege and fortune have placed in such advantageous positions as to disadvantage the rest of the citizenship. It is not enough to denounce the Republicans for truckling to privilege and misusing the machinery of go-ernment to make the strong stronger and the rich richer. He speaks for a party whose hands are not clean. He says, for instance, brave and welcome words about race prejudice as "alien to the spirit of America," yet his party is held together and rendered dominant in all our Southern States only because of a most un-Christian race prejudice. What if he should speak out against that? Mr. Davis waxes eloquent as to the Constitution: "I would hold in contempt any public official who took with uplifted hand an oath to support the Constitution, making thereby a mental reservation whereby a single word of that great document is excluded from his vow." But, like everybody else, Mr. Davis knows that sacred document to be violated constantly in the disfranchisement of millions of Americans because of the color of their skins. Will he have us understand that if elected he will right that wrong, that he will help cut down the Southern representation in Congress as the Constitution specifies shall be done? If he does, the South will disavow him overnight. Will he, if elected, obey the *spirit* as well as the letter of the prohibition law or will he not?

These are searching and vital questions that transcend beauty of diction and personal rectitude. It is not enough for this man to say that he is one of the progressives who "think of every governmental policy first of all in its bearing upon human rights rather than upon material things." For it was this same John W. Davis who, although he speaks out now against the use of injunctions in labor disputes, remained on the board of directors of the Santa Fe Railroad during the last railroad strike when that road, one of the "bitter-enders," profited by the Daugherty-Wilkerson injunction, the most outrageous ever issued, which would have taken from labor every right that it had won. John W. Davis was silent then. More than that, he was the company's advocate in the famous Coronado Coal Company case before the Supreme Court. Had he won that case he would have smashed the United Mine Workers irretrievably—their human rights would then have come long after the property rights of those whose retainer he took. If he is under a different flag now it must be made known to us in far clearer language than he has yet used.

Take the railroads, too. Mr. Davis has nothing to say about them save to declare that the farmer is entitled to "adequate service of transportation at reasonable rates." Of course. Why not? Everybody will agree to that and to his similar generalization that the railroads should be adequately paid for the service they render. But what does it all mean? How does it help us toward the solution of one of our most deep-seated problems, brought to the front again last week by the greatest of railway mergers? What has the director of the Santa Fe to say upon the great question of railway regulation, upon the responsibilities of railway ownership?

Elsewhere too we have the politician's tendency to the general statement which offends no one and leads nowhere. In the matters of a tariff for revenue only and the League of Nations he is clearest and most specific. No one can read those passages and not know where Mr. Davis stands. He is for our entry into the League. He refuses to believe that the "fatal word never" has been written across our foreign policy as to the League. He is sure that the League will survive. He does not care much about the terms of our adherence or the language in which they are clothed. "Deeds are of more consequence than words." But in order to square himself with the platform of his party he specifies that he does not wish America to join the League "until the common judgment of the American people is ready for the step." Then he utters the extraordinary

nonsense that "we waited for this judgment to ripen in order that we might enter the war"! The plain people had nothing to do with our entering the war; they had elected a President because "he kept us out of war." And when Mr. Davis declares that his party conducted the war "without scandal or corruption," he presumes too much. It is no defense to say that there have been no convictions as yet. There are certain things which do not have to be proved in a court of law and this is one of them.

Finally we return again to the question of this man's point of view—this man who came back from his ambassadorship and chose the seats and the service of the mighty, who since that time has argued seven cases before the Supreme Court, in every one of which he stood for special interests, even appearing for concerns which sought to prevent the State of West Virginia, *his own State*, from using its own natural gas. He has not a word for the fight against monopoly, which La Follette puts in the forefront of his campaign. There is not one syllable in his entire speech to recall Woodrow Wilson's "New Freedom" with its passionate and moving appeal to the American people to rise against the big-business mastery of the Government of the United States, to take the control out of the hands of Wall Street, in which Mr. Davis by open and honest choice has sought and found his livelihood, under whose flag he enlisted in 1921. Wall Street hated Wilson because of that demand of his for freedom and deliverance. We very much fear that Mr. Davis will not win his way as a pa'adin of the people, nor rank as a real Progressive, until he forsakes generalities and wins not the approval but the bitter hostility of the forces that dominate Wall Street.

Stepping on Haiti

HAITI is too small to stay in the headlines. The juggernaut of American imperialism is rolling on, crushing the life out of the proud Negro republic, and the American people are unaware of the bitter crimes being committed in their name.

We, the American people, conquered Haiti in 1915. There has been no legislature, no legal government in Haiti, since Smedley Butler, now settling the affairs of Philadelphia, appeared pistol in hand before the Haitian Senate (too boldly patriotic to do the conqueror's will) and dissolved it. No elections have been held. A puppet government has held power, ruling in the interest of American economic development, and ruling brutally. One branch of the government remained in Haitian hands—the courts. The Americans or their puppet government might issue decrees muzzling the press and forbidding criticism of the conqueror's acts; the courts almost invariably refused, as patriots should, to hold Haitian editors guilty. Again and again the complaint has been made that the courts were partial, and preferred Haitians to marines. Naturally, what Haitian would not? Now this last bulwark of Haitian freedom is being destroyed. On July 28, by decree, the illegal Council of State abolished the permanent tenure of the magistracy. Henceforth insubordinate judges can, and will, be removed by executive fiat. Doubtless we shall read in navy publicity that the courts were corrupt and the magistrates ignorant; the fact is that the magistrates are being dismissed because they were too patriotic.

Elections should, constitutionally, have been held last January. Without sanction by the marines or the puppet government many Haitians insisted on exercising their constitutional rights and voting. A Senate was elected. This Senate, although never sworn into office by the powers that be, has just met. It was particularly aroused by the action of the American authorities in negotiating, in behalf of Haiti, regarding a frontier dispute of long standing between Haiti and the Dominican Republic. It is reported that traces of oil have been discovered in the disputed territory, which makes the negotiations particularly interesting. Faced with the possible alienation of their land by their conquerors the Senators drew up this protest:

> The Republic of Haiti is still under the military occupation of the United States and the Government which rules there is not the free expression of the people's will. It is the duty of the Senate to protest against the initiative of this Government in undertaking, in the present circumstances, to settle the Haitian-Dominican dispute.
>
> The Senate, in the name of the people from whom it obtains its powers, and under reserve of the authority of the High Court of Justice, declares void and of no effect any act which transfers Haitian territory to a foreign state, company, or individual without the formal consent of the authorized representatives of the nation; and declares that any citizen participating in such an arrangement is a traitor to his country.
>
> (SIGNED) Cauvin, César, Charmant, Honoré, Sandaire, Télémaque, Sylvain, Glémaud, Hudicourt, *Senators.*

Americans applaud such courage and independence when little nations display it against other great nations. Are they blind and dumb when a weak people attempts to preserve its integrity against their own race?

British Humor

FOR many years, with a wistful sort of humility, Americans have been making fun of the British sense of humor. We have been trying to persuade ourselves by cracking jokes about English jokes, that our breed of jokes is the best. But patriotism must faint before the attacks of science, and science has now come along, in the form of Dr. C. W. Kimmins, of the University of London, to tell us the truth about American versus British humor.

Dr. Kimmins is, to be sure, an Englishman, but we must not suspect him of anything so frail and human as a national bias. He has spent a lifetime investigating the causes, symptoms, and variations of humor among the races, nations, sexes, and age strata of mankind, and he has just laid his findings before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, meeting at Toronto. According to Dr. Kimmins humor begins to divide into its higher and lower branches when the child reaches the age of twelve. After that the humor of English children expresses itself largely in the form of witty and smart retorts, while "stories and jokes of gross absurdity are far more common with American children." This is only natural, after all, when we contemplate the nature of adult wit in this still slightly uncouth land of ours:

> The nature of the environment, social outlook, and the advance of civilization must of necessity have a profound effect on the things we laugh at. . . . It stands to reason . . . there must be a great difference between English and American humor. A new country, without professional humorists . . . with a comparative absence of tradition and convention and therefore with every opportunity for great

freedom of expression, must of necessity have a different type of humor from that of an old country bound by tradition and anxious, above all things, to keep well within social conventions. The rapid growth and extraordinary prosperity of America have produced a fertile soil for the development of a habit of exaggeration and what has been termed "an exuberant form of lying."

But if the subtler forms of humorous expression elude us as a nation, we may still find within ourselves the seeds of civilized growth. For the female, even on this side of the Atlantic, betrays an early appreciation of wit and the humor that lies in words. From the age of seven girls turn to riddles and verbal jokes, while their brothers, following more primitive patterns, still hoot at the misfortunes of others. At the age of eight boys begin to take an interest in words and riddles, "but they are still far behind the girls in this respect."

> The feeling of superiority as a fertile source of laughter now makes its appearance in the accounts of the mistakes of younger children. The girls here, as at other ages, associate stupidity with the boys, but there is no reciprocal action.

But the funniest thing in all the world, it appears, to young and old, black and white, male and female—even to Englishmen in their less responsible moments—is the human hat. Funnier than corpulence, funnier than a long nose, funnier than a custard pie, the hat as an appeal to laughter is the world's best bet. A big hat on a little head, a little hat on a big head, a hat rolling along a muddy street, a sat-upon hat, a derby hat, a silk hat—these are things that bind the nations of the world together in one comic brotherhood of grotesque adornment. "A suit of clothes," says the scientist, "rarely provokes laughter; it simply appears as a natural extension or suburb of the body." But the hat is an excrescence, a foreign body, a mistake. And the Englishman wears it just like the rest of us.

Hunting Red Witches

NOT long ago one M. M. Campbell was haled to court in Montreal charged with selling bogus passports for the territory of the Soviet Republic. Campbell, who used to hang people at cut rates, in competition with the official public hangman in Canada, specialized in passports for the Ukraine, which he sold for $5 each, along with visas for $3. Many Ukrainian workers resident in Canada and eager to return to their reconstructed country purchased Campbell's worthless scraps of paper, some of them putting the savings of years into a futile passage for Odessa on a steamship line recommended by Campbell. Finally one of his victims swore out a warrant for Campbell's arrest, and, after various postponements, he will be tried in September.

Campbell's "passports" were provided for him from a passport mill in Washington conducted by an "Extraordinary Diplomatic Mission of the Ukrainian People's Republic," and our United States Department of Labor has been deporting radicals on "passports" issued by the same mythical mission. The "Ukrainian People's Republic," the transitory "Government" organized in the Ukraine in 1918 by Simon Petlura, with some initial aid from the German invaders, vanished from view finally in 1920, after a fugitive career of horrible pogroms and destruction. Since the peasant uprising of that date chased Petlura over the border, he has not exercised sovereignty over so much as a Ukrainian garden-patch, and his ectoplasmic "Government" is not recognized by any Foreign Office. Apparently the Petlura Mission is one of the group of Russian diplomatic ghosts that cluster about the Czarist division of the American State Department.

The Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement of 1921 was specifically adopted by the Canadian Government in July, 1922, and under it none but official agents of the Soviet Government may issue Russian passports and visas in the British Empire. Yet the Canadian Government has never taken any steps to suppress Campbell's unauthorized consular activity. It is now more than four months since an official agency of the Soviet Government, headed by Mr. Alexander Yazikoff, established itself at Montreal. It came on the invitation of the Canadian Government, and was warmly received by representative business men, but not by the Canadian Government. Its baggage and papers were held up at the custom house; its mail was rifled by espionage agents. On March 25 Premier Mackenzie King notified Mr. Yazikoff that the Soviet Government was officially recognized by the Canadian Government, but to this day Mr. Yazikoff's library is still locked up at the custom house. Books and packages addressed to him are still being opened and read, under the supervision of a former Czarist official, in a search for "revolutionary propaganda." Mr. Yazikoff brought with him some 4,500 volumes. A good part of these were Russian technical and scientific works which he hoped to exchange for similar volumes published in Canada and the United States. He had an adequate statistical library for his official use. In addition he carried a miscellaneous assortment of books for his personal reading, ranging from tales by Kipling and Jack London to political treatises by Lenin and other Russian leaders and reports of proceedings of Russian congresses. Among some of these volumes for his personal use the purists of the custom house professed to scent propaganda. A number of the volumes are freely on sale in translation in Canadian bookshops. Mr. Yazikoff's volumes are, of course, in Russian, but these considerations had no weight with the fearful customs authorities. Their brave North American attitude is that if Mr. Yazikoff is permitted to place on his shelves Russian copies of Lenin's "Soviets at Work" or Trotzky's story of the revolution, revolutionary uprisings may take place.

Mr. Yazikoff can wait. He went to Canada to look into the possibilities of purchasing agricultural machinery and draft animals, and he knows that Soviet trade missions in London, Rome, and other places have had to go through similar periods of espionage before they could get down to the business of organizing trade. But can Canada and the United States wait? How long are we to continue hunting red witches and paying respect to diplomatic ghosts? Here is Mr. Campbell in Canada and the unfrocked priest who conducts the "Ukrainian Mission" in Washington; and in the Berkshire Hills at Williamstown college professors and army officers and "publicists" are solemnly listening to lectures on Russia by that discredited propagandist, Boris Bakhmeteff, ambassador to the United States of a government that died eight years ago. Eight years ago! The Soviet Government has survived eight years, and the United States, through Charles E. Hughes, still declines to recognize its existence, and we and Canada still take our information from such as Boris Bakhmeteff and M. M. Campbell.

Joseph Conrad

By H. L. MENCKEN

THE effort to put Conrad with the romancers, now visible among the newspaper anatomists pawing his corpse, only shows how little meaning remains in the old categories of romancers and realists. The obvious fact is, of course, that the man was a realist of the realists, for all his fondness for violent passions and outlandish scenes. "Under Western Eyes" and "The Secret Agent" are actually more realistic, in every rational sense, than anything Zola ever wrote; as for "Falk" and "Typhoon," they are so realistic that reading them is intolerable to tender minds. "To make you hear, to make you feel—before all, to make you *see*": that was, first and last, the aim of their author, and he proceeded to the business, not with arms waving and gonfalons flying, but with sharp eyes and a steady hand. Read the death of Nana, so scandalous a generation ago, and then turn to the death of the helmsman in "Heart of Darkness": Which is the more vivid, the more real? Where, in all Arnold Bennett, is there a place you remember with more glaring clarity than you remember the bridge of the Nan-Shan, whirling up the China coast? The old romance, with its stiff etiquette and its tinsel sentimentalities, is dead, and Conrad gave it its death-blow. He put logic into the inordinate and order into the incomprehensible. If a new Scott arose, he would give hard study to "The Rover" and "The Point of Honor"—or he would be laughed at.

Conrad's realism, indeed, went far beyond meticulous representation; it struck for the inner reality of things as well. The world as he found it had got rid of many of its old certainties, but it had taken on some new ones that were almost worse. As the ethics of Tupper had gone out the politics of H. G. Wells had come in. Men no longer believed in an anthropomorphic Deity, half amiable grandpa and half prohibition-enforcement officer, but they still believed that they knew the purpose of human life, the destiny of man—they were still full of a new and pseudo-scientific cocksureness, as idiotic at bottom as the worst dogmatism of a Calvin or a Swedenborg. It was against this dogmatism that Conrad launched himself, and against whatever was left of the older brand. Upon it he played the hose of his irony. Against it he patiently arrayed his devastating facts. His execution was excellent. Certainties dissolved into doubts, and then into absurdities. A whole theory of knowledge went to pieces, and with it a whole canon of ethics. There emerged at last his own aloof skepticism—not complacent and attitudinizing, like Anatole France's, nor bitter and despairing, like Thomas Hardy's or Mark Twain's, but rather the serene skepticism of the scientist, with no room in it for any emotion more violent than curiosity.

Conrad was forever setting himself problems, and forever coming to conclusions that left them unsolved. His method is clearest in such stories as "Lord Jim," "The Point of Honor," and "Victory"—all of them studies of human motive, and all of them ending with question marks. "He passes away under a cloud, inscrutable at heart, forgotten, unforgiven, and excessively romantic." The complete antithesis, obviously, of the conventional last chapter—the novelist wholly purged of his old omniscience. But none the less illuminating for all that. For if Conrad never answered the riddle, then he at least stated it superbly; he at least took off all its wrappings of false assumption, and revealed its inner essence. "Youth," in the ordinary sense, gets nowhere. The protagonist is a youth who does not act logically, but only instinctively. What he does would surely shock a school-teacher. But he comes out of his fantastic adventures in the end as the most real boy, perhaps, in all fiction, save only Huckleberry Finn. It is, indeed, an almost faultless piece of representation, for in it the author performs the difficult feat of getting rid of himself entirely.

As I have said, this aloofness was not in accord with the spirit of the time. The fashion that came in with the new century was for far greater assurance, even for cockiness. The methods of the laboratory began to invade the ivory tower of the novelists; if they abandoned the old scheme of rewards and punishments, it was only to adopt the new psychology, with the Freudian rumble-bumble as its final flower. Conrad stood clearly outside all this, and the fact, perhaps, is sufficient to explain his slow acceptance. Even today, though he sells, I doubt that he is genuinely read, in the sense that Wells and Bennett used to be read. He remains, for the most part, a sort of affectation, like James and Proust. Some of his books, because they happen to tell thumping good stories, have a certain mild vogue; the rest, including the best, are seldom heard of.

Efforts are often made to put the blame for all this upon what is alleged to be his difficult style. It is argued that his English, acquired relatively late in life, is stiff and obscure—that its English leaves often grow on a Polish stem. The doctrine seems to me to be nonsense. His style is not only not obscure; it is extraordinarily vigorous and clear. There is never the slightest doubt about his meaning, and more often than not he expresses that meaning in phrases that are full of melody and color. What ails the readers who find him difficult is simply that they are looking for something he hasn't got to offer, to wit, certainly, the professorial manner, the easy smugness of a Howells or a Bennett. The thing before him is not a demonstration but a problem. He is trying to throw light upon it from all sides, to get at the mystery that is in it. It interests him enormously, but it also puzzles him. He does not dogmatize about it; he speculates. The whole proceeding is as disconcerting in a novelist, to the ordinary novel reader, as it would be in a surgeon or a politician.

But even speculation could be borne if it ended in discovery—if the final chord was the comforting tonic of C major. But it never is. The reader, having gone to the book to learn something, is dashed at the end by being asked something. More, there is a dismaying tone in the question, as if no answer were really expected. Such violations of the code do not make for popularity in novelists. Conrad will be read by multitudes, perhaps, when all the folk-philosophies are abandoned and skepticism comes in. But that, I fear, will be a long, long while ahead—perhaps long after English is handed over to paleogrammarians.

La Follette in Washington

By ARTHUR WARNER

WHEN La Follette was sworn in as a United States Senator on January 4, 1906—after the congressional session had begun—he found himself in a different Washington from that which he had left fifteen years before. The country had experienced a vast commercial growth. Great new industrial corporations and trusts had come into being, and business more than ever was pulling the strings of government. Senator Sawyer was gone, and the other old-time, individualistic, self-made "roughnecks" were giving away to smoother, more sophisticated, less open manipulators of public affairs in the interest of bigger business.

So, also, the attitude toward La Follette himself had changed. Washington no longer smiled patronizingly upon him as an over-idealistic young man whose ardor for honesty and the people's rights would presently cool, but it was not alarmed at the prospect of anything which he could do there. His assignment to committees must have reminded him of his earlier experience in the House. He expressed only one preference: a place on the Committee on Interstate Commerce. Naturally he did not get it, but as compensation he was made chairman of the Committee to Investigate the Condition of the Potomac River Front, which in all its history had never had a bill referred to it—and had never met.

One of his early speeches was on the Hepburn bill, which La Follette regarded as a futile and dishonest attempt to make the public think that something was being done toward regulating railroad rates. He had talked scarcely ten minutes before he discovered that his Republican colleagues had all walked out on him, excepting only the presiding officer and Senator Kean of New Jersey, the latter having been left on guard. La Follette, realizing the intended rebuke, interrupted his prepared speech to interpolate:

> Mr. President, I pause in my remarks to say this: I cannot be wholly indifferent to the fact that Senators by their absence at this time indicate their want of interest in what I may have to say upon this subject. The public is interested. Unless this important subject is rightly settled, seats now temporarily vacant may be permanently vacated by those who have the right to occupy them at this time.

There was a round of applause from the well-filled galleries, and presently the absent Senators began returning to their seats.

La Follette had little sympathy or support in the Senate until the administration of Mr. Taft. Then the supineness and retrogression of the President caused the gradual emergence of a group of insurgent Republicans who naturally fell in step with La Follette. Failure to revise the tariff downward was the chief cause of the revolt. La Follette, to be sure, had always proclaimed himself a believer in a protective tariff, defining this as a duty on an article sufficient to offset the amount by which its labor cost in the United States exceeded that abroad. He failed to see any true application of such a principle in the Payne-Aldrich bill, besides which it manifestly was not the "downward revision" promised to the country by Taft. A decade later La Follette assailed with equal vehemence the Fordney-McCumber tariff of the Harding administration.

The Democratic landslide in the election of 1912, combined with the speedy disruption of Roosevelt's Progressive Party, left La Follette much alone again when the Wilson administration came in. This loneliness increased with the outbreak of the World War, especially with the entrance of the United States into the holocaust. Early in 1915 La Follette placed himself on the side of peace by introducing a resolution to call a conference of the neutral nations with a view to ending the carnage. The year after he stoutly opposed our huge naval appropriations. Also he demanded democratic control of our foreign policies by Congress in place of what he regarded as their autocratic and dangerous handling by the President alone. He opposed the arming of our merchant ships as likely to draw us into the war without authority from Congress. He refused to support our declaration of war against Germany, and took an equally uncompromising stand against the draft law; he proposed that the question of sending the drafted army to Europe be submitted to a popular referendum. The espionage act received his unqualified condemnation.

La Follette voted in favor of appropriations for equipping and caring for the army, on the ground that our soldiers, once in, should be protected and assisted in every

La Follette Was For—

The woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution.
The prohibition amendment to the Constitution.
The child-labor amendment to the Constitution.
Establishment of the Parcel Post.
Extension of the Postal Savings System.
Establishment of better conditions for seamen.
Eight-hour day for government employees.
Establishment of the Tariff Commission.
Establishment of the Federal Trade Commission.
Establishment of the Department of Labor.
Publicity for campaign expenses.
Howell-Barkley bill for abolishing the Railroad Labor Board.

La Follette Was Against—

Payne-Aldrich tariff in Taft's administration.
Fordney-McCumber tariff in Harding's administration.
Establishment of the Federal Reserve System.
Establishment of the Court of Commerce.
Esch-Cummins railroad law.
Ship-subsidy bill in Harding's administration.
Volstead act.
Declaration of war against Germany.
Conscription.
Espionage act.
Treaty of Versailles.
Four-Power Treaty.

possible way. He believed, though, that money for war purposes should be raised by taxation rather than bond issues. "It is impossible to issue bonds without inflating the currency, depreciating the value of the dollar, and increasing prices," he wrote in *La Follette's Magazine* in September, 1917, thus clearly forecasting the precise difficulties with which the nation was later confronted. La Follette was bitterly assailed by the press for a speech touching on the war which he made in St. Paul on September 20, 1917. The Senate was asked to expel him, but after hearing the evidence it held him to have been within his rights.

After the armistice La Follette raised his voice strongly in favor of amnesty for political prisoners. He fought the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, calling the League of Nations "a sham and a fraud." He hotly denounced our "unconstitutional" war upon Russia, directed by the President without declaration of hostilities or authorization of Congress. As an epitome of the whole ghastly world tragedy he declared in 1920: "I challenge any man to name one new privilege, one added right which the common people of this or any of the Allied countries are to gain as the result of the war."

Just as La Follette has stood unflinchingly against militarism, he has set himself against the collateral policy of financial imperialism which in the last decade our national government—at the behest of business and the bankers—has been pressing upon the Latin American republics to the South. In a speech in the Senate in July, 1916, he said:

> I believe every dollar that goes into a foreign country, and every man who goes into a foreign country with his money looking for profits, should accept the laws of the country as the arbiter to which he will appeal for justice if he feels at any time that he is required to protect his rights in that country. . . . Now, if this new doctrine that the flag shall follow the investment of the citizen is to prevail, then our government is to be called upon to guarantee the speculative investments of its citizens in the countries where the governments are weak, and so to make those speculative investments worth face value.

Brought up in an agricultural community, La Follette has always been alive to the needs of the farmer. But he has been no less sympathetic toward the welfare of the city worker, and is a proved friend of organized labor. The seamen's law is his most important individual achievement in labor legislation, but he has also been instrumental in obtaining an improved employers'-liability law, a measure limiting the hours of railroad workers, and an eight-hour day for government employees. La Follette took the side of the coal miners in 1919 when Attorney General Palmer was trying to put them in jail. He came out against the Esch-Cummins bill in the Harding regime, both because he objected to establishing a fixed financial return for the railroads and because he disapproved of the functions of the Railroad Labor Board. In the session of Congress just ended he supported the reforms proposed by the Howell-Barkley bill.

La Follette's career in Washington is his career in the Senate; his six years in the House were only a curtain-raiser. He is now in his fourth successive term in the Senate, having been there almost a score of years. A survey of his record during that period leaves the conviction that no other man prominent in national life in this century and in this country has for so long a time devoted himself so courageously, unswervingly, and intelligently to the public welfare.

(This is the second of three articles on La Follette's political record. It was preceded by an article last week on La Follette in Wisconsin, and it will be followed next week by an article on La Follette in America.)

New Mexican Melodrama

By HELEN BLACK

AFTER an intermission of one year the curtain rose, July 22, on what is probably to be the last act of that thrilling melodrama of the great Southwest in which Carl C. Magee has for five years been the principal actor. There may be an epilogue; there is a remote possibility of a further act. But by all the rules of dramaturgy, the plot has thickened to a masterly climax and its resolution is now in process.

The piece might be called "Smashing the Gang," and in the beginning it had all the elements of tragedy. When Magee, entering the newspaper-field as an Albuquerque editor, began to launch blows at the Republican machine so firmly intrenched throughout the State of New Mexico, he was fighting alone against heavy odds. He was a stranger in the State and had very few friends. He was attacked mercilessly. There were attempts on his life. He was faced with financial ruin, embarrassed with lawsuits. For years his fate was uncertain.

But for one coming on the scene now it is hard to take the performance so seriously. The happy ending seems inevitable. Magee is beginning to triumph. His friends are gaining power. In the governor's chair is a Democrat whom he helped to elect a year ago when he ceased fighting from within and left the ranks of the Republicans. Democrats are filling many important offices, and Magee's ardent followers are counted by thousands throughout the State. The fight is still on, but it is a battle of wits between the retreating enemy and the hero-editor with a constantly increasing group of backers.

Yet the play is exciting although the outcome seems sure; there is always the chance that the unexpected might happen. The flavor of old Spanish frontier days still lingers here, and even legal procedure in the State of New Mexico is eventful.

The scene on July 22 was laid in the courtroom at Las Vegas, San Miguel County—still a stronghold of the Old Guard—where a year ago Magee was convicted of libel and contempt in a trial that was characterized by the Governor as "more of a persecution than a prosecution." The same judge presided, David J. Leahy, in appearance the typical police judge, admirably suited to the role of villain in the show. The atmosphere was tense; there were many friends present, but there were also foes. Some of Magee's adherents had asked the Governor for a special guard at this trial, and somehow one felt it might have been advisable.

The sheriff was a handsome Spaniard, quite the dash-

ing representative of the law made famous in fiction. The lawyer for the prosecution came decked in a ten-gallon black sombrero, with all the hatred of his clients for Magee concentrated in his dark face. And the editor, tall, good-looking, smiling, unconcerned, slouched in his chair, seeming to dare the opposition to do its worst.

The theatrical touches were many in the proceedings. Magee was on trial for contempt. In an editorial concerning last year's trial for libel, he had said that Judge Leahy was directly controlled by the political boss of the county. In another editorial he had said that the court was "a slaughter-house for the blind goddess of justice." He was facing trial for these remarks, and the judge ruled that truth of the statements might not be made a defense. What was there left to say? Last year Magee's two attorneys were suspended in this court while pleading his cause. This time they decided that no response should be made by attorneys or defendant.

But when he was asked whether he had anything to say before sentence was pronounced, Magee could not resist. "Only that I deny I am being given due process of law, and I deny that this is a court."

"Guilty of direct contempt of court," was Judge Leahy's retort, and then he, too, decided to speak his mind. For nearly an hour he denounced Magee and anyone who had ever befriended him. He was a "political harlot," "an infamous criminal," "a low-down lying crook," "a mangy yellow cur," "an assassin," "a skunk," "worse than a horse thief."

Magee was sentenced to jail for three months for direct contempt of court and three months each on the other two counts, sentence to begin immediately.

So between two sheriffs, Magee was led out of the courtroom. Following him came a crowd of his friends, those who had met him with a band when he arrived the night before, and they gathered in an angry threatening mob. There was talk of storming the jail; but Magee's lawyer begged them to be calm. Any violence would do more harm than good to the prisoner. He was safe in the jail, even though the judge had refused his plea for a special guard. Two of his friends were to stand outside all night within range of his voice if he called for help. He would eat no food in the jail but receive his meals from the homes of his good friends outside. And tomorrow he would be out surely. So the crowd scattered in groups through the town, talking, watching, and waiting.

Meanwhile the news had been telephoned to the Governor at Santa Fe, and from his office it spread like wildfire through the corridors of the Capitol. Clerks and officials on their way to lunch greeted each other excitedly. "Have you heard? Magee's in jail!"

In the Senate chamber the railroad brotherhoods of the State were gathered to discuss the presidential campaign, but all other business was forgotten when this news arrived. A delegate moved: "That the Governor be urged in the name of organized labor of the State of New Mexico to pardon Carl Magee unconditionally with the aid of the militia, if necessary, Mr. Chairman." There was loud applause.

But Governor Hinkle needed no urging; the pardons were already signed, and the adjutant general was soon on his way with them to the jail seventy miles distant. And as though to omit no touch of romance, the messenger was overtaken by a storm. Heavy rains made the roads nearly impassable. Word reached Las Vegas that a bridge had been washed out and the adjutant general was marooned by the wayside. A delegation set out to his rescue, but returned without finding him; and then just at the moment of deepest gloom he dashed into town in his high-powered car. There was an immediate move to the jail and preparations for a noisy welcome at the prisoner's release. But something was wrong with the pardons; there was none covering the direct contempt charge. Magee must spend the night in a cell.

About midnight he was roused by his jailer with word that a posse had come to rescue him; but the twenty automobiles proved to be only a crowd of soldiers returning from a party. The prisoner returned to a peaceful sleep and his guard of friends kept watch outside.

Next day came a writ of habeas corpus from the Supreme Court of the State ordering that Magee be brought before them for a hearing on July 24. So the following morning he was taken to Santa Fe; technically "taken," but actually driving his two guards over the mountain roads at a pace that drew a protest even from those courageous gentlemen of the law.

"Seventy miles in two hours and a half. Not so bad," said the prisoner as he stepped out at the capital.

Before the Supreme Court that afternoon there appeared again the handsome sheriff, the lawyer with the ten-gallon hat, the prisoner lounging sleepily in his chair. But this was in Santa Fe, and the courtroom seemed crowded only with friends. They swarmed up to greet Magee when, after a three-hour hearing, he was released on bail pending a decision as to whether the Governor's pardons were legal. This opinion has not yet been rendered.

Magee, however, is back on the job writing editorials. He wrote them even in prison and slipped them out by friendly callers. He is speaking his mind, frankly as usual, and caution is not one of his characteristics. He has not yet learned to choose his words with one eye on the libel court, despite his experience.

"The old machine is ready for the scrap-heap. . . . The people must finish up the job now by cleaning up the courts. This politico-judicial-financial tyranny must be smashed at once and forever in this State."

The curtain is falling. How one wishes it were not all a play; and that tyrannies so valiantly crushed to earth might never rise again.

Contributors to This Issue

H. L. Mencken is one of *The Nation's* contributing editors.

Helen Black is living in Santa Fe and has been on the staff of the New Mexico *State Tribune*.

Ralph D. Paine, well known as an author of sea stories and boys' books and as a journalist, has been a member of the New Hampshire Legislature and for many years a resident of that State.

Edmund Vance Cooke is a contributor of poems, stories, and occasional articles in the line of progressive thought to leading magazines and weeklies.

Arthur Garfield Hays is an attorney practicing in New York City.

Winthrop D. Lane is the author of a book, "Civil War in West Virginia," and a recent pamphlet on "The Denial of Civil Liberty in the Coal Fields."

George Saranton is a contributor of articles on Greek affairs to various periodicals.

These United States—XLVIII*

NEW HAMPSHIRE: Not Yet Abandoned

By RALPH D. PAINE

THE literary tradition of a rural New England consisting of abandoned farms, queer, flat-chested spinsters, and faded wives who go insane because of solitude and Puritan complexes has found its focus, to a large extent, in rock-ribbed New Hampshire. Contending with a hard climate has made us a patient folk, unemotionally enduring the buffets of fortune, but we grow a little weary of a certain condescension among outsiders. It is quite the fashion to ask what's the matter with New Hampshire and then start another survey or investigation.

During the brief summer thousands of motor tourists stream over our highways to visit the White Mountains. They come from regions as remote as the Pacific coast. It is a flamboyant invasion that scatters millions of dollars among hotels, camps, tea houses, garages, and small-town merchants. New Hampshire piously thanks God for this bountiful source of revenue, but reserves comment. Of this multitude of transients some are decent people who deserve to be at large. They have manners and intelligence. Many others, however, offend the landscape which they have not eyes to see while they step on the gas in order to arrive somewhere else for no particular purpose. And as they go tearing through noble gorges and verdant valleys or past lakes whose ripples brightly beckon they glance with pity at the natives of New Hampshire.

In their opinion we are the ultimate hicks. Poor stupid clods who have never learned to put pep into life and jazz it up! Slaves to a plain white farmhouse on a windy hill, and a hundred acres of tillage, woodland, and meadow, with a thousand a year cash income as the measure of material comfort. Always struggling to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead, so it is alleged, speaking a curious Yankee dialect, counting a journey as far away as Boston as the event of a lifetime.

Do we envy these birds of passage? Well, not enough to say so. Your New Hampshire farmer is not easily fooled by the buncombe and bluff which the city dweller accepts as a doctrine of existence. He is not sufficiently up to date to live beyond his income and be satisfied with keeping one jump ahead of his creditors. As one result, the tenant farming which has blighted the Middle West is a negligible factor. Ninety-three per cent of our farmers own their land. Only 37 per cent of the farms are mortgaged, the literary tradition notwithstanding.

The rural population is steadily decreasing, no doubt of that—12 per cent since 1900, or 22,000 fewer sturdy men, women, and children on the soil of their ancestors, but the total valuation of the farming lands of the State has increased considerably during this time. The picture has its melancholy aspects, but it is not so dark as the sentimental fictionist delights to paint it. It was sagacious to abandon a great many of these farms. They belonged to the pioneering era of American history. Changing economic conditions have made it impossible to wrest a livelihood from them. They are too small, isolated, and sterile. It is better to let them grow up in timber for the benefit of posterity. The pathetic cellar hole by the roadside or the weather-beaten set of buildings given over to decay are often mute memorials of an obsolete social fabric, like the sod house of the prairie or the log hut of the Kentucky frontier. They may invoke the tribute of a sigh, but their day is done excepting as they attract the pilgrim in search of a summer home.

But wherever in New Hampshire there is mellow soil and convenient access to markets you will still find modest prosperity and contentment. Few good farms are being abandoned. The older generation is able to make both ends meet and a little more. New Hampshire was almost untouched by the adverse conditions which have put the Western farmer flat on his back in recent years. Never affluent and with little to lose, it steers a course that avoids the rocks and manages to pinch through. The State University is sending its agricultural experts into every rural nook and corner to teach better methods of farming. Other agencies are working in the same direction. New Hampshire will not surrender without a stiff battle. It does not have to be told that its one asset beyond price is the people of its farms and villages and the things they stand for.

The drift to the industrial cities is slowly devitalizing the old stock with its rugged virtues of industry, thrift, stubborn independence, and respect for law. This is the profound tragedy of it. If the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? Certainly not in the polyglot mill communities of Manchester, Berlin, or Dover. These are in no wise typical of New Hampshire. Their rotary clubs or chambers of commerce shout the get-together, booster jargon of Seattle or Dallas. Their politicians are as fat-witted, selfish, and inefficient as elsewhere. Their backgrounds of dignity and tradition have been obliterated by the rising tide of French Canadians, Irish, Greeks, and Slavs. Massachusetts is ever so much worse off. Vermont has almost escaped the curse. Maine has preserved much of its native integrity because it is still a vast wilderness province.

New Hampshire is a small State of 450,000 people who reflect, to an intimate degree, the prevailing currents of an American life which had its rise in the very beginnings of the nation. Past and present rub elbows. Industrialism is a canker and the summer tourist has been both a bane and a blessing. The countryside has been infected with shabby ideals, a vulgar code of behavior, and a slangy, slipshod dialect from New York and Chicago that is spoiling the English speech, pure and undefiled, which New Hampshire received as a heritage from its forebears. The younger generation imitates these invaders and refuses to be buried alive on a farm. It prefers the bondage of a white-collar job with small hope of advancement. For an eloquent comment, the average age of the owner of a New Hampshire farm is fifty-three years. One-fifth of them are sixty-five or over. They have grown old behind the plow. And yet it heartens one to find a certain number of educated, upstanding young men returning to the acres that

* Reproduction forbidden. Quotation limited to 300 words. Copyright, 1924, The Nation, Inc. All rights reserved.

their childhood knew. With their practical knowledge and wider point of view they are the hope of rural New Hampshire. One of them, a neighbor of mine, started a poultry farm and cleared $10,000 in the third year of operation.

There is an automobile in almost every country dooryard and few of them are bought on the instalment plan. The next time you are driving through New Hampshire, please note how trim, well-painted, and comfortable most of these farmhouses are. Grinding poverty is not reflected from such homes as these. Miracles of economy are performed. It is in the blood. There has never been enough money to go round. But what percentage of city folks are as well off at the end of the year?

More than half the population is still rural, living on farms or in the villages whose characteristics have survived the changes of the modern scene. This is the real New Hampshire, when you sift it from the urban rubbish. Nowhere can it be observed to such advantage as in the State legislature, which meets every two years. This assemblage has made New Hampshire famous, like Mount Washington and Lake Winnepesaukee. We have long boasted of it as the largest legislative body in the world, with 419 members in the lower house. It supplied Winston Churchill with excellent material for novels written after the fact. Gone is the epoch, however, when the Boston and Maine Railroad was said to purchase New Hampshire patriots in carload lots and a Jethro Bass could deliver the goods in the room of the Pelican Hotel, renowned for its red plush furniture. The legislature has become honest and unromantic. There are no more leaders, good or bad. Politically New Hampshire is as unproductive as an abandoned farm. It once sired a Daniel Webster. Now it sends a George H. Moses to the United States Senate.

A novelist would find poor pickings under the State House dome at Concord. The lobbyist is branded as a suspicious character who has to watch his step. Several years ago the writer served a term as a member of the Appropriations Committee. The chairman was the last of the old guard which had carried New Hampshire in its breeches pockets. A patriarchal person, white-bearded, soft-spoken, he maintained the ancient rites, a secluded room in the Eagle Hotel, whispered conferences, confidential bargains.

But a progressive Speaker of the House, young and unterrified, defied this "Uncle Jim," mocked his dynasty, and figuratively stood him upon his ancient head. He was outvoted in the very committee which he had hand-picked and dominated for a generation. The State finances were snatched from under his thumb. He became no more than a ghostly reminder of a time when New Hampshire politics had been intensely practical. He was no better and no worse than the other leaders of his day. A zealous watchdog of the treasury, he opposed every modern scheme of welfare for the common good.

Shorn of the glamor of that picaresque era, the New Hampshire Legislature is a social club for the plain people, a biennial party for getting acquainted in a leisurely manner. In this respect it is worth all its costs. Numerous bills are passed, most of which are superfluous and inconsequential. They are never extravagant. The rural members see to that. Every dollar appropriated is squeezed until its shrieks echo along the Merrimac Valley. The pleasant familiarity of a session whose weeks stretch into months is seldom disturbed by a Governor with brains or gumption enough to make himself seriously annoying. If an able man happens to hold the chair, it is the exception to prove the rule. The average type is a rather elderly banker or lawyer who desires the honor for the sake of his progeny and is willing to foot the bills. The salary of $2,500 is not apt to attract younger men of parts who have to make their way in the world.

The Senate, of twenty-four members, is cut more or less from the same cloth for the reason that its electoral districts are divided according to taxable wealth, and not population. This makes the worthy senators view with alarm any departure from things as they are. Their chief pastime is killing what may be called popular legislation as passed by the lower house. Membership in a State senate of this description means boredom to tears unless one happens to be built that way.

The teeming House of Representatives is the place to study and enjoy mankind. As a body it mills about with a vast deal of waste motion because of its unwieldy size. It grinds a small amount of grist for the number of hands employed. Every attempt to decrease its numbers by the enactment of a constitutional amendment has been pugnaciously defeated. The men from the farms and villages refuse to be robbed of the prize of going to the legislature. It is an honor which custom decrees should pass in rotation from one substantial citizen to another. As a rule it shows a greedy spirit to expect more than one term at Concord. The emoluments consist of $200 for a term of perhaps three months and railroad transportation. It is to the credit of some of these incredibly thrifty legislators that they save a few dollars of this impressive salary after paying their living expenses in Concord. A population of 600 entitles a village to send a representative regularly. A village of three hundred people rates a member every other session, or one-half member per session, to work it out arithmetically. Above the 600 mark the community acquires another representative for every increase of 1,200 souls. As a consequence, Manchester sends 68 representatives, Nashua 23, and Concord 18. This is absurd. It might be inferred that the few cities, with such topheavy delegations, could control legislation for their own ends. It doesn't work out that way.

The Manchester contingent, composed largely of French Canadians and Irish ward politicians, is usually rent by internal dissension and too ignorant to achieve results. The balance of power is held by the canny men from the rural districts. The brains and common sense of New Hampshire still come from close to the soil or from the simple environment of the small town. A refreshing, interesting lot of men they are. In a benighted age of standardization they have maintained an individualism which refuses to be card-indexed. They cannot be led unless they know precisely where they are going. Many of them were isolated from neighbors until the "flivver" banished the barriers of poor roads, intervening hills and mountains, and sparsely settled regions. They have had unhurried rainy days in the barn or long winter evenings by the fireside to think and talk. They are self-taught in the best sense of the word.

The wives and daughters, no longer shut in and deprived of stimulating contacts, are more energetic and ambitious than the menfolk. Nowhere will you find groups of women more genuinely cultivated and alive to modern trends and values than among the clubs of the little New Hampshire towns. They do not belong on Sinclair Lewis's Main

Street nor are their husbands Babbitts. It was Waldo Frank whose lively fancy depicted the wretched New Hampshire housewife as gazing from her kitchen window only to pick out a tree from which to hang herself. This was not meant to be humorous. It was in line with the accepted legend.

And so our farmer comes to Concord with a pretty keen desire to make himself useful, realizing that his women will prod him on and scrutinize his legislative record with great care. He is mostly interested in keeping taxes down and diverting the available funds toward good roads and better schools. It is appealing, in a way, to find how heavily this question of taxation weighs upon him. In the districts where rural depopulation is going on the burden falls more heavily each year upon those who are left behind. And the chief fiscal problem of the household is gathering together enough cash to pay the tax bill.

However, when a new educational law was passed in 1918 whose purpose was to reorganize the public-school system of New Hampshire and raise it to a par with far richer States, these legislators from the farms and hamlets supported it earnestly. They were willing to pay the price as soon as they felt they would receive their money's worth. It signified that they hoped, more than anything else, to make their children contented at home and to give them some of the advantages of the city-bred youngster. For once rural New Hampshire was pulling together.

The writer was appointed a member of the State Board of Education, which had the task of putting this new system in operation. He made a speech at a meeting of the State Grange to an audience of a thousand farmers and their wives. Flattering himself that he had put the argument across, he sat down with that specious glow of satisfaction that sometimes rewards the amateur spellbinder. Later a competent-looking woman with a piercing eye cornered him in the hallway and spoke as follows: "I have had to attend a lot of meetings this year, Mr. Paine, as president of our woman's club. And it does seem as if 'most everywhere I go I have to listen to you make a speech. Of course that can't be helped. But I must say I do get sick and tired of hearing you say this new Board of Education serves without any salary. Now, you know as well as I do that if you were wuth anything the State would pay you for it."

There you have the genuine New Hampshire flavor. This admirably candid woman wasted no breath in weasel words but went straight to the point. Alas, she was quick to suspect the other person's motives and wonder what there was in it for him. This is a flaw in a catalogue of splendid native qualities. It has thwarted most of the efforts to bring about cooperation in government, in improving the conditions of agriculture, in reducing the cost of living. It is found in rural communities elsewhere, but New Hampshire has been a soil peculiarly congenial.

Some of these legislators come from the North Country, beyond the White Mountains, where little towns exist twenty to forty miles from a railroad with great stretches of forest between them. This is a stalwart, clannish breed, with force of character above the average. The north countrymen have always been conspicuous in New Hampshire affairs. One may fitly call them the Highlanders of this old New England commonwealth.

Others come from the southeastern border, where the sea pounds the reefs and forelands of a granite coast. They recall the stately mansions of Portsmouth, built by shipping merchants and captains whose topsails gleamed in ports exotic and far distant, or Paul Jones and the Ranger fitting out for a famous cruise in the English Channel. New Hampshire wrote its pages in the briny chronicle of Yankee ships and sailors that won maritime supremacy for this nation in its infancy. Now Portsmouth is awakened from its drowsy peace by the crews of the gray war-ships at the Navy Yard and the wealthy cottagers of Rye Beach, whose motors fill the old square in July and August.

To Concord also come the men from the western counties of the Connecticut Valley, whose farms are fertile and never abandoned unless for a goodly sum per acre. They ask no sympathy and are doing very well, thank you. The White Mountains sends its hotel-keepers and merchants to the legislature, dapper, worldly persons who have learned how to capitalize scenery for all the traffic will bear.

Most worth while are the farmers from the hills, slow-spoken, round-shouldered, who strive tenaciously to keep their places going with a few cows, a gnarled orchard, some hay to sell, an acre or two of potatoes. Their social center at home is often the little red schoolhouse. They look askance at new-fangled ideas. They are cast in the mold of their ancestors, who marched from Nottingham Square and Durham to the battle of Bunker Hill.

These are the folks for whom a term in the legislature is a memorable experience. It is inaccurate to call them taciturn. They are not given to incessant chatter, but they love to sit and talk. And it is good talk, shrewd, seasoned, meaty. The outside world has accepted Calvin Coolidge as the typical Vermonter, compared with whom a clam is fairly garrulous. The New Hampshire folks are not like that, the Lord be praised. There is blood in their veins and not ice-water. And in other respects they are quite human and likable. Their so-called reserve is merely a habit of having something to say before they say it.

New Hampshire is very much in transition between the old and new, somewhat fettered to the past, but by no means blind to the future. Its textile mills, which are the sinews of its industrial life, are seriously menaced by Southern competition. It is not impossible that the cities may be sapped of their strength by an economic revolution of this kind, and the conditions of former days more or less restored. This would mean various industries fostered among the smaller towns, employing native labor amid wholesome surroundings. The undeveloped or abandoned water-power of a hundred little rivers is waiting to be utilized. Meanwhile tired business men buy New Hampshire farms and the campers flock to every wooded lake.

On the whole, New Hampshire is not yet bound over the hill to the poorhouse nor is its vigorous native stock submerged beyond rescue. It utters no loud cries for help and intends to work out its own salvation. Robert Frost has said it very well in these lines:

> The glorious bards of Massachusetts seem
> To want to make New Hampshire people over.
> They taunt the lofty land with little men.
> I don't know what to say about the people.
> For art's sake one could almost wish them worse
> Rather than better. How are we to write
> The Russian novel in America
> As long as life goes so unterribly?
> There is the pinch from which our only outcry
> In literature is heard to come.
> We get what little misery we can
> Out of not having cause for misery.

From the Book of Extenuations

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

The Serpent

Eve's tongue may wag and Adam's heart may harden,
Yet I claim credit and I ask no pardon
For anything I did inside the Garden.
I might have stayed there my eternal days
And merited small blame and less of praise,
For I was equal in the social swim
With angels and the saucy seraphim.
I was encompassed in the primal plan;
I was no sixth-day afterthought, like man,
But was considered when the world began.

Eve is ungrateful, as is woman's way,
And Adam—simple simian of clay—
Proclaims a grudge which lasts until this day.
Yet were it not for my work, what were they?
Brood-beasts they were, male man and female woman;
I saw their plight and brought them that acumen
Which made them sinful, but which made them human.

Cain

An Artist I! I loved the hue and shape
Of peach and pear, of pomegranate and grape
And in my gratitude for Autumn's hoard
I builded me an altar to the Lord,
And on it made mosaic of the tints
Which the ripe-breasted season tells, or hints:
Gold, crimson, purple, and the softer glints
Of all the myriad ecstasy of fruits!

Mine was no barbecue of slaughtered brutes;
My cairn of beauty was a living jewel!
But Yahveh asks for offerings crude and cruel,
The blood of beasts, the scent of entrails burned,
So Abel's was accepted, mine was spurned,
And in that spurning all my toilsome art
Was scattered to the winds. That hurt my heart
And Abel's smile laid salt upon the smart.
"If blood be grateful to this God," I cried,
"I see a way to make him satisfied!"
. . . . . .
It was about that time my brother died.

Moses

No pyramid was builded of the groans
Of driven slaves to glorify *my* bones.
No golden chamber and no jeweled shrine
Houses the dwelling-place which once was mine.
No lash drove labor to a dreary doom
That I might shrivel in a vaulted tomb.
Thus did the Pharaohs, who held my tribe,
And now their treasure-tombs become a bribe
To itching, alien fingers, which have stripped
Corpse of its coffin, coffin of its crypt.

But I, beyond the loots of love or hate,
I have no sepulcher to violate!
Yet, bounded by no metes of time or place,
Welded of my own will and Yahveh's grace,
Behold my cenotaph, the Chosen Race!

Ruth

Poor Boaz thinks that he arranged that parley
Which first we held among the fields of barley,
When all my humble words had hidden meaning
And his the fullest beard of all my gleaning.
He thinks I did him honor when I crept
And snuggled at his feet the while he slept,
And when he woke, without a hint of sin,
I claimed protection as his near of kin.

And so next day, as I had hoped he'd do,
He claimed me as his own and passed his shoe.
Dear Boaz! he's a man and so, in sooth,
A twisted finger-ring for little Ruth.

So I remind him often how he harried me,
Pursued and worried me, till off he carried me
And, spite of my disclaimings, kissed and married me,
And swear that womankind is most unfortunate
Hedged in a world beset by men importunate!
For, as Naomi says (and nothing's truer),
Pursued man loves to think himself pursuer.

David

I have been drunk of life's commingled wines,
Of lilied loves and rose-red concubines.
I have known battle and the white-hot charm
Of holding death at bay with this right arm.
I have known pomp and purpled pride and cries
Of clamorous applause against the skies.

I have been overwrought and overjoyed,
I have been sated, surfeited, and cloyed.
In my own life I've lived so many lives
Its flames are cinders, yet one spark survives.

Gold, glory, greed! I loved you not for long;
Wine, women, war! seductive, but not strong;
One passion lasts—the deathless lust of Song.

New Morals for Old

Modern Marriage and Ancient Laws

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

"ARE we married?" This was a query recently put to a New York lawyer. The woman wanted to have been married, but wished not to be married any longer; at the same time she rather objected to a divorce. The man did not care much about it, so long as he could marry, or marry again, without too much inconvenience arising from the earlier entanglement. The lawyer's answer was so obvious that it might have been made by a layman: "How do I know?"

The two had been living together, had called each other husband and wife, and had in general passed as such, but at the beginning of the relationship each had felt that if one wanted to be free the other would not hold him or her; it was agreed that they should have no financial responsibility for each other and that there should be nothing about the arrangement which would make it last "till death do us part." In speaking of themselves as "husband and wife" they had intended the words to represent merely a formula of their own.

Now common-law marriage as recognized in New York State consists in a meeting of the minds—a contract. Thus, if two people live together as husband and wife this may be evidence of a common-law marriage. No formal agreement is necessary. But if there has not been even a private agreement of marriage their living together would be unimportant. If they wished to separate they would need no divorce, for they would never have been married. By passing as husband and wife they might gain the social advantages that come from a recognized relationship, and, since there had been no definite agreement, they might save the inconvenience of divorce if they wished to separate. Difficulty arises only when both parties do not agree that there was no agreement. Sometimes one party claims there was and the other that there was not. Then the very indefiniteness of the tie means added difficulty and publicity in breaking it.

In order to avoid future disagreement one couple made a contract in which they stated that they lived as husband and wife in order to avoid social stigma, but that as between themselves there was no agreement of marriage. The situation was trying because they always felt they were living a lie. Their answer was that society foolishly demanded either a penalty or a form and they preferred to provide the form. Fortunately, neither ever had to swear to the status and they felt that this contract—which provided for future maintenance of the wife and custody of the children—solved the problem or doubt of a life-long relationship. To those who made ethical objection, they answered that they were willing to contract on matters which concerned their wills, but knew it was contrary to human nature to contract on matters which concerned their emotions.

Not long ago in New York City a young woman who had scruples about promising to love a man forever expressed to the city clerk her unwillingness to use the form of marriage ceremony which he had produced committing her to love, honor, and cherish the man for the rest of his or her life. She said she was in good faith willing to contract to marry, and that she would do the best she could to make the marriage successful, but that was all; to which the clerk answered that if she were entering marriage in that spirit she should not be married at all. He was finally persuaded that the parties could be tied merely by agreement on her part to become the man's wife and on his part to become her husband.

If the law seems full of vagaries on the problem of entering marriage it is still more perplexing and technical when it concerns the question whether or not two people are still legally married when one has obtained a supposed divorce—so much so that it is not at all uncommon for a lawyer to be faced by a client asking whether or not he, or she, is really married. Some years ago a man was married in Philadelphia and later, having separated from his wife, went to New York. She obtained a decree of divorce in Pennsylvania, the papers having been served on him in New York. He married again and died a generation later, leaving a considerable fortune and three children by his second marriage. The first wife, or her attorneys, then discovered that the original divorce was not legal, since the Pennsylvania courts had not acquired a jurisdiction which would be recognized in New York. Since the man had left the estate to his "wife," there were complications. As the question involved the meaning of a will, the matter was one of intention and it was not difficult to prove that the deceased intended as his beneficiary the woman whom he regarded as his wife. But had he owned real estate at the time of his divorce the first wife might have had a dower interest, and had his status become one of public importance his enemies might successfully have charged him with bigamy.

Ordinarily, people are satisfied with a decree of divorce. It gives them the desired social status. Its technical legality becomes of importance only in connection with estates or the legitimacy of children. But a difficult question arises in case of remarriage. Legality depends upon the jurisdiction of the court. This can be acquired by personal service of papers upon the defendant within the State or a voluntary submission to the jurisdiction by appearing in the case personally or by attorney. But State courts claim and recognize their own jurisdiction even though papers are served outside the State. Under these latter circumstances, suppose a divorce granted a man in Utah is not recognized in New York. If he remarries in Utah he will have one wife there, while in New York another woman would be his wife and he would be obliged to support her there. If his wife in New York married again, she would be guilty of bigamy. In Utah it would be his duty to live with one woman. New York would attempt to make it his pleasure to live with another, and this on the ground of morality, for, although, ordinarily, the law of the place of the new marriage (in this case, Utah) would apply, yet this would result in his having two wives in New York. So on legal grounds we disregard the divorce, and on moral grounds we negative the second marriage.

Foreign divorces raise the question not only of juris-

diction but of recognition by treaty of a judgment of the particular foreign country. For instance, judgments of French courts are not absolutely binding upon the courts of this country, as are the judgments of sister-States. In the case of Russia, where any two parties by agreement or a single person by request may become divorced, there is no treaty whatever. Occasionally, cases arise where persons abroad have obtained a decree for a rabbinical divorce. Under the old Jewish custom a rabbi could pronounce a divorce and the law of the state permitted a decree to be entered upon his pronouncement. Some states and countries make bids for the divorce business; not long ago an advertisement appeared announcing that a divorce might be had in Yucatan for $25, not, of course, including the expense of travel. Questions of the effect of interlocutory and final judgments, of the provisions of a divorce decree forbidding remarriage within a certain period, of the *bona fides* of residence, of the jurisdiction of the court, of treaties with foreign countries may make it difficult to answer the question whether or not two people are legally married.

All this confusion represents a beating of wings against a cage—an endeavor to obtain a legal paper with a red seal which will avoid a situation which two people find intolerable. We are tending toward a new moral conception of the marriage relationship, well expressed by Premier Zahle of Denmark when submitting a new liberal divorce law: "It is based on the fundamental conception that it is morally indefensible to maintain a marriage relation by legal statute where all the real bonds between the parties are broken. This is a measure which certainly means a great step forward in the recognition of marriage as a moral relation."

Marriage is a status resulting from a civil contract, but very few people who enter into it know what this contract is. It assumes certain rights and obligations. What are they? That the wage-earner will provide. This is enforcible, at least theoretically. What else? That the parties live in an emotional and mental state designated by an agreement "to love, honor, and cherish," and, sometimes, "obey." This is obviously unenforcible. (I make this assertion despite the recent Texas case in which a husband obtained an injunction restraining his wife's employer from flirting with her.) The contract continues for life, subject to termination for causes which depend chiefly upon the place of residence, actual or acquired. If they live in South Carolina and stay there, the contract is indissoluble. In New York the contract may be terminated for adultery, unless the other party has likewise sought refuge outside of marriage; in Alabama, for habitual drunkenness; in Nevada, for neglect to provide for one year; in Kentucky and New Hampshire, for joining a religious sect which believes marriages unlawful; in New Jersey, for extreme cruelty; in Wisconsin, if the parties have voluntarily lived separately for five years; in Massachusetts and a host of other States, for desertion; in Pennsylvania and Oregon, for personal indignities or conduct rendering life burdensome; in Vermont, for intolerable severity; in France, if the parties have other emotional interests; in Denmark, by consent; in Russia, by request. Of course, in most of these states there are other grounds, but the result is that either party can bring about a situation which permits divorce or can make life so intolerable for the other that he or she consents to it. But these grounds must arise subsequent to marriage; the agreement cannot be made in advance.

In life the duration of marriage depends upon the desires or consent of individuals. In law it is perpetual, subject to termination not by agreement made at the outset, or by later consent, but by court decree. At the time of entering into marriage people usually know merely that somehow, somewhere, some time there is a way out if the situation becomes too strained. Technically, since the contract is for life, a divorce is granted for a breach. Thus there is an implied term, as there is in every contract, that relief is granted for a breach—but what constitutes a breach depends not upon the terms of the contract or the law of the place where the contract is made but upon the jurisdiction where relief is sought—a matter of which the parties ordinarily know nothing when they make the contract. Convention seems to demand that the parties know not what they do.

Modern society, this summary seems to show, has been moving toward freedom of contract in marriage. Those phases which concern the state, such as economic provision and children, must be conserved. But time was—and still is in some places—when marriage itself was a tribal or a state matter. Then it became a family matter, determined by the parents, and property and family rights and interests were the important considerations. But parents, knowing by experience that there can be no happiness without security—although there might be unhappiness with it—failed to take into sufficient account the emotional content, and, particularly in the Western World, there developed a certain freedom of contract in making a choice. Today, when people have come to recognize the necessity of sexual and social compatibility, which cannot be determined in advance, there has come a demand for a further freedom of contract, to which society has responded by more liberal divorce laws. The laws which permit a divorce where parties have not lived together for a certain length of time make the duration of the marriage relation really a matter of consent. They mean in effect that a contract of marriage contains an implied term that it is to continue until the parties consent to its end, and in human relations this means until one party demands its end.

If a person proposed that the law recognize a marriage contract which was to continue until either party desired its termination, he would be regarded as a wrecker of our institutions; but society is doing this very thing—obscurely, perhaps, as an after-effect, not as a preconceived design; blindly, and not with intelligent forethought. Many have suggested that marriages be made harder and divorces easier. But how revolutionary would seem a suggestion that marriage contracts be made in advance, conforming to the teachings of experience, providing for maintenance and custody of children and limited by the understanding of the parties; that those who, for religious or ethical reasons, wished to enter into a life contract be permitted to do so; that those who wished to enter into a contract to terminate by joint consent or at the option of either party likewise be permitted to do so? An objection that this would be dangerous assumes that people choose the present form only because compelled to do so. Individuals are breaking from the old conventions, and the law, usually a laggard by a generation, is following them. In forty-three States desertion is a ground for divorce; in twenty of them, desertion for one year. In seven States, failure or neglect to provide is a ground; in four of them, the period is one year. In some States, if the parties live apart for a certain length of time—in three of them for five years—that is ground

for divorce. Is not this divorce by agreement? And by implication, since living together requires the willingness of two parties, the result is a contract which may be ended by either of the parties at any time he or she sees fit—after an intervening cooling period. Thus does freedom creep in by the back door.

Does this work harm to society? There is little difference in the marital or social conditions or in the welfare of children in Norway and Sweden, where there are liberal laws, and in England, where divorce is a long, complicated, and expensive process. No one could discover that he had crossed the State line from New York to Pennsylvania by observation of the state of society, the happiness or apparent duration of marriage, the welfare of children, or the social conventions of the people. Yet in Pennsylvania there was one divorce for every 10.2 marriages in 1922 and only one for every 22.6 in New York. In South Carolina there are no divorces; in Oregon, the number of marriages to one divorce was 2.6; in Wyoming, 3.9; in California, 5.1. In the District of Columbia, the banner section, there were 35.8 marriages to one divorce. There, as in New York, the only ground is adultery. Yet San Francisco society seems as stable as that of Washington. Of course, the figures do not mean that seven times as many Washington couples as California couples, and four times as many New York couples, make a success of marriage or live together when it has ceased to be a success; but rather, that New Yorkers and Washingtonians solve their marital troubles elsewhere than at home. Thus, in Nevada in 1922 there were more divorces than marriages, because people married in other States repented in Nevada.

Whatever effect it may have on society, the extension of grounds for divorce which has taken place in the last decade, and the modern improvement in communication and travel, which opens other States or foreign countries to an increasing number, brings about a situation by which people, though not free to contract, do avail themselves of means which have the same effect. Revolutionary changes occur unnoticed, while our delusions persist and our sense of conservatism is gratified.

Party Government Ebbs

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

FEW topics are more alluring to the political reporter than the rising swells and declining ebbs of parties and of party government. At this moment in the United States the political reporter surely is bound to see party government at an ebb which has declined to a level lower than at any other moment in our day.

Mr. Davis in his speech accepting the Democratic nomination at Clarksburg was able to make a considerable point of the violence of the Republican attack upon what the Republicans called the "executive autocracy" of Woodrow Wilson, while within three years thereafter the Republicans submitted with a servile tameness to a total defiance of their party by Calvin Coolidge and proceeded to reward his "autocracy" ultimately by a nomination granted to him almost unanimously at Cleveland.

Mr. Davis in effect maintained that Mr. Coolidge was less of a party man than Mr. Wilson. The charge has merit. Mr. Wilson and his party in Congress went along together. It can be said that Mr. Wilson overbore his party. It could also be said that Mr. Wilson consulted his party and, if he overbore it, at least did not act until he was sure that he would be able to overbear it.

The result was that under Mr. Wilson a Democratic White House and a Democratic majority in Congress were in harmony and produced during Mr. Wilson's first administration an admittedly massive and epochal amount of new legislation which became historically important on the statute-books of the United States.

If the first basic origin of this result was to be found in the will power of Mr. Wilson, the method of it and device which promptly and successfully brought it into existence was a party with leaders and sub-leaders and followers and sub-followers acting ultimately, harmoniously, and effectively for themselves and for the country in a spectacular illustration of party government at its fullest.

Mr. Davis looks back to those days with pride and with approval. He contends that the Republican Party lacks the internal harmony which the Democrats had under Mr. Wilson and which Mr. Davis regards as the indispensable preliminary to success either in legislation or in administration. Mr. Davis's implication is that the Democratic Party still has such a harmony and is still a party, while the Republicans have ceased to be a party and while the La Folletteites admit that they are not yet a party.

Incidentally it is to be noted that Mr. Davis in his speech accepting his nomination pays virtually no attention to Mr. La Follette. He makes, it is true, one allusion to the "panaceas" of "radicals"; but since he calls them "dreamy radicals" the reference can hardly be thought to be to the senior Senator from Wisconsin. Mr. Davis's chariness in putting on the gloves with Mr. La Follette, while he delights to put them on with Mr. Coolidge, has both an outward significance and an inward significance. Outwardly Mr. Davis admits that Mr. La Follette is the puzzling and upsetting element in the situation. Inwardly he has not yet apparently made up his mind just how to solve that puzzle and just how to get around that upset. He makes it perfectly clear in his private conversation that he intends to bang and buffet Mr. Coolidge. Just what he will try to do to—or about—Mr. La Follette he has reserved for future consideration and decision.

In any case it is manifestly open to him to claim that the La Follette following is not yet a party and that it contains within itself elements in irreconcilable conflict with one another on the League of Nations and on other aspects of foreign affairs and on the question of monopoly and of public ownership and on other highly important domestic questions with no organized and recognized body of authority within it to bend these elements to common action if they should happen to slip into power.

The La Follette following, it is alleged by its enemies, and it must be admitted in candor by its friends, would be

only a small fraction of its present bulk in this campaign if it were not the diversified following of one man who is followed for a multitude of unconnected reasons.

The Republicans gloat over that fact and call themselves a party relatively to the La Folletteites; and the Democrats, through Mr. Davis, gloat over the "autocracy" of Coolidge and the endless unresolved divergencies of opinion and of action between Mr. Coolidge and his party colleagues in Congress and call themselves a party relatively to the Republicans.

It has to be admitted that Mr. Coolidge has not behaved as a party man. The White House has often transformed party men into individualistic magnates. It has transformed Mr. Coolidge into a peculiarly determined individualistic magnate with a suddenness and completeness perhaps unprecedented. He not only insists upon differing from the mass of his party colleagues in Congress, but he insists upon making his own minority views the test of loyalty to the party in general. His immediate friends regard the approaching November election as an occasion on which the people will empower Mr. Coolidge personally to make all other elected Republicans bow to his sole will. They talk about this election less as if it were an election for the choosing of a President than as if it were a plebiscite for the naming of an emperor who thereafter would rule by himself.

That sort of thing, whatever its merits, certainly cannot be called party government. The La Folletteites are followed by a mob. The Republicans are one man pulling a cart with occasional squealing brakes on it. Neither performance is party government as taught in the books and as proclaimed to be necessary by tradition and by Mr. Davis.

Let us look, for a moment, however, at Mr. Davis himself. He is the candidate of the Democratic Party for the highest office in the land. Yet he is not—in any true political sense, in any true party sense—a leader of the Democratic Party. In Britain, the modern cradle of parties and the classic nursery of their present development, Mr. Davis could not conceivably with his present political standing and acquaintance become Prime Minister. He has not been elected to anything for many years. He is not familiar with the immediate inside Democratic Party situation. He was selected in New York City for two reasons among others. The first is his undoubted high personal ability. The second was precisely that he is not an insider but happily and harmlessly an outsider to all the recent troubles and experiences and developments which his party has suffered and survived. He is in his way as much an illustration of the resort to one man as Mr. Coolidge is or as Mr. La Follette is. He has been called in not because he is the fruit of the party but because he is to be its gardener.

If this sort of situation be compared with the situation which in Britain invariably produces a Prime Minister from among the party leaders who are most covered with the immediate dust of the party struggles in Parliament, it becomes readily apparent that in this country at this time the classic conception of party government is far indeed from realization.

In such circumstances the followers of the prospective third party naturally hug to their bosoms at least the idea that in their efforts to establish such a party they enter a field where their rivals, as parties, as party organizations capable of truly party government, are not as strong as they were but are in fact in a manifest decline.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has at last discovered why musicians are not good conversationalists. He learned from his friends the cellist, the pianist, and the clarinettist, who spent a whole evening talking Brahms in his hearing. "Re mi fa *do* ti," the clarinet would suggest. "Ti do re *la* sol," corrected the cello. "Fa la la la; la re ti sol-l-l," commented the piano, laughing at them both. Then they would all three talk at once, very politely and comprehensibly. Before one movement was finished, the Drifter felt so left out that he was ready to deliver an oration on any subject. But no one suggested a subject, only went on quoting measure after measure in perfect harmony for two hours and a half. Afterwards the clarinettist said in slow English: "I like the adagio best." The cellist smiled vaguely. "Goodnight," said the pianist to his confederates and to the Drifter. All the Drifter's prepared observations about ensemble and themes and tone quality seemed superfluous. They had all been said.

* * * * *

A COMPOSER the Drifter used to know would frequently alarm his family by rushing to the piano, playing a phrase or two, then swinging round to wait for an answer. If his remark was quoted from a song some one would usually recognize it. "Batti, batti, Don Giovanni," of course meant "You are all just a little insane." But if the phrase was original it might mean anything from "How melancholy I feel" to "Let's go to supper."

* * * * *

FEW actors regard their own extemporaneous conversation as much worth listening to. It is hard to stop being earnest and still feel important. One can keep on walking and dressing like a dreadfully clever cynic, but as for talking it—why, Oscar Wilde himself spent months writing those lines. Yet the actor can't resist imitating them. Now if you think it hard for him, pity the poor musician! To improvise Mozart, translate his measures into speech, and then fit them into ordinary human converse—this is another matter.

* * * * *

IT is all very mysterious to the Drifter. He admits that when the music-wise begin their learned discourses he sometimes pleads ignorance and escapes. "Give the Drifter something he can understand," he will implore, "a folk-song, or some good simple jazz." But jazz, it appears, is no longer simple. On the contrary, it is a highly cerebral form of expression, beside which the classics are relatively primitive and emotional. Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" is a mere nursery rhyme, to judge by the new critics, compared with the "Limehouse Blues." Mr. Seldes's "Seven Lively Arts," to which the Drifter turned in the glad expectation of finding sympathy for his low-brow loneliness, expounded jazz in technical terminology of cross-rhythms and orchestration. Still the Drifter refused to believe. He tried a brief explanation of jazz by one Virgil Thompson in the *Mercury* and learned the formula for "blues" harmony—memorized it carefully. Here it is: "Subdominant modulation with alternations of tonic major and minor." He also learned that "the chromatic (or diatonic) succession of dominant ninths so dear to Franck and Chabrier has become popular, and the mediant or sub-mediant tonality

offers a pleasing relief from the more obvious dominant." After reading two pages and a half about counter-melodies, *glissandi*, instrumental balance, "the contrapuntal style enforced by disparate combinations," and much, much more, the Drifter comes out little the wiser. . . . Yes, he *is* wiser, wiser and sadder. He has lost all illusions about the happy spontaneity and careless freedom of his once-loved jazz.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

(Letters on the series New Morals for Old have poured into the office of The Nation. *It is impossible to print more than parts of a few of them, but those we have selected and printed below present some of the varying and conflicting views of our readers. Other letters on the series will appear in a later issue.)*

Old Immorals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Would it not be a good idea to reverse the title of your series and say Old Morals for New? Herodotus when writing about Egypt rather disapprovingly reports the Egyptians' absolutely unrestrained sexual practices in their temples. The theology of the Egyptians as well as of the Greeks themselves is certainly free from prudishness. Certainly there was no place in old Greece for men like John Roach Straton. As Mephisto-Goethe put it:

Man darf das nicht vor keuschen Ohren nennen,
Was keusche Herzen nicht entbehren können.

New York, June 1 ERNST WALDSTEIN

We Break Up the Home

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My immediate reasons for discontinuing my subscription to *The Nation* are seven in number—they are seven out of the eight articles under the general caption New Morals for Old, recently appearing in your periodical. Under the guise of progress these atrocious sex articles seek to do away with all the gains of civilization as to home and family, reverting to a selfish individualism which can only destroy the generations yet to be. I do not object to these articles so much as immoral —that does not particularly bother me one way or the other— as because they tend to break up what I believe to be the main support of civilization—the monogamous home. As a member of the Book and Periodical Committee of our local public library I felt obliged when the first of these articles appeared to recommend the removal of *The Nation* from our library tables as a menace to the youth of the community, and the immediate cancelation of the subscription.

Kennebunk, Maine, August 15 ROBERT P. DOREMUS

Bertrand Russell and the Jewish Law

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Russell ventured on a trip of discovery in an ill-equipped craft. He landed on many distant shores and gleaned information everywhere. I am only concerned with the impressions he gained in the spiritual land of Judea. He makes the statement that "religious Jews have observed dietary laws far more scrupulously than what seem to us fundamental principles of morality." Just the opposite is true. Religious Jews accept the authority of the Torah (Bible) and of Jewish tradition. Had Mr. Russell followed the elementary rule of verifying his sources he could have convinced himself, from any English Bible translation, that whereas sexual offenses like incest and adultery, which Mr. Russell cites, are capital crimes, offenses against dietary laws are mere torts. Moreover, Jewish tradition requires of its adherents that they face certain death rather than transgress the prohibitions against murder, incest, and idolatry. No such importance has ever been attached to the dietary laws either in theory or in practice. On the same page Mr. Russell quotes Leviticus for the levirate law that occurs in Deuteronomy and lays down axiomatically that "this custom originated in ancestor worship."

There is no justification for such a view in either the Biblical sources or in the results of modern anthropology. The sources give the following reason: By marrying his brother's childless widow the "levirate" helps to perpetuate his dead brother's name since the first son born of such a union would step into the latter's place as his heir. Thus the family property was kept together and the dead man's aspirations came to life in his first-born.

This interpretation is generally accepted among modern anthropologists. The desire of man in all stages of society is to perpetuate his own kind; therefore if he dies without issue, the wife should at least marry his brother so that there should remain some trace of his memory in society.

On page 498 Mr. Russell contrasts the commandment "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," which he presents as an example of highest "Christian" ethics, as an "end of life," with the injunction of the Decalogue, "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day," a mere "rule of conduct." He suggests that the morality that ought to exist would lay down ends of life rather than rules of conduct and that the belief in the importance of the latter is superstitious.

These lines, apparently the pivotal center of Mr. Russell's critical review, are in fact its weakest part. Had he but troubled to read his Bible he would have discovered that, unfortunately for his arguments, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" occurs in Leviticus, which, in spite of the ingenuity of modern Bible critics, is still generally considered to be a part of the Old (Jewish) Testament.

New York, May 12 M. JUNG

Parasites or Partners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In her otherwise excellent article Elsie Clews Parsons does not describe fairly the status of the home-staying married woman. Mrs. Parsons summarizes this part of her article in the following words: "Wifely parasitism is holding its own. . . . Where income permits the wife continues to be the consumer, the husband the producer."

The notion that a married woman is not obliged to contribute to the family income because she is married is disappearing so fast that its traces are hardly visible; but the fact that the married woman stays home whenever it is possible, i.e., whenever her husband's earnings permit it, is still very much with us. This is so for economic and physical reasons.

In spite of the large number of institutions and inventions that purport to, or actually do, ease the task of the homekeeper, keeping house without servants takes up most of a woman's day. It may be admitted that the woman who has to do only her housekeeping and cooking, and has no young children to care for, has a few free hours each day. Should she, as Mrs. Parsons suggests, seek outside work for these hours, unless it is essential economically? In my opinion this would be quite unfair. The woman who keeps house has no day off. Cleaning and cooking must be done every day. The fact merely is that the woman gets her day of rest spread in small parcels through the week. Seeking work for these hours of leisure would be equivalent to the husband's seeking a second job for Sundays and holidays.

Where the married woman must go to work in order to

keep the family above the starvation-point, the result must be either a thoroughly neglected home or, more usually, double work for the woman—outside work during the day and housework at night. I will say nothing of the woman who has to care for one or more young children, besides her housework.

Mrs. Parsons mentions the fact that in Europe the wife's contribution to the family income is taken for granted much more than here. It is so for the same reason that it is taken for granted here among the very poor. The difference is that there are more people in Europe on this low economic level. The results in Europe are the same as here: neglect of the home and children and overwork for the woman.

Brooklyn, May 21 DORA C. SHAPIRO

The Sex Equality of Our Ancestors

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Charlotte Perkins Gilman repeats in *The Nation* the old fiction of man's domination of women by "religion, law, and family authority." But this has occurred only during comparatively brief periods of civilization, ancient and modern. For most of the time nearly all our forebears and nearly all the peoples of ancient states preserved an equality between women and men. In ancient civilization this was the equality of slaves. The proletariat of early Rome and the colonii of the pagan empire and the serfs of the Christian empire from Theodosius onward, constituting by far the most numerous and prolific part of the population, retained complete sexual equality because neither man nor woman had any other status than that of slave or serf. The same thing is true of all medieval Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire. At least five-sixths of the population were peasants and serfs, chained to the soil, but were enjoying complete sexual freedom. They mated naturally and voluntarily. Monogamy was common and was expected and approved, but marriage was unusual and most of the serfs were under legal disability of marriage. The monogamous male was a valuable asset to his mate and she suffered if he deserted her or if he were taken away by a press gang for the navy or by conscription for war or by death. But she was under no legal bonds to him and if she could get along better without him she was quite free to do so. Moreover, there was no such differentiation of tasks, virtues, or duties between the sexes as Mrs. Gilman describes. They shared in common the labor of the fields and the merrymaking of the holidays, and one sex was as chaste as the other. There was no "double standard."

The point is that it is from this stock that nearly all of us are descended, and not from the aristocratic few whose domestic institutions are described by Mrs. Gilman. Strict monogamous marriage augments the nervous organization of posterity, but the groups that practice it for many generations become so unfertile that their numbers tend to decrease. Most of the blood now in the veins of Americans results from the complete sexual freedom of the medieval serfs, modified by a few generations of religious, monogamous marriage. Hardly a trace of it comes from any remote ancestors, whose marriage customs demanded "compulsory motherhood."

New York, June 7 R. H. TOWNER

Clarifying and Interesting

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That is such a good article of Mr. Krutch's in *The Nation* on Sex and Fiction that I can't keep still about it. I've read it several times. I particularly like his handling of Huxley—his attitude of not blinking the obscenities, but just trying to account for them. And that was a neat phrase about "Adam Bede." Altogether a most clarifying and interesting article. I wish I had written it!

New York, June 25 DOROTHY BREWSTER

Books

Colonies of England

Herbert Levi Osgood, an American Scholar. By Dixon Ryan Fox. Columbia University Press. $1.75.

The American Colonies in the Eighteenth Century. By Herbert Levi Osgood. Columbia University Press. Vols. I, II. $5.50 each.

George III and the American Revolution: The Beginnings. By Frank Arthur Mumby, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

NO one should attempt to read Mr. Osgood's volumes on colonial history without first familiarizing himself with the admirably sympathetic and appreciative tribute which Dixon Ryan Fox has written in memory of the author. Suggested originally by certain of Mr. Osgood's students at Columbia University and its cost defrayed by donations from a number of them, this little volume admits the reader to the inner life and purpose of a very lovable man, of great modesty and great ability, who more than any one else has revolutionized the writing of our earliest history. Without other ambition than to tell the truth of the colonial story and to do so under the most exacting self-set limitations of scope and presentation, Mr. Osgood devoted the best years of his life to the single task of interpreting the institutional character and development of the American colonies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Rightly deeming all other comprehensive treatises on the period as faulty and superficial, because based on inadequate information and still more inadequate understanding, Mr. Osgood spent more than thirty years in contributing by every means at his command to a revaluation of the place that the colonies occupied in the British scheme of things and in the evolution of American political and institutional ideas. He brought to his task the powers of a great teacher, an indefatigable investigator, and an interpreter of penetrating wisdom and unbounded zeal. He formulated his own philosophy of the subject, emphasized his own methods and views in the classroom, spread widely his ideas in printed statements and articles, and aided generously and cooperatively the work of those who received their historical training at his hands. Unlike Lord Acton, who, though wise of counsel and stimulating as a promoter of other men's historical work, never wrote a book, Osgood gave permanent form to his conception of colonial history in what will eventually reach a total of seven capacious volumes. These volumes, characterized by fulness of knowledge, fairness of treatment, insight into the deeper springs and processes of historical development, and profound understanding of the influences at work guiding the actions of men, are in themselves a notable and worthy life-work.

Mr. Osgood had no desire to afford entertainment to what is known as the reading public. He wrote for scholars and by scholars will his results be appraised. His volumes were conceived in study and reflection and only by study and reflection can they be mastered. They were not intended to be the play-time companions or solaces of the leisure hour. Though Mr. Osgood had no lack of respect for the public as a reader of history, he believed that the historian should have the subject and not the public in mind.

The first three volumes, which appeared in 1904 and 1907, exposed in elaborate and complex form the plan that Mr. Osgood had already presented in sundry earlier articles. They showed that he had no interest in narration or description as such, but was concerned with the evolution of government and institutional organization, because it seemed to him that the political and constitutional side of the subject should be given first place, inasmuch as only through law and political institutions could social forces become in a large sense operative. Now, in 1924,

six years after his death, appear the first two of the remaining four volumes, which are to carry the subject to 1760, the eve of the pre-revolutionary period. It is not much to the credit of American publishers that the manuscript should have had to be hawked about and finally should have been rejected by all of them. But business is business, and institutional histories that call for mental effort are not among the best sellers. In this country historical scholarship meets with little encouragement and reaps little reward, unless it is expressed in such alluring form as to make it salable for a profit.

The new volumes resemble the others in plan and treatment. They exhibit the same fixedness of purpose and are marked by the same severe limitations. Their content is very substantial, the treatment thorough and methodical, and the results are always dependable. The characterization of the personages dealt with is almost invariably sound and illuminating. In one respect the later volumes differ from the earlier. As Mr. Osgood advances into the eighteenth century, he deals more with action than with form, with operation than with structure. There is less analysis and more movement. This is not as true, however, of the chapters devoted to the British system of colonial management, where no attempt has been made to go beyond an analysis of function and structure and no effort made to study the British boards and departments actually at work in shaping the colonial relationship. These chapters leave upon the mind an impression of remoteness to the British system which in some ways is to be regretted,

Mr. Mumby's work entitled "George III and the American Revolution" is wholly unlike that of Mr. Osgood both in plan and purpose. Yet it, too, is worth while in its way, for it is interesting in that it gives an insight into the working of the human mind in times of crisis. It contains the story of the years from 1760 to 1776 (a second volume is to follow) in the language of contemporary correspondence, British and American, with a running commentary or nexus of events supplied by the editor. The volume will be read with considerable pleasure by many to whom Mr. Osgood's pages would be mentally painful, infinitely more important though they are. The impressions are agreeable, but inevitably of slight significance, and the work as a whole runs along a very narrow surface. The problem of the American Revolution cannot be solved in this fashion. The text is entertaining, but one feels that the method is wrong and that Mr. Mumby himself does not always understand the issues at stake. Else he would not have spoken in his commentary of Pitt as championing the "cause of American freedom," which he never did, or of the colonies in 1766 as a "united nation," which they were not even in the moments of gravest emergency. Nevertheless, Mr. Mumby's work will serve its purpose.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS

A Momentous Voyage

Journal of First Voyage to America. By Christopher Columbus. Albert and Charles Boni. $3.50.

LONG after the technical historian has abandoned an interpretation, either through increased information or because of a reexamination of materials, the inefficient professional and the casual reader continue in error. Often such a condition is excusable on the ground that the revision is buried in obscure journals or that the weight of tradition militates against a general and rapid acceptance of the new position. These reflections are relevant in connection with the momentous voyage of Columbus. In many of the most excellent textbooks on American history it continues to be axiomatic that Columbus voyaged because the Turks closed the trade routes to the East. Some years ago A. H. Lybyer of the University of Illinois published a paper in both English and American historical journals in which he definitely proved by the study of the fluctuations of prices and supplies of Eastern commodities in the markets of the Italian city states that the Turkish conquests had practically no influence on the trade. He further cited material tending to prove that the Turks extended courtesies to merchants desiring to cross their territories. He noted that the lack of any sharp rise in prices indicated a steady supply of Eastern commodities and he showed that when the Italian market collapsed it was from a different cause: the coming to power of the Atlantic seaboard commercial states.

This bit of research pushed the genesis of the attitude resulting in the voyage back into the socio-intellectual situation resulting in the expansion of Europe. The Italian city states had a practical monopoly on the trade routes to the Indies via the Near East, and so monopolized the trade. With the rise of Atlantic seaboard cities and nations to commercial prominence the dominance became irksome and they cast about for some way out of the situation. Cultural progress favored a release. The reports, somewhat fabulous to be sure, of travelers were becoming widely circulated. The crusades were not unimportant in stimulating curiosity and generating desires. There was a distinct revival of Alexandrian geography and astronomy (e.g., the writings of Ptolemy and Strabo), and many advances in cartography were made (see the letter from Toscanelli to Columbus, Note I of this volume). There were a series of important improvements in nautical instruments having to do with determining distances and position on the earth. The compass was known in the ninth century. There were important advances in ship-building. Chance and purpose had led to important discoveries.

The total expression of these various forces was the expansion of Europe (cf. Shepherd, Expansion of Europe. *Political Science Quarterly.* 1919). It thus appears that Columbus's voyage was only a part, albeit a very momentous part, of a general movement having its roots deep in European history and resulting in a tremendous release of energy which has not ceased even to our own day. Here, more than in the fabulous Renaissance of Symonds, originated the forces making for modern times. For very directly out of the expansion came the commercial revolution—a response to extended markets—and such intellectual activities as ethnology, ethnography, comparative religion, and all concerns implying a diversity of peoples and customs, and extending even to literature and manners. And it was but a short step to the industrial revolution and its extended influences.

If such a perspective seems to dim the luster of Columbus's achievement it is unfortunate, for to the people of the United States and to Europeans as well it is perhaps the most significant of all the voyages in the general movement of which it was a part. It stands as a beacon in the path of an historical movement. It marks the beginning of white men's activity in North America, and from that place were many important forces set in motion and to it were many of the strengths of the Old World carried. The implications of this man's achievement are astounding.

In this bare, matter-of-fact, but often thrilling record we catch a glimpse of his personality and realize dimly the impact of the new scenes on his curious mind. Columbus was intensely religious and referred all happenings to the will of God and sincerely desired to convert the discovered peoples to Christianity. He was a canny man who, so far as his knowledge extended, noted the commercially valuable products available and tried diligently to locate sources of gold. He was loyal to his backers and never neglected formally to claim each island for Spain. He had ethnological interests in that he set down his observations on the religious practices, property laws, marriage customs, and so on to the best of his understanding. He was kindly, preferring the gentle natives to the warlike ones, and honest, for he prohibited unjust barter between his sailors and the natives, and he forbade plundering. He noted that the natives seemed to practice communism, but he thought that monogamy was the rule except among the chiefs. Though he rather favored the use of clothing he was not blind to the beauties of the naked body, male and female. In fact, setting aside

his religious bias and his constantly lamented lack of botanical knowledge, he seems to have had the catholic and tolerant mind necessary to the explorer.

Even in the abstract by Las Casas published in this case the romance of the adventure does not escape, it is so essentially a part of the story. This voyage must always remain one of tremendous interest to Americans, and there is no better way of keeping it alive than the publication of the "Journal" of the man who conceived and carried it out.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

The Tragic Lift

The White Ship. Esthonian Tales. By Aino Kallas. Translated from the Finnish by Alex Matson. Foreword by John Galsworthy. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Country People. By Ruth Suckow. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

A BRIEF preface by Mme Kallas tells the history of the Esthonian people and explains the dark color of her tales. The story of this people's enslavement begins with the forced introduction of Christianity in the thirteenth century, when German Knights of the Sword and another order of knighthood, founded with the Papal blessing, subdued the land and asserted their superior rights as Christians by reducing the conquered people to an absolute serfdom in which they were as completely deprived of legal protection as an inanimate object. Then, at a later period, Peter the Great handed them over to the only nation which would continue to deny them their most elementary rights long after every other country of Europe had granted its peoples some recognition of their status as sentient beings. So the story of their wrongs does not end until after the Great War had freed them from Russia. During the periods covered by these tales the peasant was still virtually the property of his lord; without warning men were torn from their wives and children to serve twenty-five years in the Czar's army; the merciless lash punished the slightest infractions of discipline, and even the famous, half-legendery *jus primae noctis* was occasionally enforced. Thus the stories are stories of the grim things which men and women, with the needs and feelings of human beings, are called upon to endure under a regime which assumes for them less sensibility than that of the beasts which they drive to the field.

From such material anyone might draw pathos and tears, but it is the final achievement of art to rob painful things of their pain, and this test Mme Kallas meets. Her stories are not pathetic, and they exalt more than they harrow. In the first place she has given to them some of the simple dignity of the legend in which terrible things are made more terrible by the calmness with which the inevitable is received and the dark conditions of life accepted. But she has done more than that: She has given them the lift of tragedy by making the dignity of the sufferer more striking and memorable than the suffering. She tells of brides condemned to Siberia on their wedding day, of mothers robbed of their children, and of hardened sinners dying with bonfires lighted upon their chests to forestall the fires of hell, but by the touch of her art she robs such things of their pain, setting the patient strength of humanity over against the sorrow that it endures and showing that man can bear whatever burdens his fellow-man may put upon him. Nor will the humanity which she describes give up wholly its right to all that is implied by "that sad word, joy." Like the defiant flowers which nature sends through the hard earth to flourish for a few weeks in that cold Northern land, love and the joy of life snatch a moment to flaunt themselves between calamities, and thus humanity stubbornly reasserts its nature in spite of an insistence, continued for centuries, that it shall sink into the dull passivity of the beast.

In the dialogue, A Bathsheba of Saaremaa, the author achieves the maximum of dramatic tension in the story of a young wife who betrays her husband to the conscription in order that she may become the darling of an overlord, but Gerdruta Carponai is the story most typical of the spirit of the book. Here a terrible visitation of the plague leaves destitute upon the seashore but two survivors—a girl of the people and a young man of the master class. They have suffered every calamity, but the irresistible force of life turns their predicament into a brief idyl and they found a family—a family, it is true, destined to be fishers and slaves, but one which, like its founders, will continue to live in spite of all and to vindicate once more the eternal hope and eternal fortitude which give to man his dignity and make his story not a tale told by an idiot but a tragedy written by a master.

The method of Mme Kallas is the dramatic one which befits the violence of incidents taken from the history of a people which lived precariously and upon which calamity, sudden and definitive, was likely to fall. Miss Suckow, dealing with a more tranquil life, chooses for her short novel of the German farmer of the Middle West the form of a simple chronicle. In it she can summarize the lives of three generations and depict a tragedy (if tragedy it is) not of decisive violence but of attrition. In her story no passions rise high, her characters measure their achievement by solid, material things, and the pity is chiefly that men and women who have worked so hard for a living should live so little. She traces the history of a family from the grandfather who came as a settler to the grandchildren who go their separate ways in a changing civilization, and their story is typical. Change comes but it comes slowly. The purchase of a Ford marks an epoch in the life of the second generation, but a Victrola comes only with the third, and meanwhile the elders, worn by labor, drop aside. Their lives are without the terrible sufferings which Mme Kallas describes, but they are also without the passionate defiant joys. Happier but less intense they live their lives in labor and pass on to each succeeding generation a little more comfort and a slightly changed civilization.

Miss Suckow's method is no more showy than her story, but it has the advantage of wide observation, absolute honesty, and the knack of selecting just those incidents calculated to picture to the imagination the life which she is describing. Moreover, she has no ax to grind and she neither satirizes nor idealizes. No more unprejudiced record has been written of this particular epoch and this particular region. It gives an impression of completeness without being either ponderous or dull.

J. W. KRUTCH

Coal Mining

Miners' Wages and the Cost of Coal. By Isador Lubin. With the Aid of Council and Staff of the Institute of Economics. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. $2.50.

MEN passing to and fro around the mouth of a coal mine make a picture of great interest. Their lamp-laden caps and grimed faces suggest what they do inside. They are casual as they move about, as casual as hod-carriers with their burdens, yet they are familiar with the inside of the earth. They know what it is like in those cavernous labyrinths, where most people would lose themselves: labyrinths that sometimes reach miles from the light. For coal miners the mystery of tortuous interiors has fled. What do they see in there? What do they do? How do they feel? Do they like to get back to the sun? Just how are they different from other people?

It takes a little from the romance of the picture, but adds to its interest, to know that these men are all definite tradesmen. They are as definitely tradesmen as bricklayers and tinsmiths. They know what they are about, and each has his own tasks. Coal mining is not a single craft. It is many crafts. At least thirty different trades are followed in getting coal out of the earth and ready to ship from the mine. The man who bursts down the face of the vein with explosives, the man who runs a small car up to the pile of broken coal, the man who lays the

track for this car, the pumpman, the trimmer, the screener—all these and others compose the motley crew who dig the world's fuel. What is the machinery for determining the wages of soft-coal workers? This is of interest, first, because it has a bearing on the sufficiency of our supply of mined coal; second, because it affects the price that people pay for that coal, and third, because it touches the conservation of the coal resources of the country. If people took a greater interest in what goes on around coal mines and how mine workers and operators adjust their multitudinous differences, steps toward economy and greater smoothness of operation might be taken.

Nearly everybody knows that there have been exhausting coal strikes in the bituminous fields in recent years, making some homes and some offices cold, and that representatives of both the mine workers and operators meet every so often to adopt a wage scale and compose other disagreements. The occasion for the meeting of these representatives is called the Interstate Joint Conference. Underlying its negotiations is a fairly well-recognized principle. This is the principle of competitive equality. Operators interpret this principle to mean that wage rates in all parts of the widely separated coal-fields are to be so fixed that every operator can compete successfully with every other. This means fixing the rates in relation to every factor that affects the cost of producing coal and getting it to market—differences in size of seam, impurities in the coal, water in the mine, freight rates to market, and so forth. It means adjusting rates for each subdistrict and even for each mine. This is a colossal and impracticable task, but it is the theory underlying the operators' interpretation of the rule and their demands at wage conferences. Miners' representatives have tended to interpret the principle of competitive equality to mean that wage rates and other conditions were to be made sufficiently uniform to place all operators on an equal footing as regards these conditions, thus giving them an equal start in regard to certain fundamental factors, and leaving to the operation of natural advantages and competitive skill, rather than to willingness to cut wages, the determination as to who will make most profits and win.

Mr. Lubin traces these interpretations through the various stages of fixing the wage rates, and describes the wage-rate structure in detail. This, the greater part of his book, is too large a matter to be summarized here. He finds that the principles adopted for adjusting wages have not served the purposes for which they were intended, that the wage-rate structure is unwieldy and wasteful, that mines are kept in existence which have no economic justification, and that the present chaotic condition of the bituminous industry is due in part to the method of fixing wages. As an improvement he suggests eliminating the system of differentials, that is, the system by which wages are adjusted to all sorts of local and varying factors; he enumerates some of the advantages that would come from this. Would not the admission of the United Mine Workers, he also asks, into the non-union battlefields of West Virginia, Alabama, and other places have a steadying influence? Here disturbances and bloodshed are common; here wage cuts and wage increases may be expected with every significant fluctuation of the market. Mr. Lubin does not attempt to answer this question, but says that whether the stability that would come from unionizing the whole industry, with the resulting labor monopoly and the threat that such a monopoly would have of shutting off the country's coal supply completely some time, is worth the price is a matter of personal judgment. He points out further that students of labor refer to the railroad brotherhoods as illustrations of the circumspect use of such a great power. His book is an illuminating analysis of a complex matter, refreshingly free from prejudice. Opponents of the United Mine Workers will find in it much justification for the existence of this misrepresented but desirable body. The book is not easy to read, and, despite the romantic nature of the coal miner's job, its perusal had better not be attempted except by serious students.

WINTHROP D. LANE

In Argentina

La que no perdonó. By Hugo Wast. Buenos Aires: Agencia General de Librería.

THIS most recent work of the Argentine novelist shows a return to the manner of his "Flor de Durazno." It is the portrait of a woman against a background of provincial life. The region Wast depicts is the semi-tropical northeast of the great South American republic, the languid city of Santa Fé and the surrounding country periodically flooded by the Paraná and its tributaries.

Wast has selected the elements and characters which are indigenous to this region and has arranged them into an harmonious and picturesque group. He has attempted to give a cross-section of the entire social structure—the landed aristocracy, which rules with an almost feudal authority; the middle class, still despised in Argentina because it has not yet become an hereditary estate but derives mainly from a generation which has worked upward from the laboring into the professional class or dropped downward from the aristocracy into the small office-holders' class, and the lowest class, that of the native-born.

The figure of Mercedes dominates the story. She is a Doña Perfecta with the bigotry of righteous susceptibility in place of the narrow religious intolerance so carefully analyzed by Galdós. She ruins her life by rigid adherence to her technical rights just as persistently as Anna Karenina ruins hers by repeated yielding to her passion. Like her Spanish sister, Doña Perfecta, her will is inflexible. Once a course of action has been decided upon, nothing can stay its execution; every cycle of thought must be concluded for good or ill. Thus, when she discovers that Hernandarias is faithless to her as a husband, she applies herself so intently to the collection of evidence that the resulting wall isolates her and makes forgiveness impossible. She retires to her estate, where, were she even a trifle less meticulously conscienced, she would yield to her great love for Dr. Monzón. But she is consistent, so consistent that one might be tempted to consider her the exaltation of a principle, did she not finally cry out with anguished heart against her very righteousness and show herself near the clay of everyday humanity in the admission that her daughter's death was the price of her own reconciliation. By contrast she calls to mind Willa Cather's lovable and appealing "Lost Lady." Mercedes is all but a demonstration of how unattractive and unlovely a good woman becomes by the overscrupulous adherence to a moral code.

Wast's style is direct and straightforward and, unlike that of most authors of Latin blood, it is quite free from ornamentation. His books are full of episode and action. He loves tales of adventure. In "La que no perdonó" such scenes as the illicit cock-fight which provides certain elements of Santa Fé with the same sort of excitement as the bootleggers enjoy in this country, Pablito's and Judith's wild chase after the runaway colt, the 'gator hunt, the dance, and the ensuing fight at the *rancho* of Don Bachi where the phonograph replaces the old-time guitar bear out his statement that he would rather write a "Treasure Island" than a "Penguin Island."

ERNEST HERMAN HESPELT

A Musical Chronicle

My Long Life in Music. By Leopold Auer. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $5.

FORTUNATELY, Leopold Auer has been endowed with a fine sense of self-perspective, so that instead of merely glorifying himself in his memoirs he has been able to weld the salient points of his career into a sort of subjective account of the great musical world of Europe and Europe's musicians for the last seventy years. It is a remarkable chronicle, beginning

with his childhood in Hungary, that country of violinists, where one almost expects each and every little boy to be born with a fiddle in his hand. But though young Auer began his career, as many another has, as a strolling player, he had a wise and ambitious father. And so the money earned by intermittent travel was spent on intermittent study—first at the Conservatory of Budapest, then at Vienna, and finally at Hanover, with Joachim.

Soon the student merges into the virtuoso, and after that, life takes him to the Grand Ducal towns and fashionable spas of Germany, to Paris under the third Napoleon, to London during the season, to Vienna, Constantinople, and, above all, to Russia. Those chapters devoted to Russia are perhaps the most valuable, as they cover practically the whole musical development of that country from 1868, the period when Glinka's opera, "A Life for the Czar," was the only so-called national music and musical activities outside of the theater were confined solely to those of the Imperial Musical Society, through the awakening of a national consciousness by Tchaikovsky and the Neo-Russian School, up to the present day, with its ultra-modern tendencies as exemplified by Stravinsky (with whom the professor is apparently out of sympathy). This development was even more amazing and rapid than our own, for the musical Russia of the sixties was far from being the musical Russia of today. All the operatic and concert life was controlled by the director of the Imperial Theaters of Moscow and St. Petersburg and by the Russian Musical Society. Even the great conservatories of these two towns, directed respectively by Nicholas and Anton Rubinstein, were members of this society. The faculty of the St. Petersburg Conservatory was composed of such notables as Anton Rubinstein and Leschetizky for piano, Henri Wieniawski for violin, and Charles Davidoff for cello; while two graduates from this institution, young Tchaikovsky and, later, Arensky, both taught at the Moscow institute.

> The trend was all in favor of Russian youth . . . which was no more than right, and there was a general desire to depend no longer on artists from abroad. . . . The young artists graduating from the two great institutions with special honors were retained to join their respective faculties, and so no violence was done to the older traditions.

This policy of encouraging the native youth finally culminated in the rebellion of the younger element against the classic principles of Anton Rubinstein, who was director not only of the Petersburg Conservatory but of the Russian Musical Society as well. A new school thus sprang into being, based on principles of nationality, and called by its members the "young Russian School." These members were known as the "Five," and consisted of Balakireff, their founder; Rimsky-Korsakoff, a young officer in the Russian navy; Cui, a professor of military engineering; Borodine, a professor of chemistry; and Moussorgsky, a young officer of the Imperial Guard. These "Five" met at the house of Balakireff, who criticized their works, and taught them harmony, counterpoint, and orchestration. Later they found a patron in one Balaieff, a rich lumber merchant, who founded a Society of Symphony Concerts of which he was the president and sole member. He paid all the expenses involved by this new propaganda for the music of the nationalist composers, and commenced by engaging the orchestra of the Imperial Russian Opera, under the direction of Rimsky-Korsakoff. Their device was "National music and nothing else!" Tchaikovsky was occasionally represented on their programs, but was never identified with them.

Besides this life behind the scenes the professor gives us interesting sidelights on his pupils, Heifetz, Elman, Zimbalist, Seidl, and others. He winds up by praising our own native talent as second to none, and decrying our attitude toward it and the tonal art in general. The book is packed with quotable material, a remarkable feat, considering the fact that his souvenirs and data were left behind in fleeing from Russia. Even so, it is the richest volume of musical experience that has yet come to us.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

A Reasoned Application in Marriage of a Neglected Basic Principle

A PLEA FOR MONOGAMY

BY DR. WILFRID LAY

I + I = I

THERE is a mode of marital relationship which Dr. Lay and other leading psychologists agree can make all marriages between physically normal people an entire success. In this book the practice is explained and developed for the first time, and every man and woman will find it of the highest significance in their own lives.

The book may be obtained at any bookseller's or direct from the publishers.

Price, $4.00

BONI & LIVERIGHT GOOD BOOKS 61 WEST 48TH STREET NEW YORK, N.Y.

What La Follette's State Is Doing

By CHESTER C. PLATT of Madison, Wis.

One reviewer has called this book a sequel to Dr. Frederick C. Howe's "Wisconsin, An Experiment in Democracy." It is not a campaign book, and when written the author did not know whether La Follette would be a candidate for president or not. The object of the book is to show that Wisconsin liberals, imbued with the La Follette spirit, have made this state one of the best governed in the union, and the progressive reforms adopted here have promoted and not hindered the commercial prosperity of the state.

Here are the titles of some of the chapters. Part Time Schools, Unemployment Insurance, University Extension, The Legal Status of Women, Cooperative Movements, Public Ownership, Taxing Unearned Incomes.

The volume contains over 300 pages. Has been carefully indexed and is illustrated with portraits of many Wisconsin progressives. Price $2.50. Order through your bookseller, or by mail of the publishers, Batavia Times Press, Batavia, N. Y.

International Relations Section

Labor in Greece

By GEORGE SARANTON

THE young republic of Greece has recently been shaken, not by internal political dissension or by her historic enemy the Turk but by the entire mass of her laboring class. To understand this situation it may be well to glance back over the development of the labor movement in this highly unsocialistic and unindustrial commonwealth.

Up to 1909 trade unionism had only begun to penetrate the ranks of the workers in that very considerable modern Greek industry, the merchant marine. Working conditions and hours of service in this field were exceedingly unsatisfactory and they are still so in many cases. But a strike in Piraeus in that year by the crews of the Greek steamers, then inaugurating the principle of collective bargaining, resulted in a veritable state of war with the Department of Police. The strike was lost except that the workers gained the right to decent food on the steam and sailing vessels.

In the political field labor was equally undeveloped. For several years Platon E. Drakoules was the solitary voice in behalf of the working class in the midst of a prevalent spirit of nationalism and militarism. But at last a socialist party was formed and was ably led for some time by a Mr. Sitheres, who was also a Representative in Parliament from a southern Macedonian constituency and very recently the holder of the portfolio of the Department of Agriculture. The party is now affiliated with the Socialist International, but it does not yet enjoy a permanent place in the House of Representatives and its entire membership amounts to about 5,000.

The real hope of Greek labor, however, is the Hellenic Federation of Labor. This organization is modeled after the British system, is affiliated with the Labor International and with the International Labor Conference, and is a union of practically all the railway and merchant marine men. But most of the workers are still unorganized and their conditions are deplorable. This is true of the people engaged in wheat, tobacco, currant, olive, and wine cultivation, as well as in mining. The number of well-built factories is small; it is not uncommon to see spinners, machinists, weavers, and other factory workers, both men and women, working for long hours in dark, gloomy, and ramshackle buildings. The cost of living is desperately high, the rental for an ordinary room in several towns ranging from 20 to 25 drachmas a day. Before the World War a single unskilled laborer could earn from four to five drachmas a day and could eke out an existence even in a town; now the average daily wage runs from 40 to 50 drachmas, but the prices of the necessities are much higher in proportion. The only two classes of wage-earners which have fared slightly better are the office employees and the domestic servants. The condition of the agricultural workers in Thessaly has been particularly pitiable. Women are not as yet admitted to the ranks of the trade unions, while their minimum number of hours of work is usually ten.

A serious labor crisis occurred in August, 1923. A general strike, well-nigh universal, began on the 18th and lasted for ten days; the Revolutionary Government under the leadership of Colonel Plasteras proclaimed martial law, declared the labor unions illegal, and succeeded in suppressing the strike by force. All the union offices were seized, their furniture and archives were removed, and their bank deposits confiscated; the leaders in the strike were all arrested and a special court martial was convened to try them. With the return of normalcy, however, the *status quo ante* of organized labor was restored, and the situation continued to lie in abeyance until May 1, 1924.

A few days before the beginning of May of this year a request for permission to hold a labor parade was refused. Immediately the workers of Athens and Piraeus were aroused and they held a mass meeting on the 1st. A detachment of troops which attempted to disperse them was met with violent resistance, as was the fire department when it sought to give a helping hand to the soldiers. The result was a panic, in the course of which numerous semi-fatal injuries occurred, followed by the arrest and imprisonment of about 250 persons. Government departments proceeded to investigate in order to discover and try the leaders, who, the Government asserted, were the authors of such ominous signs as "Down with the Militaristic Republic" and "The day is not distant when we will crush the bourgeoisie and found a republic, including not only Greece but the entire Balkan Peninsula." The Greek Federation of Labor threatened to call a general strike unless the arrested comrades were set free at once. It was said that the leaders of the affair were encouraged in their attitude by the simultaneous resumption of diplomatic relations between Greece and Russia as well as by "foreign propagandists roaming the streets of the classical city."

At all events, a strike was proclaimed throughout the country, the labor men blaming the Government for the clash of May 1 and for not releasing their colleagues. On the same day, however, a strike had been already ordered by the Society of Tramway Employees of Athens and Piraeus. Soon the movement assumed serious proportions; sympathetic strikes were ordered from north to south and by the end of the month, despite the weakening opposition of the forces of the state and especially of the Prime Minister, A. Papanastassiou himself, it spread as far as Macedonia with its numerous tobacco workers. Seamen and dockers caused steamers to be tied up for days in the harbor of Piraeus; then the bakery workers joined; even the boatmen called a strike of sympathy. Both camps were as obstinate as Greeks can be.

By a strange coincidence, it was at this period that Athens was welcoming the first Russian Soviet official in the person of Mr. Ustinov. Conferences were being held between the members of the Cabinet, the affected companies, and the union chiefs. The General Federation of Labor through its executive secretary, Mr. Evangelou, accused the ship-owners of trying to force the authorities to take possession of the vessels and so place the labor unions in direct opposition to the republic. Piraeus was on the eve of martial law with companies of soldiers and sailors patrolling its streets. Seamen, tobacco workers, bakery employees, cigarette-makers, all clamored for shorter hours and more pay; the ship strike became general, the Seamen's and Masters' Union being one of the strongest to join. On June 11 the brotherhood of the employees of the Peloponnesian railroad and those of the Hellenic joined the striking groups. Various mills in Piraeus and in other cities were also closed.

At last an agreement was reached on June 14 and the strike was brought to a close with a few gains for the proletariat. One of these was the promise of the Democratic Union, the party in power, that they would introduce the eight-hour day without any exceptions aside from those imposed in seasonal occupations. This they actually did by a bill which became law on July 2. The daily newspaper of the Communists, however, *Rizospastes* (the *Radical*), has not fared so well; its publishers and editors were brought to trial on the charge of inciting the populace toward the "overthrow of the republic." But the Government has released the imprisoned laborites and has begun to execute the long-promised sequestration of the uncultivated *tchifliks* and other fallow lands in Thessaly and some parts of Macedonia and has turned them over to tenant farmers. This last measure was first proposed by the Venizelists in 1910, but, owing to the intervening vicissitudes, it had become a dead letter until recently. The spirit of the press is shown in the following extract from a signed editorial article on the first page of the leading Athenian daily, the *Eleftheros Logos;* the writer, after referring to the undoubted influence of revolutionary Communists, Greek or foreign, in the whole imbroglio, goes on to say:

> Nevertheless, the responsibility of the Government in the current labor crisis is great; particularly that of the chairman of the Council of Ministers, who really begs the question in trying to shift the whole burden to the Communists. Before their assumption of power and even after, the directors of the Democratic Union did not miss the slightest opportunity for claiming a monopoly of friendliness to labor and of socialistic and democratic ideas in general. We are not blaming them for this fact; indeed, we wish their intentions were sincere. . . . Unfortunately, demagogy was the essence of it all. The final outcome of the strike was the resignation of "Thunderbolt" Kondylles, Minister of War, lieutenant general, and the Prime Minister's right-hand man in all the recent events, who turned against his chief with the accusation that he had shown an excessive submissiveness to the demands of the labor unions.

The Conference: An Analysis

NEWSPAPER accounts of the compromise solutions reached at the London Conference, written from day to day, have necessarily been so confusing that we reprint the following clear summary of the course of the conference up to the arrival of the German delegates, prepared for the *Bulletin* of the Foreign Policy Association by James G. McDonald:

The United States emerges from the conference to find its citizens designated to act as chairmen of most of the vital arbitral commissions. Under the guise of unofficialism, now worn transparently thin, our Government is pledged to play a decisive role in administering the receivership of Germany and indirectly the economic rehabilitation of Europe as a whole.

Of all the questions which divided the Allies, none was more difficult than that of German default. Herriot came to the conference committed to the maintenance of the French claim that, as in the case of the Ruhr, she had the right in the future to impose sanctions on Germany without the assent or cooperation of Britain. MacDonald was just as unqualifiedly committed to the non-acceptance of this claim. But both premiers were determined to secure agreement on this as on the other major issues. From the more than two weeks of intense study and conference emerged an ingenious and apparently workable compromise. Nominally the Reparation Commission, which has hitherto been controlled by France, retains its right to declare Germany in default. But when the Reparation Commission is voting on the question of default an American citizen, named by the commission itself if it can agree unanimously, or, failing that, by the president of the Permanent Court of International Justice, "shall take part in the discussions and shall vote."

Any member of the Reparation Commission "may within eight days from the date of [a given] decision appeal from that decision to the Arbitral Commission composed of three impartial and independent persons whose decision shall be final. The members of the Arbitral Commission shall be appointed for five years by the Reparation Commission, deciding by unanimity, or, failing such unanimity, by the president of the Permanent Court." The president of the Arbitral Commission shall be a United States citizen.

Moreover, the Allied governments pledge themselves "not to take sanctions in regard to Germany unless a default" has been declared under the conditions laid down. Even in such case the governments will act with "the consciousness of joint trusteeship for the financial interest of themselves and of the persons who advanced money" through the loan to Germany. More specifically, the Allies promise "that in case sanctions have to be applied in consequence of the default by Germany, they will safeguard any specific securities which may be pledged to the service of the loan." They also recognize that the interest and sinking-fund charges of the loan are "entitled to absolute priority in relation to any resources of Germany on which a general lien may have been given to the loan, as well as in relation to any resources that may arise as a result of a plan of sanctions."

In one respect the Allied agreement involves a definite going beyond the terms of the Treaty of Versailles which limited Germany's obligations to make reparations in kind to the ten years, 1920 to 1930. France, fearful that on the expiration of this period she may not be able to secure essential coal, and more particularly coke, from Germany, insisted on guaranties. Others of the Allies were just as anxious that reparations in kind should not be used as an excuse for stifling German industry. The compromise agreed upon seems to be fair to both Germany and France. The Transfer Committee, which under the Dawes Plan is the custodian of all payments made by Germany on the reparation account, and which controls the transfer of funds to the Allies, is to be authorized "to employ the funds at its disposal in payment for deliveries on ordinary commercial conditions of any commodities and (or) services provided for in programs from time to time prescribed by the Reparation Commission after consultation with the Transfer Committee." The German Government is asked to accept "the establishment of a special committee not exceeding six members and consisting of an equal number of Allied and German representatives" to carry out these transfers. Differences of opinion betweeen the Allied and German members of the committee are to be settled by arbitration. This same principle is also applied to possible disagreements which may arise between the Transfer Committee and the German Government in reference to other phases of the problem of reparations in kind. The arbiter in this case is to be of neutral nationality, if the German Government so desires, and to be chosen "by agreement between the two parties" or, failing such agreement, by the president of the Permanent Court.

The French urged that procedure be provided to remedy defects which may later develop in the working of the Dawes Plan. The Allies therefore agreed on the following procedure: "Any government complaining of such defect may submit the question to the Reparation Commission which will transmit it forthwith for inquiry and advice to a committee consisting of the agent general for reparation payments, the trustee or trustees for railway and industrial mortgage bonds, the rail-

way commissioner, and the commissioner of controlled revenues."

This committee shall report to the Reparation Commission which, for the purpose of considering such report, shall convoke the American member who shall have the right to vote. "If the Reparation Commission arrives at a unanimous decision, it shall invite the German Government to adhere to it, and if an agreement is reached with the German Government on the subject the necessary measures shall be carried into effect without delay. If the Reparation Commission is not unanimous, or if any decision it takes unanimously is not accepted by the German Government, any of the parties interested may submit the question to a committee of three independent and impartial experts, chosen by agreement between the Reparation Commission, deciding unanimously, and the German Government, or, in default of such agreement, by the president of the Permanent Court."

It is, however, provided that this method of changing the Dawes Report "shall not apply to any question in regard to the disposition of funds paid to the account of the Agent General or any other matter which falls solely within the competence of the Transfer Committee."

If the Transfer Committee is equally divided on the question whether there have been German maneuvers to checkmate cash transfers, the question shall be referred to an independent and impartial arbiter to be selected by the Transfer Committee itself, if unanimous, or failing unanimity, by the president of the Permanent Court. If, however, "the funds at the disposal of the Agent General for Reparation Payments are at any time accumulated in Germany up to the limit of five billion gold marks . . . and the committee has by a majority decided that the concerted financial maneuvers (referred to) have not taken place . . . any member of the minority of the committee may within eight days appeal against such decision to an arbitral tribunal whose decision on the matter before them shall be final. The arbitral tribunal shall consist of three independent and impartial financial experts including a citizen of the United States of America, who shall act as chairman."

Bossing the Far East

THE opposition of Mr. Hughes to the recent Chinese-Russian treaty is discussed in the following statement by L. M. Karakhan—who negotiated the agreement with V. K. Wellington Koo—given out at Peking through the Rosta News Agency:

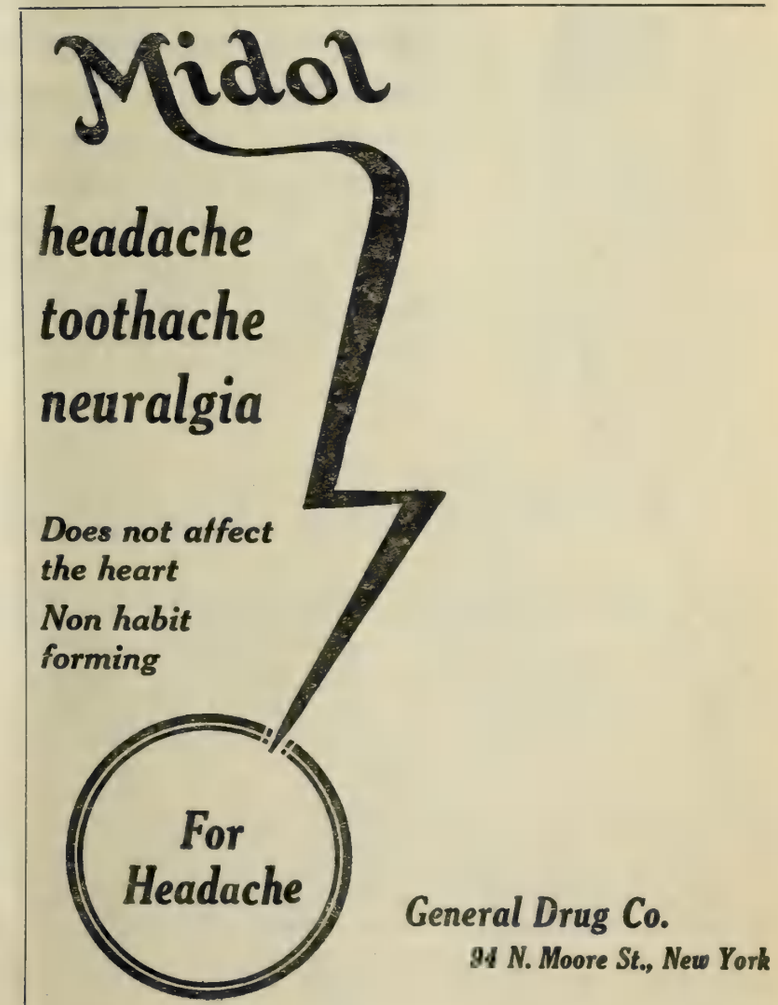
Mr. Hughes has evidently decided to punish China, so he is now against a preliminary customs tariff conference, he advises France not to ratify the Washington agreements, and, lastly, he proposes to revise the entire Chinese policy of the United States. And, as all things evil proceed from the Bolshevists, Mr. Hughes wishes by one and the same stroke to chastise the Soviet Government; because of the evil influence it has on China he has decided not to recognize it.

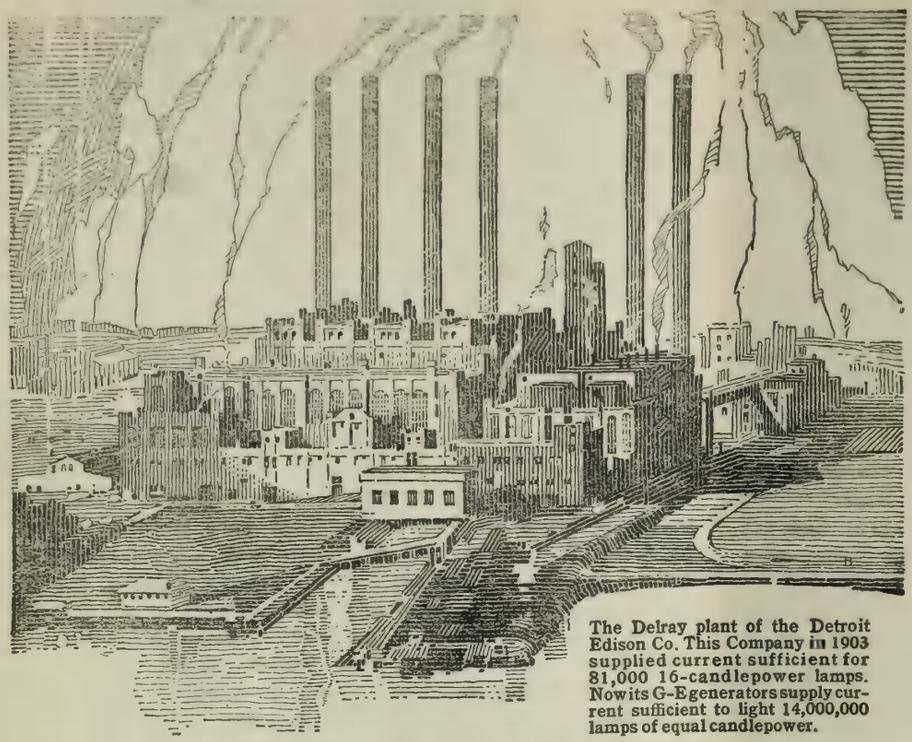
However, the Soviet Government views quite calmly the present policy of Mr. Hughes, well knowing that there is not a single honest and reasonable American who understands the interests of his or her country who supports the shortsighted Russian policy of the present chief of the State Department. Numerous are the governments which the Soviet Government has already outlived, and it will certainly without injury to itself outlive the present rulers of America.

What is of more interest is the attitude Washington assumes toward China. Though I have not seen the Chinese note to the American Government relative to the Chinese Eastern Railway, I imagine it was couched in Mr. Koo's usual courteous and refined style, and I seriously doubt whether there could be any ground for a charge of audaciousness. Possibly, the State Department saw audaciousness in the fact that China refused to recognize the right of America—and, for that matter, of Japan and France—to interfere in the affairs of the Chinese Eastern Railway. It should be recalled, however, that this audacious proposition is based on the treaties between China and Czarist Russia and was supported, too, by the agreement, signed on May 31, 1924.

Indeed, no countries but China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics have anything to do with the Chinese Eastern Railway, and all the other Powers must know that we will not allow them to interfere with our business. I don't care even to know to what extent their charges are based on the Washington resolutions. The latter are non-existent in our eyes—for that matter, they evidently do not exist even for the Powers which signed them. At any rate, as far as China is concerned, things went no further than promises and blackmail, nor does anyone seem to have any intention of carrying out those decisions. Now Washington—which gave birth to the resolutions—goes the length of recommending that France refuse to recognize the child it itself gave birth to. There is no doubt that Paris will hear this with a sigh of relief, as France has for a long time looked upon the result of the Washington conference as an illegitimate child.

It is not, naturally, a question of bolshevist influence on the Chinese Government. It is foolish, indeed, to try and explain by the influence of the Soviet Government any step of the Chinese Government which is not to other people's liking. The Chinese people is very well able itself to see what benefits and what harms it, who are its enemies and who its friends, when its honor and national dignity are violated and when its rights are respected in deeds, not in words. No alien influences are needed for this. The work of imperialist agents in China, who have a complete disregard for the Chinese people, is itself the best school the people can go to for a right understanding of their interests.





The Delray plant of the Detroit Edison Co. This Company in 1903 supplied current sufficient for 81,000 16-candlepower lamps. Now its G-E generators supply current sufficient to light 14,000,000 lamps of equal candlepower.

Pillars of Progress

In 1922 the American people used one billion dollars' worth of electrical energy. And every five years the demand for this energy doubles.

Think what this increasing use of electricity means in brightened homes and in products manufactured. The General Electric Company takes pride in equipping modern electric light and power plants; their chimneys are pillars of progress.

You will find this monogram on all types of electrical equipment used by power and light companies. The General Electric Company designs and builds all types of large electrical machinery for the generation, transmission and distribution of electric power.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

HOFFMANN SCHOOL
for Individual Development
386 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City
DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL
Rebecca Hoffmann, Director
Dr. Nathan Peyser, Educational Director
Children 4-10 years Bus Service

BASH BISH LODGE, Copake Falls, N.Y.
A Camp for Adults
IN THE BERKSHIRES
Less than 2 hours' ride from New York
TENNIS, BATHING, DANCING, ETC.
Rates $32.50 per Week—$6 per day
Address RUBENSTEIN & LEIKIN
Bash Bish Lodge Copake Falls, N. Y.
Tel. 31, Ring 4 City tel. Intervale 2667

FOR RENT—OUT OF TOWN—UNFURNISHED

100 year old Farmhouse. Every modern convenience yet original spirit retained. Six bedrooms. Three baths. Living room 25 x 25. Fireplace. Steam heat—electricity. 2-car garage. 5½ acres of real country—protected. To rent by year $1100. Wonderful for winter week-ending or commuting all year. Exceptional oportunity. Must move. Hutchison, Box 391, Greenwich, Conn.

THE RUSSIAN INN
33 West 37th St., N. Y., near 5th Ave.
LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER
Unique After Theatre Entertainment
Music and Singers

SPEAKERS: We assist in preparing special articles, papers, speeches, debates. Expert scholarly service. AUTHOR'S RESEARCH BUREAU, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York.

EXPERIENCED research secretary wants part time position. College graduate. Experience in educational and philanthropic institutions. Address Ellsworth, 142 East 18th St., City.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

STEINWAY
THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

THE NATION'S Index to Vol. CXIX

January—June, 1924

is now ready. One copy will be sent to each library on the subscription list of The Nation. Other subscribers who wish a copy should send their request to the Subscription Department.

THE NATION
20 Vesey Street New York City

CANCER How it is caused and how it can be prevented. By J. ELLIS BARKER. $3.00
E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF GARDENING FOR WOMEN

Offers a two years course in practical gardening, including the propagation and care of flowers, shrubs, fruit and vegetables, the laying out and management of small gardens as well as large estates.

At Hayward, California (one hour by train or motor from San Francisco). Principal: Miss J. Walrond-Skinner, N. D., Hort., F. R. H. S.

Tuition $250. Term begins Jan. 15, 1925. Only six students will be taken the first year. Write for information now and make application to the Principal, Hayward, California.

MARX'S CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE has now for the first time been published in cloth binding: in the same volume is the **COMMUNIST MANIFESTO** by Marx and Engels. Both are invaluable historical documents. Price 60c. postpaid. Ask for book catalog.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

Any Change of Address

should be mailed to our Subscription Department at least two weeks before it is to become effective. This will insure uninterrupted delivery of *The Nation* to you, and will materially lessen the pressure of work in our office. When notifying us be sure to give both old and new addresses and stipulate the exact date upon which you desire the change made.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
The Nation
20 VESEY STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1924 No. 3086

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 201
EDITORIALS:
Our Southern Neighbors 204
The New Peace in Europe 205
Mr. Coolidge Stands Pat 205
The Saga of the S. S. Iceberg 206
ART AND REVOLUTION IN MEXICO. By Bertram D. Wolfe 207
MEXICO'S CREDIT: THE VITAL ISSUE. By Rafael Nieto 209
THE JEW IN MEXICO. By Anita Brenner 211
FREEDOM OR IMPERIALISM? By José Vasconcelos 212
LA FOLLETTE IN AMERICA. By Arthur Warner 214
CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA. By William Hard 215
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 216
CORRESPONDENCE 217
POEMS. By Babette Deutsch 218
BOOKS:
Realism and More. By J. W. Krutch 218
Elizabethan Studies. By Samuel C. Chew 219
The Latin Genius. By Lucien Price 220
Expanding Europe by Contraction. By William R. Shepherd 220
Books in Brief 221
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Calles Speaks 222
Mexico's Debt 223
England and Egypt in the Sudan 224

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN
FREDA KIRCHWEY, MANAGING EDITOR
IRITA VAN DOREN, LITERARY EDITOR
ISABEL LA MONTE, ADVERTISING MANAGER
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS
ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

MATTEOTTI IS DEAD. Fascist soldiers march through the streets of Rome singing ribald songs revealing, as clearly as did the assassination itself, the spirit that dominates Italy today:

Out of Matteotti's body
We make sausages now.

But not all Italy sings and marches with the soldiers. The London *Daily Herald* tells of an incident in the Italian Parliament at its last session that shows the hold the dead Socialist has on the spirit of the people:

> The president read out, according to custom, the list of members' names. When he came to the letter M he hesitated a moment, and then, in muffled tones, uttered the name "Matteotti."
>
> In the profound stillness that reigned even in the galleries one could literally hear almost the heart-beats of members. Then a ringing voice called out:
>
> "Here!"
>
> Everyone turned in the direction from which the cry came in consternation and alarm. Mussolini was white as a sheet. The president, in his embarrassment, rang his bell, and the Socialists, as well as all the other members of the opposition, now shouted with one voice:
>
> "Here! Here!"
>
> The Fascisti were silent: for Matteotti was indeed there—in spirit.

SENATOR WALSH broke the rule that notification speeches should never say anything worth repeating, and in formally notifying John W. Davis that the Democratic Party had selected him as its presidential nominee Mr. Walsh made some comments in regard to Mr. Davis's law practice. He said:

> The head and front of your offending hath this extent, no more, that since retiring to private life you have been employed professionally as a lawyer by gigantic business interests whose policy and conduct have aroused quite general indignation, have repeatedly been the subject of the severest censure by the press, of investigation by the courts and Congress, as well as State legislatures, and have given occasion to no little legislation deemed necessary to protect the people from their exactions.

So far Senator Walsh sounded rather like a La Follette campaign orator reciting the history of Mr. Davis's law practice. But he continued:

> It is an unjustifiable inference that your views on matters of public concern approximate those of your employers or that, called to high public office, you would, upon any consideration, accommodate your own to theirs or grant them aught beyond justice. You owe them nothing, not even gratitude. You gave them service. They paid you.

MR. DAVIS'S BIG-BUSINESS law practice was not an accident. He chose it when he returned from his ambassadorship in England, and he is proud of it. Before his nomination, in an interview with the Brooklyn *Eagle*, he said:

> I have a fine list of clients—what lawyer would not want them? I have J. P. Morgan & Co., the Erie Railroad, the Guaranty Trust Co., the Standard Oil Co., and other foremost American concerns on my list. I am proud of them. They are big institutions, and so long as they ask for honest work I am pleased to work for them. Big business has made this country what it is. We want big business.

The question which the American people must face is not whether Mr. Davis is an honest lawyer or whether he has a right to work for Wall Street firms—no one doubts that right—but whether we want as President a man whose chosen profession is the defense of such interests, who honestly believes that the big-business system is what the country needs. The New York *World*, before it was won over to its present policy of apology for Mr. Davis, added another question:

> Mr. Davis [it said] is confronted with an ancient doubt, based on long democratic experience, as to whether a man in public office can with a perfectly free mind approach questions involving the interests of his old business associates. When those business associates are interests as powerful as the Morgans, who have connections vitally affecting not only domestic questions but the foreign policy of the nation, the problem becomes acute. The very size and power of the interests involved make a connection like Mr. Davis's wholly different from that which might arise out of having a few corporations, even large ones, as clients. The people who feel that Mr. Davis as President would have too many difficult problems of conscience . . . have a keen appreciation of how difficult it is for any man in public office to secure disinterested advice that reaches beyond the honest opinions of his old friends and associates.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB.

IF THERE IS ONE thing certain in this life it is that Governor Bryan's acceptance of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency gave heart disease to nobody. During the convention he and his brother were bitterly opposed to the nomination of any such reactionary as John W. Davis. Now he acclaims him as "that trained diplomat, that experienced statesman, that champion of the rights of humanity, that *progressive* Democrat, John W. Davis!" The rest of Governor Bryan's speech is in keeping. He is for peace, but until widespread disarmament he wants an "adequate army and navy," as if any official or general or admiral in history ever agreed on what constituted adequate preparation. For the farmer the Governor's heart bleeds, and he outlines a lengthy program for his relief. Some of the specifications are excellent, especially those for the reduction of the tariff. For the rest, we have the usual political platitudes and the politician's customary preelection devotion to the welfare of women and children and labor. All of which, we venture to say, will butter few political parsnips this year.

HOW MANY VOTES are controlled by the Lucy Stone League we have no idea, but we hope that Mr. Coolidge is not counting on them to make up that sweeping majority predicted by Mr. Butler and his other campaign backers. If he is, he had better suggest to the officials of his Administration that they refrain from committing pontifical errors about the legal names of women. "The law in this country," said J. R. McCarl, Comptroller General of the United States, "that a wife takes the surname of the husband is as well settled as that the domicile of the wife merges with the domicile of the husband." Well, the Comptroller General is wrong. In most States vestigial remnants of the common law insist that a husband's home must be his wife's—whether she lives there or not. But names, however illogical it may seem to Mr. McCarl, behave differently under the law. By numerous court decisions and the declarations of noted judicial authorities, women may continue legally to use their own names after marriage. In fact, any person may have as his legal name the name he uses habitually and in good faith; he may sign and receive checks under it and insist that other persons address him by it. It is wholly a personal matter, and the young woman who refused to go on the government pay roll under her husband's name should carry her case to the courts and confound the officials who so solemnly declared: "The separate legal entity of the wife is not so generally recognized as to accept the maiden name rather that the surname of the husband. It is today the main distinction between a single woman and a married woman. . . ."

PRESIDENT BARTOLOME MARTINEZ of Nicaragua has paid off the debt on Nicaragua's national railroad, thereby recovering possession—from American bankers—of this one symbol of national sovereignty. Customs and internal-revenue offices and banks are still in alien hands, and the American marines remain. The American minister continues to be the uncrowned monarch of the country, to whom politicians look for approval of their ambitions and their strategy. Fair election measures recommended by the expert commission sent from Washington two years ago have been ignored by the Nicaraguan congress, and for that reason the progressives, now accidentally in possession of the executive power, cannot hope to win the presidency for the four-year term beginning next January. Martinez, who was elected as vice-president in 1920, rose to the higher office on the death last year of Diego Manuel Chamorro, one of the regular Conservative organization. Under the brief regime of this progressive a peasant-labor movement has sprung up, and the Pan-American Federation of Labor has hopefully sent a commission to give it encouragement. Great meetings have been held, rejoicing has been general among men who toil twelve hours for twenty cents a day. But the polls will be manned by the reactionaries, and Nicaraguan progressivism seems doomed to an early eclipse.

CIVIC ASSOCIATIONS and religious bodies may protest, but it is probable none the less that the people of Philadelphia would be glad to see the last of Smedley Butler of the Marines. As good and typical Americans they undoubtedly prefer corruption and even vice to autocracy. They prefer misrule and mulcting by their own home-grown politicians to being bullied, however efficiently and honestly, by an imported dictator. The forces opposing Butler are not, of course, put in motion by an outraged populace; they spring rather from an outraged political machine, protesting and groaning and sadly in need of its customary lubrication. But behind the machine, making possible its effective opposition, is the dislike and irritation of ordinary people who consider themselves neither marines to be ordered about nor subject natives to be bullied. Political corruption has always found a welcome and a home in the dominant Republican organization in Philadelphia; long ago Lincoln Steffens branded the city "corrupt and contented" and proved the justice of the charge. But the opponents of the machine, the discontented, will never conquer the politicians by the methods of Butler. They can do it only by competing with the machine, by winning the interest and loyalty of the people, by producing more freedom, more prosperity, a greater sense of general participation in the job of government. Neither Butler nor Mussolini can establish efficiency and honesty by brute force.

WHILE THE POLITICAL SIDE OF the British labor movement is represented by the Labor Party and its industrial side by the Trades Union Congress, its cultural aspirations have found expression in the Workers' Educational Association, which has just been celebrating its coming of age. The distinguishing feature of this society, born at a meeting of a small group of cooperators and trade unionists held at Toynbee Hall in July, 1903, is the contact it has established between the universities and the manual workers. In its tutorial classes, administered by joint committees on which the universities and the trade unions are alike represented, adult wage-earners pursue their studies under the direction of teachers from Oxford and Cambridge as well as from the newer English universities. The aim throughout is not to make the students better qualified technically for their daily job, nor to train them directly for labor leadership, but by broadening their minds and stimulating their intellectual interests to enable them to play their part more effectively in laying the foundations of a better social order. The W. E. A. long ago lived down the prejudices which it encountered at the start—it is significant that Bishop Temple of Manchester is succeeded in its presidency by Fred Bramley, secretary of the Trades Union Congress. Today the national Board of Education gives it financial assistance.

THERE ARE WAR-TIME reparations other than those payable in financial currency, and the British Government is about to clear its account of one of them. The statue of Edith Cavell, erected near Trafalgar Square in London, was an insult to her memory. Her dying message to the world, "Patriotism is not enough," has taken its place among the great sayings of history. If any career had a unique epitaph ready to hand, it was surely hers. Yet, on the monument intended to do her honor, one may look in vain for these words. In place of them we find the banal and inappropriate slogan "For King and country," with a figure of the conventional British lion to intensify the slander upon a self-sacrificing woman whose devotion to humanity transcended all national barriers. This wrong is about to be righted. F. W. Jowett, who as First Commissioner of Works in the Labor Government has the supervision of such matters, has given a favorable response to an appeal recently addressed to him, and has decided to inscribe "Patriotism is not enough" on the front of the memorial. It is also reported that there will be placed, immediately beneath, another passage from Miss Cavell's last words, "I hate no man." If the new Government had done nothing else, it would have justified its existence by thus repairing an attempt to turn an invocation of peace and good-will into a perpetual consecration of the war spirit.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR is an Irishman and a journalist and so, little as we like censorship here or abroad, we must grant him a better right than most to object to the importation into England of D. W. Griffith's film "America." This particular picture is a piece of beautiful, stirring, convincing, patriotic bunk. It tells the story of the American revolution in the terms of our schoolbooks before the days of war-time deletions. It makes heroes of the Americans and devils of the British. The only Englishman represented as having a spark of right feeling is William Pitt, who stands alone in the House of Commons and defends the rebellious colonies; but since William Pitt never performed that particular rite, even this one bouquet begins to wither under scrutiny. For the rest—proud, uniformed English troops march by thousands to ultimate defeat against straggling bands of barefoot farm boys; helpless populations die by flame and tomahawk; the atrocities are all on one side and there are many of them; and the beautiful Tory heroine turns patriot long before the end. Mr. O'Connor thinks the film is "calculated to cause a bad relationship between British and Americans." Perhaps it is. But most of the ill-feeling will be stirred up in the United States, which is out of reach of Mr. O'Connor's rod, and a small dose of good, thick American propaganda might do the British schoolboy no harm as a corrective for his own patriotic education. Mr. Griffith is going to England to fight for "America"; it should prove an interesting siege.

SUPPOSE THE UNITED STATES had a national university. Suppose that university and the Government should together undertake to publish the books which they most wanted the general public to have. What would be the earliest titles in the series? To think of the probable taste of the twenty-ninth and thirtieth presidents of the Republic, and of their Cabinets, is not encouraging in such a connection. Let us look over the volumes already published by the University of Mexico, under government subsidy, at a price which should make them, though attractively printed and bound, accessible to many readers. There are three volumes each of Plato and of Homer and two of Plutarch; one of Aeschylus, of Euripides, of Dante, of "Faust," of the New Testament in Spanish; a volume of tales by Tolstoi and of biographies by Romain Rolland—Beethoven, Michelangelo, and Tolstoi. In the introduction to this last, the former Minister of Education, Vasconcelos, says that the series is later to include other classics, down to Ibsen and Shaw. The books are for the most part without annotation, but they are well and spiritedly translated. In such a fashion Mexico replies to the charge that it is settled in illiteracy, and the revolutionary government to the charge that it is hostile to the achievements of the past. Is it pathetic that a precarious administration in a racked country has decided to give its people Aeschylus and Tolstoi rather than bulletins on the hookworm and the potato? Perhaps it is statesmanlike. At a time when Mexico has virtually no publishers and few contacts with the great world of thought and feeling, the Government and the university are supplying the need with a large sagacity.

WE SHALL NOT WAIT until Wednesday morning to hear the election returns this year, and the Tuesday-night extra editions of the newspapers will lose a substantial proportion of their sales. We—several millions of us—will sit at home listening to returns over the radio. It is difficult to grasp the meaning of this intrusive mechanism and appreciate the changes it is working in our social habits. The attempt of Messrs. Doheny and Fall to have their indictment annulled on the ground that members of the grand jury might have been prejudiced by Senator Walsh's radio speeches is another revelation of the influence of the radio. To them, of course, it was just another possible avenue of escape. Any member of any grand jury, in this radio age, may hear any radio speech; and if corruption continues, as it probably will, men will have to speak out against it—in Congress, in the newspapers, "over the air." Such a brazen attempt to escape the toils of the law will not succeed either in freeing the oil men or in reducing the utilization of radio. Radio will spread, not decline. "Revolutionize" is an overworked word; but it is no exaggeration to say that the cheap automobile, the telephone, and the radio are revolutionizing American home life.

THESE ARE DAYS when one thanks God for every shade tree. Accordingly they are good days in which to plan for further planting. We are, at best, a bit slow about tree-planting in this country; France began systematic tree-planting along its national roads in the reign of Francis I, more than three hundred years ago. Indeed, France has a national register of trees planted on the main state highways, which she has kept ever since the year 1599. The last census showed 2,950,238 such trees shading the French national roads. Tree-planting is recognized as an integral part of road-building. When a contract is let for a new state road the specifications include the trees to be set out, and the contractor is responsible for his trees for two years after he sets them out; if they die he is obligated to replace them, and he is not paid in full until the two years have elapsed. It is a wise system, one which America, in its growing interest in the conservation of its natural resources, would do well to emulate.

Our Southern Neighbors

THE Mexico most familiar to us of the United States is the border country of towns built to serve our own vices. There is another Mexico, a Mexico which has deeper roots in this continent than we, a Mexico, largely of Indian blood and Indian tradition, which would have a right to say to the businesslike Americans who seek to "modernize" it: "If you don't like us, why don't you go back to Europe, where you came from?" That Mexico has suffered much from our attempt to impose upon it the standards of our industrial civilization, and it is not yet clear whether it will be permitted to follow its own course of development, or will be forced to follow channels charted by the world's greed for its oil and mineral wealth. That Mexico expressed itself in the Maderist revolution of 1911, and for more than thirteen years it has gallantly struggled, in the face of our misunderstanding, dislike, and interference, now armed, now economic, to save Mexico for the Mexicans.

Its struggle has a significance that transcends the boundaries of Mexico; other Latin-American countries which are feeling the iron of American capital have followed it with a life-and-death interest; and for us in the United States too it has a historic meaning. That is why *The Nation* has for years devoted what must have seemed a disproportionate share of its space to Mexico; that is the reason for this special Mexican number. We should like to believe that through our pages we have helped to interpret the revolution on our Southern frontier.

Our relations with Mexico have entered what is perhaps their most critical stage; they have become, once more, friendly. The principles of the Mexican revolution were safer when American capital and the American Government stood aloof from Mexico than now. The United States represents in the world today, more than any other government, the principle of the sanctity of property rights. Again and again the clear legal mind of Mr. Hughes has made plain this intense preoccupation with the forms of legality which safeguard property rights. In our attitude toward all the Latin Americans it has been clear; toward Soviet Russia and Mexico it has been disastrously apparent. We refused to recognize the Obregon Government until it had made terms, first with the oil men and then with the international bankers—terms which will weigh hard indeed upon the poverty-stricken masses of Mexico, terms which have already forced the curtailing of Señor Vasconcelos's broad plans for the education of his people. Mexico has had to modify the stringent interpretation first given to the famous Article 27 of her 1917 constitution, which nationalized the subsoil and provided that foreigners might not acquire land, mining, or industrial concessions unless they waived all special treaty rights as foreigners.

Mexico's mineral wealth has been her hope and her despair. It provides an enormous potential revenue for the Government, but it has fallen into the hands of foreigners who have no interest in programs of social and educational reform. The rich oil deposits which were discovered only a quarter of a century ago did nothing to raise the condition of the Mexican peon. Foreigners invested more than half a billion dollars in exploiting them, but the wealth went abroad and the Mexicans learned only the slave side of industrial "progress." When the revolutionary Government attempted to tax the oil exports and use some of the wealth derived from Mexico's soil for Mexico's own people the foreigners protested, shut down their oil wells, subsidized bandits to attack the Government, did everything in the power of conscienceless capital to hinder the reform program. The era of that open struggle has passed; the Mexican Government is on treaty terms with the oil men, and receives a considerable income from oil taxes; but another treaty has robbed her of the benefits of it—the oil revenue goes to pay the interest on bonds, dating back to Diaz's day, held by the international bankers.

The program of land reform also has led to international difficulties. In Diaz's day international speculators bought up the soil of Mexico; the primitive holders of the soil were dispossessed of their fields and reduced to peonage; huge estates and cruel or absentee landlords became the rule. The revolution restored to the peons their lost rights—unequally, to be sure, and often to the accompaniment of force and brutality. But the restoration of the land to the people is a process which still continues and which is likely to be the most permanent achievement of the revolution—as is the case in Soviet Russia and in several other European countries which suffered less violent revolutions. It is a process which we of the United States should observe and ponder. For, as Isaiah Bowman, director of the American Geographical Society, remarks:

> If the present processes continue unchecked we shall have the case of Mexico repeated in other countries where we are making heavy investments . . . . Investment made regardless of the social and political life of the country involved is gambling, not business. . . . If the people own less and less of the land it is only a question of time until they take it back by force or by changing the fundamental laws, which amounts to the same thing. In the resulting revolution the foreigner loses like the native. . . . No fundamental study of Latin-American problems has yet been made by any branch of our Government. We have dealt so far only with manners, the amenities of life, and the opportunities to do a profitable business.

As Mr. Bowman suggests, a certain amount of violence is almost certain to accompany any attempt to restore the land to the people. That violence may be minimized; it will hardly be eliminated, and where foreigners have bought up the land it will lead to international complications. Such an instance is the present dispute between Mexico and England. Mexican officials attempted to nationalize the ranch owned by an American-born Englishwoman; she, aided by other foreigners, offered armed resistance; eventually, she was shot. It may have been agrarian revenge; it may be, as the Government charges, that forces hostile to it deliberately provoked the incident in the hope of forcing intervention. Mr. Schoenfeld, the American chargé d'affaires handling this incident, acted with tact and sympathy; and the affair is fading from memory as it should. An attitude of brusk bullying, such as England and the United States all too frequently assume on such occasions, might have led to a repetition of the dreary events of the past decade. We may hope that we have turned the corner. If the industrialized governments and peoples could absorb the spirit revealed in the article by the former Mexican Minister of Education which we print in this issue of *The Nation*, there would be no difficulty in maintaining friendship with our southern neighbors.

The New Peace in Europe

IN the first place, it is at least a negotiated peace and not a dictated one which has been concluded in London. In the second, the tone and spirit of the conference were different from those of any other since the war. In the third, there was a determination to reach a successful conclusion, and as a result of all this we have the beginning of a real peace. A step forward has been taken which ought to be a milestone in the return to sanity and good-will in Europe, a beginning of the end of bitterness and hatred, a first genuine move toward readjusting relations in Europe. When it is recalled that only last fall Europe seemed drifting rapidly into a new war—the present Lord Thomson, the Secretary of State for Air in Mr. MacDonald's Cabinet, wrote in *The Nation* last January: "The French Government should be made to understand that, in the last resort, force can be met with force"—it is evident that a far-reaching change has come over Europe. French, Germans, and English have met on an equal footing, negotiated in a friendly and fair way, without threats or saber-rattling, have come to respect and value each other in the process, and have shaken hands at the conclusion of the negotiations. If this is not a cause for world-wide jubilation we do not know what could be.

At the same time we are under no illusions as to the settlement. It has been a series of compromises in which Germans and French have been controlled by fear of their respective parliaments. We do not doubt that M. Herriot instead of evacuating two towns on August 18 would gladly, so far as he personally is concerned, have ordered all the troops out of the Ruhr. Fear of Poincaré and the Nationalist forces in the Chamber compelled him to insist upon a year for the evacuation of the Ruhr and the righting of that hideous wrong to an innocent and ill-treated labor population with which, as an individual, M. Herriot without any doubt has the profoundest sympathy. Treaties and agreements that are built upon such compromises are usually as if erected upon shifting sands. Nor are we certain that the agreement itself is possible of execution by the Germans. When so profound a student of European affairs as Mr. Maynard Keynes declares that the compromise is unworkable, we very much fear that the Germans may have committed themselves to a program beyond their power in their compelling desire for some kind of basis for progress and the financial and commercial upbuilding of their country, with the inevitable result that they may before long again be accused of Punic faith. That is in a measure guarded against by the system of arbitration proposed in the case of a default; but the mischief is done as soon as it is spread abroad by the hostile press that the Germans have welshed again. We share the opinion of the Union of Democratic Control in England that the principle underlying the whole reparations problem is morally wrong and politically unwise, and we find it difficult to see how payments can be made by Germany on the scale demanded of her without unsettling economic conditions in Europe. And yet we do not see what else could have been done by all concerned save to accept the Dawes plan and try it out.

To us, however, the most sinister aspect of this settlement is the increased power over Europe it gives to American finance. We are well aware that the conduct of the individual financiers in London has been helpful, straightforward, and above board. It has happened that in insisting upon the terms for the marketing of their bonds they have fought the battle of common sense and justice. These American bankers are themselves largely pawns in the game. By force of circumstances we are being maneuvered into a position where Europe and England are becoming literally vassals of our money market, and that is anything but a fortunate situation for the world. The danger of it can only be offset by enlightenment, friendly good-will, and the absence of economic and military imperialism in the Government at Washington.

To Ramsay MacDonald, in our judgment, belongs the chief credit for what has happened. We are well aware that Mr. Coolidge and Ambassador Kellogg are throwing bouquets at each other and that there is much ado in the press about the wonderful role played by the Americans during the negotiations. We would not withhold from Caesar one iota of the praise that is due him; to Owen D. Young, General Dawes, Col. Logan, Ambassadors Houghton and Kellogg, and all the other Americans, we record our unstinted praise and our admiration. But the day when the change came over Europe was the one on which Ramsay MacDonald, the pacifist and internationalist, took office. From that hour the new spirit has arisen; from that hour the menace of war, so apparent in England in November, 1923, began to disappear. We hear from some quarters much criticism of Mr. MacDonald because he, a minority Prime Minister, has not achieved greater domestic reforms. We have no hesitation in recording our opinion that the treaty with Russia and the settlement of the reparations problem, incomplete and temporary as they are, are none the less achievements to make it possible to say that the British Premier has justified his ministry one hundred times over. It will stand forth for these things alone as a great and noble-spirited Government of England.

Mr. Coolidge Stands Pat

MR. COOLIDGE has embraced the only course open to him—he has stood pat brazenly. In accepting the Republican presidential nomination he declares all is well with America and with his Government. No one reading it would dream that his and Mr. Harding's administrations have been stamped with corruption, that he himself was compelled to drive two of his Cabinet into retirement, one of whom has not dared to face his accusers, while a third Harding departmental head is under indictment for bribery. Absolutely false is Mr. Coolidge's assertion that "wherever there have been suspicions of guilt, involving members of any party, I have caused them to be investigated and presentation made to the grand jury." He lifted no finger to uncover the wrongdoing; his Department of Justice, far from being on the *qui vive* to follow up the slightest trail, did its best to hamper every action of the investigators, an assistant attorney general sitting in the inquiry room as a defender of the accused! Nor has the President had the manliness to urge the quashing of the indictment of Senator Wheeler, whose fellow-Senators proved that indictment to be a deliberate frame-up by Republican office-holders and party officials. Yet the President says: "I propose to use every possible effort to resist corruption in office. The American Government must be clean"! Mr. Pecksniff could have done no better.

As for the rest, Mr. Coolidge displays well his party's achievements, often overstating, exaggerating, and glorifying, notably Mr. Mellon's conduct of the Treasury. The inevitable decrease of expenses as we moved away from the war is recorded as a superb achievement. He even takes great credit to himself for the financial bill passed by insurgents and Democrats, expecting the public to forget that he declared that he would never, never sign any bill which varied an iota from the Mellon proposals. Who would dream of that on reading these words: "A new tax bill was passed this spring carrying still further reductions and under its *apparent* [italics ours] influence there seems [*sic*] to be the beginnings of another increase of prosperity"? Equally misleading is his declaration as to our Latin-American neighbors that "at their request we have undertaken to compose their difficulties." As if Mr. Wilson had not refused to recognize Huerta, Mr. Coolidge dares to say: "We also indicated the adoption of a policy of making it worth while for a government so to conduct itself as to merit our recognition"! Not one word to indicate how his Secretary of State browbeat Mexico's Government in the interest of America's oil barons; not one word as to the way our Government has become the advocate and chief asset of our oil and other business men, from Turkey and Rumania to China.

Even this misrepresentation is surpassed by Mr. Coolidge. Speaking for the party which has done more to establish special privileges, to grant governmental favors to private individuals, to create monopolies, to turn the very government itself over to the great capitalists (who have for generations filled the Republican campaign treasury and obtained what they asked in the way of legislative favors), Mr. Coolidge writes: "We oppose the artificial supports of privilege and monopoly because they are both unjust and uneconomic." This from the pen of one who in three separate places upholds and glorifies the protective tariff, that sinister harlot-mother of trusts and of monopolies! Indeed there is no limit to Mr. Coolidge's glorification of Republican idols. The half-loaf Washington armament conference was *"sublime";* he and his party saved "American agriculture, labor, and industry from the menace of having their great home market destroyed through dumping . . ."; "there was an avalanche of war-worn peoples and suddenly cheapened merchandise impending upon us."

It is useless to go on. These are not all hypocrisies or deliberate falsehoods. They are the words of a pigmy at a great task. They are the record of a mind utterly incapable of understanding many of the problems that confront it. They are the inconsistent and inconsequent flounderings of a man who deserves all pity. Fate has pitchforked him into a place beyond his intellectual power. A merciful defeat is what his best friends should wish for him. Meanwhile, we are profoundly grateful that the Republican doctrine of crass and corrupt materialism, of government by favor and government by privilege, is thus set forth. Mr. Coolidge has stood pat. He and his party are without that vision for lack of which a party perishes. For them there is nothing new in the world, no new sail upon the horizon. Mr. Coolidge has nailed his party's colors to the mast. It is the historic black flag, and it declares war upon every progressive ideal. It serves notice that, if Mr. Coolidge should remain President, the ship of state will continue to head directly for the shoals of corruption, of selfishness, of greed, and of human exploitation.

The Saga of the S. S. Iceberg

A MONTH'S voyage on an iceberg, ending in its wreck and the landing of the crew on the uninhabited and icebound cliffs of Greenland—this is the strange sea saga sent from Reykjavik, Iceland, by Helen Augur, printed in the New York *Herald Tribune* of August 18.

Thirty-one men sailed away from Denmark more than a year ago in the steamship Teddy. They went to explore the east coast of Greenland—with an eye to its possibilities for colonization! What they discovered or decided in that regard we are for the present left in the dark; for their adventures homeward bound have eclipsed the rest. Anyhow the Teddy and its sailors bold started back on August 9 of last year from a point about 75° degrees north latitude. It was a poor moment to trust themselves to the Arctic waters, for it is at that season that the ice-fields around the Pole, thawed by the long, long day which is the northland's summer, begin to break into bergs and drift southward, augmented by great masses which break off the Greenland glaciers as they reach the open sea.

Just the same the Teddy's crew set forth. They had made hardly more than fifty miles to the south, and about the same distance east from the Greenland coast, when they found themselves icebound. The Teddy was a stout ship and for a month it endured the crunching and grinding of the ice all about, but could make practically no progress in any direction. Then the leakage was so great that the crew could no longer fight against it with the pumps. Presto! They abandoned the Teddy and, setting up ship on the nearest iceberg, continued their voyage. A strict nautical regime was followed. The deckhouse of the Teddy was set up on the S. S. Iceberg, with all the instruments for navigation, and the position of the new ship was regularly taken and charted. Everything was neat and shipshape except for lack of engines below and rudder and propeller astern.

But, like the Teddy, the S. S. Iceberg leaked. Only it leaked at the top instead of the bottom; its main deck began to melt. The first man to wake in the morning would reach his hand down from his hammock and after taking soundings would advise the others whether to turn out in high or low boots. A watch of two men was set for protection against polar bears. "It was a question," says the account, "whether the bear or the crew would get a free meal." All of which sounds amusing, but it was amusement with about a 100 to 1 chance that the curtain would be death in an icy sea for all hands. The one hope was that the S. S. Iceberg would drift along the Greenland shore so that somehow its crew could escape over the ice floes to the Eskimo settlement of Angmagsalik, some 600 miles down the Greenland coast from the point from which the Teddy had set out. The optimistic leader of the crew gave out the slogan: "Angmagsalik by Christmas."

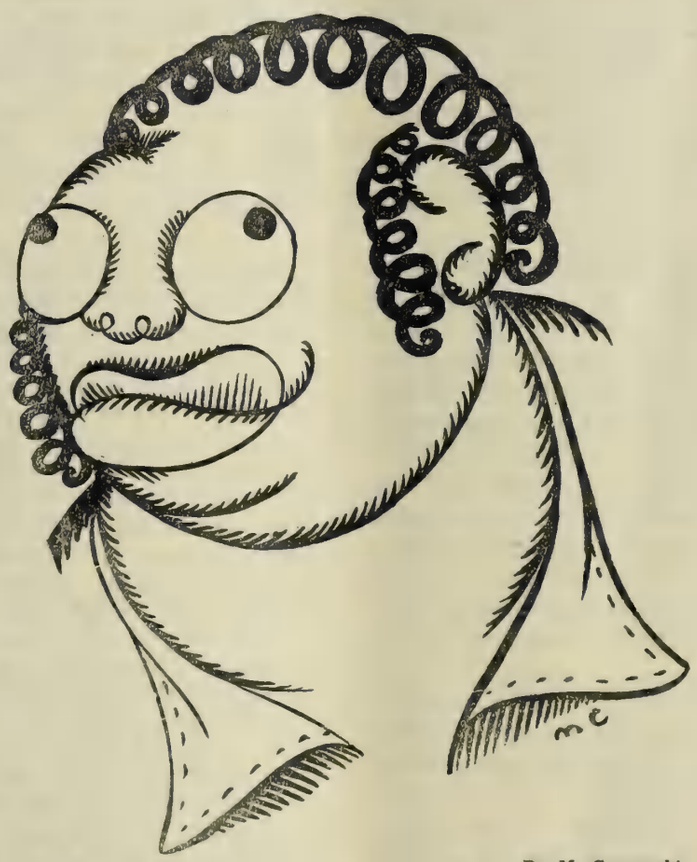
Then the S. S. Iceberg split in a roaring Arctic tempest; its deckhouse was rent apart as a chasm opened up. The crew slipped overboard in their sledges, intrusting themselves to the field of broken ice about them. What hope was left? Any? But here blind chance intervened in their behalf. A favoring wind carried the treacherous ice toward land. Before them rose "Greenland's icy mountains"—forbidding, but a chance for life. They scaled the walls; by good fortune they found an Eskimo bear hunter; they were saved.

Art and Revolution in Mexico

By BERTRAM D. WOLFE

THE Mexican revolution is a very patchy and unsystematic affair. Like most institutional changes in a world of conflicting forces it lacks the unity of a picture, the logic of a rational system, or the structural consistency of a poem. Government in the interest of worker or peasant in two or three states—notably in Yucatan and Veracruz; fragmentary attempts at the installation of political democracy; sporadic distribution of *ejidos*, or bits of large estates, to landless peasants; a government without unity, made up of a curious intermixture of liberals and conservatives; a political power representing not a single class but an uncertain balance of power between the partially awakened workers and peasants on the one hand and the influence of foreign capital, especially that of American interests, on the other—such is the unsystematic reality of the moment in Mexico.

Only in the work of the philosopher, the artist, and the poet have the effects of the revolution assumed system and unity. The new content and form of art and poetry, perhaps because artist and poet always seek unity in composition and consistency in structure, seem to be the most complete, the most logical, the most "revolutionary" of the by-products of the Mexican revolution.



By M. Covarrubias

A Caricature of Diego Rivera

The delightful and amusing results of this inexorable logic in artist and poet are: the Communist Union of Painters and Sculptors and the League of Revolutionary Writers.

Neither of these organizations is quite what its name suggests. The first would seem on the face of it an organization of painters of Communist propaganda posters and the second a league of writers of legends to go with the posters. But in reality the first is an organization of artists according to the critic's acceptation of that word, and the second, of eager young men most of whom have published a book or two and who try to write—principally poetry. Aesthetically, the first assumes tremendous importance because it includes (I am almost tempted to say "it consists of") Diego Rivera, Mexico's greatest painter and, in the judgment of competent foreign critics, one of the biggest figures in contemporary art. The dominant and dominating figure in the other organization is the poet Carlos Gutiérrez Cruz, a fair-sized figure among the young poets of Mexico, but Mexican poetry for the moment is at a low ebb and Mexican painting at high tide.

Says the Statement of Principles of the Communist Union of Painters and Sculptors, which, by the way, is affiliated to the Red International of Moscow:

> We believe that the solution of the social and material problems of the painters and sculptors of Mexico, identified as these problems are with those of the rest of the world's workers, will naturally bring with it the solution of the problems of aesthetics, for in this way we will take part as an active element in collective life, something we have not hitherto done, and our work will thereby become the logical reflection of the popular character.

The union believes in the "overthrow of the present social mechanism," and these wielders of brushes and pens paradoxically enough believe in "employing force" against the force used by the bourgeoisie.

Diego Rivera and his comrades refuse to paint for the "bourgeoisie." He has told me many times that he believes their taste is execrable and that the secret of the "bad art" of bourgeois painters is their obligation to paint the fat possessor of shekels and his fat wife and to try to make of the painting at the same time "a good likeness" and a portrait that "favors the sitter." Consequently Rivera paints only for the Revolutionary Government, or, rather, for the more revolutionary departments of the Government, for as I have said the Government is not a unit. In practice, he painted murals for the Department of Education under José Vasconcelos and for the Department of Agriculture under De Negri. When General Calles becomes president Rivera hopes to get an opportunity at "the biggest wall I ever had" on some big public building where all the workers can come and enjoy his painting. The Communist painter's vision of the cooperative commonwealth is not unlike the vision of heaven in Browning's Andrea del Sarto.

> Four great walls in the New Jerusalem . . .
> For Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo, and me
> To cover . . .

While Manuel Lourdes, painter for "the bourgeoisie," gets 8,000 pesos for the portrait of Horacio Casasus, Diego Rivera earns precisely twelve pesos a day and often works twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen hours a day with feverish intensity to earn it. Twelve pesos are six dollars; a sign painter in the United States earns more. I tell him so.

He laughs and answers, almost reprovingly: "That's several times as much as the average worker here earns. And he works much harder than I. I love my work. He does not. He should be better paid than I."

The statutes of the League of Revolutionary Writers express a similar attitude. They too are "in accord with Moscow," although none of their members, so far as I know, have joined the Communist Party. They too believe that the artist and poet should get a living wage out of his trade, no more and no less. The second article of their aims reads: "To render effective the concept that the writer is a worker." And the third: "To study and devise measures for making the pen a means of livelihood for any man who may be able to wield it."

Gutiérrez Cruz recently published a book. It was poetry, some part of it good poetry. It was badly printed on cheap green paper such as is used here for broadsheet ballads. It had no cover. It was sewed together with thread. It had been printed to sell at five centavos per copy.

"I used to publish my books for the bookshops and libraries and well-to-do book-buyers," he informed me. "But now I write for the peasants, and five centavos represent a big sum to them."

"How about your poetry living in the future? Can it survive if it's printed and bound that way?" I queried.

"When you read it," he told me, "you will find that it is intended to survive in oral tradition among the peasantry. The Indian is fond of proverbs, of bits of accumulated wisdom and poetry, of little poems of two or three lines usually made up of a single pictoric image like a Japanese *hai-kai*. Our Indians have their own *hai-kais* in which is stored the accumulated wisdom of our race. But their wisdom is old. It is out of date. So I have tried to give them a new store of wisdom and fresh images. They will pass into oral tradition and the name of their author will be forgotten."

"Do you intend to publish all your books that way in the future?"

"Principally. My next book will be printed on cheap paper to sell cheaply, except for about fifty copies. They will go to the critics of the press. The critics won't review a book unless it's dressed according to the conventions."

Although Diego Rivera is naturally the bigger figure, there is much spiritual kinship between this boy Cruz—he is only 25—and the great painter. In fact, two of Rivera's recent paintings were inspired by verses of Cruz. One of them is called The Embrace. It adorns one of the walls of the *patio* of the Secretariat of Education. It portrays a worker and a peasant, each in the characteristic costume of the country, holding each other in close embrace, and as an integral part of the pictures one reads the verses, which in crude and ametrical translation I append:

> Toilers of field and factory,
> Disinherited of liberty,
> Make stronger the bond
> That unites you in struggle and suffering
> Into a firm embrace of force and love . . .
> After that embrace
> You will no longer pay tribute nor homage,
> And the field and the factory
> Will give all of their fruits
> To you.

It was the sight of this painting that, according to Rivera, inspired the Minister of Agriculture, De Negri, to engage him to paint the walls of the Agricultural College at Chapingo.

The other painting inspired by verses by Gutiérrez Cruz is also in the *patio* of the Secretariat of Education, but it no longer bears the verses. They were too revolutionary even for a revolutionary government department, and although the picture remains, the verses were erased by presidential order. Roughly translated they read:

> Comrade miner,
> Bent double by the weight of the earth,
> When your hand extracts metals
> Fashion them into daggers
> And then you will see
> That all the metals are for you.

Such is the "revolutionary ideology" that forms the background of some of the most important art and some not very important poetry that is being produced in Mexico. Whether it is the first flush of the dawn or only the red after-glow of a revolutionary sunset, no one can yet decide. The artists themselves have their own opinion on the matter as well as their own conscious theories of their respective arts. I shall close this article with a translation of some of the theories of Gutiérrez Cruz written especially for my use and for the readers of *The Nation:*

> To create a new type of aesthetics in harmony with the new developments in the aspirations and activities of humanity, it is necessary to dispense with certain elements which are generally thought necessary to a work of art.
>
> The principal of these elements is preciosity. The poets of the new lyricism must rid themselves of preciosity because it has no value outside the circles of the "refined"—authentic enemies of nature and of equality, absolutely incapacitated for noble and laborious activity.
>
> Communistic literature, then, will not be precious but sober, clear, simple, virginal, as are the spirits of the folk who have need of it, as are the peasants in their life and in their thoughts. We must have a faith in the work of nature, free of all artifice. The adherents of preciosity detest the rudeness of nature and the natural. All their thought is conditioned by an acceptance of the unnatural condition in which the fruits of the earth are monopolized by the little group which makes up the class of "refined tastes."
>
> The new lyric is imbued with the passion of the despoiled ones. Its tragedy lies in the lyric woes of the oppressed; it seeks beauty in picturing a world more beautiful not in the dubious "golden age" of the past, but in a golden age which it sees in the future. Hence it dispenses also with the romantic claptrap of the "far away" and the "long ago" and it looks for suffering and beauty in the "here" and "now"—or the here and tomorrow morning.
>
> Born as many of them were in a bourgeois environment, educated to bourgeois aesthetic taste, not all of the members of our League of Revolutionary Writers are yet able to adjust themselves to the simplicity which is the essential quality of the new lyric. They write libertarian lyrics in the manner to which the bourgeois intellectual is accustomed. He accepts the lyric because he recognizes the to him authentic aesthetics and craftsmanship of it, and then he is either puzzled and shaken or won over by it, or at the least quite properly scandalized.
>
> Naturally the device "art for life's sake" or, perhaps, "art for the freeing and beautifying of life" comes nearer to being our motto. The "bitterness" and the "love" of which a voluptuous and elegant poet talks has nothing in common with the bitterness of the folk who suffer and the love of the comrades who fight for their fellows. Their poetry is a flight from what they find inharmonious in the life around them; our poetry is an attempt to fashion the life around us into a harmony. That is why we are revolutionaries.

Mexico's Credit: The Vital Issue

By RAFAEL NIETO

VERY little has been written outside of Mexico on the Mexican banking problem. And the scanty literature on the subject, including the books and pamphlets written in the Los Angeles Branch of the University of California by experts and savants in the service and pay of Mr. Edward L. Doheny, constitutes mainly a bitter criticism of the work accomplished by the Mexican revolution and a challenge of the state bank of issue which the Mexican Government has been trying to organize.

Alvaro Obregon, President of Mexico

Around the establishment of a central bank of issue the chief financial struggle in Mexico has centered. Article 28 of the Mexican constitution prescribes a compulsory control of the bank by the state. The big financiers—Mexican and foreign—oppose with tooth and nail the loss of this formidable financial power. And the labor leaders and radicals contend that if the future right to issue paper money and to control the credit system of the country through the weapon of the new central bank is to be held by the big financial interests, all the tears and sufferings and misery of the Mexican people in a protracted strife to conquer economic freedom will have been in vain.

At the close of the Diaz regime there were in Mexico twenty-four banks of issue: the two most important, in Mexico City, were controlled entirely by foreign capital, French, English, and Spanish; the other twenty-two were scattered through the states and operated on small amounts of capital, mainly Mexican and Spanish. Even before the revolution this unscientific banking system had proved a total failure. Señor Limantour, General Diaz's able Secretary of the Treasury, accepted responsibility for the failure and tried without success in his last years to substitute a single central bank of issue for the multiple system then in operation.

The old banks of issue generally had their bills discounted and their loans in a state of stagnation; their debtors, working on a system of many-times-renewed credits, were always the same; as a general rule, the banks' own directors were their principal and in many cases almost their only debtors; and several banks of issue in the states had granted their directors loans for amounts larger than their own working capital.

In February, 1908, Señor Limantour, alarmed by these discouraging symptoms, assembled the representatives of all the banks, and several reforms in the banking law were approved, the principal of which would have deprived the provincial banks of the right to issue paper money, and have turned them into credit institutions without the privilege of issuing money and with the right to make loans for longer terms than those allowed to the banks of issue. This measure, ill-conceived and worse executed, was wholly ineffective, for only two of the smallest local banks became credit institutions of this sort.

As the result of the irresolute and weak banking policy of the Government and the inability and corruption of many of the high officials in the banks of issue, these corporations reached the revolutionary period, with very few exceptions, in a state of total demoralization, and certainly more than half of them in a condition of practical bankruptcy. It has been said that the old banks of issue were ruined by a compulsory loan of fifty-three million pesos imposed upon them in 1916 by the Government of President Carranza. This is not true; the large majority of the banks of issue were already ruined long before Carranza's Government imposed such a loan. By 1913 they had ceased to fulfil the legal obligation to exchange their notes "at par, at sight, and to the bearer," and in January, 1914, under the Government of Victoriano Huerta, the depreciation of their notes had already reached an average of 30 per cent. In December of the same year their notes were quoted at no more than 35 per cent of their nominal value; and in September, 1916, before the compulsory loan to President Carranza's Government, the average of their notes on the market was below 25 per cent of their face value.

It has been said that the banks of issue lost large sums of money through their compulsory acceptance of the paper money circulated during the revolution. This is only a partial truth applicable to a minority of the banks; most of them speculated with the paper money and obtained more or less illegitimate profits; and if in some cases they reported losses in accepting depreciated paper money in payment of credits, in many cases they canceled their own liabilities with the same depreciated currency.

President Carranza's Government granted the banks in 1915 a reasonable term in which to adjust according to the old banking law their stocks of gold and silver to the proportion legally fixed in respect to their circulation of bank notes, and none of the banks could do it, although the term was extended until 1916. At the end of this year, when the Government's paper money reached the extreme limit of depreciation and had practically ceased to serve as money, President Carranza, in a moment of supreme national necessity, took the fifty-three million pesos which the banks kept in gold and silver in their vaults. Since then and until now the only means of exchange in Mexico has been gold and silver coin.

Plutarco Elias Calles, President-elect

A Mexican writer of conservative tendencies who has bitterly opposed the work of the revolution, Don Francisco

Bulnes, acknowledged the banking disaster previous to the Mexican social upheaval. He says:

> I was the first to submit, in the year 1904, to the budget committee in the Chamber of Deputies . . . a report on Mexican banks, in which I foretold that they were marching to their doom; and so it happened, for long before the revolution all of them were legally bankrupt, some of them in a tragic and others in a fraudulent way. My report was read by the committee and submitted to the Secretario de Hacienda, Sr. Limantour, in the presence of Attorney Pineda. There was not a single voice raised against it; it was approved with the resolution that it would remain in the files without being published, to prevent a financial panic in the republic.

In 1916 the Mexican Government ordered an official investigation of all the banks of issue. This process, justified by the condition of the banks, lasted until 1921 and entailed the analysis of all their books and documents. The result was a confirmation of the fact that the entire system was rotten and broken down by its own internal disease, the revolution being nothing more than the agent which revealed its inner and progressive deterioration. President Obregon's Government could pay the banks tomorrow the fifty-three million pesos taken by President Carranza's Government; but probably not three of them would be able to adjust their cash stocks to the limit prescribed by the old law, nor give back their deposits, nor pay their notes "at par, at sight, and to the bearer," as the law requires.

After including in Article 28 of the Mexican constitution of 1917 the provision that the new and only bank of issue should be under the state's control, President Carranza's Government sent to the Congress a draft of a law to regulate the organization and operation of the new banking institution. The law left a wide margin for the cooperation of private capital and private financiers but kept for the Government the control required by the constitution.

Then began a bitter campaign on the part of the conservative press and the big interests against state control. The opposition was so powerful that for two successive sessions the Chamber of Deputies was unable to discuss the law. Finally in 1921 President Obregon's Government took up the question again. The same opposition to state control developed, and every kind of inducement was offered the Government to leave the new credit institution in the hands of the old bankers and financiers. Fortunately, neither President Obregon nor the congressional committee yielded, but the problem had to be postponed again. It was expected meanwhile to negotiate with foreign creditors regarding the settlement of the national public debt.

And here the French bankers tried to take advantage of the inexperience of Adolfo de la Huerta, the Mexican Minister of Finance. During the conferences which took place in New York with the International Committee of Bankers, Señor de la Huerta paid no heed to the persistent instructions from President Obregon to obtain first of all the money necessary to organize the central bank of issue as well as the funds needed for the irrigation works of the country, as the only means of meeting afterward interest payments and the amortization of the public debt. On the contrary he effected a compromise on the debt and accepted verbal assurances in regard to future loans. Later on the French bankers forced the Mexican Minister of Finance to accept a curious project: Through the nominal advance of $6,000,000—which was to be held in France—and the subscription by the old Mexican banks of the amounts due to them by the Mexican Treasury, the long-projected bank of issue was to be started. The Mexican Government was offered shares and doubtful profits, but the whole Mexican banking and financial system was to be left in the hands of the French financiers. The Mexican Government would not even have the right to appoint a single member of the board of directors of the new bank, notwithstanding the constitutional insistence on state control. President Obregon rejected the draft of the French financiers, although he signed the general agreement.

And the problem is still unsolved. It has not been possible to establish the bank of issue. There are no bank notes in Mexico nor any state paper money, and checks and bank drafts are used so sparingly, owing to the low level of bank deposits, that they hardly contribute to the amount of money in circulation. The currency circulating in Mexico—gold and silver coins—is inadequate to provide for the necessities of production and distribution. And consequently credit, already seriously affected by the political instability, becomes worse through lack of the medium of exchange. There is probably at present no other country in the world where the usual rate of discount, even with a mortgage guaranty, varies between 18 and 36 per cent per annum. And of course, in such conditions, the economic life of the country languishes and starves.

The old bankers reckon with this. Their own interest drives them to make more and more acute the credit crisis in order to force the Government again to turn over to them the control of the Mexican finances. A commission of bankers and experts have been working for some months on a plan for regulating the non-issuing banks. So far they have not touched the question of the central bank of issue; but they promise to submit a proposal on the matter.

Since 1916, when Mexico's paper money went through its worst crisis and finally disappeared, the Mexican Government has maintained a monetary commission, with an entire banking organization, which has since been operating in the market on the same lines as a bank. This state bank (for it is nothing else), working almost without capital of its own, has nevertheless made profits of over ten million pesos, has established a sound banking credit, and has been a success in many lines. Of course its success has been due in part to the economic and financial power of the state, but this is an additional argument to oppose to the idea of delivering a new central bank to the private bankers, since that economic and financial power would be the most important factor in the success of such a state-controlled bank of issue. Indeed the monetary commission would only need a little more freedom and a not very large injection of capital to fill, with a certainty of success, the place of the long-projected state bank.

Mexico is already paying, perhaps at the wrong moment and to her disadvantage, interest on her public foreign debt. One might think that the international bankers could lend Mexico a few million pesos more to organize a state bank, without imposing restrictions which would lessen her financial freedom. But if the international bankers refuse, the new Government must turn the monetary commission into a *Banco de la República Mexicana;* and, notwithstanding serious handicaps, begin with its own means to expand the circulation of money to reestablish credit, and to put on a sound basis the financial autonomy of the republic. Mexico needs an independent economic development with the aid of foreign capital, but she can never accept submission to the capitalists of the world.

The Jew in Mexico

By ANITA BRENNER

MEXICO faces, in her work of reconstruction, the untangling of an amazing number of racial problems. She must reconcile the East and the West, the primitive and the ultra-modern. All castes, all creeds, all stages of "progress" must be merged into a coherent whole. And yet, curiously enough, Mexico lacks the universal "Jewish question." Here, as in several other Latin-American countries, there is no Jewish problem because ostensibly there is no Jew. To the average Mexican, the Judío (Jew) is purely a Biblical demon. He is the traitor who betrayed Christ. And as such he burns him in effigy during Holy Week, and as such he curses him and shudders at his name. Serapia, my old nurse, had always solemnly assured me that all Judíos were horned and tailed and drank children's blood; and I did not know until we had left Mexico that by all rights we ourselves should possess the wicked little horns and carefully concealed tail.

Even today, with the exception of some members of the upper middle classes and the intellectuals, Mexico still believes the old church myths about the Jew, and, what is still more wonderful, Mexico believes that all the Jews are either damned or in Jerusalem. This in the face of the fact that the Jewish population of Mexico City alone numbers several thousands. Jewish immigrants are flooding Mexico, from Poland, Russia, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Arabia, even Palestine. Yet all of them are called simply *extranjeros*—foreigners—or more specifically Rusos, Alemanes, Turcos, Árabes.

Precisely because he is excluded by certain immigration restrictions from entering the United States the Jew in Mexico is rapidly becoming omnipresent. As a peddler he travels through the entire country with his pack of socks, ties, dry-goods, hardware, saint-images, and crucifixes—"literally fulfilling," said one with a smile, "the old accusation of selling the Christ." The Eastern Jews, who have a long-established semi-colony in Mexico City, practically monopolize the silk and rug markets. The old-timer, usually a French, German, English, or Spanish Jew, is to be found in the big businesses, the banks, the importing and exporting houses, the mines and haciendas. The educated newcomer from Germany, Russia, England is a doctor, a lawyer, a teacher. In the foremost ranks of labor leaders are found Jews; doing scientific research work are Jews; Jews hold important and highly trustworthy government positions. It is even said that the prophet of Mexico's renaissance, the dreamer and revolutionist Madero, was the son of a man who prayed every morning in Hebrew with phylacteries upon his forehead.

The Jew is everywhere, but astoundingly unperceived. He is never known as a Judío to Mexicans, and often he is incognito to his own people. Because he likes Mexico and its people he very rapidly identifies himself with it. Nearly all the immigrants succeed eventually in reaching their Mecca—America. And yet each one returns. He comes back to Mexico from *gefüllte fisch* and synagogues, bringing perhaps a Jewish wife, perhaps a new stock of merchandise, a sprinkling of English, and an agglomeration of American ideas. But he makes his home Mexican, and he speaks Spanish, dropping his comfortable Yiddish even within the family. And in a startlingly short time he has become part of the country he has adopted.

Not very long ago I was dancing at the house of a friend with a young man who seemed quite Mexican in his speech, his manner, his appearance. And within a few moments he had placed himself, Daniel Levy, with smiling Mexican courtesy, "at my service." Upon another occasion I had dropped into one of the large curio and book stores of Mexico City for a chat with a most agreeable, supposedly Spanish gentleman who hunted books from the top shelves for me. I inquired for Zangwill's "King of Schnorrers." He regretted very much that at present the book was not in stock, but if I desired he could constitute himself a genuine *King of Schmoozers* (*schmooz* is to talk) for me.

It is practically an historical axiom that the Jew thrives on prejudice, on persecution; tolerated, he loses the intensity of his race consciousness, tends to disseminate and assimilate. But in Mexico the assimilation of the Jew is more than a tendency, it is the key of his future in the new land. Not only does the Jewish tradition of race preservation struggle—if one may put it so—against a wholly unexpected tolerance; it is completely disconcerted, undermined, by the Mexican attitude of indifference. And, somehow, there hardly seems any point in being a Jew and declaring so passionately when no one prohibits it. The whole procedure becomes a little ridiculous.

The Mexican attitude of casual tolerance does not, however, limit itself to religious fields. Personally, socially, he does not hate the Jew, and consequently the Jew cannot despise him, as he always has despised the Gentile in other lands. If there is no hate and no contempt, there is no reason for aloofness. That is why Mexico City, with its very large Jewish population, has no Jewish community. In fact, the *extranjeros* are divided among themselves, first in two large groups, the Eastern and Western, and each of these in itself, through differences of nationality. While the Easterners have made an attempt to preserve their race individuality—they have a synagogue, rabbis, a Hebrew school—the attempt takes on a character of pathos. Their zeal has a broken backbone, and their struggles are fruitless. The immigrants, in Europe the most orthodox of all Jews, become in Mexico actually indifferent to the lack of both rabbi and synagogue. They accept Mexicans on a friendly, even an intimate footing. Gradually, unconsciously, because by the outsiders they are not considered primarily as Jews, they themselves forget the all-embracing character of their religion. They drift, hardly realizing where, and not particularly concerned.

There is even a strong element which does understand the nature of the disintegration that is going on and which is glad of it, deliberately advocating it. These "liberals" say that the race, in spite of its prophecies, has no divine mission to fulfil in the modern world. They say there is absolutely no reason why the Jews must continue to preserve themselves a race apart. They say that they have suffered far too much already for the sake of an outworn religion and because of a great deal of blind stubbornness. And while the majority of the Jews do not echo their

words, their attitudes mold themselves on these doctrines.

But whatever the opinion, whatever the conclusion, the situation exists; it is not the manifestation of certain Jews. It is a deeper phenomenon, it is part of the social reorganization of Mexico. It is explainable and inevitable. Even did the Jews not wish themselves acclimatized, adapted, and molded into the future Mexico, they would be powerless to prevent it. A synagogue and a rabbi could serve only retardation purposes. Intermarriage is certain, simply because Jewish men are many and Jewish women few. In spite of rabbis, Jewish homes, papers, and clubs, the Jew will be forced into the fiber of the coming Mexico. He is losing himself in a race that is finding itself. For Mexico, all Latin America, is today breaking into its first stride, is literally being born. The complex elements that have for several hundred years made Mexico a land of many peoples are beginning to web together. The Jew here is at his world-old task of disseminating, underpinning, pushing, spreading the new civilization. If he has ever had a purpose, a special mission, this of welding, because of his remarkable fitness for it, is surely the "divine role."

That the assimilation of the Jew in Mexico is desirable, undesirable, moral, immoral, a religious betrayal, rank apostasy, or an enlightened salvation—these phrases are hardly relevant. Words can do no more than clarify a movement that is stronger than all the preservatives in the world. Consciously or unconsciously, unwilling, acquiescent or deliberate, the Jew in Mexico, whether he is Arabian, Turkish, Russian, English, Polish, or German, whether he is merchant, teacher, peddler, or artist, educated or ignorant, is becoming as Mexican a Mexican as the descendant of the *conquistador* or the son of the native Indian. He is giving and will give, to the Mexico of the future, not only his work, his money, or his brain, but literally himself.

Freedom or Imperialism?

By JOSÉ VASCONCELOS

GROWTH is the law of life; but modern nations undergo a kind of growth that was hardly known to the older civilizations. In the past we find a brilliant civilization like that of the Greeks and around it peoples that were classed as barbarians, not only because they had not assimilated the Greek culture but mainly because they were so different and lived so apart that they could not unite to promote progress. The Greeks and the Hindus developed advanced civilizations in the same centuries without even knowing each other. The Romans enlarged the Old World, but they still ignored Asia and had no knowledge of the important civilization of the American continent. Civilization was a local, a racial phenomenon; it was Hindu, it was Greek, it was Roman.

In modern times we cannot say that civilization has been English or French or Italian; it has been all that, as well as Spanish and German and Russian; it has been European. And now Asia is drawn in and there are nations like Japan and India that contribute in invention, in work, and in thought to the shaping of the present world more than many nations of European origin. Practically, one may say that there are no barbarians in the present day. There are still some savages, but there are no barbarians. Civilization has become a universal fact. It embraces the world. We should not be alarmed, therefore, when we read about the decadence and the failure of European or Occidental civilization. Should the culture of one nation or group of nations collapse it would not mean anything so catastrophic as the breakdown of the Roman Empire. It would mean the temporary exhaustion of a certain mass of beings, and the appearance of younger and stronger elements to continue the same universally organized struggle to conquer nature for the benefit of life.

In all ages the problem of religion has been to liberate the soul. Two opposite systems have always been advocated by the different religions and philosophical schools, two ways, we might say, of getting rid of the body: one is to satisfy its needs, the other is to suppress them. Epicureans, Buddhists, Moslems have advocated pleasure in one way or the other as a means of attaining bliss or at least of satisfying the body in order to free the soul. Christian ascetics, Gymnosophists, Thebaidans, Puritans have advocated abstinence. Modern societies distinguish themselves from the old types of civilization by the fact that they want to see not only the privileged person, the saint, in a position where he can choose his way of salvation, but every man. Liberation of the masses is the cry of modern times; full liberation, both economic and spiritual. Some narrow-minded, materially inclined writers of sociology have tried to eliminate the religious factor from social life. This is my main objection to Darwinism, Marxism, and modern Leninism. These systems of thought have been unable to grasp the human problem as a whole. Their whole thesis is upset if we ask what they are going to advise the masses to do after food and comfort are conquered. In that very moment the religious problem would reappear bright and overwhelming.

The old economic world did not allow the serf, the toiler to make any choice in life; it was only the privileged few that could get time to think. Culture was a luxury. At present we want to see every man in a position to think philosophy and practice religion. To do this is the intrinsic natural right of every human being. When organized religions, allied with the powerful of the world, have preached submission and salvation through sacrifice in hard, cruel, selfish toil, religions have become the instrument of the god of wrong. They have condemned the souls, not only the bodies of the exploited. In the modern world slavery is still the natural condition of the majority of men. The Chinese coolie, the Hindu peasant, the peon of Latin America, the toilers of many industries of these United States and of Europe; all those that are forced to put 101 per cent or even 80 per cent of their life's energy into the conquest of food and shelter are slaves no matter what they may be called. They are slaves even if they happen to have bank accounts; because a slave is not only the man that has a master but also he who lacks leisure to care for his soul.

In many ways modern societies are harsher than the older civilizations. Nowadays, for example, we do not allow anyone to escape from the servitude of work except

the rich. Beggary has become a crime. In the old days it was a virtue. The objection to this change would be slight if our industrial system did not create so many superfluous needs that we have to pay by sacrificing the soul to the body in the form of long hours of money-making toil. In a real civilization a modest, clean life should be purchased at the expense of only very few hours of work. At present practically nobody is allowed to go poor and naked and free from one end of the world to the other; the police would interfere. Yet, the other kind of loafing, the useless loafing of the satisfied, is not only allowed but held in esteem. But I do not take this last situation tragically. I believe it shows a tendency toward the second solution for the salvation of the soul, of the two I mentioned. The present-day world chooses the solution of happiness and plenty as opposed to the ascetic, sorrowful old way of turning from life. This would mean that although at present it is an outrage to allow the rich to live practically idle while others toil until they lose their very souls, yet the purpose of social development is to allow every man to become more or less idle and free from care so that he can use brain and heart in mental and aesthetic joys. Civilization will have to advance before we can do this without going back to savagery through laziness and misconduct.

There are men, we know, who find pleasure only in the toils of business and material aggrandizement. They should be allowed to work as much as they please provided they do not injure others with pirate activities that deprive them of the benefit of work. Such men, natural-born laborers, should not be allowed to become masters; they should remain among the caste of toilers and merchants. They are useful to the community provided they are not allowed to rush everybody into the mad struggle for more money and more material effort. They should be honored, but their surplus should be devoted to social enterprise, not to individual aggrandizement.

This is fundamentally what we mean when we speak in Mexico about the atrocities of capital. We have not been a nation: we have been a colony, first, of the Spanish conquerors, at present a colony of the wealthy local and foreign exploiters. We know that our land must be worked, we know that our minds must be trained, but we want our riches to increase the wealth of the world for the benefit of mankind, not for the pleasure of a little group of men. We struggle for a fairer distribution of wealth and for a more humane treatment of the Indian and the common toiler. We wish to nationalize natural resources in order to keep them useful for the many. We think there should be a limit to land-holdings, that there should be a limit imposed by law to the owning and disposing of wealth by individuals. We undertake to cut the claws of the wolf in us before we can go ahead with ideals and progress. We impose the eight-hour law because thus the toiler will be able to awaken his soul. We believe in the freedom and equality of individuals, of races, and of nations. Among us some call themselves liberals, others call themselves socialists or laborists or agrarians or even communists and reds; but we all have the common, deep conviction that every human life ought to be made happier.

Money and wealth should be created and protected but only to be used for the service of the people, for the service of mankind. The endeavor to attain this sort of progress—even through blunders, violence, and hopes—is the essence of the Mexican revolution.

This will explain, at the same time, why it is that we have not and cannot have race hates or race prejudices in our generation in Mexico. If we work for humanity how can we shelter petty grievances, narrow prejudices, against any race or nation? The oppressed majorities of all countries must come together, not for revenge and destruction but to start the campaign for the freedom of all.

Our message of love is addressed to the generous souls of America. It is the message of people that have their own traditions, their own type of civilization, their own individuality, and who struggle for a free, independent, happy future. It comes from people who love life, but who love independence even more; people who are struggling to secure not only political but also economic freedom. We would not deserve the friendship of the free of America if we were otherwise.

Today nations have become closely bound in wealth and purposes and the only common enemies of free human souls are imperialism, greed, and despotism. These are the enemies of the smaller nations and also of the citizens of the United States, the bigger nation. Imperialism always becomes oppressive at home before oppressing abroad. And the growth of knowledge, the splendor of thought, the expansion of real culture stop as soon as a nation uses its power and vision to enslave or exploit its fellow-beings. The misfortune of the oppressed reflects its shadow on the face and soul of the oppressor. This is why the majority, the vast majority, of the people of the United States wish to see their banner true to its original purpose of freedom and love—the freedom that could not be found in the Old World, the brotherly love that created the Union, the love for the world that carries so many of your citizens and so much of your wealth to serve whenever there is a world calamity and to help wherever human souls clamor for help. We Mexicans are few and poorly armed, but we are with you in the fight for liberty and truth! There is no ill purpose in the heart of any of us. We are becoming one with all Latin America, but this coming together of peoples is like the growth of the state into the nation; it is the overflow of the nation into the broader scope of the race. It is a sailing into the ocean of a common language in order to shape and organize what we call a race, or rather a type of civilization. The union we seek is not aimed at political and international selfish purposes. We preach loyalty to a certain emotional conception of life. We know that present nations have been shaped by geographical conditions and war; we claim this to be a materialistic arrangement that no free soul can accept as final. There is the possibility of another way of organizing peoples in which emotion and beauty will rule among free and intelligent souls. And no nation will want to conquer the other because no one will wish to make civilization one-sided by absorbing and dominating the other. Everyone will understand the advantages of a many-sided expression of life. For this we strive; this is the meaning of Latin Americanism.

José Vasconcelos

La Follette in America

By ARTHUR WARNER

BEFORE 1911 La Follette belonged to Wisconsin. Since then he has belonged to America. His record in his home State gave him a country-wide reputation, but it was not until he agreed to run for the Republican presidential nomination against Taft that he became a national political leader.

Taft's approval of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill alienated the majority sentiment of the country, and his administration was not half through before progressive Republicans gagged at the thought of his renomination. La Follette was the recognized leader of the anti-Taft movement, and at a conference of progressive leaders in Washington on April 30, 1911, the prevailing sentiment was that the man from Wisconsin should be put up against the President at the national convention the next year. Friends of Roosevelt assured La Follette that the ex-President would not—could not—enter the lists. More important, word was brought to the Wisconsin Senator from Roosevelt that, although he could not openly oppose Taft, he thought La Follette ought to become a candidate for the nomination against the President.

"Fight La Follette on every foot of ground in every Northwestern State"

—From the Coolidge Campaign Headquarters

So La Follette announced his candidacy, and in the summer of 1911 began his campaign for the nomination. By autumn his candidacy had made astonishing headway, so much so that Roosevelt, apparently, was struck for the first time with the thought that *Taft could be beaten.* Thereupon reports to the La Follette headquarters indicated a changing attitude on Roosevelt's part. He refused to say definitely that he would not accept a nomination. La Follette's supporters—the more prominent among whom were friends of Roosevelt also—were thrown into a quandary. The campaign languished. But La Follette had gone into the contest with every intention of sticking—and he stuck. Besides Roosevelt was not a true progressive in La Follette's eyes. As he wrote later:

> Roosevelt is deserving of credit for his appeals made from time to time for higher ethical standards, social decency, and civic honesty. He discussed those matters strikingly and with vigor, investing every utterance with his unique personality. . . . He often confessed, however, a distaste for and lack of interest in economic problems, and his want of definite conception always invited to compromise, retarding or defeating real progress. . . . It was for these reasons that, after a service of seven and one-half years as President of the United States, he left no great constructive statute as an enduring record of his service.

Gradually the Roosevelt men in the La Follette camp began to edge away. George W. Perkins and Frank A. Munsey, both wealthy men personally, set out to raise a Roosevelt campaign fund, and the movement in behalf of the ex-President grew. On February 2, 1912, La Follette made an address before the Periodical Publishers' Association in Philadelphia. It was a terrific arraignment of the commercial and financial despotism under which the nation had fallen, but it was too downright for his audience. La Follette was not feeling fit at the time, and he talked too long in a vain effort to get hold of his hearers. A tremendous flood of press criticism followed; absurd stories were circulated about La Follette's physical condition. His "shattered health" served various persons as an excuse to desert him for Roosevelt.

In point of fact La Follette was a man of amazing strength and energy. He has said that during the 1901 session of the Wisconsin Legislature—his first year as Governor—he worked eighteen hours a day, and in campaigning he has always been a glutton for toil. In 1904 he stumped Wisconsin for two months, taking only one meal a day from a table and speaking most of the time between nine o'clock in the morning and eleven at night, chiefly outdoors. When the Aldrich currency bill was up in the Senate he took the lead in an attack in which he spoke for nineteen consecutive hours without stopping!

What happened at the Republican National Convention of 1912 is familiar history. In spite of the mushroom boom for Roosevelt, La Follette went there with thirty-six delegates pledged to support him, enough, he thought, to give him the balance of power in a closely divided convention. But the Roosevelt forces found themselves in a decided minority; they charged fraud in seating the delegates, and eventually withdrew. La Follette stayed with the Republican Party. He did not support Roosevelt, Taft, or Wilson, but Wilson carried Wisconsin.

In spite of isolation in his own party and the passions aroused against him during the war, La Follette has been growing steadily in political significance and power since 1912. Slowly the public is catching up with him. At the recent Republican National Convention Representative Cooper said that twenty-six out of thirty-one demands in the platforms that the La Follette forces have presented for adoption by their party every four years since 1908—always contemptuously rejected—have bit by bit become the law of the land. La Follette has been a leader, not a straggler in the march of new ideas across the country. He was early a believer in woman suffrage, and while Governor of Wisconsin made notable use of women in public office. He has long disapproved of the use of injunctions in labor disputes, and has lately taken the most advanced position of any man in Congress in regard to limiting the abuse of the power of the United States Supreme Court in declaring federal laws to be unconstitutional. In case of such a decision he

would, by amendment to the Constitution, give Congress the power to repass and validate such a law if a two-thirds majority could be obtained in its favor.

In the effort to discredit him with the voters the business-controlled newspapers of our cities have united in a virtual conspiracy to ignore to the greatest degree possible the speeches of La Follette in Congress, and have applied to him their least complimentary epithets, especially such old favorites as demagogue and windbag. It would be hard to be less accurate. Obviously a man who time and again has risked political extinction by going counter to accepted beliefs and popular hysteria is anything but a demagogue. And windbag? La Follette's speeches are long—too long. He has never learned the art of selection and condensation. But if by a windbag is meant a mouther of mere words, nobody who has studied La Follette's addresses would dream of using that term of him. La Follette's life passion has been for facts. He loads—and overloads—his utterances with them. Way back in the days when he was district attorney of Dane County, Wisconsin, he recognized the power of facts, and prepared his cases accordingly. Writing of this experience later, he said:

> It is facts that settle cases; the law is always the same. And this rule applies to things of larger importance than criminal cases. Facts count high everywhere. Whether the matter in hand is railroad legislation or the tariff, it is always a question of digging out the facts upon which to base your case. In no other one thing does a public man more surely indicate his quality than in his ability to master actual conditions and set them forth with clearness. Neither laws, nor opinions, nor even constitutions will finally convince people; it is only the concrete facts of concrete cases.

Yes, La Follette is a gourmand for facts and figures. Neither is he afraid to use them with John Smith and Jane Doe—the plain, ordinary voter.

So La Follette has emerged through forty-five years of public life until today he is the most commanding and significant personality in the country in relation to progressive political development. The Farmer-Labor convention in 1920 wanted him as its presidential candidate. He declined, partly, it would appear, because he doubted if the gathering was sufficiently representative of organized labor, and partly because he felt the time was not ripe for an independent movement. Today he believes the country is ready. He is ready too. Of the new Progressive Party one may say what he himself said of the earlier movement which he led in the days of Taft: "It expresses the hopes and desires of millions of common men and women who are willing to fight for their ideals, to take defeat if necessary, and still go on fighting."

(This is the last of three articles on La Follette's political record. There was an article on La Follette in Wisconsin in the issue of August 13, and one last week entitled La Follette in Washington.)

Clarksburg, West Virginia

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

A HILL-BILLY, an old one-gallus boy, stood in the rain throughout Mr. Davis's refined and lofty speech and incessantly shouted: "Hoo-*ray* for *our boy!*"

Previously, while Mr. Davis was doing a mock rehearsal of his speech for the motion-picture men and was waving his hand energetically, a neighbor endeavored to encourage him by shouting "Louder and funnier!"

Clarksburg met all trains. The train might come in the evening or in the middle of the night or in the faint dawn. Clarksburg might not know who was on the train. It might not know that anybody was on the train. Nevertheless Clarksburg, with committees, with motor-cars, with a mob, sometimes dense enough to block the whole large open space in front of the station, and usually with a band, was there to meet that train.

The committees put all visitors into the motor-cars. The band played and started the motor-cars on a parade through the town. The town stood on the sidewalks and watched each new string of visitors, bursting into applause from time to time for fear that some visitor really distinguished might go unapplauded.

From time to time and from point to point the motor-cars would drop the visitors at the hotels to which they had been assigned or at the houses of the citizens upon whom they had been billeted.

Clarksburg was not merely welcoming Mr. Davis back home. It was welcoming the world to Clarksburg and proving that it could accommodate the world and entertain it.

In the lobby of the hotel this writer was greeted by a committee chairman. Hospitality and a protecting kindliness beamed from his face. He said:

"You are carrying a copy of *The Nation.* Put it in your pocket. Don't carry it. If they see it on you around here, they'll Ku Klux you."

Hospitality and humanity beamed from the faces of all his fellow-townsmen in the hotel lobby and on the streets.

This writer emerged from the hotel to pay a call. A citizen was sitting in his motor-car in front of the hotel. He at once said to this stranger: "Where do you want to go?"

Arriving there, we entered a house where six or seven coal magnates and gas and oil magnates were doing honor to Davis Day. One of them played the piano. Several of them sang. One of them, in a cleared space between two rooms, was doing the heel-and-toe dance of the mountains.

"He is the greatest natural-gas expert in these parts," said his companions.

"He does heel-and-toe dancing more suppley, more intricately, more artistically than any professional alive," said, and says, this writer.

A huskily square-shouldered and jovially round-faced man was watching him. This man walked over to this writer and said: "Hard, you write more rot about coal from New York than almost any other writer. Why don't you come and look at the coal? I'll protect you from all the other fellows that have read your writings."

That evening this writer met another coal operator. The introduction was: "Hard, here's the best coal-mine manager in West Virginia. He can shoot the spots off a playing card every time at fifty feet."

"I never pull my gun on anybody," said the man thus described.

"That's it," said his introducer. "He only practices at the cards, and he gets out coal."

A third man, standing beside him, said: "Hard, you're not only always wrong about coal but you were totally wrong in the articles you wrote about Ireland in the *Metropolitan*. I'm a non-union operator and an Irish Anglican. I want to educate you."

He and his friends then discussed many other writers. They knew their writings. They were better readers, wider readers, than if they lived in New York.

They were perhaps what in New York would be called "far from the world." To arrive among them from Washington one goes through many hours of heavily wooded wilderness hills. Then one comes to a region of gentler hills, knolls, humps, more cleared off, with pastures assuaging the fierceness of the forest and with the pastures now showing brilliantly green. There stands Clarksburg. Is it far from the world? New York indeed is far from Clarksburg. Clarksburg is not far at all from New York. It knows New York by going there. It knows New York by reading. It is aware of the world. What is the world? Is it Clarksburg and New York or is it only New York? Clarksburg knows both. It has the advantage. New York can be provincial. Clarksburg is sophisticated. It has a double sophistication. It knows and admires the metropolis; and then, knowing it, admiring it, it is not awed by it and is glad to be Clarksburg.

In a business block, high up in it, in the rear of it, there was the apartment of a man of much money. Here he had his pictures, his piano, his perfect radio set, his sleeping quarters, an enormous refrigerator, filled with an infinite variety of foods, and a cooking stove. Here he did his own cooking. Here he provided marvelous meals for politicians and for political correspondents attending Mr. Davis's notification. He roasted chickens. He composed salads. He brought out delicacies which he had bought in Paris.

"Why not live in Paris all the time?" he was asked.

"There's more fun in Clarksburg," he replied.

This writer tarried. Several motor-car loads of married couples arrived shortly after midnight and danced till three to the music of his lavish records on his lavish phonograph. He looked on at the happiness of his neighbors and was happy. He bade us good-night. A few hours later he arose and cooked breakfast for some more pilgrims who loved his food—and him.

This writer summoned to his hotel room a telegraph messenger boy to get a dispatch. The boy arrived, received a coin to inspire him to run, and was asked if he was a good runner. He replied "I'm a singer too. Will I sing for you?" He lifted up his voice and sang.

Clarksburg sheltered us, fed us, danced for us, sang for us, and for itself. Mr. Davis sank into being only one Clarksburger. He was not the show. Clarksburg was the show.

It finally produced from among its visitors a great diplomat. This gentleman was a national political personage. He stood on the railroad-station platform. He was going away. Thinking of Clarksburg's hospitality to him he was overcome. He flung his arms about one of his Clarksburg hostesses and soundly and emphatically kissed her. Turning, he saw her husband. He did not hesitate. He flung his arms about him and kissed him too.

Here's blowing a kiss to you, Clarksburg!

In the Driftway

THERE are certain advantages in a democratic state installed after a thousand years of rich and reckless kings. Francis I of France, for example, built himself a palace covered inside and out with noble and intricate decorations; at the expense of his hard-worked subjects he brought sculptures from Greece and Rome, he had his own dashing figure painted by Titian and Clouet and half a dozen others, he assembled paintings and friezes and furniture—and the polloi turned his priceless collection, palace and all, into the Musée Nationale de Louvre, where breathless Americans pay a franc to walk up and down the corridors, gasping with delight and weariness combined. Likewise the Duke of Luxembourg set his palace in the midst of a garden laid out lavishly and with loving care, and now the poor Parisian and the poor American student walk side by side there in the evening while rose trees and pale willows and evergreens and copper beeches give proof of the skill of the duke's gardeners. There is, of course, a double pleasure in the walk: one may justly admire the gardens, but the Drifter confesses also to a sly delight at the scorn with which he and his ilk would have been regarded by the duke and duchess; he pictures those gay persons, brightly dressed, walking along these paths, and their memory makes the paths more desirable, particularly since they are no longer here!

* * * * *

WE have little that corresponds to these once-royal parks and palaces in America. George Washington was, to be sure, a well-to-do English gentleman. His estate is now a public park and museum, and the Drifter is indissolubly attached to the quaintness of Mt. Vernon, but nobody would pretend that it compared with the Louvre and the Jardins des Tuileries. Central Park in New York and Druid Hill Park in Baltimore and the Metropolitan Museum of Art and many others are beautiful and important institutions, but they somehow lack the flavor of an institution that has been wrested by main force from a king. In the latter, the plain man, like the Drifter, can sit back and smoke his pipe, admiring the king's taste and smiling because a royal guardsman does not come and throw him out. In Central Park he needs only to fear a policeman, human like himself, and that only after some vulgar crime like walking on the grass or feeding peanuts to the bears.

* * * * *

IT does not seem feasible to begin a thousand years of royal spending in America. Even the Drifter can see that kings have their poor qualities as well. But evidently the next great revolution, when at last it comes, will, as part of its duty, take over the estates of Mr. Rockefeller at Tarrytown and the house of Mr. Morgan on Fifth Avenue, and all the American antiques which by then Mr. Ford will have assembled in Detroit, and turn them into public parks and museums. The Drifter does not pretend to approve of such a high-handed procedure nor does he think for a minute that the joy of trespassing with impunity on Mr. Ford's property will equal that of walking about on the land of Francis I. But in a young country with no past to speak of it is doubtless the best that can be done.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Stay East, Young Man

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Chamber of Commerce and our papers sent out glowing accounts of the wonders of California, but recently I have not noticed any warning to the people to stay away on account of the terrible drought we are having. We get letters asking us to conserve water, lights, etc. Farmers in some parts of the State have abandoned their farms for lack of water, but the papers say almost nothing about this. They let the poor fellow in the East and Middle West come plowing out here over the dusty desert in his little old Ford. I went by an employment agency yesterday and saw many of the victims lined up for jobs.

Puente, California, August 1 Jessie Y. Kimball

The Croatian Peasant Movement

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you be good enough to publish these brief complementary notes to the article entitled The Gandhi of the Balkans printed in your issue of June 4:

The peasant movement in Croatia is not carried on by an "illiterate peasantry." On the contrary, almost all the Croatian peasants can read and write and are well-educated—not only as the result of an ancient culture but also through reading regularly their newspaper *Slobodni Dom* (the *Free Home*) and the many publications of the Peasant Party—with a circulation of from thirty to forty thousand copies.

The peasantry in general and in Croatia in particular does not represent a "mass" movement. Only a great number of human beings who do not possess individual ideals of life can be called a "mass." But the Croatian peasantry has always held ideals of social justice and of peace and freedom, and now it fights for these ideals with a courage, perseverance, patience, and intelligence such as unfortunately we cannot always find among other classes of society. In our opinion the peasantry forms the soul of each nation, and not only its body.

The *immediate* aim of the Peasant Party of Croatia is not a Balkan federation but rather an Adriatic one—the federation of all peoples now subjugated or threatened by the present Serbian militarist bureaucracy in Belgrade. The Adriatic federation can and must be completed and enlarged into the Balkan and Danubian federation extending from the Bohemian Mountains to the Adriatic Sea.

The present Serbian rulers are not only autocrats, crude absolutists, but they are, almost without exception, dishonest grafters and exploiters of their own Serbian people, and the tyrants, murderers, and exterminators of all others—the non-Serbian peoples and national groups.

The Croatian peasant movement has organized literally all the Croatian peasants (four million) in Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, and in Bosnia-Herzegovina; half a million Hungarian and half a million German peasants now under Serbian rule, and many thousands of Czechs, Slovaks, Ukrainians, and Rumanians, dispersed through the former South Hungary, now called Voïvodina.

This peasant movement is already taking deep root in Montenegro, in Macedonia, and even in Serbia—and therefore the foundation and the settlement of a peaceful peasant republic on the Adriatic and on the Danube is a question not of many years but rather of months.

The governments of the "great Allies" do not follow this movement, and whatever they know about it is quite contrary to the reality.

Moscow, July 3 Stephen Radich,
Leader of the Croatian Peasant Party

A Missionary Protest

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I find your paper such a source of inspiration and suggestion that it grieves me when you leave the path of sanity and join—the others. Your comments on the Japanese exclusion clause have been most admirable, but in the issue of June 4, which just came to me, I find you saying that since the bill has been signed, "The natural step now would be the withdrawal of every American missionary from China and Japan. For them to remain there would stamp us as guilty of the basest hypocrisy." Thus you join hands with the jingoists and super-patriots of Japan who feel the same way. Since when did the missionary take his cue from Congress or the President? And why add China now after all these years of exclusion? Why not include India and other Oriental nations? And whom does it stamp "as guilty of the basest hypocrisy"? Certainly not the churches or the missionaries who have been fighting against the bill. We did not hesitate to help the Russians when our Government refused to recognize their Government. We do not cease sending assistance to Germany even though our Government has been "guilty of the basest hypocrisy" ever since the armistice. For the distinction between physical and spiritual assistance is only surface deep: each is part of the spirit of Jesus. And it is this spirit which the missionary would carry to the people for whom he works. We are Christian missionaries, not American missionaries. One of our greatest problems is how to carry the Gospel untrammeled by nationality and race. These things shadow us always. We cannot shake them off. *The Nation* would do well if it would help to remove the popular misconception that the missionary is in any way responsible for the acts of his government. We may be ashamed of our friends and Congress, but we are not ashamed of our Gospel. When we are, then we will have ample reason for retiring.

It may interest your readers to know that the Americans here have been all but unanimous in their condemnation of the exclusion clause.

Sapporo, Japan, July 1 William Woodard

A Motto for La Follette

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a possible contribution to your collection of definitions of progressivism, how about Gladstone's motto at the entrance to the Liberal Club? "The principle of Toryism is distrust of the people, qualified by fear. The principle of Liberalism is trust of the people, qualified by prudence." Whether La Follette has such a motto I do not know. His trust in the people of Wisconsin, ever since I have known him from the middle of the eighties on, might well have been expressed by this motto of Gladstone.

Madison, Wisconsin, July 30 Edward Kremers

Contributors to This Issue

Bertram D. Wolfe is an American who has lived in Mexico City and taught in the Mexican schools.

Rafael Nieto, former Governor of the state of San Luis Potosí and Secretary of the Treasury, is now Mexican Minister to Sweden. He is an authority on economics and finance.

Anita Brenner is a writer now living in Mexico City.

Jose Vasconcelos, the well-known Mexican scholar, until recently Secretary of Education in the Mexican Cabinet, has now been elected Governor of the Mexican state of Oaxaca.

M. Covarrubias, one of the leading young modernist artists of Mexico, is now living in New York.

Poems

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

Old Women

Old women sit, stiffly, mosaics of pain,
Framed in drab doorways looking on the dark.
Rarely they rouse to gossip or complain
As dozing bitches break their dream to bark.
And then once more they fold their creaking bones
In silence, pulled about them like a shawl.
Their memories: a heap of tumbling stones,
Once builded stronger than a city wall.
Sometimes they mend the gaps with twitching hand,—
Because they see a woman big with child,
Because a wet wind smells of grave-pocked land,
Because a train wailed, because troops defiled.
Sometimes old women limp through altered streets
Whose hostile houses beat them down to earth,
Now in their beds they fumble at the sheets
That once were spread for bridal, once for birth,
And now are laid for women who are cold
With difficult plodding and with sitting still.
Old women, pitying all that age can kill,
Lie quiet, wondering that they are old.

Leningrad

Upon his Finnish rock, curled like a wave,
Peter, throned over Neva, watches still
The granite flower of his granite will,
Sprung from that swamp only men's lives could pave.
Stone holds a street stern as an empty nave;
And, as though stained by some forgotten kill,
An arch like the red mouth of a great cave
Yawns on red wall, red pillar, and red sill.

Neva is a white beast with glittering fangs,
Imprisoned in a trap of iron cold,
And while she cries, copper on copper clangs:
The bells would give the sky their prayers to hold.
But like one crucified, the dead sky hangs,
Impaled upon a spire of cruel gold.

Books

Realism and More

Gold. By Jacob Wassermann. Authorized translation by Louise Collier Willcox. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

LIKE the story of "The Goose Man," the story of "Gold" has for its theme the evil wrought by the love of power, in any form, as the guiding passion of life. Its central character, Ulrika Woytich, appears first as a rescuing angel in the household of a millionaire miser, and only gradually does it appear that the skill with which she unlocks the coffers of the tyrant master and sets in motion the passions of the family is a power for evil: that the gold, dangerous enough when jealously guarded, is ten times worse when let loose upon the world.

In this thesis alone there is nothing either new or complicated. Wassermann's hatred of the will to power and his exaltation of the less tangible virtues of endurance and brotherly love are as simple as Tolstoi's Charity, but the intensity of his passion and the power which he has of creating character and situation to confront his opposing forces are as unique and, in their way, as effective as the passion and power of the great Russian. Hardly once in a generation does there appear an artist endowed with his torrential energy. In all the nineteenth century only two novelists—Dostoevsky and Tolstoi—equaled it, and perhaps no English writer of fiction ever did. We have had in our language intelligence at least as penetrating, character and incidents analyzed with a steadier, calmer hand, and conditions pictured with a more meticulous exactitude. We have had, in a word, novels more scientific and in addition novels as poetic in their own way, but we have never had any one who could sustain like Wassermann a white-heated passion through such vastly spreading tales.

If one should compare, for instance, "Gold" with "The Forsyte Saga," it would be futile to talk of superiorities on the one side or the other, but neither author approaching, as both do, a study of the power of possession could achieve the effects of the other. On the one side is a mind touched with poetry, but essentially scientific, tracing with infinite care the subtle windings of the instinct he is discussing, revealing every process, and careful that nothing is heightened or shown with a face other than that seen by everyone. On the other side is a mystic in the grip of a great love and a great hatred, torn, tortured, and pouring forth his energy in the form of a legend even vaster than Galsworthy's and producing an effect at least as mighty, asking the reader to accept all manner of violent occurrences, creating characters so intense as to approach symbols, but rewarding us with great heights of dramatic conflict and stirring us with eloquent emotion.

So skilfully does Wassermann handle his gigantic story, covering nearly eighty years of time and touching the crises in the lives of innumerable people, that the reader is hardly aware of its complexity. So cunningly are all the events drawn to a focus that when the two powers come face to face at last for a final struggle over the one representative of the family not yet lost, the battle seems to be for the soul of man itself. The effect is so much dependent upon cumulation that no excerpt can illustrate it, but one passage may give some taste of the author's manner and its masterly poise between the merely realistic and the powerfully symbolic. Ulrika, grown old, has become herself a miser, and the former exuberance of her *vertu* and love of power for its own sake has dwindled to avarice alone. In the agony of post-war Europe she has put her money into the hands of one of the speculators who are preying upon the ruins of their country, and suddenly she learns that he has shot himself. Insane with rage and despair, she hastens to Berlin in the hope that her former lover, himself a speculator, may perhaps have saved her. When she reaches his house and finds it crowded with the decadent productions of art in its death agony which have been cynically acquired by the owner, a despair descends up her.

> She felt as if she had entered a tropical swamp full of rank, luxuriant vegetation. All these overwrought, glaring, shrieking, ghastly objects looked to her as if a satyr in grim cynicism had gathered together in a heap beauty and ugliness, heaven and hell. Taken together they seemed to her like a face, an unhappy, worn-out face, with a hypocritical smile, denying its decay, scornfully and weakly: the Face of the Times. Suddenly she knew that her journey was a silly and futile undertaking and that she had nothing to hope.

The master enters.

> "Meant to warn you. Forgot. Too much doing at the moment—you ought to have indulged yourself a little. You always wanted to enjoy at others' expense. Great lack of heart. Man with a heart shows it by spending money. Look at me. It runs out of my pockets. And everything bows down. So I can see backs, only backs. Most amusing."
>
> "Very likely," Ulrika answered bitterly; "faces are often troubling. One need only look at you."

> He patted Ulrika's hand again and continued: "Tomorrow it may be my turn. Everybody's turn comes. The downward grade, my good old Ulrika, the great slide. Want to go down into the cellar? You will hear the foundations cracking. Very impressive. Word of honor. Hear it everywhere in Berlin. Every cellar. Pure music. Music of the great slide. Pretty, what?" He was undoubtedly pleased.

Perhaps this passage will in some measure illustrate the nature of Wassermann's triumph, which consists in the fact that he has not only experimented with a new form for the novel but that he has actually created one. Ulrika is at once a definite character and a symbol, a person in a particular story and the embodiment of that glory in power alone which seems to the author the secret of the ruin of his world. And the same may be said of the story as a whole. It never ceases to be in the one sense realistic, yet at the same time it achieves a largeness and intensity which make it the legend which bodies forth the author's vision of the whole world. But again it must be said that the *sine qua non* of its being is its energy. Anyone might have conceived such an intention; only a genius could have realized the plan. J. W. KRUTCH

Elizabethan Studies

The Elizabethan Stage. By E. K. Chambers. The Oxford University Press. Four volumes. $23.

Two Elizabethan Stage Abridgments: The Battle of Alcazar and Orlando Furioso. An Essay in Critical Bibliography. By W. W. Greg. The Oxford University Press. $7.

Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of Sir Thomas More. By A. W. Pollard, W. W. Greg, E. Maunde Thompson, J. Dover Wilson, and R. W. Chambers. Cambridge: The University Press. $3.50.

TWENTY years ago Mr. Chambers produced his monumental work on "The Mediaeval Stage," a classic of English scholarship. That book he explained as the result of "preliminary investigations for a little book on Shakespeare." What he now offers is "another instalment of *prolegomena*." The inception of both works accounts for the regrettable but "long since irretrievable" decision not to carry his investigations beyond the death of Shakespeare. The new book therefore ends abruptly at a fortuitous date, leaving many problems unsolved and just touching upon many others, the beginnings of which happen to come within the arbitrary limitation. Perhaps Mr. Chambers will have the courage to carry on his investigations to the closing of the theaters in 1642; meanwhile we are grateful for the abundant and exact information which is here assembled.

Mr. Chambers's plan does not embrace literary criticism nor the study of the plays themselves from the point of view of sources, analogues, motives, or technique save in so far as the texts serve to cast light upon the development of the stage as an institution and upon the social and economic conditions which made such a development possible. Much of his material is of as great value to the social as to the literary historian. A large part of his investigations is devoted to mere antiquarianism—if antiquarianism may fairly be described as "mere." In notes and numerous appendices he has collected an enormous body of original documents bearing upon the composition, production, criticism, and control of the stage. Along many lines he corrects and supplements the results achieved by earlier investigators.

Beginning with a description of court life in so far as it illustrates the taste for pageant and progress, tilt and mask, revel and other forms of spectacle, he passes to the organization of the royal household and thence to the office of the Revels. This in turn leads to an account, both historical and descriptive, of pageantry, the mask, and the court play. In the second division of his book he assembles the documents and other evidence shedding light upon the control of the stage: the struggle between humanism and puritanism, and between the court and the city authorities; the gradual emergence of the actor as a member of a recognized profession; and the economic status of the actor in the life of the community. There follows a history of each company, in chronological sequence, with a chapter on "the international companies" in which the meager records of English actors upon the Continent are brought together. Then comes an alphabetical list of every actor of the period with a statement of what is known of each —an invaluable record. A similarly planned study of each theater leads to the most interesting part of the work, a study of the structure and conduct of the theaters and of the principles of staging both at court and in the public and "private" houses. Here Mr. Chambers rejects the old method of procedure, the attempt to "reconstruct" a "typical" Elizabethan stage, and wisely elects to follow the historical method of inquiry. He shows that at court the Italian mode of presentation, as set forth in Serlio's famous "Trattato sopra la scena," was adopted with certain adaptations, while the public theaters were compelled by the exigencies of their themes to abandon exterior action before contiguous houses in favor of a succession of changing scenes. There is unfortunately no space here to comment upon any details of Mr. Chambers's study of the problems of staging nor to indicate even the greater changes that took place in the modernized theaters of the early Jacobean period.

In general Mr. Chambers is accurate in the extreme. There are a few errors of omission; the MS play of "Edmund Ironsides," for example, belongs within the period, but is not recorded. And there are some minor slips; several plays, for instance, are set down in the list of "lost plays" that are not only in existence but in print. I cannot pretend to subscribe to all Mr. Chambers's speculations and hypotheses; but as he is meticulously careful to note nearly all of these as "guesswork" he will not expect unanimous agreement among his readers. This is particularly the case with the vexed question of Shakespeare's relations with Pembroke's and Lord Strange's companies.

Mr. Greg's essay is too technical a study for more than brief mention here. He examines two examples of the type of shortened plays that closely resemble the so-called "bad quartos" of Shakespeare. His choice of the two texts in question is due to the fact that for "The Battle of Alcazar" there exists a "plat," that is, a summary of scenes, cues, entrances, and exits for the use of the stage manager and prompter, while for the "Orlando" there is a manuscript containing Edward Alleyn's part in the play. By analysis and comparison an attempt is made to reconstruct the original form of both dramas and to arrive at conclusions as to the method, purpose, and result of the abbreviated versions.

The third work deals with a subject of such general, even sensational, interest that some mention of the problem involved has found its way into the daily papers—an unusual achievement for Elizabethan scholarship. A group of specialists have examined anew the "Play of Sir Thomas More" with special attention to the three pages of the MS (147 lines in all) which Simpson and Spedding long ago ventured to ascribe to Shakespeare. Sir E. Maunde Thompson once again applies his palaeographical knowledge to the problem, comparing the handwriting with the authenticated signatures of Shakespeare and attempting ingeniously and, I think, convincingly to show that the differences are such as can be accounted for by changes resulting from lapse of years and changes in state of health. Mr. Wilson compares the system of spelling and punctuation with that of the quarto texts known to be nearest to Shakespeare's own manuscript. And Mr. R. W. Chambers, in a most interesting and thoughtful paper, compares the ideas set forth in these pages with the ideas in similar scenes in the undoubted plays. From this comparison there emerges an amazing likeness, for More, in his speech to the rioting citizens, empha-

sizes, as Shakespeare always emphasizes, the dangers of anarchy and the value of "degree," and the citizens are portrayed in Shakespeare's fashion, as dangerous to public order when lacking a leader yet essentially good-hearted and open to conviction by arguments founded upon right reason. When these converging lines of argument are taken together with the style of these pages—the vivid, realistic, humorous dialogue of the citizens and the closely knit argument and impassioned poetry of the speech by More—it seems to me that those scholars —and there are such—who refuse to admit that in these pages we have authentic Shakespeare are possessed of a skepticism beneath the penetrability of proof.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

The Latin Genius

The Latin Genius. By Anatole France. Translated by Wilfred S. Jackson. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

THERE is a part in the ballet music of Gluck's "Orfeo" which states the case. Not the plaintive tune which begins and ends the piece, but the legato passage midway, a stately dance of nymphs in fields Elysian. It fills the eye with noble groves and smooth lawns beside a shining water, shades classic and delicate, brows wreathed with myrtles, and the pensive complaint of flutes. It is not Greek; but it is some other age almost as gifted for beauty. It is what Rome might have been had she followed beauty as steadfastly as she followed dominion. It is Hellas twice removed: once through the Imperial City, and again through the Renaissance; Hellas in beauty and laughter, but beauty conscious of art, no longer quite innocent in her lovely nakedness; and laughter, still gay, always brave, but with a note of mockery in it: Gallic mirth. It is not Greece; it is not Rome. Yet it is daughter of both. It is called the Latin Genius.

Gluck, while not a Latin, came under the spell of this influence, and in those strains of his move the spirits of that vanished age, elegant and sophisticated, wigged and sworded, wrists apt to dueling hilt as lips to epigram, and bosoms lodging heaven knows what odd assortment of guests: philosophic speculation, soft intrigue, and sentiments of antique republicans in a world of despots and Bastilles. An age of upper classes coquetting with revolutionary ideas is ever an age preparing to give birth to another. And over it broods the Latin Genius—the savor of that race which was born into a Europe too fevered with Christian pessimism ever to have compassed the joyous innocence of the Greek; yet the nearest to the Greeks that modern Europe can show, for lucidity of mind, sensitiveness to form, and the instinct of beauty.

In a prefatory paragraph Anatole France disclaims any lofty pretensions in the volume of essays to which he attaches this title; yet the title is well given.

> It is [he says] an act of faith and of love for that Greek and Latin tradition, wherein resides all wisdom and beauty, and without whose pale is naught but error and vexation of spirit. Philosophy, art, science, jurisprudence, all, we owe to Greece, and to her conquerors whom she overcame. The men of old time live on and teach us still.

The essays are miniature biographies, packed with careful scholarship, a shrewd sense of the subject's place in his age and the signification of it; demure wit, and a pervading mellowness of tone, genial, tolerant, and bantering, with M. France's favorite joke of looking with eyes of childlike wonderment straight at the objects which Christendom has entered into a conspiracy to pretend not to see. Molière, Racine, Scarron, La Fontaine, Le Sage, the Abbé Prevost, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Chateaubriand (and his almost equally gifted sister Lucile), Sainte-Beuve, and Benjamin Constant are among his portraits. The volume has a value as history and criticism worthy of a place in the curricula of schools, and one can imagine jaded pupils, assigned to read it in English, suddenly awaking, surprised and delighted, to a pleasure in their study. It is equally an independent work of literature, one of those delightful volumes to be picked up and laid down like chat with an old friend, always certain of welcome, entertainment, laughter, and wisdom.

Friend Anatole has a peculiar value for the writers of our own adolescent nation, even in, if not especially in, such volumes of essays as this. For some reason which I confess I do not quite understand and would like to see explained, American writers have a dread of erudition. Shun books. Go to life. Be new. Scholarship is a blight. It plucks the rose from the fair forehead of genius and sets a Phi Beta Kappa key there. Perhaps it does, as scholarship is at present understood in these States, but that is a reason the more for learning. And Anatole can teach us. Here is a spirit animated yet thoughtful, one who can toss his immense weight of erudition gaily as a juggler's kit without breaking a single plate. You feel toward him as the father toward the son who had just been naively confessing his escapades: "I am astonished at the range and variety of the things you appear to know." His cultural soil is centuries deep. Ours is shallow and needs enrichment. Life is the material; learning the workmanship.

LUCIEN PRICE

Expanding Europe by Contraction

The Expansion of Europe: the Culmination of Modern History. By Ramsay Muir. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

Studies in Empire and Trade. By J. W. Jeudwine. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

"SOME of our British brethren," once remarked an American jurist, "have a God-given talent for converting a predatory expedition into a moral crusade." Mr. Muir's book appears to exemplify the spirit of that statement, when it describes the expansion of Europe as more or less identical with that of Great Britain. In its earlier forms, the author says, it was "deeply influenced by the war." A demand for a new edition gave him an opportunity to reconsider the judgments made under the stress of conflict. He availed himself of it by failing to discover that they "require any substantial modification."

That the intelligent British public relishes such a work, now that the original motive for its publication as a stimulus to war fervor has lost its force, is altogether doubtful.

What the book purports to provide is a "summary, in the form of a broad survey, unencumbered with detail, but becoming fuller as it comes nearer" to our own time, of the problems of world politics and the imperial expansion and rivalries of the "greater states of Western civilization," as these have affected "the fortunes of the world, and of every individual in it." Since Mr. Muir endeavors to deal with "ideas rather than mere facts," he has striven, he declares, "to bring out the political ideas which are implicit in, or which result from, the conquest of the world by Western civilization, and to show how the ideas of the West have affected the outer world, how far they have been modified to meet its needs, and how they have developed in the process." He draws particular attention to the "significant new political form"—"the world-state," of which "the British Empire is the oldest and the most highly developed example." Finally, he tries to display

> the strife of two rival conceptions of empire: the old, sterile, and ugly conception which thinks of empire as mere domination, ruthlessly pursued for the sole advantage of the master, and which seems . . . to be most fully exemplified by Germany; and the nobler conception which regards empire as a trusteeship, and which is to be seen gradually emerging and struggling toward victory over the more brutal view, more clearly and in more varied forms in the story of the British Empire than in perhaps any

> other part of human history. . . . That is why I have given a perhaps disproportionate attention to the British Empire.

"The place of honor, as always in any great story of European civilization, belongs to France," concedes Mr. Muir. So also does it in the realms of logical precision and absence of prepossessions about moral missions. Yet, outside of sporadic allusions, he grants to consideration of France as much as ten pages of text out of 354. Spain and Portugal, pioneers in the expansion of Europe, are vouchsafed between them eleven pages, the Netherlands five, Russia ten, Italy four, and Belgium two. Germany, the unspeakable, is characterized and denounced in fourteen. Leaving out of account the initial chapter of twelve pages on the "meaning and the motives of imperialism," the amount of "perhaps disproportionate attention" given by Mr. Muir to the British Empire in the account of the entire course of the expansion of Europe during five hundred years stands in the ratio of about six to one.

The "survey" of the book is "broad"—in the old papal sense that it turns over the earth to British enterprise, instead of to Spanish and Portuguese. It is "unencumbered with detail," or with much else except national self-glorification. "Mere facts" are, indeed, subordinated to "ideas." But the "ideas" take no heed of the actual impress made upon non-European lands and peoples by European civilization as such. Nor do they estimate even remotely the significance of the process of expansion for the life and thought of the European nations themselves.

For the imperial-minded among Mr. Muir's countrymen the work is a species of historical campaign-book of imperial politics. Thoughtless folk in other lands, and individuals who dislike imperialism of the "made-in-England" brand, may call it a piece of "typical British propaganda." If they do so they are mistaken. It is a British product turned out by a British subject who seeks to convert the best there is in the politics of European imperialism into a British monopoly. In it the serious student of history will discover few facts that are serviceable or ideas that are new. He will perceive instead "the expansion" that an agile imagination guiding a facile pen can attain when set over against a contraction of knowledge about what European nations other than Great Britain have done. "Of Europe" he will observe but scant trace, except that Nature happened to place Great Britain near that Continent.

The work by Mr. Jeudwine belongs in quite a different category. It is a curious blend of antiquarianism and historiography concerned with the spread of European commercial and political dominion from the Middle Ages to the close of the eighteenth century. The author of it has delved into all sorts of bygone lore that might furnish data for the compilation of a miscellany. Few readers would wish to go through the volume in consecutive fashion. Dipping into its pages, however, they will rise refreshed with many an interesting item of information about the days of old when piracy and trade, religion and warfare, dominion and civilization were more or less interchangeable terms.

The philosophy of the work is summed up in the author's proposition that

> our mental conception of empire predicates a single hereditary ruler to whom all owe allegiance, sprung from an acknowledged family of royal descent, of a supreme race which professes a highly organized religion; and that the word suggests that this stronger race, being firmly persuaded of its moral superiority, when it comes in conflict with and absorbs a politically weaker people, will, so far as may be humanly possible, shape their social and political institutions in accordance with its own interests.

This may sound like a variant of Mr. Muir's "ideas." In point of fact, the spirit of the entire work is altogether unsympathetic to them. Mr. Jeudwine deals with Scandinavians, Italians, Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, and Englishmen as representative of the nations of Europe which widened their power at the same time that they spread their sails. The performance of each he rates in the measure of its actual service to the expansion of European interests and control over the earth. Like the preceding book, the present volume does not tell just what the civilization of Europe accomplished, or how it was influenced, in the process, but it does justify its title.

WILLIAM R. SHEPHERD

Books in Brief

The Parson's Progress. By Compton Mackenzie. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

Having blazed the trail in "The Altar Steps," Mr. Mackenzie continues to hack away at the underbrush of spiritual uncertainties which beset the advance of a young clergyman. The new novel is a work of unrelieved earnestness; it will invite the plodding reader and those specifically interested in its theme—others are apt to find it rather heavy going.

Wine of Fury. By Leigh Rogers. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

In this first novel the author makes undeniably skilful use of the vivid romance of the Russian revolution. The narrative is washed with a dramatic color derived from the tumult of actual events. A restrained economy of incident and a distaste for mere sensationalism make this book a stirring record of a profoundly interesting historical period.

Josslyn. By Henry Justin Smith. Covici-McGee Company.

A gentle, idyllic account of a shy youth and his experiences in Mid-Western newspaperdom. Cast in a biographical form, the story is nevertheless written in a frankly reminiscent mood. Although one hears something of the brutalizing effect of the reporter's life, the appreciation of beauty is as apparent in the intent of this quiet author as it is implicit in his lines.

If you are interested in

MEXICO

from a scientific, social, commercial, financial or any other point of view

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH US

Read our Bulletin

Our Chamber is a non-political, independent, self-sustaining body, organized and devoted to promote and develop mutual knowledge, good feeling, strong social and trade relations and friendship between Mexico and the United States.

MEXICAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES, INC.

WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

International Relations Section

Calles Speaks

SHORTLY before the end of his campaign, Plutarco Elias Calles, President-elect of Mexico, made a speech which summed up the issues before the Mexican people and clearly stated the principles which would guide the new administration.

Those who opposed my candidacy, the capitalist and conservative elements of the country, say that I am an agitator. That is not true. The comrade who preceded me on the platform has given us an accurate description of the present situation of the Mexican proletariat. He has told us of the need for the working class of the republic to establish factories, build up industries, and undertake the exploitation of natural resources which progress demands, and thus increase our common wealth. These are all enterprises which will give our people work and opportunities to earn their living, so that they will not have to wander in forlorn caravans to other countries, only to be exploited and laughed at far from home by men of another race, and then after countless sufferings to return, as poor and wretched as when they set out, bringing with them only disillusion after wasting their energy in foreign lands.

It is true that we need capital in our country; that we need industrial capital to keep in motion the industries already established and to build new ones. I am not an enemy of capital; quite the contrary, I want to have it for the exploitation of our natural resources. But we want capital in a humane sense; we want capital with a consciousness of its mission in the modern world and with an understanding that it is to be used, not to gain mastery over the workers but to fulfil a social duty—not only for greater profit for its owner but for the good of society as a whole as well as of the individual capitalist.

And when capital is brought into this country, I want those who bring it to combine their interests with ours, to live with us and share with us our hours of triumph and our reverses. I do not want them coming in merely to exploit our wealth and our people, in utter disregard of morals, as is typical of what a Tampico worker aptly calls "conqueror capital."

I want to state right here that capital brought into this country in a spirit consistent with the precepts of morality will be absolutely secured by all the necessary guaranties on our part; but only on condition that it lives up to this humane spirit and to our laws.

Those who opposed my candidacy claim that I am an enemy of foreigners, and that on account of my rabid nationalism I do not like them and do not want them in my country. This is another lie.

I despise and detest the foreigner who comes to interfere in our home affairs and meddle in our politics and make fun of our laws and keep his hold on the advantages he has received from reactionary governments. He always pretends that the fact of his being a foreigner and having influence with his government entitles him to this advantage.

But the foreigner who comes to live with us, to share what we enjoy and what we have to endure, to make his home here, to combine his interests with ours—this foreigner will find us welcoming him with open arms and calling him brother.

The reactionary elements are shocked and call me a disturber because they say that I am trying to destroy property in Mexico. That also is a lie.

What is it that I do want? What are we struggling for?

We are struggling to relieve the peasants of their economic burden; to enable them to win back the land which was seized from them at the time of the conquest; to aid them in attaining economic independence; to help them live better lives, creating new needs for themselves which will increase their efforts and mean real progress to our country by raising the level of the largest class. We are struggling so that the peasants can educate their children and give them a chance to make something of their lives, and tomorrow we shall have a generation which, through better material conditions, will be finer both morally and intellectually. This is the only way of attaining the highest ambition of the Mexican people—a richer and happier country.

But the landholders of my country don't want to recognize, don't want to understand, that we are struggling for them and their interests as well. And I want to make it clear that any opposition on their part to the development of this program will be met with force. I say that the landholders will gain by turning the land over to the people of the republic, because the people will have to till the soil granted them, and under the stress of circumstances will become expert farmers. Thus they will be exploiters of land instead of exploiters of men.

When the peasant is economically independent on his own lot of land, he will no longer be the peon who offers himself to his landlord because he is driven by hunger. Wages will rise and labor will be more scarce, and there will be no room in our country for the exploiter of the peasant. The landlord will be forced to adopt scientific methods of agriculture, utilizing machinery, improved methods of cultivation, seed-selection, etc. In this way we can attain also the harmony which has been so lacking in the agricultural life of Mexico, because then the relations between landlords and peasants will not be governed by the hatred between master and slave, but, rather, the progressive agriculturist will find in the free peasant a coworker in the production of national wealth.

My enemies say that I am hostile to religions and cults, that I have no respect for religious creeds. I am a liberal in so broad a sense that I can explain to myself and justify all creeds, because I consider them of value on account of the moral standards which they embrace.

I am an enemy of the priestly class which considers its position in the light of privilege and not of evangelical service. I am an enemy of the political priest, the intriguing priest, the exploiting priest, the priest who tries to keep our people submerged in ignorance, the priest who is allied with the landlord to exploit the peasant, and the priest who is allied with the employer to exploit the worker.

I declare that I respect all religions and all creeds so long as their preachers do not meddle in our political conflicts, spurn our laws, or allow themselves to become tools of the powerful in the exploitation of the weak.

Bitter complaints are also being made that General Calles will destroy the industries of our country. This is another lie. I want the industries to prosper and develop. I ask only for more humane relations between employers and workers. I ask that the employers recognize the new world in which they are living, and I ask them not to regard the worker as something less than a machine and little more than a beast, draining his strength until his body is no more than so much pulp to be cast aside; or, if he dies, I ask the employer not to regard him as just one name less on the pay roll.

And how do we want to bring this about? Not through the anarchy of violence, but within the limits of order and discipline, based on legislation.

Is this legislation new to them? I do not believe this, for surely they know that such legislation exists in other countries.

What is happening is that they are pretending to ignore it; why, foreigners who come here from countries where some guaranty for labor exists are shocked to find our reactionary employers casting aside civilized ideas for the easy gains to be derived from the exploitation of man.

We revolutionists who have carried on these struggles in the name of the rights of the proletariat are bound to defend

them; if we did not we should fail to justify the revolution and we would be merely jesters.

My enemies say that if General Calles gets in power he will isolate the country and incur universal hatred of Mexico, because he will not want or be able to establish relations with the other countries of the earth. That also is a lie. We want the most friendly and cordial relations with all the nations of the world. The fact is that we are the one political party with honesty enough to declare in favor of having international relations based on justice and honor. We do not want to have foreign countries interfering with our affairs and imposing their will on us or whatever customs may suit their interests. We are a free and sovereign people, and we have the right to solve our internal problems without foreign influence.

We want to have international relations established on the basis of mutual respect; and we do not want the stronger nation to impose its will on the weaker. We want to have any conflicts that may arise solved by justice alone. These are our ideas. This is what we might call our program. . . .

This the ractionary elements cannot overlook, for I have been preaching to the masses of workers and peasants the obligations they must fulfil if they would win a right to the enjoyment of the fruits of the revolution. . . . Let us give economic freedom to those who have been exploited and persecuted for four hundred years; let us give them education and raise their dignity as men, and then we shall see whether or not they form the basis of a powerful nation. In this way and in this way only shall we be able to build a happy nation respected by all other nations of the earth.

Mexico's Debt

A DECREE signed by President Obregon "temporarily suspending payment on the foreign debt" was published in the *Diario Oficial* on July 1. In the preamble of the decree the Mexican President explained the financial background of this act. In 1913, he stated, as a consequence of revolutionary disturbances, payments on the foreign debt had been suspended; but in 1921, in order to restore the nation's credit, he laid a tax on oil, intending to apply the proceeds to the renewal of these payments. At the same time his Secretary of the Treasury, Adolfo de la Huerta (who recently led an armed revolt against the Obregon Government), was carrying on negotiations with the International Committee of Bankers in New York. Ignoring instructions from his Government De la Huerta agreed to meet the obligations involved in the foreign debt as well as certain domestic debts by pledging for this purpose

> the duties already decreed on the exportation of oil, the tax of 10 per cent about to be decreed on the gross receipts of the railroads, their liquid profits, if any, and, if necessary, other government resources, with a view to assuring a minimum payment during the first year, namely 1923, of thirty million pesos in national gold and, during the four years following, namely from 1924 to 1928, of amounts progressively increased by five million pesos annually terminating the five-year period covered by the New York agreement with the payment of fifty million pesos in national gold.

De la Huerta promised that these amounts should be paid in dollars at the ratio of one peso to half a dollar in United States currency. He also ignored the instructions of President Obregon to contract a loan for irrigation purposes and for the purpose of establishing a central bank of issue; but on his verbal assurance that such a loan would be forthcoming, Obregon ratified the New York agreement and, on September 29, 1922, the Mexican Congress approved it. The loan was not forthcoming, but none the less the Mexican Government attempted to fulfil its obligations. The military uprising coupled with the general depression brought Mexico to a state of bankruptcy in the fall of 1923, but President Obregon "preferred to drag the administration even deeper into poverty rather than touch the funds deposited in the national bank for payment on the foreign debt." In order to balance the budget he reduced government expenditures by some hundred million dollars and risked the popularity of the Government by levying new taxes. The taxes on oil and on the gross receipts of the railroads are being collected and these funds are being added to the bank deposits set aside for the service of the foreign debt.

An actual balance has not been achieved, however,

> partly because of the default resulting from the administration of Adolfo de la Huerta as Secretary of the Treasury, and partly because of the military campaign which, besides being a heavy expense in itself, has left us with troops in excess of those allowed by the budget, the cost of which has been progressively increasing the original deficit.

To meet this emergency the Mexican Government asked the International Committee of Bankers for a short-time loan secured by the oil taxes and other definite sources of income. This loan would make it possible for Mexico to balance its books "and assure the fulfilment of the New York agreement now and in the future."

> In order to judge the value of the security offered by this Government, the president of the International Committee of Bankers consulted the American Association of Oil Producers in Mexico on the prospects presented by the oil industry in our country. This association made a report through its president, Guy Stevens, laying down conditions for the prosperous development of the oil industry in Mexico which revealed total ignorance of our legislation and our political situation. As a result of this report the committee disregarded entirely the copious cablegraphic correspondence exchanged for three months with the Secretariat of the Treasury, in which the conditions for the loan were specifically stated, and finally refused its help, suddenly interpreting the attitude of the Government in a sense which conflicted with the interests involved in the New York agreement.

Denied help from this source, the Mexican Government decided that only harm could come to the country and ultimately to its creditors from allowing matters to go on. And so President Obregon, while pledging himself to continue his efforts to obtain funds from other sources, finally issued a decree in these terms:

> ARTICLE 1. We hereby temporarily suspend payments on the foreign debt—except for the necessary arrangements with holders of the bonds affected—which had been renewed by decree of September 29, 1922, approving the agreement signed by the Secretary of the Treasury of the Government of Mexico and the president of the International Committee of Bankers on June 16, 1922.
>
> ART. 2. This suspension will cease when the balance in the federal treasury is restored, by the use either of the funds set aside for payments on the foreign debt or the proceeds of any loan which may be contracted in the future.
>
> Wherefore, I order that this decree be printed, published, distributed, and duly enforced.
>
> Issued in the offices of the Federal Executive Power in Mexico on the 30th of June, 1924.
>
> *Mexico, June 30, 1924* A. OBREGON

England and Egypt in the Sudan

EGYPTIAN troops and Sudanese cadets under British orders at Khartum, Atbara, and Port Sudan mutinied on August 9. The revolt was immediately suppressed but the British Government at once ordered warships from Malta and the Red Sea to the Egyptian ports of Alexandria and Port Sudan and military airplanes from Cairo to Khartum. Relations between Egypt and England, already tense, became tenser. The possibilities of an amicable agreement between Premier MacDonald and Zaghlul Pasha, Premier of Egypt, who recently arrived in France on his way to London, became remoter than ever.

At present the Sudan is governed by an Anglo-Egyptian "condominium" in which the British hold the important official positions and determine policy, and the Egyptians provide the bulk of the army which maintains order. The status of the Sudan was left vague when Egypt was established as a nominally independent kingdom in March, 1922, and has been a source of friction ever since.

The Sudan, the vast territory between Egypt and the equatorial lakes, inhabited partly by Arab and partly by various Negro and Negroid tribes, was conquered by the Egyptians in the early part of the nineteenth century. In the period of Egyptian weakness when Great Britain was establishing her military occupation of Egypt the Mahdist revolt, led by a sort of communist Moslem fanatic, broke out in the Sudan and rapidly swept away every trace of British or Egyptian rule except in the Red Sea ports. The Mahdi and his successor ruled the Sudan from 1882 to 1898, when Kitchener, serving nominally as an officer of the Egyptian army, reconquered the territory. On January 19, 1899, the "condominium" under which the Sudan has since been governed was established. It was there laid down that Great Britain was "by right of conquest" entitled to "share in the settlement and future working and development of the Sudan." Under this regime Great Britain and Egypt held joint sovereignty, authority resting in a British Governor General appointed by the Khedive of Egypt upon the recommendation of Great Britain. His proclamations have the force of law. Each of the districts into which the country is divided is ruled by a British governor, and an advisory council, also British, assists the Governor General. The approximate annual cost of the armies of occupation in the Sudan is estimated to be £1,200,000, of which about £200,000 has been met by the British Government, the remaining £1,000,000 by the Egyptian Government.

The Milner Commission of 1920 expressly excluded the Sudan from its discussions, and in its report stated that its suggestions did not apply to the Sudan, on the ground that the Sudan was "a country entirely distinct from Egypt in its character and constitution." In a letter written by Lord Milner to Adli Yeghen Pasha, then Premier of Egypt, on August 18, 1920, this point was made at some length. One sentence ran: "No change in the political status of Egypt should be allowed to disturb the further development of the Sudan on a system (namely, the provisions of the Convention of 1899) which has been productive of such good results." In conformity with the Milner recommendations the question of the Sudan was expressly reserved in the declaration of Egyptian independence made by Great Britain on February 28, 1922. When the "Declaration to Egypt" was announced to the House of Commons Premier Lloyd George said of the Sudan:

> The combined efforts of Great Britain and Egypt were needed to rescue this vast country from devastation and ruin, into which the Mahdi's movement had plunged it. His Majesty's Government will never allow the progress which already has been made and the greater promise of the future years to be jeopardized, nor can His Majesty's Government agree to any change in the status of that country *which would in the slightest degree diminish the security for the many millions of British capital which already has been invested in its development.* [Italics ours.] Egypt, on the other hand, has an undeniable right to the most ample guaranties that the development of th· Sudan shall never threaten or interfere with her existing water supply, or with that which she may require in order to bring her own territory under full cultivation. Such guaranties His Majesty's Government will be ready to afford and there is no reason why they should in any way hamper or retard the progress of the Sudan.

The "many millions of British capital" to which Mr. Lloyd George referred are chiefly in irrigation and cotton projects. A dam 200 miles south of Khartum, which will at once irrigate 300,000 acres, is scheduled for completion in 1925. Other vast irrigation projects are under way. Much of the soil of the Sudan is enormously fertile. One large Sudan cotton company, in which the Asquith family is heavily interested, was recently bitterly attacked in the House of Commons, and the charge was made that the Asquith interest had influenced British policy. Under British rule the country has been developed. In 1898 the revenue raised from it was 35,000 Egyptian pounds; twenty years later it amounted to 2½ millions.

The Sudan question remained in abeyance for nearly two years. Zaghlul Pasha, the Egyptian Nationalist leader who was exiled by the British in 1921, and was triumphantly named premier in January, 1924, following his release, planned to go to London last spring to negotiate about its status. Reports that even the Labor Government was not prepared to give Egypt a substantially larger share in the real control of the Sudan, however, caused Zaghlul to hesitate. He demanded further assurances that Mr. MacDonald, in the words of Zaghlul's cablegram of May 11, did not intend "to restrict either the basis or the scope of the discussions." Such assurances were given, but Zaghlul was not satisfied and a series of telegrams followed. Zaghlul asked on June 8 that he be assured that "the fact of his having entered negotiations would not be brought up against him" and that the negotiations "would be free from all restrictive conditions."

This correspondence was interrupted by a debate in the House of Lords on June 25. In the course of this debate Viscount Grey, the former Liberal Foreign Minister, said, according to the *Manchester Guardian* for June 26:

> It was the British who recovered the Sudan, and the Government should make it clear that the question of the Sudan was one between the British and the Sudanese, and was something in which the Egyptian Government had no say at all. In the question of the Nile water Egypt had a great interest, of course, and here there was a case for a joint commission which would insure that neither Egypt nor the Sudan starved each other of water. It might be wise to appoint an American chairman of the commission. He feared there was an impression in Egypt that we had been on the run. If we intended to stop in the Sudan we should make it clear at the earliest possible moment that we intended to do so.

BALDWIN - PHILADELPHIA

are two words which are known the world over where railways have been built.

Baldwin locomotives are making fine records in railway, plantation and industrial service in Mexico. The illustration shows a heavy passenger locomotive built for the National Railways.

THE BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS

Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

Mexican Representative:—PAUL G. CHEATHAM, Engineer, 2 A, Capuchinas 48, Mexico, D. F.

The West Coast of Mexico

is today not unlike what California was seventy years ago, and, just as the Southern Pacific's vision of the great possibilities of California has been realized, so will be demonstrated the wisdom of its expenditure of——

$14,000,000.00

for improvements in its existing Mexican facilities and the construction of——

One Hundred Miles of New Track Between Tepic and La Quemada

which is to effect a connection at Orendain with the National Railways of Mexico and provide a new and short route from the western section of the United States and the West Coast of Mexico to the interior of the Republic of Mexico. It is expected that the Tepic-La Quemada track will be completed by the end of next year.

Prospectors, Investors and Homeseekers

should visit this marvelous country and see for themselves its beauties and resources. It is reached by the *Sunset Route* and the *Southern Pacific Railroad of Mexico*. The latter operates through a coastal plain averaging thirty miles wide and seven hundred miles in length. It is watered by fifteen large rivers and various small streams, furnishing an abundance of water for irrigation. The soil and climate are favorable to the production of commodities grown in tropical, semi-tropical and temperate zones; and, by diversification, the land may be productively utilized the year round.

When the new track is completed a scenic route of marvelous beauty will be made available and easy of access for tourists who are more and more seeking new and "different" travel attractions this side of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. ***Write for further information***

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

Southern Pacific Lines

New York	New Orleans	Houston	San Francisco	Tucson	Guaymas
165 Broadway	Pan-American Bank Bldg.	Southern Pacific Bldg.	Southern Pacific Bldg.	Arizona	Sonora, Mexico

In reply Lord Parmoor, Lord President of the Council, speaking for the Government, said that

> The Government was not going to abandon the Sudan in any sense whatever. It recognized the obligations that had been taken toward the Sudanese, and it regarded those obligations as of such a character that they could not be abandoned without very serious loss of prestige. No change of status in the Sudan would be allowed or carried through without the authority of Parliament.

This statement caused a tremendous uproar in Egypt. Zaghlul Pasha, after commenting on Lord Parmoor's speech in the Egyptian Chamber, resigned. As reported in the *Manchester Guardian* of June 30, he said:

> We cannot abandon the Sudan—not because it is a colony, but because the Sudan is a part of ourselves, because it is the source of our life, because Egypt cannot live without the Sudan. Force compelled us to abandon part of it. We evacuated reluctantly, but then took it again at the price of very heavy sacrifices of blood and money. We have spent enormous sums in the Sudan, and are continuing to do so, while a numerous Egyptian army is occupying the Sudan to insure its protection.
>
> Under these circumstances, after all the millions spent, after all the bloodshed, after all the sacrifices made, knowing that our very existence depends upon the Nile, we can never, unless we become a dead nation, abandon to others the slightest part of the Sudan.

He then called attention to the fact that he had repeatedly repudiated the declaration of February 28, 1922. He had said he would resign if he could not negotiate except upon the basis of that declaration, and he proceeded to do so. The Chamber, however, unanimously voted its confidence in him, and Zaghlul, after submitting his resignation to the King, who refused to accept it, was persuaded to remain in office.

The crisis in Egypt naturally precipitated discussion in the British House of Commons, in the course of which Ramsay MacDonald made the following statement:

> I have been hoping that the questions still outstanding between an independent Egypt and ourselves might have been settled in the calm conditions of personal negotiations between Said Zaghlul Pasha and myself. . . . I regret that statements have been made to the Egyptian Parliament and action taken to create trouble in the Sudan which can only be explained as an attempt to force my hand and deprive Zaghlul Pasha of the liberty to negotiate. I was looking forward with pleasure and expectation to a meeting with Zaghlul Pasha and discussion with him on the best interests and accepted responsibilities of our respective countries, and I have desired to say nothing which would have limited the freedom of discussion which we ought to claim. But in view of what has happened, it is necessary that I should make it clear to all concerned that I do not believe that this House would accept any arrangement which would break our pledges given to the Sudan or jeopardize the present administration and development of that country. I believe hearty good-will between Egypt and ourselves is of the utmost importance to both of us, and I still trust that those responsible for the governments of both countries will refuse to countenance the impossible demands which will destroy the prospects of such settlement.

Zaghlul was on his way to London, still in a determined mood, to attempt negotiation in this difficult situation, when the outbreaks in the Sudan led to the dispatch of British troops and warships.

National Railways of Mexico

(Mexican Government Administration)

OUR Lines Traverse Twenty-two of the Twenty-eight States of the Republic of Mexico.

THROUGH Pullman Drawing Room Sleepers and Club-cafe Cars, Serving all meals between Houston and San Antonio, Mexico City and Tampico. Also Regular Pullman Service to other principal points.

THE Mexican Capital, only thirty-four hours from the border, is one of the most fascinating cities on the continent—scenic, picturesque, and intensely interesting. Not the least among its wonders is its marvellous year 'round climate, making it not only famous as a winter resort, but a delightful place for a summer vacation.

THERE are other localities and cities where the climate is just as agreeable and with historic attributes and beauty equally appealing.

OUR Land and Industrial Department is equipped to furnish information on agricultural sections and on large and small properties for sale, and to investigate opportunities for investors. Write for our new illustrated booklet, "Agriculture in Mexico."

J. M. CARDENAS,
General Passenger Agent
Bolivar 19, Mexico, D. F.

L. VALDES,
General Freight Agent,
Bolivar 19, Mexico, D. F.

J. B. ROWLAND,
Land and Industrial Commissioner,
Bolivar 19, Mexico, D. F.

S. W. FISHER,
General Agent,
327 S. La Salle St.,
Chicago, Ill.

F. P. DE HOYOS,
General Agent,
3505 Woolworth Bldg.,
New York, N. Y.

J. B. ALEMAN,
General Agent,
309 Gulf Building,
Houston, Texas.

F. TREVINO,
General Agent,
I-G. N. Bldg.,
Laredo, Texas.

F. N. PUENTE,
General Agent,
681 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1924 No. 3087

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 227
EDITORIALS:
How "Dangerous" Is La Follette? 229
The Helpless Associated Press 230
A Women's Bloc? 230
Yum-Yum! 231
OPIUM AND ENGLAND. By Ellen N. La Motte 232
NEW MORALS FOR OLD:
Communist Puritans. By Louis Fischer 235
DIRECT VOTING FOR PRESIDENT. By William Hard 236
ENGLAND AND RUSSIA AGREE. By Philip J. Rabinovitch 237
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 238
CORRESPONDENCE 239
LOOK OUT. By Edgar Lee Masters 240
BOOKS:
The American Manner. By Johan J. Smertenko 240
Artifice. By J. W. Krutch 241
An Amateur at Literature. By William A. Drake 241
Down to the Sea in Ships. By Oswald Garrison Villard 242
Books in Brief 242
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Anglo-Russian Treaty 243
Russia's Harvest 245

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
Managing Editor Literary Editor
ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager
Contributing Editors
ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS
ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 86, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

IN A FAIRY STORY, "The Fortress Unvanquishable Except for Sacnoth," Lord Dunsany tells how the all-powerful magician Gaznak long terrorized the people of Allathurion. None dared attack the demon until the brave Leothric, armed with the sword called Sacnoth, penetrated the fortress and with a single whir of the invincible weapon cut off Gaznak's head. Then Leothric looked around him, "and there was no fortress nor sound of dragon or mortal, only beside him lay an old man, wizened and evil and dead." A few weeks ago the Ku Klux Klan had Americans so terrorized that not one of the national political conventions dared even breathe its name. Suddenly Senator La Follette, wielding the sword Common Sense, boldly attacked the Invisible Empire. Mr. Davis followed presently in defying the Klan, and then the irrepressible Mr. Dawes, unwilling that the Republicans should be left virtually as the party of the K. K. K., added a milk-and-water condemnation. Now it is predicted that even Cautious Calvin Coolidge will fearlessly approach the Klan from behind and twist its tail. Having waited, as in the Boston police strike, until majority sentiment showed itself against the Klan, Mr. Coolidge will probably pose as the upholder of "law and order"—the savior of the country. But let it not be forgotten this time whose was the first blow that crumpled the walls of the Invisible Empire.

MEANWHILE OTHER EVENTS are taking place which may bring it about that this Klan, of whose secret power all the political conventions stood in dread a few weeks ago, will have turned into the road toward oblivion by Election Day. The growth of the K. K. K. has been like a rash on the body politic, subsiding suddenly in one place to break out in another. Quackery and commercialism ruined its hold quickly in the Southeastern States, where it first rose to power. But it subsided there only to become virulent in the Southwestern part of the United States and later in the Middle West. Now the Southwest has had enough of it. The victory of ex-Governor Walton, anti-Klan candidate in the Democratic primary for United States Senator in Oklahoma, has been followed by the still more impressive triumph of Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson in Texas, the fortress of Klanism in the Southwest. "Ma" Ferguson, who won the Democratic nomination for Governor against the Klan candidate by about 100,000 majority, will thus probably become the first woman head of any of our States. *The Nation* has all along advocated free speech and a fair field for the Klan, and has condemned arbitrary action against it. We have been persuaded that its bigotry and buncombe could not long endure; that, if not martyrized, American common sense would presently repudiate it. Such a process now seems to be at work.

NEWSPAPER GARBLING with a view to bolstering the editorial position of the journal in question appeared at its worst in the summary which the New York *Herald Tribune* printed on August 17 of the statement of the Federal Council of Churches in regard to National Defense Day (originally called "Mobilization Day"). The head was:

PUBLIC OPINION RALLIES AROUND DEFENSE DAY
Federal Council of Churches Finds Protests Represent Only a Minority, Its Bulletin Announces
WIDE SUPPORT PLEDGED
Delay in Giving Out Full Order of War Department Declared Unfortunate

Below this head was a short account, giving the impression that the Federal Council of Churches justified National Defense Day, whereas a reading of the organization's statement in full carries just the opposite conviction. The report contains the material used in the newspaper, but the latter has so divorced it from its context that it is wholly misleading—and therefore untrue. The *Herald Tribune* prints a regular feature called "The Truth," in which it says it "will be glad to receive and publish corrections of inaccuracies in its columns." We suggest that it apologize here for its garbled version of the report of the Federal Council of Churches, or else print the document in full.

MOST AMERICANS and many Englishmen thought the Irish question settled by the Anglo-Irish Treaty in 1922. But Ulster and Sinn Fein have not yet agreed to agree. Southern Ireland feels that Ulster's obstreperousness is due to the political machinations of the Unionist Party and the House of Lords; Ulster feels that the Free State has always in mind a united Ireland under the rule of Celtic and Roman Catholic influences. Alternate attempts at a settlement, first by force and then by arbitration, finally culminated in the Anglo-Irish Treaty. Article 12 of that treaty postponed the boundary issue, apparently

in the hope that time would bring the two parties together. The hoped-for has not happened. According to the provisions of Article 12 a Boundary Commission has been set up, and Great Britain and the Free State have appointed their representatives. Ulster refuses to appoint a commissioner, apparently fearing to lose the provinces of Fermanagh and Tyrone and the city of Londonderry.

IN THIS IMPASSE the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has ruled that an amendment to the treaty is necessary before Great Britain can act for Northern Ireland. When Parliament convenes it will give first consideration to this question. Already it seems to have aroused all the emotion and bad feeling that Irish problems have always stirred. Conservatives and Liberals who negotiated the treaty are particularly eager that the instrument stand as it is without arousing further the old animosities. They feel, if Mr. Austen Chamberlain can be taken as their spokesman, that Sir James Craig and Mr. Cosgrave should meet and settle the question between themselves. The Boundary Commission would then be used only to ratify their agreement. In the event of failure, the London *Nation* calls it a clear-cut task for the Cabinet to introduce legislation to enable the Boundary Commission to act. The former method seems the preferable because no legislation is going to coerce Ulster and the Free State into cooperation.

ENGLAND LIKES TO BELIEVE, and to publish her belief, that the opium-using populations of her eastern empire are wedded to the habit and to wipe out the traffic would be impossible. Occasional pathetic appeals from native groups tend to throw doubt on the reality of this situation. In her excellent article in this issue of *The Nation* Ellen La Motte describes the futile efforts of members of British Malaya to rid themselves of imported opium. At its meeting in July the All-India Congress Committee adopted an interesting resolution showing how the leaders of Indian opinion feel about that particular "necessary evil."

> In the opinion of the All-India Congress Committee the opium policy of the Government of India is altogether contrary to the moral welfare of the people of India. The Congress Committee is of the further opinion that the people of India would welcome the total abolition of the opium traffic for the purpose of revenue, and is also of the opinion that the production of opium is out of all proportion to the medicinal requirements of India.

As long as British governments wax fat off the revenues from opium, they will manage to find reasons why the drug cannot be abolished. The peoples of the East look to the disinterested influence of the United States eventually to lift this load from their shoulders.

SOMETIMES IT SEEMS as if the Monroe Doctrine exists solely that it may be invoked whenever we want to do something shady in Latin America. Take, for instance, the statement of Albert Strauss of the New York banking house of J. and W. Seligman and Company before the Williamstown Institute of Politics that the Monroe Doctrine obligates us to collect a loan due a foreign government in Latin America in case the debtor is delinquent. The argument, of course, is that otherwise the creditor government has an excuse for taking measures against the debtor, the justice of which we cannot question. But the fact is that we need only to promulgate a fair and common-sense doctrine in regard our own debts in foreign countries to deflate completely such specious argument. Our Government does not collect debts or validate bad investments for its citizens here in the United States. Why should it do so when they invest their money abroad? Neither does our Government collect for foreign states or their nationals in this country. It has never reimbursed Great Britain or the British for money lent to various of our States, and not repaid, nor has it recognized the right of Great Britain to collect by force. We are glad to note that Leo S. Rowe, director general of the Pan-American Union, took sharp issue with Mr. Strauss. But Mr. Rowe himself went astray in suggesting that our Government supervise the loans of our citizens to Latin America. As Oscar T. Crosby, formerly Under Secretary of the Treasury, pointed out, this means meddling with, and an indirect control over, Latin-American nations. The only policy for our Government is that of "Hands off."

IF THERE IS PATHOS in the breaking up of a yacht which has defended the America's Cup, there is more still in the sale and intended dismantling of the famous Herreshoff shipyard at Bristol, R. I. For a cup defender is a butterfly that spreads its wings for a summer and dies; it is built for one highly specialized competition, and that over it is virtually of no further use. But the Herreshoff shipyard is the mother of all the America's Cup defenders since 1893, having sent forth in succession the Vigilant, the Defender, the Columbia, the Reliance, and the Resolute to vanquish the challengers first of Lord Dunraven and then of Sir Thomas Lipton. The passing of the Bristol shipyard means the end of the Herreshoff genius in yacht designing, and seems almost like giving away a leg on the America's Cup itself. The Bristol plant was established in 1864 by John B. Herreshoff, who later took in his brother "Nat." The taciturn "Nat" has been considered as having the greater mechanical ability, but John B. was a magician in modeling even after blindness came upon him a number of years before his death in 1915. The gradual decay of the Herreshoffs' business suggests that the same standardization which rules elsewhere is crowding individuality out of yacht building too. The brothers wanted, it is said, to build a challenger for the America's Cup, which might have proved strikingly different from the Resolute and its predecessors, since challenging for the trophy means constructing a vessel to cross the Atlantic under its own sail. But for a generation the Herreshoffs fashioned such perfect defenders that they spoiled their chance to build a challenger.

WITH THIS ISSUE Mark Van Doren becomes literary editor of *The Nation*, and Joseph Wood Krutch assumes the dramatic editorship, succeeding Ludwig Lewisohn. That valued member of the staff is abroad for a lengthy stay and, therefore, joins the ranks of our contributing editors. We are happy in being able to assure our readers that Mr. Lewisohn's gifted pen will continue to add to their pleasure and enlightenment. Irita Van Doren joins Stuart Sherman in editing the new literary supplement of the New York *Herald Tribune*. It is a happy reflection of the increasing interest in books that the *Herald Tribune* is planning to develop its literary department on a large scale and has placed the management in such competent hands.

How "Dangerous" Is La Follette?

IF Mr. Dawes did not exist, it is evident that someone like him would have to be created for this campaign. He gives the needed conservative-swashbuckling touch to the battle. He speaks for the type of mind in the National Civic Federation, the society for the preservation unaltered of our Constitution, for our Rotarians and our simon-pure reactionaries of all descriptions. To him La Follette is, of course, the "enemy," and so all the familiar arguments used by the regular Republicans against Roosevelt in 1912 are once more trotted out. La Follette, Mr. Dawes asserts, is launching a "formidable attack" upon the "fundamental principles of our Constitution." He is "leading the army of extreme radicals, has a platform demanding public ownership of railroads and attacking our courts which are a fundamental and constitutional safeguard of American citizenship." His followers are "a heterogeneous collection of those opposing the existing order of things, the greatest section of which, the Socialists, flies the red flag; and into what? Into confusion and conflict of ideas and ideals."

This causes chills to creep up and down the spine of our good but unhappy friend the New York *World,* which sees in it "a declaration of class war" and asserts that "a more dangerous, a more foolish, a more unstatesmanlike speech has not been made in our time." Bless the *World's* sensitive soul! Mr. Dawes has been engaged in nothing else than fomenting class war these several years. Founder of the Minute Men in Chicago, most outspoken and determined upholder of the open shop, advocate of smashing the unions and locking up anybody who dares to believe in any ism except his own—well, what other kind of speech did the *World* think Mr. Dawes would make? Inconsistency has not so far been charged against him, whatever else may be said. He is only running true to form, and if he could prove his charges they would make ammunition from the Republican Party's point of view. If he can "throw a red scare" into the country by denouncing La Follette as a Bolshevik and a near-anarchist, who keeps bad company and is to be known by it, so much the better.

The only difficulty is that the country shows as yet no signs of alarm. The people know, and many regret, that if La Follette is elected he will no more have a well-disciplined Congress of his own faith behind him than would Mr. Davis or President Coolidge, should they be elected. They know that so far as the courts are concerned they cannot be hobbled unless Congress agrees, and that no fundamental change in the Constitution can be made except by the slow and weary process of amendment. The people are aware that Senator La Follette suggests nothing as to the courts more radical than the recall of decisions, once advocated by Theodore Roosevelt. Moreover, it is not likely that the multitude will find their hair standing on end at the prospect of government ownership of railroads—if and when Congress can be won to it—in view of the fact that our northern neighbor, Canada, is steadily moving in that direction by increasing the mileage of its government-owned railroads. Mr. Dawes will, therefore, do well to dwell upon some other of the "dangerous" features of La Follette's candidacy if he would cause his listeners to have gooseflesh. Let him dwell upon the dangers of a political-labor movement, holding up as an example the administration of Ramsay MacDonald in England (but here he must carefully omit to point out that it is this same Labor Government which has made the Dawes plan possible in Europe). If we must have scarecrows, Mr. Dawes ought to give us some with the power to frighten.

But another handicap is the fact that by no means all of La Follette's supporters are Socialists or radicals. As to that we have some expert testimony from the lips of no less an ally and supporter of Mr. Dawes than Nicholas Murray Butler. Upon returning lately from a six weeks' trip to California, he declared in an interview in the New York *Evening Post:* "You would be surprised at the number of people who say they are going to vote for La Follette. I don't mean people of extreme radical type like the I.W.W.'s, but those who could be described as solid and substantial." They were, he added, people who had become convinced that neither of the old parties was serving the interests of the country. Hence, they were determined to try a new deal. These "solid and substantial" people are not going to be frightened by Mr. Dawes's scarecrows. A good many of them are going to say frankly that even if it is true that La Follette has as radically dangerous ideas as Mr. Dawes believes, they will chance them in order to put into the White House a man of such shining personal honesty as the Senator from Wisconsin. They know that this cry of dangerous radicalism, plus charges of sedition and treason, has been brought against Senator La Follette in his own State, and that his fellow-citizens there have four times sent him to the Senate, the last time with a majority of 375,000. No, we are not afraid that Mr. Dawes's attacks upon Senator La Follette will seriously foment class hatred or increase the various brands of sectional distrust we now have. We feel that such opposition honors Senator La Follette and that the attacks will react in his favor.

The attention that Mr. Dawes is paying to the La Follette-Wheeler ticket is proof of the strides that ticket is making. Many Republican politicians and newspapers are indifferent to Mr. Davis, but are whetting their knives for La Follette. They know that he is the candidate to be feared, though he has no organization, no machine, few leaders to help him, and next to no money. Without preparation, his campaign is progressing much as did that of the British Labor Party in England last fall. Its supporters have their hearts in it; there are no paid machine hacks among them. Before us lies a printed "political bulletin" of the National Republican League. We read:

> Republicans must learn from experience to meet the campaign attacks of the radicals or suffer defeat. To guide us we have the experiences of Republican candidates who were defeated in Republican States by radical forces, and of Republican workers in those sections. From these we learn many interesting things. The radicals have frequent meetings, and in many instances keep themselves personally poor by giving money with the zeal of crusaders to their cause.

Precisely that zeal of the crusader is giving the Republicans their fear of the La Follette forces. They and the Democrats have not one thing new or hopeful or constructive to offer. It is but the old stupid choice of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The La Follette ticket alone points the way to a wiser and nobler America.

The Helpless Associated Press

UNDER the by-laws of the Associated Press any member may exercise the right to protest against the admission of any other newspaper owner who publishes in his immediate territory, and that protest is final unless overridden by a vote of four-fifths of the entire membership. No feature of the organization of the Associated Press has drawn more fire than this. It has led to suggestions that all news associations be compelled by law to supply their service to any applicant and to charges that the object of this particular by-law was to build up local news monopolies and make the service of ever greater cash value to the fortunate holder. As other news services have arisen, the charge of seeking monopolistic control hardly lies; none the less this by-law constitutes a great weakness of the Associated Press, renders it subject to just criticism, and is actually hindering its own development.

This last fact has been demonstrated anew by a ballot taken in the hope of overriding the protest rights in Baltimore and Rochester—a ballot taken by mail after a three months' argument for and against the contenders for election. Nothing like this contest has, we believe, ever happened before in the history of the Associated Press. The defender and upholder of the sacred protest right was, comically enough, William R. Hearst. The applicants were high-grade newspaper men, the publishers of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* and of the Rochester *Times-Union*. Ordinarily any news service would be only too pleased to enrol among its users newspapers of this fine quality, but Mr. Hearst was, and is, the dog in the manger. He refuses to yield to his rivals in these two cities, and the selfishness and shortsightedness of a minority of the membership of what ought to be an enlightened institution upheld him. Of 900 votes cast in the Baltimore fight 565 favored the admission of the *Evening Sun* and 335 upheld Mr. Hearst. In the Rochester case the vote was 500 for the admission of the *Times-Union* to 340 opposed. Since these majorities were not sufficient, Mr. Hearst won.

Now the joke of all this is that this William R. Hearst is the same William R. Hearst who was convicted in 1917-1918 by one court after another of wholesale cheating and of stealing from the Associated Press which he as a member was in duty bound to protect and respect. The evidence laboriously compiled by the Associated Press under the personal direction of Melville E. Stone showed that Mr. Hearst had for years been pirating the news for the benefit of his own news service which he was building up as a rival to the Associated Press. It was confidently expected, after the Supreme Court handed down its decision establishing the vital principle that news may be owned in America by those originating it, that Mr. Hearst would be dropped from membership as unfit for continued association with the organization which he had done his best to injure and from which he had stolen deliberately. But its directors had neither the courage nor the sagacity to take this radical step. Mr. Hearst has since gone on buying newspapers with Associated Press memberships, so that he is today more than ever intrenched within the association.

Of course the Hearst employees who carried on the fight were jubilant, and their comment upon it was characteristically materialistic. They felt that all the members ought to rejoice, "because the decisive result increases the value of their memberships." What is worrying the more thoughtful members, however, is the fact that in the cities of Baltimore and Rochester the news furnished to the Associated Press from those cities is supplied to the entire Associated Press membership only by Mr. Hearst, owner and promoter of a competing news service. It is no wonder that the Associated Press directors voted 14 to 1 in favor of the two applicants. The directors are in a ridiculous position; and all because they had not the moral courage to expel this man when they had caught him in flagrant dereliction. As for Mr. Hearst, he must be laughing in his sleeve if he is not laughing out loud.

This is an untenable position for the Associated Press, and it cannot fail to have far-reaching consequences if determined efforts are not made to change the by-law. For that regulation there doubtless was good reason in the early days of the association; it has protected newspaper owners from the founding of "strike" newspapers—newspapers founded to be bought, as a sort of blackmail. But the issue raised in the Baltimore and Rochester cases is of far greater importance to the welfare of the Associated Press than these considerations. Somehow or other a way out must be found if the Associated Press is not to suffer seriously both within its ranks and in public esteem.

A Women's Bloc?

WITH a sure instinct the National Woman's Party invariably challenges public attention and climbs to the top of the first page of the newspapers. Its latest step is to repudiate all men in politics and to come out for a women's bloc in Congress. It will "do its utmost to elect all women nominees, irrespective of their political affiliations, who seem qualified to sit in Congress and who will support the equal-rights amendment and a general feminist program."

This is good publicity; but we doubt whether it is good politics. The Woman's Party has always consistently followed the policy of supporting one issue at a time. It supported suffrage, and suffrage only, until women had the vote; now it is supporting an equal-rights amendment, and will help to elect only one breed of candidate: women who will support that amendment. But votes are needed for the success of such a program, and the Woman's Party asks the voters of the country to forget too many unforgettable facts. Even the women voters are more than women in these days: they are citizens, many of whom have felt the edge of hunger and the burden of economic injustice; they are workers, farmers, housekeepers, not only females and voters. Can the Woman's Party expect these people to support a Republican candidate because she happens to be pledged to the equal-rights amendment? Can they even ask the women supporters of Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Dawes to vote for a woman running on La Follette's ticket?

Before women had the vote it was possible to argue that all issues must stand aside and wait for the granting of that primary right. But once the vote was won, women walked into the field, their new weapon in hand, ready to fall upon any enemy that happened to look inviting. A large number of the more conservative suffragists found themselves in the League of Women Voters, a nonpartisan body devoted to women's interests and interests deeply touching women—chiefly welfare measures, various reform projects, and peace. This organization avoids violently

controversial questions like birth control. It opposes the "whole-hog" feministic policy of the Woman's Party. It takes no stand on general economic issues. It has no policy for or against women in office; it works through the men and the existing parties. It has done much good work, but its caution and political aloofness will prevent it from ever becoming a fighting force.

The Woman's Party on the other hand has remained militant. It is not interested in anything but equality for women. It ignores social and political problems which do not touch its immediate program. It took no cognizance of the industrial problem until it stubbed its toe on the question of welfare legislation—endangered or doomed by the Woman's Party amendment—and then it boldly kicked the impediment out of the way, saying: "If equality means wiping out social legislation affecting women, let the legislation go, and good riddance to it." It hopes that it can keep the attention of voting women as steadily fixed on one object as it could that of disfranchised women. We believe that this is impossible; women are going to vote according to the dictates of class interest and personal interest as well as sex interest. There are other revolutions going on in the world besides the women's revolution.

But we agree none the less that no party, left to itself, will allow women an equal chance. Neither labor nor the farmer nor the business man nor the banker is ready to assume executive and political ability in women. They will steadily, perhaps instinctively, resist any such belief. They will accede to women's demands only so far as they wish to please or placate the woman vote. For every party job, for every political office, for every legal change in the direction of equality, women will have to fight as women. Inside the party organizations the women will have to wage their own battle for recognition and equal rights. But the lines will be drawn inside party lines, not across them.

After all, women are an indivisible part of this country's population; they cannot live under a women's Congress and a special set of feminine laws and economic conditions. They, as well as men, suffer when our government is prostituted, and lose their employment when economic hardship sweeps the country. They, like men, have a vote, and like men they will in the long run tend to elect people and parties who represent their whole interest. To be sure, apart from men, they have a special group interest. The Woman's Party amendment is at the moment the one active national expression of that interest. But, whether it is a good amendment or not, it will never be won by asking women voters to forget they are also human beings.

There is no doubt that a large body of active feminist support will swing to the Progressive ticket this fall. Before La Follette was nominated a "Woman's Committee for Political Action" was working for a new political line-up. For the purposes of the campaign these women have merged with the La Follette organization, but they intend to maintain a separate ultimate identity within the progressive movement until equal representation for women is won. They want women to run for office as generally as men, but they would have them run on a platform of general economic progress. They believe that women must be allied with progressivism if they would be free; and that a new party must adopt the cause of women if it would be progressive. It is too early to say whether this particular group will develop power or importance; but some such alliance of active partisan progressivism and feminism appeals to us as the best hope for the women of the country.

Yum-Yum!

HAS the old-fashioned clam-chowder vanished? This is the question which a correspondent puts to the learned editor of the esteemed New York *World*. We read:

> In Manhattan restaurants the "clam chowder" has been short of clams for many years and is nothing more than a vegetable chowder.
>
> Down on Coney Island, where clams ought to be plentiful and cheap, the conditions are even worse. The other day I yearned to feast on a real clam chowder with clams. After trying three places I gave up in despair. The first bowl of chowder contained no clams, but I thought I detected the taste of them. It gave me an appetite and encouraged me to further search. My second bowl was composed largely of potatoes and a chunk of tomato with the usual cracker on the side. It was potato soup pure and simple.
>
> I then repaired to a place which some years ago prided itself on its "famous clam chowder." I asked the waiter whether he had any clam chowder with clams. "Yes, sir," was the ready response. But what he brought me was a vegetable chowder. I asked him where the clams were and he replied: "They're all cooked up." And, strange to say, they left no taste or odor or trace.

Editor-like, the big chief of the *World* prints his correspondent's question, but fails to answer it. So we will. In reply to the mournful query, Has the old-fashioned clam chowder vanished? we answer even more mournfully: "In New York City it never existed." We blush for the palate of the correspondent if he thinks clam chowder can be made merely by the use of clams. Of course it is desirable, as he suggests, that they should be among its ingredients. The tendency nowadays to make clam chowder of dishwater and a pinch of salt is to be deplored from every standpoint except the conservation of our natural resources. But there is another ingredient as essential as clams. Clam chowder should be made *with milk*.

It is the uniform failure to recognize this that leads us to say that clam chowder has never existed in New York City. The Gotham fashion is to serve a water broth, flavored with tomato and bacon, thickened with chopped potato, and—in times gone by—at least garnished with small particles of clam. Now we submit that even in the generous old days when the particles of clam could be tasted, and sometimes observed with a strong glass, this mixture did not constitute clam chowder.

No, the writer of the mournful letter should ship himself somewhere east of Gotham if he would have true clam chowder. We have never sampled the dish in Connecticut or Rhode Island, but we know it is to be had in Boston and other seaports in the State of the Sacred Codfish. There clam chowder consists of thick chunks of clams stewed in rich milk and swimming side by side with slices of potato and onion, the whole seasoned so perfectly that it is impossible to say with what. And in these parts clam chowder has a delectable competitor. It is fish chowder. Made substantially like the other dish, except with generous hunks of haddock or cod in place of clams, this is a chowder fit not merely for kings but even for movie actors, bootleggers, and other multi-millionaires. For a bowl (a plateful would be mere tantalization) of either clam or fish chowder as they make it Way Down East any epicure would walk, hop, or crawl a mile. When we think of it we are prepared to forgive Massachusetts even Calvin Coolidge.

Yum-yum!

Opium and England

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

WHENEVER the opium trade is mentioned one inevitably speaks of England. The two go together, hopelessly intertwined, because for a century and a half England has so closely identified herself with this traffic that there is no way of mentioning the one without of necessity speaking of Great Britain's share in it. The lion's share, unfortunately! A country which stands head and shoulders above all other countries, an outstanding figure in a business which shocks the moral sense of the world! True, other countries have engaged in the opium trade, but not to the same extent, nor are they countries with the same power and prestige. Therefore, however much we may admire Great Britain in many other ways, it is impossible for any one with sincere convictions about the immorality of the opium trade to avoid being called "anti-British." If we are to fight this thing out of existence we shall make no headway by concentrating our attention on the weaker, lesser nations and ignoring the chief offender. And the very moment when the great British Empire frees itself from the stigma which it has deliberately incurred, at that moment will the anti-British argument fall to the ground. But until that happens, we cannot fight opium without mention of its principal upholder.

In the first place, Great Britain has three separate interests in opium. As a producing country, India leads in the world output; as a consuming country, Great Britain has more colonies where opium is eaten and smoked than any other nation; and as a manufacturing country, England plays a great role in the manufacture of morphia, heroin, codeine, which are derivatives of opium. France is a manufacturing country, and permits smoking in her colony of Indo-China; Holland is a manufacturing country, and permits smoking in the Netherlands East Indies; Japan is a manufacturing country, and permits smoking in Formosa. China, Persia, and Turkey are producing and consuming, but not manufacturing countries. The British Empire alone plays all three parts, and has financial stakes of three sorts—as producer, as consumer, and as manufacturer. No other country has more than two forms of direct financial interest; some have only one. It is not surprising, therefore, because of these diverse but extremely lucrative divisions of the trade, that we find Great Britain the chief opponent of its suppression.

Roughly speaking, the world's opium output is as follows:

British India	about	1,500	tons	per	year
Persia	"	162	"	"	"
Turkey	"	250	"	"	"
Balkan States (Serbia, Greece, etc.)	"	157	"	"	"
China (output contraband)	"	?	"	"	"

There is no doubt that China is a very large producer, having backslided since 1917 when poppy cultivation was brought to an end. But China is now betrayed and discouraged. The history of her struggle against opium, continued over a century and a half, is sad reading. Suffice it to say, she now seems to have given up the effort, content to settle down under the tons of morphia being smuggled in to her, discouraged over the open traffic in the foreign concessions, and generally beaten in her futile effort to free herself from this curse. At the present moment it is a favorite argument to point to China's shortcomings as responsible for the world's drug situation, and to say that until China reforms the situation is hopeless. But to expect China to take the lead in opium reform—a country whose sovereignty is reduced to the vanishing-point through foreign aggression, a country that must obtain the consent of a dozen foreign countries for gracious permission to raise her customs dues half a cent—is absurd. This talk about China and her "vast" output smacks of an effort to distract attention from other more powerful and responsible countries. There is, however, no doubt that China's production is very large —the nation today may be likened to a drug addict that has relapsed. The insurgent generals and others raise opium for personal gain and as a means of paying the troops. Little of this opium is exported—it is all consumed within the borders of China. If, however, those European Powers with a strangle-hold on China's finances would allow that hapless country to raise revenues through increased customs dues, China might not have to resort to opium in place of cash. But, no, no protective tariffs to interfere with European trade. And loud complaints on the part of the great Powers that nothing can be done about opium in other parts of the world till China "sets her house in order." Thus the snake swallows its own tail.

Persia, Turkey, and the Balkan states (which produce "Turkish" opium) raise the fine opium used in making morphia and other alkaloids. This output has a distinct value for medicinal use, as the Western world understands that term. On the other hand, Indian opium has no such value, for we are repeatedly told that it is not manufactured into morphia, and is therefore in no way responsible for the morphia and heroin which the drug peddler retails in Europe and the United States. Indian opium, therefore, is a superfluous commodity as far as its medicinal value is concerned, and is produced solely for drugging—for eating or smoking as the case may be. Half of the output is retained in India, where it is sold through thousands of shops licensed by the Government, and eaten in the form of pills. The other half is exported to the "opium-consuming countries" of the Far East—to six or eight British colonies, to the French colony of Indo-China, to the Dutch East Indies, to Portuguese Macao, and to Japanese Formosa. There it is used for smoking. And smoking and eating mean enormous revenue to all these colonial governments. Hence . . .

In India the opium revenue amounts to 3 per cent of the total. But Indian opium, when exported to other countries, yields far richer returns. As a money-getter Indian opium is much more important in the colonies than in the country of its origin. Thus, according to *Foreign Affairs* (London) for November, 1923:

> In reply to Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, who asked Parliament last session for details of the amount of revenue received by various colonies from the sales of opium, the Colonial Secretary supplied these figures:

PROPORTION OF REVENUE DERIVED FROM OPIUM

	Per cent
Hongkong	22.4
Straits Settlements	45.5
Federated Malay States	16.8
Sarawak	14.
Ceylon	0.75
Johore	34.25
Kedah	38.3
Perlis	44.3
Kelantan	23.5
Trenggannu	37.7
Brunei	14.9
North Borneo	12.3

Apart from this direct revenue opium has another value—it attracts labor. Many of these equatorial colonies depend for their labor supply upon Chinese, Japanese, and other coolies, lured by the prospect of unlimited opium. The general prosperity of certain colonies, the successful working of mines and estates, depends upon imported labor, much of it contract or indentured. Whatever destruction of human life this "prosperity" involves is as nothing when compared to the "prosperity" itself. China's millions can always be drawn upon to replace the waste.

Last autumn one of these British colonies, the Federated Malay States, presented a pathetic little appeal, asking that the opium sales be stopped. As a first step they asked that all the opium smokers be registered and that no new habitués be added, after a certain date, as the old ones died off. In Formosa, Japan is putting down smoking by this system of registration and rationing, and as the mortality among the smokers is heavy—at the rate of four thousand a year—within a few years opium smoking will be wiped out in that country. This petition, presented by 2,000 people in the Federated Malay States, was signed by many opium smokers themselves. They said:

> The opium habit is still sapping the vitality of its votaries in British Malaya . . . wherefore your petitioners pray that your Honor may be pleased to direct that the necessary legislative and departmental steps may be taken to give effect to this gradual total abolition of the opium traffic in the Federated Malay States.

This is the Chief Secretary's reply to this "humble petition," as quoted in the *Far Eastern Times:*

> GENTLEMEN: The subject of your petition is one of extreme difficulty, and will require exhaustive consideration by all the administrations of British Malaya before a final decision can be arrived at as to the best and most practical means of reducing, or, if practicable, abolishing the trade in opium in these countries. I must, therefore, ask you not to look for anything in the nature of a final official reply from me today to the proposals that you have put forward. I propose, however, to mention for your careful consideration some of the most obvious obstacles that occur to me, in the way of giving successful effect, at the present time, to the apparently simple method of gradual abolition of the opium habit advocated in your petition.
>
> (a) In the first place, there is the instinctive objection of the individual to interference by legislation with his personal tastes and habits, for it must be remembered that although you propose to allow all the known opium consumers in the country today to continue to indulge in the habit for the rest of their lives under license, you do not apparently contemplate licensing future immigrants from China who may come to this country with the opium habit already acquired. Of course, if public opinion is sufficiently strongly opposed to any particular personal habit or vice, it is possible that legislative measures may be effective in putting a stop to it; but one has only to look at the difficulties being experienced in America in the matter of alcohol, and the small measure of success that we ourselves can claim in the matter of gambling, to feel grave misgivings on the subject, especially as I think it must be admitted that the general mass of the population in this country is on a lower plane of education and self-discipline than the masses of America.
>
> (b) Then comes the difficulty of the adequate prevention of smuggling. This would require nothing short of an army of officials under present conditions. For prevention to be effective every package, case, parcel, box, or other receptacle coming from China would have to be opened and exhaustively searched, for the smuggling of *chandu* (smoking opium) is a notoriously easy matter. Moreover, this country has a very extensive seaboard, a great deal of which is sparingly populated, and opium running into it would be the easiest thing in the world.
>
> (c) The problem of immigrant Chinese coming into this country with the opium habit has been hinted at. This class constitutes a very considerable proportion of our available labor force, and any policy which resulted in materially checking the inflow of such labor into Malaya would be nothing short of disastrous.
>
> (d) Lastly, we have to consider the very serious obstacle presented by the existing conditions in China in the matter of opium production. Unfortunately, there is abundant evidence that the state of affairs in China in this respect has gone from bad to worse. . . . Until China puts her house in order, we are confronted by the facts of an unlimited supply of illicit opium within easy access of our shores, and of a large proportion of our immigrant laborers coming with the opium habit already acquired, and therefore providing a ready market for smuggled opium, or refusing to come at all to a country where they cannot obtain the drug. . . .
>
> I trust, gentlemen, that you will not suppose that in stating some of the difficulties that have occurred to me, I have any desire to belittle your proposals, or the public spirit which has doubtless actuated you in making them. At the present juncture I can do no more than give you a solemn assurance that your petition will receive the careful consideration at the hands of this Government which the gravity of the problem demands.

This reply is illuminating. Although lost in a waste of pious words, the central idea shines out clearly—the necessity of opium as a bait to secure labor. Dr. Connolly of Singapore, a staunch fighter against opium, has said: "Great numbers of Chinese artisans used no opium when they entered Malaya from China, but contracted the habit under the British flag." As to the loss of personal liberty, which the Chief Secretary mentions in his first paragraph, we must remember that England itself has passed drastic anti-narcotic legislation, for its own protection, yet the freest people in the world seem to have made no outcry with this interference with their "personal tastes and habits." China, of course, is being played up to the hilt. China would put her house in order in a minute if she were allowed to. This petition is now before the Colonial Office, in London.

But people in England are awaking at last. One by one they are becoming aware of this opium traffic, which has been shrouded in secrecy for so many years that today not one English person in a hundred (outside of the official classes) knows that such a thing exists. A significant question was asked in the House of Commons on March 24, 1924. "What," asked Mr. Hannon (a Conservative, be it noted), "is the amount of opium shipped from India to

Hongkong and to the Straits Settlements in 1923? And what steps are being taken to prevent the smuggling of opium into China?" To which question the Under Secretary of State for India replied:

> The only opium shipped from India to these two colonies is that indented for by their respective governments, which for 1923 amounted for Hongkong to 240 and for the Straits Settlements to 2,100 chests of 140 pounds each (15 and 131 tons, respectively). Moreover, all of it was covered by certificates from the governments of the importing countries, in the form prescribed by the League of Nations, to the effect that the opium was required for legitimate purposes and its importation approved. Opium so consigned to the governments of these colonies cannot be smuggled into China before it has reached the colonies.

Whereupon Mr. Hannon asked: "What are the legitimate purposes embodied in the answer of the honorable gentleman?"

To which no reply seems to have been given.

But here we have a complete exposure of what this "legitimate" use means, and of the sanction of this "legitimate" traffic by the League of Nations. It means the open sale of smoking opium, conducted as government monopolies in these various colonies. It will be remembered that Wellington Koo, in 1921, introduced a resolution before the Council of the League of Nations, asking that opium production be limited to the strict medical needs of the world. At the suggestion of the British delegate, the Assembly of the League changed the wording of this resolution, so that opium was to be produced for medical and *legitimate* needs. These "legitimate" needs supply the revenues we have noted.

Mr. Hannon's question brings out another point—the value of this system of "import and export certificates" indorsed by the League of Nations. All a government has to do is to fill out a certificate, saying that opium is needed for "legitimate" purposes, and the British Government of India honors this permit, and ships out whatever amount of opium is asked for. All these transactions are "legitimate" under the sanction of the League of Nations.

Now the League must not be blamed too harshly for this peculiar situation. After all, what is the League but the nations themselves? And what can the League do if the nations will otherwise? Is England's opium policy within the League likely to be different from her opium policy outside of it? Look at the make-up of the Opium Advisory Committee of the League—every member of that committee represents a country with financial stakes in the opium traffic. And Great Britain, by reason of her triple interest as producer, consumer, and manufacturer, has two delegates instead of one. Is it any wonder that the League has gone on record as sanctioning opium for "legitimate" purposes, and that this vaunted system of certificates for export and import is merely a device to make the thing look handsomer?

Well, things are rapidly reaching a crisis. Public opinion is being mobilized, and the searchlight is being thrown on this opium traffic. The double standard must go. The Western world is determined to protect itself from the dangers of habit-forming drugs, and it will have to extend this same protection to the Orient. There can no longer be discrimination—one lot of people selected for protection, and another lot set apart for exploitation. And if production is allowed for eating and smoking, inevitably the overflow from that output will filter back and overwhelm us, who pretend to a higher civilization. The effect of dangerous drugs is alike upon all individuals, and no one set of people is immune to their consequences. Either opium is good for us all, or bad for us all. We must either allow opium shops in London, Paris, and New York, or we must give to others the same protection that we demand for ourselves.

In November, at the suggestion of Stephen G. Porter, the League of Nations is calling a world conference on opium and allied drugs. Mr. Porter, head of the American delegation which appeared before the Opium Committee last May, laid before that committee the "American proposals," i. e., that the production of opium should be limited to the strict medical needs of the world, and that all other use should be considered an abuse and not legitimate. The one government that hangs back from the full acceptance of these proposals is the British Government. In India, says the British Government, production for domestic use must continue—the eating of opium, a "valued household remedy," must go on. If the greatest producing country, Great Britain, takes this stand, why should not the other producing countries—China, Persia, and Turkey—follow suit? They will have before them the example of the leading Power of the world. If eating opium by the ton is to be considered harmless in India, why is smoking opium by the ton not equally harmless in other countries? Great Britain has a heavy responsibility toward the rest of the world, and her decision in November will mean either victory or defeat in this fight against opium.

It is a pity that this great international conference cannot be held in London instead of Geneva, for what the opium question needs is publicity, and lots of it. Geneva will afford the minimum publicity and London the maximum. If America was calling an international conference of this character, it would be held in New York or Washington, not Pine Bush, Sullivan County, New York. And compared to London, Geneva is Pine Bush.

The opium problem cannot be ended until the British public is aware of the facts. At the present moment the great mass of that public is in ignorance of them, and of the part their Government plays in it. The opium interests fear, and fear rightly, the raising of a great anti-opium sentiment in England. For English opinion is sound. If it once learns the facts, it will react as any honest, sincere people will react, when it knows what this traffic means.

Contributors to This Issue

Ellen N. La Motte, author of "The Backwash of War" and "The Ethics of Opium," has studied the drug problem in Asia, Europe, and America. She is now in England and will attend the international opium conference at Geneva in November.

Louis Fischer is *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent.

Edgar Lee Masters, author of "Mitch Miller" and "The "Nuptial Flight," novels, is still best known as composer of "The Spoon River Anthology."

Johan J. Smertenko is a regular reviewer for *The Nation.*

William A. Drake, formerly managing editor of *Vanity Fair,* is a contributor of verse and literary criticism to various current periodicals. He will edit the review of foreign books for the new literary supplement of the New York *Herald Tribune.*

New Morals for Old
Communist Puritans

By LOUIS FISCHER

THE Soviet state is omnipotent and omnipresent. Bukharin, the arch-theorist, contends that this is a transitional phase in the development of Communism toward perfection. The Bolsheviks' professed aim is the *reductio ad administratum* of the functions of the state; they would make government the traffic cop of the nation but not the all-pervading busybody and touch-everybody-everywhere which it is now in Russia. The transitional period, however, may last long. In default of a world revolution it may project itself beyond the present generation and even beyond the next. And in the meantime it is good Communist doctrine to maintain an Argus-eyed, Herculanean-clubbed state. The Soviet Government is alike an administrator, politician, statesman, merchant, manufacturer, banker, shipbuilder, newspaper publisher, school-teacher, and preacher.

Such a state is the highest expression of the anti-individualism of socialist philosophy. The single *simian erectus* is nothing; it is the class, the nation which counts.

The citizen lives for the state. Mind and muscle must ever be at its service. A Communist who is a loose liver is an anomaly. There is virtue even in a grain of asceticism and in "morality," not, it is important to note, because luxury and license are sinful and lead to damnation and hell but because the excessive gratification of physical desires, be they for sex or for alcohol, and any over-indulgence of one's selfish mental weaknesses reduce the energy and attention which the individual can offer to the state and to society.

The Bolsheviks do not believe in evolution in the realm of politics; they are revolutionists. Eighteenth and nineteenth-century liberalism tended toward the survival of the fittest. But the essence of the Russian revolution is the protection of the under dog, of the proletarian and peasant who, unaided, would not survive in the unequal struggle with the capitalist and landowner. The function of the Soviet state is to support the oppressed majority against the vested and acquired interests of the economically powerful minority.

The doctrine of the survival of the fittest, translated into every-day life, permits freedom of action, as little restraint as possible, the freest play for nature and human nature. Communist doctrine involves the negation of individual freedom; human nature is discounted in the socialist scale of weights and measures; laissez-faire is replaced by discipline, if need be, by force. Only once did the Communists reveal a liberal vein. It was in their treatment of conscientious objectors during the civil wars. Russia has many sects such as the Dukhobors who are opposed to violence on grounds of conscience. Though the Government was engaged in a death struggle, it respected these sentiments. But in all else, whenever its own interests have been at stake, the state has disregarded the wishes and inclinations of the human unit. Liberty of the individual is not as sacred an ikon as it is in the West. To give economic freedom to the mass is a nobler aim. Thus the Communists would explain and justify (but in my opinion this does not justify) the absence of a free press in Russia and the activities of the G. P. U.

The aim of the Bolsheviks was not merely to overthrow one government and to establish their own. This was a means toward creating a new society. To that extent the Bolsheviks are as presumptuous as most reformers. In 1917 they must have argued to themselves much to this effect: "We are a minority. The majority has not invited us to rule it. But we know better than the majority what is good for it." In the interest of the new society a powerful state was set up. The powerful state was privileged to ride roughshod over the individual. The Bolsheviks presume to tell the individual how to act and how to live. This is the "superiority complex" which is one of the most essential characteristics of puritanism. "I am perfect. Watch me. Go thou and do likewise." The Russian Communists are puritans without religion.

In matters of morals the Communists advocate and agitate but do not use force. Only in the case of members of the Communist Party do they interfere if the individual's actions are likely "directly or indirectly to discredit the party." (Such a phrase permits of the widest interpretation and misinterpretation.) Thus in an article in the *Pravda* on The Party and Personal Life, O. Zortzeva, an official of the Central Control Committee, writes that "not long ago one of the representatives of the Control Committee in the South asked for instructions to combat the evil of divorce." She cites an instance (and there must be many more such instances) where a Communist was required to explain why he left his wife. He replied he could not live with her because she was unfit to mingle in the society of his new friends and acquaintances. The reply was regarded as unsatisfactory. The Soviet state enforces a most liberal divorce law. But the Communists discourage divorce. Within the party it is looked upon with disfavor.

The war, the revolution, the civil wars have worked havoc with the Russian family. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that family life is crumbling. Trotzky, who has given more active attention to these questions of personal behavior than any other Communist leader, seeks to reinforce the collapsing buttresses of the family. (It will be recalled that Engels, the author with Marx of the "Communist Manifesto," wrote the "Origin of the Family" to prove that the family was a new, unnecessary, and reactionary institution.) Trotzky urges the "communalization of the family household" so as to "disencumber the family of kitchen and laundry." Take the burden of washing, cooking, sewing, child-raising from the family and "the relation between husband and wife will be cleansed of all that is external, foreign, forced, accidental. Each would cease to spoil the life of the other. . . ."

The family life of most Communist leaders would probably find favor in the eyes of the Bishop of New York, and we can imagine that Cotton Mather, if he returned to the flesh and visited Moscow, would hurry to Trotzky, slap him untheologically on the back, and say, "Thou art a man." There was something ascetic and impersonal in the way Lenin used to live. There is something reminiscent of Christian self-abnegation in Chicherin's, Bukharin's, Ra-

dek's disdain for good clothes. A Communist is required to contribute to the party treasury all the salary he earns above $95 a month. And even if his writings bring him a supplementary income he must not spend it for luxuries. The Communists are the shock troops of the Soviet regime. They must be like athletes in training. They must not consume mental and spiritual ice creams and pastries.

Alexandra Kollontai, now Soviet ambassador in Christiania, stands for the utmost freedom in sexual relations. But a review in the official press of her book, "Love Among Laboring Bees," stigmatizes her views on the subject as "prostitution" and "intellectual tomfoolery." "It is imperative," reads the last sentence of the criticism, "to guard against the harmful influence of Comrade Kollontai." This is the attitude which in other countries leads to the appointment of vice censors. Russia, fortunately, is too advanced to subject itself to such a humiliation. Only the lives of Communists are censored. In respect to the great mass of the people the Bolsheviks content themselves with preaching.

Trotzky's sermons will certainly do the people no harm. Russians have barely a trace of puritanism. Take the instance of their famous, many-ply "mother" oaths. Beside them the worst product of the British navvy looks pale. Says Trotzky: "One would have to consult philologists, linguists, and folk-lore experts to find out whether any other people has such unrestrained, filthy, and disgusting oaths as we have. As far as I know, there is no other." The Communists have initiated an anti-swearing campaign. In some factories the workers themselves decided to fine anyone who used an "expression." Wherever one goes, in industrial plants, in beer saloons, in clubs, one sees the colored "Don't Swear" poster. Even in the army, where curses once found their most fertile field, they are becoming increasingly rare.

A Communist should not play cards. A member of the party will not, if he is a good Communist, enter a gambling casino. (The Moscow gambling casinos, incidentally, have been closed by order of the Government.) Newly initiated Communists ask their instructors whether they are to permit their wives to powder their faces. A Communist would hardly come to her office with her lips rouged and even non-Communist workers in many Soviet commissariats feel that it is bad form to use the lipstick. Certainly very few if any women Communists dress to fashion. Most of them dress badly. There are more serious things to do than to mind the clothes on one's back. It is unworthy of a Communist, and Communists think it is unworthy of all Russians, to give too much thought to the flesh. I know a non-Communist Soviet official who likes to carry a cane, but he leaves it home when he goes to work.

There can be no let-up, says Trotzky, in the war against alcohol. The Government has abolished vodka, but the bootleg "samogonka" has replaced it. The police arrest men and women (in Russia most of the apprehended bootleggers are women) but force removes as little of the evil here as it does in the United States. So strong is the drink tradition in Russia that even many Communists indulge in the permissible wines and light beers. But the party reminds its members that they must inhibit such desires. It will not do for the best soldiers of the state and the master-builders of a new society to become inebriated, or lose their heads and time in the pursuit of women, or play cards, or stop to adjust their neckties while the foundations of the structure are being laid.

Direct Voting for President

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE La Follette personal presidential platform is for the direct nomination and election of the President.

In the Constitutional Convention of 1787 Gouverneur Morris of New York, representing Pennsylvania, favored electing the President by direct popular vote. He was a citizen of one of the larger States.

It is frequently stated that the Constitutional Convention rejected the idea of a direct popular vote for President because it distrusted the electorate. The debates of the convention, however, show that a distrust of the electorate was a small factor in the matter in comparison with a desire to please the smaller States of the proposed new Union and to dissuade them from believing that the new Union would be dominated by the larger States.

The electoral system as adopted not only protected the smaller States but gave them a distinct advantage. This advantage persists and is the reason why any change to a system of direct popular voting is so difficult.

Nevada chooses three presidential electors—two of them to correspond to the fact that Nevada, like every other State, has two United States senators, and one of them to correspond to the fact that Nevada has one Representative in the lower house of Congress. Nevada at the time of the last census had a population of some 77,000 inhabitants.

New York in the last census had a population of approximately 10,400,000 inhabitants. It chooses two presidential electors for its two United States senators and forty-three presidential electors for its forty-three representatives in the lower house of Congress. It chooses altogether forty-five presidential electors.

Let these figures now be used in calculating the answer to the following question: How many people in Nevada does it take to choose one presidential elector and how many people in New York does it take to choose one presidential elector? The answer will be found to be that twenty-six thousand Nevadans are represented in the electoral college by one elector, while it takes two hundred and thirty thousand New Yorkers to have that same representation.

Or, take a broader calculation, involving a large number of States. Take a calculation involving seventeen States on the one hand and, on the other, the one State of Pennsylvania.

Take the seventeen States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, Florida, North Dakota, South Dakota, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, Arizona, and New Mexico. Together they have a population of 8,762,000.

Pennsylvania has a population of 8,720,000, the figures being those of 1920. Pennsylvania in the electoral college has thirty-eight votes. The other seventeen States, together approximately equaling Pennsylvania in population, arrive in the electoral college with seventy-three votes.

Now let us suppose that all the 8,762,000 people in those seventeen States are earnest progressives. Will they, because of being progressives, be willing to surrender the present system and surrender therefore the advantage in power which they now have over Pennsylvanians?

If this writer were not fearful of being regarded as a

cynic with a low view of human nature, he would say that the answer is in the negative. As a reporter certainly he is bound to say that the answer to such questions has been in the negative in the past.

Andrew Jackson six times recommended the abolition of the electoral college in messages to Congress. The recommendation was not heeded.

In the seventies of the last century, just before and just after the Hayes-Tilden struggle, numerous proposals were brought into the Congress for abolishing the electoral college and for supplanting it by some new system.

The situation then becomes the following:

There are enough small States to prevent the ratification (by State legislatures) of any constitutional amendment diminishing the presidential power of the small States.

Meanwhile in the House of Representatives there are enough representatives from large States to prevent the adoption by the Congress of any constitutional amendment diminishing the power of the large States.

Finally, as for the idea of disregarding States and districts altogether and of electing a President by a popular majority or plurality, nationally considered and nationally counted, it falls before the fact that our Southern States would negative it. They do not wish to have a presidential power based on the number of their voters. They have disfranchised a considerable percentage of their inhabitants. They now have a presidential power based on inhabitants irrespective of whether those inhabitants are voters or not. They therefore will resist—and successfully resist—every effort to introduce a system in which a count of actual voters would determine the relative power of a State in the choosing of a President.

Putting these facts together, this writer concludes that the only sort of new proposal which could command enough support to be victorious would have to embody at least the two following characteristics:

1. It would have to concede to the Southern States a count of presidential votes not by voters but by inhabitants.

2. It would have to establish some kind of set-off in sacrifice between the small States and the large States.

This would lead to the following proposal:

Let the presidential election be held by congressional districts, which are based not on number of voters but on number of inhabitants, and let each district count one; and let that be all of it.

This would not disturb the South. It would indirectly advantage the large States by taking away from the small States the two excess presidential votes which each of them now has to correspond to its two United States Senators. It would also nevertheless indirectly advantage the small States by taking away from the large States their power to be so "pivotal" in presidential elections—a power which they derive from casting their presidential votes not by districts but in solid State-wide lumps such as twenty-nine from Illinois, thirty-six from Pennsylvania, and forty-five from New York.

The small States would cease to be excessively represented and the large States would cease to be "pivotal" and "decisive."

It would seem to be fair as between the large States and the small States; but, if this were a fair world, it would not be necessary to write this article one hundred and thirty-five years after the adoption of the Constitution.

England and Russia Agree

By PHILIP J. RABINOVITCH

(Mr. Philip J. Rabinovitch, deputy chairman of the Soviet Trade Delegation in Great Britain, participated in the recent Anglo-Russian negotiations and was a member of the special committee that drew up the trade treaty. At the time of the signing of the agreement Mr. Rabinovitch was in this country on a short visit, and The Nation *availed itself of the opportunity to procure from him an exclusive statement on the significance of the treaty and its chance of ratification. The first publication in the United States of the important sections of the treaty itself begins on page 243 of this issue of* The Nation.)

THE deluge of comment in the American press on the signing of the Soviet-British agreement presented a somewhat curious spectacle to one with a European outlook upon things. While it is true that some sober voices were heard in the general chorus, the overwhelming majority of the American periodicals displayed an attitude of uncompromising hostility and wasted precious stores of irony in trying to laugh down an accomplished fact. It was amusing to note with what glee some of the most respectable sheets in American newspaperdom hailed the abortive announcement concerning the disruption of the Soviet-British conference and the breakdown of the negotiations, declaring with an air of finality that no other outcome was possible. When upon the heels of this announcement news came of the signing of the agreement, the same press seized upon the catchword launched by Lloyd George, trying to make of the whole thing a fraudulent "fake" even before the agreement was known here either in broad outline or in detail.

It is hardly believable that in their attitude toward the question of the resumption of normal relations with the Soviet Union the stand-pat newspapers are really voicing popular opinion in America, which cannot but watch attentively the development of the relations between the Soviet Union and Great Britain. The Soviet republics have been accustomed to a similar treatment at the hands of the conservative and reactionary press throughout Europe. But that did not prevent most of the European countries from realizing finally that an existing fact does not cease to exist simply by the virtue of non-recognition, with the result that a constantly increasing number of countries have been entering first into trade relations and then into full normal diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union.

It was not simply a change of heart on the part of the opponents of the Soviet Union which brought about this change in the policy of the Western European Powers, but a realistic economic necessity growing out of the conditions created in Europe since the Treaty of Versailles. The economic rehabilitation of Europe demands the reestablishment of normal relations throughout the Continent, and the Soviet Union is certainly not the least factor in the situation. Those parties and political groups in Europe which did not want to realize this simple truth were finally swept out of office with the result that in many of the European countries power has been gained by the forces of labor which consider the recognition of the Soviet Union as a question of immediate importance. It was for this reason that Premier MacDonald's Cabinet could hardly have afforded to adjourn Parliament for the summer without previously signing the agreement with the Soviet Union. It

is for this reason, also, that Parliament may be expected finally to ratify it. It is very doubtful whether the opposition parties will present a solid front against the agreement. The Liberal Party is confronted with the alternative of a serious internal split on the question of relations with the Soviet Union. In spite of Lloyd George's remarks his is but a small following in Parliament. The majority of the parliamentary faction of the Liberal Party undoubtedly assumes a more realistic point of view and, like the good business men that they are, they understand that it is better to forget about the old Czarist Government and to take cognizance of the new forces and the new economic relations which have sprung into existence in the Soviet Union. It may even be doubted whether there is complete unity of opinion on this question in the ranks of the Conservative Party, the representatives of which were the most emphatic in their denunciation of the agreement. Some of the Conservative leaders are realistic politicians and it is unlikely that in the present situation they would fling a gauntlet in the face of the labor forces for the sake of pre-war debts, most of which are of a doubtful nature at that.

The timeliness and expediency of the agreement is moreover emphasized by the actual trade relations which have already been carried on between the Soviet Union and Great Britain during the past three years, in spite of all unfavorable circumstances. Small as the scope of these relations may be at present they show a tendency toward rapid development. The Soviet Union is becoming an important factor in supplying British industries with indispensable raw material. The imports of Soviet timber, oil products, grain, flax, etc., into Great Britain are fast growing. On the other hand, the exports from England to the Soviet Union have been increasing constantly in spite of unfavorable conditions in Russia; with the steady improvement which is noticeable in these conditions the imports from England will increase still more. Putting aside the question of old debts, which can have at present no more than a purely theoretical value, no sensible business man can shut his eyes to the possibilities which are offered by the resumption of normal relations with the Soviet Union.

America is far removed from the Russian republics. The economic significance of the Soviet Union has thus far been little appreciated even by America's most enterprising and far-seeing leaders in business, industry, and politics. The campaign against the resumption of normal relations with the Soviet Union may thus be accounted for. But it is absolutely clear to every one with the most rudimentary knowledge of political and economic conditions that this campaign is only an echo of a remote past as far as Europe is concerned.

The Soviet Union found enough strength to overcome armed intervention and boycott on the part of the Western Powers for seven years, and having been thrown back on its own resources it still had sufficient strength to extricate itself from the state of economic disintegration and to a considerable extent to rehabilitate the country through its own efforts and means. It will continue to do so in the future, recognition or no recognition. Under conditions as they are at present it may be said without any attempt at empty boasting that the longer recognition is delayed by a country the less will be its chance of reaping advantages in the process of reconstruction of the Soviet Union.

In the Driftway

NOT often in the course of a Drifter's serene life is the dust of his desk disturbed by more than the mere echoes of the busy whirl of excitement which is the mainstay of existence to his heavier-minded fellow-beings. But lately he has had an experience and, characteristically, he wants to talk about it. Among the office exchanges which daily rise in mountains of black and white and various shades of yellow came a paper from some far-off village. It was unwrapped, and resting quietly near the crease which ran across the center, lay a small, pale creature known to science and to the well-informed as *Cimex lectularius*. The little insect was greeted with slight screams and every evidence of unfriendliness. He was not, to be sure, much of a cimex. Days of fasting and imprisonment and jolting about in a fourth-class mail bag on the weary journey from Ohio to New York had told upon him, and his frame was gaunt and of a pallor unknown to the Drifter's experience.

* * * * *

LET us hurry to his ultimate disposal. Be it said that it had the virtue of speed, and was altogether lacking in any vulgarity or demonstrations of approval among the staff who were present at the event. The newspaper in which he had made his last journey to this unfriendly bourne was his shroud—the waste-basket his mausoleum. And after all was over and the slight shudders had subsided, the Drifter sat down behind the piled-up exchanges and reflected. What, had there been opportunity for expression, would have been the feelings of the little cimex, betrayed on the hearthstone of this self-styled stronghold of peace among men and beasts—destroyed on the very shrine of charity for all and malice toward none? Well for those that dealt him death that he could speak no warning word. But the Drifter has fears born also of experience. That cimex will rise again. He will rise, phoenix-like, from his waste-basket. He will appear—or some other very like him—and terrorize those sinful hypocrites. He will ride with them in subways, and will walk with them into their offices when they little suspect it. He will haunt their sleeping hours and make of their couches a race course. Let them beware! The cimex has weighed them in the balance, and has found them very badly wanting.

* * * * *

ON the other hand the Drifter has been considering the case of the angle-worm—*Lumbricus terrestris* is what the dictionaries call him—lately the subject of Mr. Heywood Broun's morning moralizing in his newspaper column. Lumbricus has won a glorious victory, and his tribe—so far as Mr. Broun is concerned—may go on increasing until the last trumpet. For Mr. Broun has reached the brave conclusion that it is inhuman for fishermen to bait their hooks with squirming segments of still living wormhood. Of course it is, and the Drifter has nothing but praise for his distinguished fellow-columnist. But Mr. Broun, in his zeal for the comfort of the worm seems to have rather forgotten about the fish. At any rate he dismisses him with a few curt thoughts, which he says he has from other anglers—to the effect that a fish doesn't much mind being caught. Rubbish! Does Mr. Broun think it's a picnic for a fish to swallow a sharp, barbed hook that hacks its way through the walls of its throat? Does he

imagine that a fish really likes to be pulled up out of a cool, quiet lake and dangled off the end of a piercing steel while it struggles madly to tear free? Everyone knows that a fish takes things harder than a worm. He is higher in the animal scale and consequently is more sensitive. Two minutes of suffering in a fish's life are worth twenty in a worm's.

* * * * *

BUT the Drifter thinks he understands, and his pleasure in Mr. Broun's altruistic behavior toward the angleworm is a little clouded. For while Mr. Broun says he has discovered three or four foods that are just as delectable and just as efficient as a worm for luring the timid fish, he seems as yet to have found no adequate substitute for the fish itself. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

La Follette Up to Date

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note that William Hard in his article Wisconsin and Socialism omits the fact that Senator La Follette favors public ownership of the nation's water-power and of the transportation systems. How does he reconcile these steps with the enlightened individualism which he says La Follette and La Follette's Wisconsin exemplify? Is Mr. Hard satisfied with Wisconsin as it is today under the reign of what he calls individualism? Is the State University any freer than the University of Chicago or Johns Hopkins? Are public utility rates in Wisconsin cheaper than in Pennsylvania, the home of Penroseism? Were there fewer rapes upon civil liberty in Wisconsin during the war than in Texas or Alabama? Are farmers better off than in Minnesota, the much-bossed State? Or are cooperatives more successful in Wisconsin than in Minnesota? As a resident of both Wisconsin and Minnesota, I answer No.

Besides being a brave and exhilarating figure, Senator La Follette also attracts luster to his name by reshaping a policy of regulation held for thirty years to meet new conditions. Isn't public ownership the best form of regulation of monopoly? It can't be worse than the present inadequate system of commissions.

Minneapolis, Minnesota, August 20 M. H. HEDGES

A "Bigoted Protestant"?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While the Democratic convention was in session Governor Smith was reported to have made a plea for religious toleration. That is precisely what the Protestants ask for—to live and let live. They would be highly pleased to have Governor Smith make that plea in Rome, where the Pope is constantly protesting against the presence of Protestants. It would be interesting to see what would happen if he should make the plea in the Vatican.

The great trouble with those who are constantly denouncing "bigoted Protestants" is that they are insincere or have failed to draw a distinction between religion and politics. If there is an indisputable fact of history it is that the Catholic church is a political as well as a religious organization. It is less political today than in former years, not because of any change of heart, but because of the force of circumstances. It has always fought desperately to hold its political power and doubtless would regain it today if it could. The supremacy of the church over the state is a fundamental tenet of Catholicism. Yet when Protestants, who brought about the separation of church and state, seek to oppose the elevation of members of the Catholic church to political power they are denounced as "bigots"!

I am no Klansman. I have no patience with the organization. But those who are denouncing it as an organization based on religious intolerance would do well to draw a distinction between religion and politics. I am a Methodist, yet would vote for a really capable Catholic for public office provided I could be sure that he repudiated the political program of his church, as some of them do. But I will never vote for a Catholic who upholds the political tenets of his church, any more than I would vote for a Methodist who was seeking to use the church as a machine to promote his political ambitions, to say nothing of one running on a platform, secret or avowed, proposing to use the state to promote the interests of the church. If that makes me a "bigoted Protestant," why, in the words of Patrick Henry, "make the most of it."

Fayetteville, Arkansas, August 15 DAVID Y. THOMAS

Child Labor and Congress

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A child-labor amendment to the Constitution was recently proposed to Congress by a large majority. The amendment provides that "the Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." This amendment is unpatriotic, disloyal, and revolutionary. It is revolutionary because no such power has ever before been given to Congress—because it proposes to introduce into the Constitution governmental powers foreign to it, which would deprive the people of the States of local self-government and transfer it, so far as the people of the States are concerned, to foreign hands. Our fathers won by the revolution absolute and complete self-government for the people within the States. They gave up to the Federal Government in the Constitution those powers, and those powers only, which were absolutely necessary to establish and maintain the Federal Government.

Even the Eighteenth Amendment did not give Congress the power to prohibit the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, but declared that they should not be manufactured. We, the whole people, declared a fundamental principle but extended to Congress no additional powers. If our liberties as a people are ever lost, it will be by giving up the principles recognized in the Constitution, which maintains complete local self-government, with sufficient power in the Federal Government for self-preservation and self-government. To say by amendment that persons under eighteen years of age should not be employed in factories employing more than twenty-five persons would follow established plans of amendment and would, perhaps, be no more subject to objection than would be the prohibition or woman-suffrage amendment. But to empower Congress to restrain, regulate, or prohibit is foreign to the purpose of the Constitution.

Minneapolis, Minnesota, July 15 S. R. CHILD

A Campaign Contribution

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From my address book I have drawn off fifty names. If these persons read *The Nation* for the balance of the year—or at least until election is past—it may make some votes for La Follette and Wheeler and add some names to your subscription list.

I am inclosing a check for $50 and hope you will think it enough to cover the cost—or send as many as possible of these, for as long as you can, for the money.

Minneapolis, August 12 J. W. G.

Look Out!

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Gentlemen! You who are statesmen and judges,
Legislators, orators, and makers of political platforms;
Guardians of order and the republic,
Heralds of new civilizations in the name of pure moralities,
Great freedoms, ancient and eternal truths—
All of you serious minded, very able, and well-known artificers
For business, but for clean business, of course;
For justice, as you define it;
For liberty, as you define it—
You, in short, who are running us, and the country,
Don't look down on us the poets, novelists, musicians, and such
Too contemptuously.
Neither let your self-sufficiency ignore us entirely
As mere dreamers, triflers,
Or worse as ungodly frivolers.
For remember! We are busy, we are among you taking notes.
We are radios, cameras, soul chemists,
Testing and distilling you and your vaunted performances.
And now! Can you tell me who was President
When Edgar Allan Poe died in Baltimore,
After certain politicians got him drunk,
And then voted him in every precinct in that city?
What, gentlemen! Is your memory stumped as to one of your very own?
Very well! I will help you!
Zachary Taylor was then President. . . .
Even so! Zachary Taylor, the owner of one hundred slaves
In New Orleans!

Books

The American Manner

The Best Short Stories of 1923. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

Brothers of No Kin. By Conrad Richter. Hinds, Hayden and Eldridge, Inc.

The Heir. By V. Sackville-West. George H. Doran. $2.

The Elephant Man and Other Reminiscences. By Sir Frederic Treves. Henry Holt and Company. $2.25.

IN comparing Mr. O'Brien's American anthology of short stories with his British collection a reviewer came to the rare and rapid conclusion that it lacked the homogeneity of the latter volume, and as proof he cited the titles, titles breathing of strange, foreign plots and places, which represent the Jewish and German, Irish and Scandinavian, English and half-breed authors. The evidence is revolutionary and overwhelming. Like all great inventions, this simple means of judging the character of books will transform literary criticism even to the extent of disclosing Shakespeare's Italian and Milton's Romano-Hebraic ancestors. Nevertheless, those who would still pursue the old-fashioned method of determining the nationality of a book by reading it will agree that this year Mr. O'Brien's book has an inner unity which most of the previous volumes have lacked and which can be described only by the word, American.

In the first place there is the American manner. Whether in Mr. Stimson's By Due Process of Law, which is written in the dull, lumbering, eighteenth-century style of Charles Brockden Brown and James Kirke Paulding, or in Mr. Adams's Way for a Sailor, which is jotted down with the 1923 post-expression fire and frenzy, there is the smack of American concoction. For in the American tradition a short story is first of all a story; it is comprehensible, self-sustaining, and, above everything else, complete. And it is complete with a finality that extends beyond incident to thought and mood and moral. We are not left with a sentence like Chekhov's "There is no understanding of anything in this world!"; we have no stories without an end; we are not challenged to carry on the problem, to project a character, or to solve the mystery of life. Hence it is of no small significance that, whatever may be the art form in the lands of their forefathers, Sherwood Anderson and Konrad Bercovici, John Cournos and Theodore Dreiser are as much part of this tradition as Irvin Cobb, Solon Stewart, and Harry Leon Wilson. The deduction here is simple: our best work in the short story loses as art what it gains as a social document, and while our writers seldom inspire they almost always inform.

It is, then, of enormous importance that this information is now given honestly and that the social documents have grown trustworthy. No longer can it be said of those authors who are worth discussing at all that, like Martin Eden, they are shuffling the seven standard plots and playing with the wooden puppets of a shopgirl's Elysium; today they are dealing with *genus homo* in all his natural manifestations and in his native haunts. Moreover, there is a further unity of content in the stories of Mr. O'Brien's volume. Be they humorous as Flora and Fauna or rhapsodical as Way for a Sailor; be they evidentiary as the work of Miss Suckow, Mr. Goodwin, and Mr. Dreiser or cynical as the tales of Miss Ferber, Mr. Cobb, and Mr. Cournos; whether mystical as The Man's Story by Mr. Anderson or romantic as Seed by Mr. Bercovici, all these stories are concerned with the study of character in an unpleasant and trying, if not actually antagonistic, environment. They take the measure of an individual as a social being and in doing so depict society as well as paint a portrait. Naturally much of this unanimity is due to the personal preference of Mr. O'Brien, who chose his material from more than a thousand stories, but the fact remains that he was able to gather the greatest contemporary names between the covers of his book.

Beyond doubt My Old Man by Ernest Hemenway, to whom the volume is dedicated, is the finest story of the collection, although Jean Toomer's Blood-Burning Moon and Fannie Hurst's Seven Candles might have challenged this ranking had the latter been less smartly theatrical and the first less frankly imitative of Holiday by Waldo Frank. Mr. Hemenway's portrait is a Rembrandt study, rich of color yet subdued, shadowy in background yet clear in outline. And it releases the creative imagination of the reader in these last sentences:

> "Well Butler got his all right."
>
> The other guy said, "I don't give a good goddam if he did, the crook. He had it coming to him on the stuff he's pulled."
>
> "I'll say he had," said the other guy and tore the bunch of tickets in two.
>
> And George Gardner looked at me to see if I'd heard and I had all right and he said, "Don't you listen to what those bums said, Joe. Your old man was one swell guy."
>
> But I don't know. Seems like when they get started they don't leave a guy nothing.

Now, Mr. Richter, as his editors have kindly pointed out, "is of German, French, and English blood, and his ancestors fought on both sides of the American Revolution." And the aforementioned reviewer would find his titles—The Laughter of Leen, Bad Luck Is Good Luck, The Sure Thing and Swanson's "Home, Sweet Home"—one hundred per cent American. Yet his stories, praised be the Muses! are no more American than the Ford car. They are a standardized product that is being manufactured and assembled in every corner of the earth and they appeal equally well to the bourgeoisie of all nations. What pale slavey doesn't dream that the locomotive engineer will blow "Home, Sweet Home" for her; what pimpled bank clerk doesn't imagine himself a hero to his president; what green grocer

wouldn't marry a golden-haired maiden who laughed while her heart was breaking?

The tales of Miss Sackville-West, infinitely more suave, subtle, and civilized in execution, are perilously near that standardized quality in conception. To be sure, in Patience she not only rises above the international Richters, but also above most of the work in the O'Brien volume; but that story is her own high mark which the others do not begin to approach. They are too obvious. Her denouements can always be anticipated and her skilful writing is not sufficiently opaque to hide the machinery of plot.

It is the machinery of plot that mars the narrative of Sir Treves. These incidents taken out of a surgeon's case-book offered an unequaled opportunity to portray life in the raw, and the writer muffed it. With the exception of The Old Receiving Room, which is like a battle scene of Delacroix in its frank, repellent beauty, the author's subjects are the unusual slices of life that are false to life because they have a beginning, a middle, and a logical end. As such, they fall into the class of commonplace fiction—banal, sentimental, and dull.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Artifice

The Tattooed Countess. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THERE is a kind of romance, midway between sentiment and cynicism, which no American has ever yet written well. In stories of true love we have long been at home, and lately we have come to treat the drama of illegitimate passion without the more obvious sort of moralizing. But the latter is still, with us, a matter too serious for sentiment, and we are still too little familiar with it as an accepted social institution to take it lightly. It must be great and overwhelming before it can justify itself in our eyes, and though we have got to the point where we can read and admire Schnitzler, for example, his spirit is still too strange for us successfully to imitate him. We cannot, as he can, find in loves which are merely light a graceful charm; nor do we catch, as he does, from unions which are merely passing, half mercenary and half mocking, a delicate and wistful fragrance. Passing as we just have from the age of innocence into the first excitement of disillusion we still look for great passions, legitimate or illegitimate, and we have not come yet to the point where, like some of the older, wearier peoples, we can accept sex and gallantry which are veiled only by exquisite manners as the most that man can well expect and as having in their own consciousness of their incompleteness a wistful charm.

It is this fact, perhaps, which explains the comparative failure of "The Tattooed Countess." Mr. Van Vechten has wished, I think, to write a completely sophisticated novel, and he has certainly chosen a completely sophisticated plot, telling of an American countess who leaves Paris in middle age and returns to her native village in Iowa in the hope of forgetting there a love affair with a provincial opera singer. When she, snatching at love once more as her youth ends, becomes passionately enamored of a village boy, and when he, not because he fails to realize the temporary nature of his love but because he sees in her an escape, runs away with her to Paris, Mr. Van Vechten means that we shall see these actions not as mean but as wise. And so, indeed, Schnitzler could make them appear. George Moore, too, might make these people human and real, but Mr. Van Vechten is, in spite of all his efforts, not European enough, and try as he will he cannot, except at moments, vivify his people. In spite of all his grace of style and his wit the book is hardly more than a very clever stunt, an effort to capture a spirit which the author admires, but which he has learned instead of finding bred in his bones.

Various defects might be pointed out. It might be remarked, for example, that the author's knowledge of the world is too obviously paraded, that many tricks of style, including the use of strange words like "sciapodous" and "egrimoncy," give sometimes the impression of intolerable preciosity, and that the solemn references to fashionable places and things amount sometimes to snobbery. But most serious of all, perhaps, is the fact that, like nearly all Americans who are "advanced" in their literary ideas, Mr. Van Vechten suffers from the Main Street complex. Having brought the countess and the boy together he cannot resist the impulse to do a thing absolutely fatal to the non-moral romance, namely, to attempt to justify them. He must prove, what no thorough sophisticate would dream of thinking worth his while, that the life of the village is narrow, bigoted, and morally worse than the great world, and as a result we are treated to one more description of the sewing circle and the gossip party, the speech of the booster and the pronunciamentos of the villagers on the subject of art. The result is a mixture of styles which not even Mr. Van Vechten's skill can hold together. Indeed it is not difficult to detect three manners and to suspect that the mood of the book changed as the author wrote it. The fantastic title seems to belong to the opening portion, which is written in the style of rather extravagant satire; next comes the homely realism of the Gopher Prairie school of fiction, and finally the drama of disillusioned passion.

In spite of the fact that there are not infrequent passages of wit and that, as a whole, the book is amusing reading, it remains one which obviously did not grow but was made, and its artificial character is revealed by many things, including, for example, the rather clumsy documentation which leads the author to mention, one would guess, at least two hundred names of books, authors, pictures, etc., and to rely to a preposterous extent upon the opinions of his persons upon works of art to illustrate their characters. He has proposed to himself the writing of a certain kind of novel, highly sophisticated and stylistically elaborate, but the essentially literary character of his inspiration is evident in almost every line, and he has produced a book which seems constantly more in contact with other books than with life. Mr. Van Vechten wishes more than anything else not to be a moralist, and yet there is no emotion or opinion in all the novel which seems quite so personal and deep-rooted as his moral indignation against the village.

J. W. KRUTCH

An Amateur at Literature

Critical Ventures in Modern French Literature. By Arnold Whitridge. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

A RATHER skimped volume of literary criticism, "padded out" by all the expedients of spacing, margining, and thick paper known to the printing trade, with a title at once banal and misleading, selling at half the price usually assessed for such a work, and containing the opinions of a gentleman wholly unknown at least to one reader on nine French writers, only three of whom can be regarded as talents of the first order, is not a bait likely to arouse the reviewer to a high pitch of excitement. But when one discovers in such an unpromising setting the most sympathetic and illuminating paper he has ever encountered on so generally misunderstood and maligned a character as Sainte-Beuve, one may be forgiven a certain thrill of discovery.

I suspect Mr. Whitridge of being an amateur at literature. At least, though certain of these essays appear to have been published in periodicals before their presentation in a book, they were quite obviously not written with the primary purpose of sale; and they possess a freshness of touch, an intimacy of realization, an absence of literary subterfuge and critical *cliché*, and a leisured enjoyment in the writing that is not common in the literary profession, as literature is practiced in this ambitious generation. Charles Lamb was such an amateur; Michel de Montaigne was another; and Lorenzo de' Medici was

the prince of them. It is to such talented amateurs that we owe the survival of our arts through many a difficult period.

Mr. Whitridge has, as I have observed, written an essay on Sainte-Beuve that is both delightful and instructive. It is also especially notable for the tact with which he disposes of the question of the French critic's unfortunate infatuation for Madame Hugo and his subsequent bad taste in publishing a highly romantic account of it to the world in his volume of poems, "Livre d'Amour," and his novel, "Volupté." The essay on Anatole France, in which the great master is portrayed, not as an ironical Aristophanes, but as a kindly old gentleman with a vast human sympathy and an almost sentimental regard for literature, is similarly engaging, by reason of the same cardinal virtues of understanding and tact. Mr. Whitridge is not so much concerned with the written word as he is with the man; and he cares not at all what might be his "place" in literature. The result is a satisfying and pervading charm.

The essay on Stendhal is interesting, but not notable; I take it that Mr. Whitridge has caught himself nodding over "Rouge et Noir" and is honest enough to confess it. Gerard de Nerval, the eccentric "sanitist," who took his own life that he might discover what passes beyond the veil, proves a more happy choice. Barbey de Aurevilly and Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, both dandies and both unquenchable romantics, also provide him attractive subjects for this intimate and sensitive criticism. His choice of Marie Lenéru among the figures of our own time is almost as felicitous; and the paper on Sacha Guitry is the only one in the book that one feels ought not to have been preserved.

WILLIAM A. DRAKE

Down to the Sea in Ships

Before the Mast and After: The Autobiography of a Sailor and Shipowner. By Sir Walter Runciman. Charles E. Lauriat Company. $4.50.

THIS is a delightful human narrative of irresistible attraction for all who love the sea as well as true stories of adventure and daring. Walter Runciman, grandson of a veteran of Nelson's fleet, son of a ship's captain, ran away to sea at twelve and rose to the command of ships at as early an age as did Marryat's heroes one and all. When the end of the sailing era came Runciman switched over to steamers, and after some very fortunate years as captain and manager laid down his command because of ill-health and went ashore to begin a phenomenally successful career as owner of steamers which won him wealth, fame, a "handle to his name," and great political and business influence—he sat in Parliament with his only son, the Right Honorable Walter Runciman, member of several Liberal governments. No romance written of nineteenth-century sea conditions ever had more stirring material. But that is not all. Every American who is concerned with the problem of building an American merchant fleet ought to read this volume because it explains better than all the dry treatises on the rise of the British merchant sea-power how English sailors won and have kept their mastery of the sea. It ought among other things to make Americans realize that the training of craftsmen to navigate and handle a fleet both as sailors and owners is even more important than the building of a fleet.

Sir Walter himself appears in this volume as an interesting mixture of an advanced liberal and a conservative. Against the Russians and Socialists and all who "whine" about the bad social conditions he rages in true big-business manner. As one who rose from the forecastle he rather glories in the old and brutal methods of managing crews—at least he half defends them, though he is careful to set the seal of his emphatic disapproval upon the methods used on Yankee ships, which, to our shame be it said, have given American captains and mates the reputation of being the most brutal and murderous of any who ever sailed the seas. On the other hand, Sir Walter appears as the ardent champion of Havelock Wilson, the militant head of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, to combat which the Shipping Federation was formed. As is so often the case, the owners fought Wilson without getting to know him or understand him. Sir Walter did both, came to like and respect him, and even, to the horror of his associates in the business, presided at one of Wilson's meetings. In this, too, there is a valuable lesson for American shipowners. It is significant, also, that Sir Walter admits that not one single reform of the many that have been achieved in the fight to transform the forecastle into something better than a floating hell came from within the trade, but in each instance was forced by rank outsiders who had, with one exception, never been to sea. This should interest those who believe that human institutions, political, social, and economic, can only, or can best, be reformed from within.

Finally, if Sir Walter writes with much naivete and complete appreciation of his success in life, he nevertheless gives a portrait of a fine type of man who succeeded by his own merit, and he proves anew that neither the day of steam nor of the Diesel engine can rob the sea of that romance which will inure to it just as long as men go down to it in ships, whatever their size or shape or methods of propulsion.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Books in Brief

The Principles of Journalism. By Casper S. Yost. D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

An innocuous volume by the president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors which adds nothing to the existing literature on journalism and is devoid of any new or striking thought. Cautious throughout, it deals in generalities where the specific issues which confront the journalist today might to good advantage have been discussed. It should get a handsome reception from the daily press.

Love Days. By Henrie Waste. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

The story of Suzanna Moore's "love days" is the tale of a woman's search for the ideal man; and it is a work of pure imagination. Promenading her characters through various cities of the world, the author seems to have had multiple points of contact with life, but no points of penetration or comprehension. We are familiar enough with the conscious revolt against realism; but this book is apparently an unconscious revolt; experience and fact are shaped to fit some a priori conception of existence, and the result is pure fantasy produced in accordance with precise realistic methods. As to the mental processes revealed in the book, Turro stated the case quite neatly when he said to Suzanna, "when you are theoretical you are a little too naive to be quite bearable." And Suzanna herself perceived something of the truth when she confided in Ewart that she was like a country with a highly internal development but without any foreign policy, "quite without any conception of one's relation to the outside world. . . ." The heroine is not the only character in the book who furnishes uninterrupted amusement to the reader; and we should, perhaps, thank the author for this. "But then," as Professor Saintsbury has put it, "the farce must be in life conceivable and in literature conscious."

I'll Show You the Town. By Elmer Davis. Robert M. MacBride and Company. $2.

An hilarious story for the tired business man's vacation. Innocent, impressionable heiresses are so gloriously abundant that they fairly clutter up the sidewalks. Male rivals are correspondingly scarce. The only depressing passages are those in which the bachelor reader bitterly realizes how little resemblance the story has to actual life. Entertaining as the book is, it would have been uproarious perfection itself had it been condensed to two-thirds of its present length.

International Relations Section

The Anglo-Russian Treaty

IN this issue and the next we print the most interesting sections of the treaties recently signed at London by representatives of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and of the British Government. In doing so we omit for reasons of space chapters I and II, which cover the following points: treaties recognized by the two parties as having lost their force, treaties regarded as still in force, multilateral treaties to be applied in the future as between the two parties, provisions regulating fisheries in water contiguous to the northern coasts of the Soviet Union. In our next issue will appear the text of the trade agreement which forms a part of the general treaty. The plenipotentiaries signing the treaty were

For Great Britain and Northern Ireland:

The Right Honorable JAMES RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister, Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs;

Mr. ARTHUR AUGUSTUS WILLIAM HARRY PONSONBY, M.P., Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs;

For the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics:

CHRISTIAN GEORGIEVICH RAKOVSKI, member of the Presidium of the Central Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Deputy People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, Chargé d'Affaires in London of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics;

ADOLPH ABRAMOVICH JOFFE, member of the Central Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics;

ANDREI FEDOROVICH RADCHENKO, member of the Central Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, president of the Provincial Council of Trade Unions of the Donetz Basin;

ARON LVOVICH SCHEINMANN, member of the Collegium of the People's Commissariat of Finance;

MIKHAIL PAVLOVICH TOMSKI, member of the Presidium of the Central Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, president of the All-Russian Central Council of Trade Unions.

CHAPTER III. CLAIMS AND LOAN

ART. 6. In pursuance of the declaration annexed to the trade agreement of March 16, 1921, the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics declares that by way of exception to the decree of January 28, 1918 (concerning the annulment of debts of the former Imperial and Provisional governments), it will satisfy, in the conditions prescribed in the present treaty, the claims of British holders of loans issued or taken over or guaranteed by the former Imperial Russian Government, or by the municipalities of towns in the territory now included in the Union, payable in foreign (non-Russian) currency.

The Government of His Britannic Majesty recognizes that the financial and economic position of the Union renders impracticable the full satisfaction of the claims referred to in the preceding paragraph of this article.

The Government of the Union agrees to meet the claims referred to in the first paragraph of this article in respect of holdings by British subjects or companies other than holdings which were acquired by purchase since March 16, 1921, and were in other than British ownership on that date.

After negotiation between the parties concerned, the terms on which the claims referred to in the first paragraph of this article shall be satisfied will form the subject of an agreement with His Britannic Majesty's Government, which will be included in the treaty referred to in Article 11, provided that His Britannic Majesty's Government is satisfied that such terms have been accepted by the holders of not less than one-half of the capital values of British holdings in the loans referred to in this article.

ART. 7. All questions connected with the claims of the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics against the Government of His Britannic Majesty, or with the claims of the Government of His Britannic Majesty against the Government of the Union, arising out of events which took place between August 4, 1914, and February 1, 1924, are reserved for discussion at a later date. This provision includes claims in respect of:

(a) War loans advanced by the Government of His Britannic Majesty to the former Russian Imperial or Provisional governments;

(b) Gold belonging to the former Russian Imperial or Provisional governments, and handed over to the Government of His Britannic Majesty by either of those governments;

(c) Russian gold handed over to Germany under the supplementary agreement to the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk;

(d) Sums owed by the former Russian Imperial or Provisional governments to British Government departments, or vice versa;

(e) The claims advanced by the Government of the Union on the ground of intervention between November 7, 1917, and March 16, 1921; and also any adjustments made or to be made in the accounts relating to such claims on either side.

There shall similarly be reserved all questions connected with claims by the nationals of either party against the other party, in respect of loss or damage suffered in the territory of the party whose national the claimant is, and resulting from warlike operations or hostile measures during the above-mentioned period.

ART. 8. Claims by nationals (including juridical persons) of the one party against the other party in respect of loss or injury due to events which took place between August, 1914, and the coming into force of the present treaty, other than (1) claims covered by other articles of the present treaty, and (2) claims arising out of normal trading relations between the Government of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic or governments allied to or federated with it, or its agents, and British nationals, or between the Government of His Britannic Majesty and citizens of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, shall, in view of the admitted preponderance of the claims of British nationals, be finally settled as between the contracting parties by the payment of a lump sum by the Government of the Union to the Government of His Britannic Majesty.

The distribution of this sum shall be effected by the Government of His Britannic Majesty in such manner as they shall consider just. The Government of the Union undertakes to furnish the Government of His Britannic Majesty with any relevant papers or information in their possession which may facilitate the just distribution of such sum.

ART. 9. Each of the contracting parties shall appoint three properly qualified persons to examine the claims of which the settlement is to be effected by the payment of the lump sum provided for in Article 8. These six persons shall make a joint examination of the claims, and shall report to the two contracting parties the amount at which they consider the lump sum should be fixed. If they are unable to agree as to the amount of the lump sum, they shall present separate reports. They will arrange their own procedure, and shall, in particular, be entitled by agreement between themselves to refer the examination of any particular category of claims to two of their number.

Each of the contracting parties shall defray the remuneration and expenses of the persons appointed by it, together with one-half of the expenses incurred jointly.

ART. 10. Being desirous of reestablishing the economic cooperation between their two countries, the Government of

His Britannic Majesty and the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics agree as follows:

The Government of the Union will, by way of exception to the decrees nationalizing industrial businesses and land, negotiate with British nationals (including juridical persons) in respect of industrial businesses or concessions which have been nationalized or canceled by it, in order to arrange for the grant of just compensation for such claims.

Furthermore a commission shall be appointed to examine the validity and ascertain the amount of the claims.

Each of the contracting parties agrees to assist the commission so far as possible with regard to supplying or collecting papers or information required for the proper accomplishment of its task.

If the members of the commission are unable to agree on a joint report in respect of any particular property, they may present separate reports.

In cases where the Government of the Union concludes an agreement with an individual claimant, the commission shall be informed of such agreement in order that the claim in question may be withdrawn from the competence of the commission.

The commission shall consist of six persons possessing the necessary qualifications for their task, three being appointed by the Government of His Britannic Majesty and three by the Government of the Union.

The commission shall settle its own procedure, which shall be approved by the two governments. Each of the contracting parties shall defray the remuneration and pay the expenses of the persons appointed by it, together with one-half of the expenses incurred jointly.

ART. 11. A second treaty will be entered into which will contain:

1. The conditions accepted in accordance with Article 6.
2. The amount and method of payment of compensation for claims under Article 8.
3. An agreed settlement of property claims other than those directly settled by the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

ART. 12. Upon the signature of the treaty referred to in Article 11 His Britannic Majesty's Government will recommend Parliament to enable them to guarantee the interest and sinking fund of a loan to be issued by the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

The amount, terms, and conditions of the said loan and the purposes to which it shall be applied shall be defined in the treaty provided for in Article 11, which will not come into force until the necessary parliamentary authority for the guaranty of the said loan has been given.

ART. 13. The provisions of this chapter constitute a single and indivisible unit.

CHAPTER IV. MISCELLANEOUS

ART. 14. On the coming into force of the treaty referred to in Article 11, Article 10 of the Trade Agreement of March 16, 1921, will be abrogated, until which time it will be maintained in force, Article 1 of the present treaty notwithstanding.

ART. 15. Documents and papers of every kind, which on November 1, 1917, belonged to individual subjects or citizens of either party, and are now withheld from the owners and are in the possession or under the control of the Government or a public institution of the other party, shall be returned to the owners, or to such representative as they may appoint, within two months from the date of a request to that effect.

ART. 16. The contracting parties solemnly affirm their desire and intention to live in peace and amity with each other, scrupulously to respect the undoubted right of a state to order its own life within its own jurisdiction in its own way, to refrain and to restrain all persons and organizations under their direct or indirect control, including organizations in receipt of any financial assistance from them, from any act, overt or covert, liable in any way whatsoever to endanger the tran-

ANDORRA

CALLED by Robert Morss Lovett in the New Republic

"A beautiful book, a worthy addition to that line of French fiction from Colomba to Maria Chapdelaine in which the passion of romance is subdued to classic dignity and grace, and in which nature forms a noble and enduring background to the heroic quality of mankind."

By the Philadelphia Record

"A masterpiece . . . a really great book."

By the Milwaukee Sentinel

"Harmonious as noble music."

From the French of Isabelle Sandy

Houghton Mifflin Co. Illus. $2.00

What La Follette's State Is Doing

By CHESTER C. PLATT of Madison, Wis.

One reviewer has called this book a sequel to Dr. Frederic C. Howe's "Wisconsin, An Experiment in Democracy." It is not a campaign book, and when written the author did not know whether La Follette would be a candidate for president or not. The object of the book is to show that Wisconsin liberals, imbued with the La Follette spirit, have made this state one of the best governed in the union, and the progressive reforms adopted here have promoted and not hindered the commercial prosperity of the state.

Here are the titles of some of the chapters. Part Time Schools, Unemployment Insurance, University Extension, The Legal Status of Women, Cooperative Movements, Public Ownership, Taxing Unearned Incomes.

The volume contains over 300 pages. Has been carefully indexed and is illustrated with portraits of many Wisconsin progressives. Price $2.50. Order through your bookseller, or by mail of the publishers, Batavia Times Press, Batavia, N. Y.

For descriptive circulars address
CHESTER C. PLATT, 119 W. Main Street, Madison, Wis.

quillity or prosperity of any part of the territory of the British Empire or the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics or intended to embitter the relations of the British Empire or the Union with their neighbors or any other countries. . . .

ART. 17. The present treaty is drawn up and signed in the English language. A translation shall be made into the Russian language as soon as possible and agreed between the parties. Both texts shall then be considered authentic for all purposes.

ART. 18. The present treaty shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged in London as soon as possible.

In witness whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed the present treaty and have affixed thereto their seals.

Russia's Harvest

REPORTS of bad crops and famine conditions in various parts of Russia have been widely published. The following official statement of the situation and of the means taken to combat it appeared in a recent issue of *Pravda* (Moscow). It was written by G. Zinoviev.

The gross figures for this year's harvest will probably amount to not much under 2,600,000 poods, in other words, they will not be much behind those of the previous year's harvest. Nevertheless, it is already evident that the failure of the crops this year has affected a number of provinces more seriously than was at first thought to be the case.

Agriculture has for a long time formed the basis of the whole of our economy. Hence the recent crop failure means a severe blow to the whole economic organism of the Soviet Union. The purchasing power of the peasantry, taken as a whole, however, will probably not be less than it was last year. It is therefore harmful, and in any case premature, to speak of any reduction in the plans of production of our state industries.

There is no doubt, however, that the rate of economic revival this year will not correspond with our earlier expectations. . . . The bad harvest of 1924 confronts us with many new difficulties. Doubtless the catastrophe is not as bad as that of 1921. It cannot be denied that since that time we have greatly increased in economic strength. . . . We have, however, no reason either to remain idle and inactive or to indulge in self-deception. . . .

We talk a good deal of our alliance with the peasantry. Now is the time to realize this alliance through a task which touches the peasants very closely. A friend in need is a friend indeed. The peasantry needs our help precisely now when a relatively little help can rescue whole sections of the peasantry from ruin. . . .

The party must now show the peasants, not with words but by deeds, that it is supporting them in every possible way. The state organs which are under the leadership of the party must prove to the peasants by deeds that the workers' and peasants' state, during the time of need, hastened to help agriculture with all the means at its disposal.

We have already adopted serious measures with regard to providing seed; we must increase our efforts in this direction.

The measures which the government commission, over which Comrade Rykov presides, has adopted must be brought to the knowledge of the peasants.

The granting of agricultural credits is now, in view of the failure of crops, assuming greater importance. The same applies to the agricultural cooperatives and still more to every kind of agronomic help and propaganda. . . .

In order to combat the consequences of the drought, a large-scale program, extending over ten years, for the improvement of the soil has been worked out. . . .

The workers of the largest industrial centers must take, under their patronage the districts most seriously affected by the drought. . . .

The New School
for Social Research

PURPOSE: To seek an unbiased understanding of the existing order, its genesis, growth and present working, as well as of those circumstances which are making for its revision.

Registration begins September 29
School Year begins October 6

JOHN B. WATSON—Behavior Psychology.
Thursday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS—Mental Hygiene.
Monday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

DOUGLAS A. THOM—Habit Training in Children.
Friday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

BERNARD GLUECK—Mental Hygiene Problems of Childhood.
Thursday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

HARRY A. OVERSTREET—The Technique of Influencing Human Behavior.
Tuesday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN—Introduction to Social Psychology.
Wednesday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

WILLIAM I. THOMAS—Personality Development.
Friday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

HORACE M. KALLEN—Dominant Ideals of Western Civilization.
Tuesday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

A. A. GOLDENWEISER—Theories of Evolution and Progress from Herbert Spencer to Bertrand Russell.
Monday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

DAVID FRIDAY—Principles of Political Economy.
Wednesday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

LEO WOLMAN—The Labor Movement in the National Life.
Monday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

FREDERICK R. MACAULAY — Statistical Method.
Thursday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

JOSEPH K. HART—Theory and Practice in "New Schools."
Friday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

STARK YOUNG—The Art of the Theatre.
Tuesday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

H. W. L. DANA—Twentieth Century Literature.
Friday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

Tuition for each course of eighteen lectures, $20.

Write for catalogue to
465 West 23d Street **New York City**

In addition to our People's Commissariat for Agriculture, the other people's commissariats must bestir themselves and adapt the whole of their work to the situation among the peasants. . . .

For some time past many of our organizations, as, for example, the recent congress of our Youth League, have paid greater attention to the village. This of course does not only refer to organizations which are situated in the agricultural districts, but also to the capitals and other big proletarian centers.

"We have such and such a number of model institutions in this or that town," reports this or the other authority. To this our party must answer: "Yes, but what have you done for the village? Pay attention to the village, think of the peasantry. We are a land of workers and peasants."

The road of the proletarian revolution is not strewn with roses. New difficulties are unavoidable in the course of the complete economic reconstruction of the country. These difficulties are to be overcome and we shall surmount all emergencies only if we succeed this time in rousing to organized work the millions of workers who follow our party.

The working class and the peasantry of our republics are knit together by indissoluble bonds. During the whole revolution the working class of our country exercised a powerful influence upon the peasantry. We must not forget, however, that during the past seven years we have sometimes seen the contrary: the mood of the peasantry has penetrated by a thousand ways into the circles of city workers and found an echo in the factories and workshops, and on more than one occasion created very serious political difficulties. This will be the case now also if the party and the working class do not put forward all their efforts. . . .

As a Doctor Sees It. By Dr. B. LIBER. 173 stories from the intimate life of all kinds of people. Illustrated with 64 pencil sketches by the author.—Seven Parts:—Part I. *"In the Sweat of Thy Face"* contains stories from the life of the WORKING PEOPLE; Part II. *"Poisoned Pleasure"* deals with SEX LIFE AND BIRTH CONTROL; Part III. *"Pain and Sorrow"* speaks about *sad situations* in life as the doctor meets them; Part IV. *"War Echoes"* shows the disastrous EFFECTS OF THE WAR among the common people; Part V. *"Life Waves"* gives a number of unusually interesting pictures and problems; Part VI. *"Shop Gossip"* is what its title implies, gossip about things of which doctors prefer to talk among themselves; and Part VII. *"Between Consultations"* takes the doctor away from his work for a while and makes him see other things, but always from the doctor's point of view.

Received as a revelation by the press: A frank volume, frankly illustrated. It should be particularly called to the attention of comfortable people.—*N. Y. Sun.* Extremely colorful and fascinating.—*Fourth Estate.* Human documents. Reveal the need of more and better social service work.—*Boston Evening Transcript.* Some are sordid, others tragic, some gay, all real and impressive.—*Industrial Pioneer.* Admirable book. Brevity and ease gracefully combined in this portrayal of the humorous and the pathetic. Thought-provoking.—*Truth-Seeker.* Intensely interesting.—*Kansas City Star.* Mass of important facts told with first-class literary skill—*Upton Sinclair.* I wish everyone of the 534 members of Congress had to read your book—*Mary Ware Dennett,* Director, Voluntary Parenthood League. Clever and entertaining—*Atlanta Constitution.* It is the blatant reality and tragic death-in-life that a doctor of the city poor has to encounter.—*San Francisco Chronicle.* Intensely interesting and full of keen clinical and human observation. I compliment you upon your glimpse into people's character and their mode of living.—*Haven Emerson, M.D.* Absorbingly interesting.—*London Spectator.* Impressionistic dabs of many phases of life among the lowly of a huge city. Close powers of observation, adroit selection of words and artistic use of pencil serve to fasten these mental snapshots vividly in mind.—*N. Y. Medical Week.* One is struck with the author's sincerity. Excellent pencil sketches.—*N. Y. Evening Post.* Remarkable book by a remarkable personality. The author is an artist in drawing human forms.—*Freiheit.* A rare book. Shows life honestly and frankly.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.* Wonderfully fertile.—*Seattle Post Intelligencer.* Most unique book, revealing inside picture of a doctor's life. Brave, courageous.—*Vegetarian Magazine.*

THE CHILD AND THE HOME, by Dr. B. Liber. Second, enlarged edition. Most modern ideas on the bringing-up of children. Common Errors, Practical Advice, Instances from Life, Sex, Health and Food Problems.—320 *pages; cloth,* $2.50; *paper,* $1.50.

RATIONAL LIVING, an illustrated monthly devoted to health conservation and exposing dishonesty in all healing professions, B. Liber, M. D., Dr. P. H., editor.—August issue out: A Vacation, Labor and Health, Posture at Work, The Healers, a medical novel, Diet of World's Workers, Child Care, Examinations, Normal Sex Life, Exercise, Cancer, Etc.—40c. a copy. —*Regular subscription,* $2.00.

Subscr. to R. L. and copy of "As a Doctor Sees it," $3.50.

Subscr. to R. L. and copy of "The Child and the Home," cloth, $4.00; *paper,* $3.00.

Subscr. to R. L. and copies of both books, $5.50 *or* $4.50.

Address: RATIONAL LIVING, 61 Hamilton Pl., New York.

IN ATHENS 400 B.C.

DIOGENES

Had No Housing Problem:

The Upkeep of His Lantern Was His Only Expense.

IN NEW YORK 1924 A. D.

It Is Not So Simple But

CO-OPERATIVE HOME-OWNERSHIP

Will Reduce Your Rent Burden to Cost of Upkeep

The Bedford Barrow Co-operative Apartments

in Greenwich Village

are genuine, non-profit co-operatives.

Thirty-five apartments, 4, 5 and 6 rooms

Initial Investment $1,230 to $2,400.

Monthly Charges $50 to $100 (approx.) (Including mortgage payments)

Each year the net monthly charges decrease

The member's investment increases

Write for Information to:—

Consumers' Co-operative Housing Association, Inc

70 Fifth Ave. Room 411 Chelsea 0432

Pres. Cedric Long 1st Vice-Pres. Franklin C. Wells, Jr.
Sec'y Harry Rappaport 2nd Vice-Pres. Helen L. Alfred
Treas. Adolph Wirkkula

Affiliated with

THE CO-OPERATIVE LEAGUE OF THE U. S. A.

WANTED: Protestant family of good character to adopt an eight-months-old, healthy and unusually attractive boy of fine heredity. Matter in charge of high-grade child-caring agency. Applications around southeastern Pennsylvania preferred. Apply to Box 234, care of The Nation, giving full details.

MAMUMIT SCHOOL, Pawling, Dutchess Co., New York

A Modern Community Boarding School for the Children of Workers—Boys and Girls 9 to 14 years. Can take three more girls and two more boys at a tuition charge which covers actual cost.

Arthur Warner's three articles on

La Follette's Record

have been reprinted in pamphlet form and can be ordered from

The Nation

20 Vesey Street
New York

10 cents a copy
$5.00 a hundred
$30.00 a thousand

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1924 No. 3088

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 247
EDITORIALS:
The Chances in the Election 250
Fashions in Newspaper Hoaxes 251
"Theirs Not to Reason Why" 251
A Noble Editor 252
"MOBILIZATION" OR "DEFENSE TEST"? 253
MAIN STREET'S BEEN PAVED! By Sinclair Lewis 255
LA FOLLETTE'S "STRATEGY." By William Hard 260
THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND THE FRANKS CASE. By Leonard Blumgart 261
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 262
CORRESPONDENCE 263
TAKING AWAY THE BANKING. By Wilbert Snow 264
BOOKS:
Rollo in America. By Woodbridge Riley 264
Retrospective. By Alice Beal Parsons 265
A New Single Tax. By Henry Raymond Mussey 265
Proust in English. By Ernest Boyd 266
A Rolling Stone. By Albert DeSilver 267
The Negro. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois 267
AMERICAN MUSIC VIA EUROPE. By Henrietta Straus 268
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Gagging the Press in Italy 269
The Anglo-Russian Trade Treaty 269

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FREDA KIRCHWEY, Managing Editor MARK VAN DOREN, Literary Editor

ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager

Contributing Editors

ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS

ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

IN HIS LABOR DAY speech John W. Davis has shown once more that it is his political strategy to invade the La Follette territory—not by denouncing the Wisconsin Senator but by taking the same position on various questions. Thus, he has come out against government by injunction, for important changes in the Esch-Cummins Act, and for the approval of the child-labor amendment to the Constitution. This will be gratefully noted in the La Follette camp, for the further Mr. Davis comes over to the La Follette position the more difficult will it be for the Republicans to portray La Follette as a wild and dangerous radical. For instance, the Senator has been roundly abused for wishing to abolish the Railroad Labor Board, and that proposal has been widely heralded as meaning the undoing of one of the great achievements in the battle between capital and labor. Now Mr. Davis is willing to throw it over. He has also suddenly discovered that there is such a tradition as free speech and a free press in America. We congratulate him upon the discovery, because if there was any man silent and tongue-tied during the battle the liberals have been making since the beginning of the war to uphold the right of peaceful assemblage, free speech, and a free press, it was John W. Davis. In all the gallant struggle made by the American Civil Liberties Union, for example, to uphold the rights of the citizen, Mr. Davis has had not one word to say either as president of the Bar Association or otherwise. If he wishes to prove his sincerity now he can easily do it. Let him denounce by name the public officials and the mining companies in his own West Virginia who have made of democracy in that State a mockery and a sham. Let him denounce the mayors in those Gary-owned Pennsylvania towns who today refuse to permit meetings to be held if they do not like their purpose.

IT IS UNKIND of the head of the National Federation of Federal Employees to complain of the sweat-shop wages paid by the national government to its workers just when the country is thrilling with Mr. Coolidge's Labor-Day declaration that the cost of living has been going down and wages going up. Living costs began to go down in the middle of 1920 while the Democrats were still in power, continuing in that direction for some time in spite of the corruption in Washington under Mr. Harding, but since Mr. Coolidge himself has been President his own official statistics show an upward trend again. Mr. Coolidge goes back over ten years—six of which were under a Democratic administration—and picks out the *hourly rate* of wages in a few favored industries to prove the high earnings of labor. He says nothing of the total time that men are working or of men who are not working at all. He does not give actual earnings of actual men, and there are no satisfactory figures on this point for the country as a whole. In the last report from the New York State Department of Labor, however, we note that July was the fourth successive month of contracting pay rolls in factories, and that they were $6,000,000 less in July of this year than in July, 1923. Also only eleven firms advanced wages in that month against seventeen that reduced them. Reductions applied especially to the textile and the carpet industries.

AND NOW COMES Luther G. Stewart, president of the National Federation of Federal Employees, to say that although living costs are 69 per cent higher than ten years ago the pay of the government's workers, even with the bonus of $20 a month, is only 15 per cent higher. Mr. Stewart says:

> Take the sleek-looking guards at the Congressional Library as an example. People do not know that the guards would prefer a little more corned beef and cabbage and less statuary and mural decorations. They do not know that the guards must provide their own uniforms, at increased prices since Congress so generously allowed the woolen industry a tariff, and must support a family and pay the notoriously high rents at the national capital on a wage of $1,140 a year, working seven days a week.
>
> This situation is true not only with most of the federal employees in Washington, numbering 60,000 outside the postal service; it is true equally with the 200,000 federal government workers scattered throughout the United States.

Nevertheless, Mr. Coolidge has solid reasons upon which to base his ringing declarations in regard to reduced living costs and increased wages. He has the incontestable proof of personal experience. Since he became President he has escaped what Mr. Stewart calls "the notoriously high rents at the national capital" by moving into a free house painted white, while his wages have risen from a stipend of $12,000 a year to one of $75,000. Lucky Cal!

HOW FARES THE FARMER? After an investigation covering a period of several years the Department of Agriculture has discovered that he is in a bad way. The farmer discovered it himself some time ago; but let that pass. The farmer may at least take comfort in knowing statistically just how badly off he is.

> Interest paid on total farm indebtedness consumed all capital earnings in the crop years 1920-21 and 1921-22. In the next two years there was a return of 3.1 per cent on the total capital invested in agriculture, including rewards of management. This investment, however, was written down from $79,607,000,000 in 1920 to $59,409,000,000. Land and buildings by themselves were written down from $66,316,000,000 to $48,300,000,000.
>
> The department has estimated for the five-year period the return on all the capital invested in agriculture. It puts this rate at 6.2 per cent for 1919-20; 0.6 per cent for 1920-21; 1.4 per cent for 1921-22; 3.1 per cent for 1922-23; and 3.1 per cent for 1923-24. Even this meager showing was only made by valuing the labor of farm operators and their families at no more than the current rate for common labor. While agricultural capital as a whole had only the small returns above mentioned, it was paying an average of more than 6.7 on mortgage and other indebtedness.

Mr. Coolidge is smiling with promises of what his party is going to do for agriculture, but if the future is to be judged by the present, and it is, the Republicans have nothing to offer the farmer but a stone—or at most a gold brick.

ITS "INSTINCTIVE GROPING for leadership in the interest of law enforcement" (we think Mr. Dawes's phrase will become classic) has again brought Herrin, Illinois, to murder and riot. Six men have been killed in a battle between Klansmen and sheriffs' deputies. The start of the trouble is shrouded in bitter accusations and criminal charges. The only thing the public understands or cares to understand is that law is dead in a county in Illinois; that men's lives are in danger; and that hooded cowards have instituted a reign of terror that dates back many months. Mr. Dawes may admire the fine, free spirit that inspires the members of the Klan in Illinois; most of the rest of us would prefer to see life and liberty left in the unromantic hands of the officers of the law.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has done two excellent things since the beginning of his campaign for which he is entitled to all praise. He has enunciated the historic American doctrine in regard to the colored man and his rights as an American citizen. He has heartily approved the nomination of a colored man for Congress in New York City, and has otherwise spoken out so clearly that no one can have any doubt as to where he stands on this issue. The second matter is the President's refusal to join in the navy hue and cry against the British in regard to the elevation of the guns on battleships. He has declared that he will not permit the subject to be opened by the navy. That has naturally set the admirals to raging. If we may judge from the Washington dispatches, the navy feels that the President has sold us out to the British. We can only rejoice that this source of friction between the two great Anglo-Saxon countries has been eliminated by the President. The whole incident shows clearly how our naval officers, so far from being preservers of the peace as they contend, are constant sources of the kind of friction that leads to war.

THE PRIZES for peace plans, in the competition inaugurated for Europeans by Edward A. Filene, have been awarded. More than 15,000 persons competed—5,319 in France, 4,700 in Great Britain, 4,400 in Germany, 1,000 in Italy. The names of the winners are not yet announced, but the peace plans are appearing from each of the four nations separately at intervals of a week. In making public the plans by French competitors, a statement in behalf of Mr. Filene says:

> It is not so important that we should find in these projects a final solution of the problem of peace as that we should understand that they are a fairly accurate index of the main movements of thought in Europe today. . . . It was with this purpose in view, of affording the American public a general line on the thought of the more active and the more thinking elements in Europe's main countries, that Mr. Filene inaugurated the awards.

With this thought in mind it is instructive to note that in the thirty-six plans by Frenchmen to whom prizes were awarded there is general support of the Dawes plan and advocacy of reduction of armaments. The League of Nations is regarded as necessary, with appeal to moral rather than physical force, while many suggest changes to admit the United States and propose the admission of Germany and Russia. Mutual guaranties of security through treaties are also suggested. Most of the competitors see the need of a stabilization of the currencies of Europe as a means of restoring normal life, and thus laying the basis of permanently peaceful relations. They also seek a solution for the traffic chaos.

THE REICHSTAG has done the inevitable and approved the London agreement on the Dawes plan. It could do nothing else in view of Marx's threat to dissolve the Reichstag and go ahead without its consent if need be. The only question now is what price the Government has had to pay finally to win the Nationalist support. Whether the price is some seats in the present Cabinet or something else, time will soon show. What has been done by Marx was the only thing to do, whether his government believed in the workability of the compromise or not. For Germany and for other countries the acceptance of the agreement should bring at least temporary relief from bickering and some economic revival. But what the German people will yet have to pay socially for this new fixing of their liabilities remains to be seen. There are plenty who behold in it nothing but a loss of all the gains made by the workers during the war and the revolution, including the eight-hour day. Sufficient unto the day! The really important thing, we say again, is that Europe has at last made a treaty by mutual consent and that friendly personal relations have finally been established between French and German statesmen. Future difficulties must be met as they arise—in the spirit of Ramsay MacDonald if the world is to advance.

THE DAWES REPORT has apparently cleared the air for France and Germany to get back to the basis laid down by Loucheur and Rathenau two and a half years ago. At the conclusion of the recent conference they agreed to meet in Paris about the first of October and draft a commercial treaty. Such an agreement Philip Snowden characterizes as "a trade menace to Great Britain of a most serious character." English miners have already appealed to Mr. MacDonald to prevent further coal deliveries by Ger-

many to Italy, France, and Belgium, as it is causing the closing of British mines. And British business men in general are suspicious that France has now thrown over her dreams of military domination in order to attain domination through commercial relations. Whether this fear is exaggerated or not, there seems to be no other way to peace on the Continent than the way of accord between France and Germany. It would be tragic if Great Britain, after striving for Franco-German political accord, should shift its ground for fear of losing its French trade to Germany. Great Britain has gained nothing from the past commercial chaos; she will be the first to profit from general prosperity.

HERMAN M. BERNELOT MOENS came to the United States with letters from the Dutch Government recommending him as a distinguished zoologist and anthropologist worthy of the highest consideration. He embarked on a careful study of race mixtures in Washington, and with the help of government scientists and photographers took pictures of many of the intermingled types in the Washington public schools. About this time the war broke out and struck the Department of Justice like an attack of measles. In 1918 the Department decided that Mr. Moens was a German spy; agents entered his room and seized documents and scientific materials which have never been recovered by the owner. They found incidentally that he was neither German nor a spy, but they discovered his collection of photographs of nude children, taken by government photographers. These were seized. Finally the scientist was indicted on a charge of possessing obscene pictures and exhibiting them (to the agent who stole them from his rooms). The indictment was dismissed but another was drawn, and for five years Mr. Moens lived with this vicious charge hanging over him. His work was stopped, his scientific material was confiscated, his name was blackened—and now, casually, under the new regime of decency in the Department of Justice, the indictment has been withdrawn. Mr. Moens is no longer under criminal charges, but he has wasted five years of his career and suffered indignity and injustice. If a distinguished American scientist were so treated by a foreign government—by Holland, for instance—we wonder how our patriotic senators would behave.

IF FANNIE HURST were a foreign literary person visiting our shores, she could probably be trusted to comment on something more interesting than the beauty of the American woman or the docility of the American husband. At any rate, Miss Hurst has recently been visiting in Moscow and her impressions, cabled to the New York *Times* by Walter Duranty, were well above the intelligence standard set by most departing guests. She finds Russia amazingly young—sustained by the virtues of youth and afflicted with its faults:

> Not only nine executives out of ten you meet are young, but you feel tremendously that the whole country has been put in the hands of the growing generation to make or mar it after their own pattern. There is all of youth's crudity, ignorance, and recklessness, youth's restiveness and contempt, even toward elders and older ways. But there is also youth's tremendous vitality, youth's hopefulness, and youth's power to work miracles, because it does not know that impossibilities are impossible. . . .
>
> And they are all so desperately in earnest, these youngsters, so absorbed in their own affairs, so impervious to criticism. They seem to have no time for many things we consider important. For instance, the women look neat enough in white summer frocks, but do any young girls ever pause to think how much nicer they would look with a piece of ribbon? And that goes all through—there are so many beautiful old things in and round Moscow, but such utilitarian ugliness as will come from impatience and almost disgust for delicacy and refinement.

THE BARK WANDERER, the last of New Bedford's famous whaling fleet, is piled up on the Middle Ground Shoal; she will lie there until the storms of the North Atlantic rack and wrench and burst her stout ribs asunder and float her old bones off to scatter them in the wreckage of the Seven Seas. The Wanderer was 146 years old, having been built in Mattapoisett in 1778. In her long life she had probably poked her blunt, pugnacious nose into every lonely sea from the South Shetland Islands to Jan Mayen Land, and her every timber must have been soaked and preserved in the oil of the thousands of whales that had fallen her victims. The Wanderer set out on what was to have been her last whaling voyage on August 25; on her return she was to have been dismantled. The crew was not quite large enough, the skipper decided soon after setting sail, and so he anchored the Wanderer and went ashore to recruit others. In the tumultuous seas that piled up in the Atlantic next day the bark dragged her anchors, and as she was swept into shoal water the crew abandoned her. About the middle of the last century, when whaling was a great American industry, we had more than 700 vessels engaged in the chase, most of them sailing out of New Bedford. But the scarcity of whales, due to their relentless pursuit, together with the discovery of petroleum, brought the industry to decay, and in 1902 our fleet had declined to thirty-eight vessels. Now there are so few that no records are kept, and the New Bedford fleet is wholly gone. Of late the Wanderer had been requisitioned for the movies. So perhaps it wasn't accident but suicide that brought her finally to Middle Ground Shoal.

IT WAS IN BOSTON, distinguished as the Athens of America and birthplace of the art of vaudeville, that a recent survey demonstrated conclusively the advance of the last half century in the art of education. The Boston University School of Education gave Massachusetts scholars a spelling test, and compared the results with a trial made in 1879. One might expect the well-known younger generation to fall far below the record of their serious-minded ancestors. The clergymen of Boston could have explained that the sinful frivolity of flirting, jazzing flapperdom had penetrated even to the fifth grade of a generation precocious in vice and light-minded in learning. Instead, here is material for a sermon on the glories of progress. On the useful little word "which," for example, the school-children of 1924 rate 76 per cent against a mere 69.2 per cent in 1879; and on "too" the score is 79.4 to 23 per cent. The investigators proudly credit the improvement to modern teaching methods, which concentrate on useful words in spelling lessons instead of the "eleemosynary" and "synchronization" of our grandfathers. It is true that some heretical advocates of drastic school reform have held that spelling should not be taught as an independent subject at all; but that must have been before they heard of this triumph of twentieth-century science.

The Chances in the Election

WHAT are the chances in the presidential election? There is only one thing upon which a majority of the Washington political correspondents agree, and that is that the election will be thrown into Congress. For the rest, veteran observers admit that never has there been as baffling a campaign nor such contradictory reports as come out of every State in the Union. One meets equally competent observers from a given place who are so far apart in their views as to make it impossible to reconcile them. Take Michigan, for instance. The staff of one of the most influential dailies there agrees that La Follette will carry the State. Take any Detroit business man and he will assure you that the State will go for Coolidge by an overwhelming majority. From some States come reports of complete apathy; from others that there is profound public interest.

None the less, certain facts stand out clearly. John W. Davis is running by himself. It is not even a ticket which is being offered to the Democratic voters. In the East as little mention as possible is being made of Charles W. Bryan because he is extremely unpopular. Mr. Davis has had to make over his organization and it has not always been skilfully done; the McAdoo forces have been deliberately alienated. Writing in the pro-Coolidge New York *Evening Post*, Clinton W. Gilbert declares that "in the entire region west of the Mississippi, except the Southwestern States, the contest is between President Coolidge and Senator La Follette," and he quotes a Republican just back from the Southwest as saying that he hardly ever heard Mr. Davis's name. If it were not for the solid South it would seem as if the Davis candidacy would disappear, despite the fact that he is making excellent campaign speeches. He does not appeal to the imagination of the public and his is the dreadful handicap of steering a middle course.

When it comes to the contest between La Follette and Coolidge, the advocates of La Follette are profoundly cheered, for it is certain that the showing he will make will be extraordinary in spite of the necessity of building entirely new machinery, the lack of experienced leaders, and the pitifully small sums of money which are coming to W. T. Rawleigh, the treasurer (whose address is Freeport, Illinois). It is not as it was in the Progressive Party's campaign in 1912. Not only was Mr. Roosevelt better known and more popular, there were enlisted under his banner many men and women of national distinction. Money poured in upon the treasurer; the new machinery came to pass almost overnight; a powerful press championed him. It was soon socially fashionable to join the Roosevelt ranks. This year the spectacular is lacking, the money, and the large group of nationally known leaders and dailies. Yet the third party is going ahead in a way to amaze. That is to be recognized in the respectful way the opposition treats it and the admirably fair reporting of the La Follette campaign by the press of the large cities—it is real news and the editors know it. The third party progresses because for once we have a reform movement which has come out of the masses and has not been started from above. It is possibly the very absence of machinery and of moth-eaten and shop-worn political leaders that gives La Follette's battle such an appeal, besides the fact that the American people like the spectacle of this brave and unpurchasable man presenting himself to the public on his own record and his own platform and inviting the public to vote for him.

Quite striking is the way week by week the Republicans themselves are beginning to take the La Follette cause more seriously. At first they conceded him only Wisconsin. Now an apparently official Republican forecast in the New York *Herald Tribune* gives La Follette Wisconsin, Minnesota, Montana, North and South Dakota. Clinton W. Gilbert, who is certainly no visionary idealist but a practical and experienced realist, makes some remarkable statements which he declares to be founded on information from inside Republican sources only. He declares that La Follette has developed strength in California sufficient already to insure his running second there. Arizona will go either to La Follette or Coolidge and so will Nebraska, where Mr. Gilbert insists that Bryan will run third. In Iowa, he reports, the Republicans are in a serious way because the corn crop is bad, because Joseph Allen, a leading Iowa progressive, has unexpectedly bolted to La Follette, and Dante Pierce, owner of the powerful farmers' paper, the *Iowa Homestead*, has thrown his great influence to the Wisconsin Senator. If La Follette were to carry all the States which Mr. Gilbert concedes to him, or puts down as close and doubtful, he would receive 93 electoral votes, without counting California or any Eastern State as a possibility, and giving Nevada, Wyoming, Utah, and Oregon to Coolidge or Davis. Since the latter is bound to get 126 electoral votes in the Southern States alone, any such achievement by La Follette as Mr. Gilbert's article suggests would not impossibly throw the election into Congress.

The Republican forecast in the *Herald Tribune* is a grave confession of weakness in that it claims only 295 electoral votes for Coolidge, who must obtain 266 to win. To claim in August a margin of only 29 votes comports neither with the usual political procedure nor with the extravagant claims that it is to be a walk-over for Coolidge. In the 295 are included the votes of California, Iowa, Illinois, Colorado, Indiana, New York, New Jersey, and Washington. The loss of California, Iowa, and Washington would on this showing defeat Mr. Coolidge. So would the loss of Iowa, Washington, Nevada, Wyoming, and Idaho. If that is the best the Republicans can claim they are in need of condolence. It is a fact that their reports in nowise justify Wall Street's three to one odds on Coolidge. Moreover, New Hampshire is actually in revolt. Money and organization and a fine speaking campaign in Rhode Island would take that State away from Coolidge, and the growing opposition to him in his own State is instanced by the large amount of space and friendly attention devoted by the Boston *Herald* to Senator Wheeler. The latter's candidacy will be helped tremendously if the Republicans commit the incredible folly of trying him on their bogus charges.

Yes, for La Follette the outlook is beyond all belief encouraging. It would be idle to assert that the great underground swell of discontent with the other parties, which is needed for a landslide, is in sight today. But there are amazing straws. Multitudes who will vote for La Follette are not daring to say so. Others are coming out for him day by day, as has William G. McAdoo's

brother. In a Pasadena newspaper office a straw vote showed 57 for La Follette, 22 for Coolidge, and 3 only for Davis. A student fraternity in the University of Washington voted 3 for Davis, 6 for Coolidge, and 38 for La Follette. A national poll by the Hearst newspapers gave, on September 2, Coolidge 11,190, La Follette 10,625, and Davis 3,443. In New York City La Follette led Coolidge by nearly 200 votes. Polls favoring the others will doubtless soon appear. But let us remember that the polls mentioned are for the man for whom, the New York *Evening Post* said a few weeks ago, only the "lunatic fringe" could possibly vote.

Fashions in Newspaper Hoaxes

SO the story of the floating cafe, anchored fifteen miles outside of New York harbor, was a fiction! This tale of a 17,000-ton steamship where the wealthy might slake their alcoholic thirst just beyond the reach of the law, printed in the New York *Herald Tribune* of August 16, was admitted by that newspaper a week later to be fiction warp and woof. The *Herald Tribune* made a clean breast of it, explained that it had been imposed upon by one of its reporters, and announced that the latter had been "dishonorably dismissed."

Well, it was not always thus with newspaper hoaxes. Time was when they were regarded as strokes of enterprise almost if not quite legitimate; when a newspaper perpetrated them knowingly and brazenly as part of the day's work. Indeed the success of one of the world's greatest newspapers, the now extinct New York morning *Sun*, was founded on a gigantic, intentional, and carefully planned hoax. We shall not argue that newspapers have grown more honest and accurate. We are not sure that they have; we are not certain that there has been anything more than a change in fashion. The modern demand for "human interest," for "punch" and "color," for pathos and humor, leads to exaggerations and distortions that are in effect as untruthful presentations as were achieved by any of the hoaxing of the past. Then, too, the pressure of propaganda has much to answer for. Only last week we called attention to a summary in the *Herald Tribune* of the report by the Federal Council of Churches on National Defense Day, which was as essentially untrue as the tale of the floating cafe. No apology for this has been forthcoming.

But we did not set out to moralize; we wanted to recall to our readers the kind of faking that "got by" in the past, especially the famous hoax of the New York *Sun*. At the time, 1835, that journal was a fledgling less than two years old, the first penny paper in New York City, established to compete against other prints which sold for six cents. The owner, Benjamin H. Day, had just engaged Richard Adams Locke as chief editorial writer at a salary of $12 a week, and the latter showed his gratitude by proposing and writing the famous moon hoax which made the *Sun*. The plot began with the publication on August 21, 1835, of an item credited to the Edinburgh *Courant*, saying that Sir John Herschel, who was experimenting at the Cape of Good Hope with a wonderful new telescope, had made some remarkable astronomical discoveries. Four days later there were three columns on the first page, saying that the new telescope had made objects on the moon's surface as visible as views on the earth at a distance of 100 yards. Marvelous details were set forth. This time the information was credited to a supplement in the Edinburgh *Journal of Science*, supplied to the *Sun* by a "medical gentleman" just arrived from Scotland who had noticed the previous item. Thereafter for a week followed instalments in regard to the newly discovered marvels of the moon, each more astounding than the one before. The vegetation and animals were described, including a horned bear and a biped beaver. Of the latter it was said:

> It carries its young in its arms like a human being and walks with an easy, gliding motion. Its huts are constructed better and higher than those of many tribes of human savages, and from the appearance of smoke in nearly all of them there is no doubt of its being acquainted with the use of fire.

Finally the *Sun's* readers were introduced to the great Temple of the Moon and to a creature close to human, a kind of man-bat. All New York buzzed with the marvelous discoveries; the presses couldn't grind fast enough to supply public demand. Eventually a committee of scientists arrived from Yale, asking leave to consult the original accounts. Locke said they were in the hands of the printer, and then rushed on ahead of the delegation to tell the foreman to send them to another plant. Thus they were kept going from shop to shop until they had to catch their train back to New Haven. The young Edgar Allan Poe is said to have abandoned a story he was working on, "Hans Pfaal," because the moon hoax trespassed upon and surpassed his ideas.

Eventually Locke admitted the hoax. But apparently there was no public resentment, and meanwhile the *Sun*—and indirectly penny journalism in America—had been made. On August 28 the *Sun* announced a sale of 19,360 copies daily. This, it claimed, was 2,360 copies in excess of the sales of the London *Times*, and the largest circulation in the world.

"Theirs Not to Reason Why"

THAT most useful institution, the Williamstown Institute of Politics, which has just concluded its fourth successful year, performs a great service in bringing together men and women of varying shades of opinion, but not greater service than in bringing to its councils representatives of the military branches of the United States government. We are well aware that there are some people who have been outraged by the constant talking of certain admirals, in marked contrast to the generals who, whether by order or not, have remained quiet. But the admirals, notably Admiral Rodgers, have enunciated such crassly imperialistic doctrines, so redolent of the before-the-war German militarism and so full of the doctrine that we must bow down and worship before our government as one which can never do any wrong, that we consider their contribution to the cause of American education of extraordinary value. Rear Admiral Rodgers's picture of us as a nation likely to wage devastating war upon all other nations of the earth just as soon as our population overflows our boundaries portrays us as becoming what most Americans thought Germany was in 1914 when it was talking so much nonsense about its place in the sun.

But the priceless contribution to the session on our relations with the Caribbean and South American countries

was that of Admiral Huse, who declared that although he was one of the leading officers who took part in the attack on Vera Cruz he did not now know why we had gone into the city to take the Custom House! "Theirs not to reason why!" The navy got its orders from Washington, where Mr. Wilson and his Cabinet, upon whose heads rests the guilt, ordered the taking of the Custom House, with the resultant hundreds of Mexican deaths and the loss of nineteen American lives. "It was a glorious victory," but history will find it difficult to record why it should have been done or what was accomplished. It did not get us the salute we demanded for the boat incident at Tampico. It did not help us to capture Villa. It enormously increased the dislike and hatred and fear of us throughout South and Central America. The navy had no choice; we have no question that it was as humane as men can be when they attack towns with modern weapons. Mussolini's fleet killed a number of orphans it did not mean to when it "upheld" its flag at Corfu.

Now it is just this attitude of mind, the willingness to be part of a machine which cannot reason why, but which is taught never to admit that the head of the government which gives the orders the sailors or soldiers must obey can do wrong, that makes the military arms so fraught with danger to any country, whether it be the Germany of the Kaiser or the American republic of today. The bold teaching that America shall adopt the law of tooth and claw whenever there shall come a plethora of population, and that no civilian may question the righteousness of any act of army or navy or government, shows how far we have progressed in the direction of militarism. It is the spirit in these matters which counts infinitely more than the act. In itself the coming mobilization day is in no sense as alarming as the propaganda motive behind it, the effort to link the civilian population with a day of military practice and parade, and so to propagandize the public. This procedure will, without question, find an echo in a demand for greater appropriations and a larger army when the next Congress meets. The military propaganda of the War Department ceases never by day or by night. Almost every army officer is not unnaturally an active militaristic propagandist; and so are many of the 80,000 reserve officers whose lips will be padlocked on all public questions—unless they agree with the Government—if the effort to drive Captain Paxton Hibben out of the Reserve Corps because of dislike of his views on Russia should prove successful.

So we are grateful for mobilization day in that it has aroused great public feeling in America against the idea. Resolutions have even come to us from business associations from whom we never expected such ringing old-fashioned Americanism. We are sincere in our belief that there is no greater danger before the country today than the spread of German militarism among us. If we had no other reason for supporting Robert M. La Follette for President, we should find it in our belief that while he is not a pacifist, nor an opponent of all wars, we think him to be keenly aware of the rise of the militaristic tide because his platform calls for immediate curtailment of army and navy. Thus we believe that active militaristic propaganda would cease the minute he took office and that we should have in Washington the same spirit of amity in the conduct of our international affairs which so glorifies the ministry of Ramsay MacDonald and through him has brought about a temporary solution of the political miseries of Europe.

A Noble Editor

WHEN Henry W. Massingham died on August 28 there passed a great soul. "The greatest editor I ever knew," Henry W. Nevinson, the dean of British correspondents, has called him; and there are many to share the estimate. But beyond and above the editor was the man. "He announces a message of revolution as if it were a new gospel of love," once wrote George W. Smalley of the man who for sixteen years made of the London *Nation* the broadest, bravest, wisest, most humane and enlightened of British publications. So noble and modest a spirit appears all too rarely in the newspaper world—there is no one to fill his place in England or abroad, for such a combination of gentleness with firmness, of complete courtesy and extraordinary knowledge with such an admirable style is seldom found. Never was there any one to state a case more clearly, to subject to a more searching analysis the statements of politicians, illuminating their falsity or proving their worth. Steeped in principle, he was a true humanitarian who could no more measure his principles with the yardstick of a spurious patriotism or a narrow nationalism than he could preach the doctrine that might shall rule.

True, when the war came, Mr. Massingham, like other British liberal editors, was swept off his feet. But he was the first to recover from the shock, and so determinedly and brilliantly did he uphold the right of the Anglo-Saxon editor to apply his reason and his principles to the national situation in war time that Lloyd George not only honored him by vituperating him, but forbade the export of his journal from England. The one now dies honored as a farsighted, wise, and honest journalist; the other, recognized the world over as a political mountebank, lives to decrease his fame by journalistic potboiling which nobody reads or regards. The true heroes are still not those the public is graciously allowed to worship by the controllers of opinion, but those who are steadfast; who yield not a jot or a tittle of their principles; who bear misrepresentation and calumny with resignation and cheerfulness, and find their reward in the consciousness that the stars in their courses fight for them, whether they live to see their principles triumph or not.

Bred and nurtured in the teachings of Cobden and Bright, Mr. Massingham yielded slowly to the new party of Labor, but for the decay of liberalism as a result of its suicidal alliance with the war mania he finally found compensation in the broader and wider vision of the new economic movement. Mr. Massingham was not only a political writer. In literary fields he wandered as freely and with as stimulating effects. His column "A Wayfarer in London" was the envy of his colleagues, but its charm was not to be captured by anyone else. With wit, grace, kindliness, and good humor he portrayed his contemporaries and the world about him. Replete with rare personal touches, the column contained also much of historic value. Even when the Rowntree Trust ousted him from the editorial chair that none else could fill, his serenity never deserted him, nor its charm his pen. Witness his last contribution to the New York *Nation*, a review of Henry W. Nevinson's "Changes and Chances," printed in the issue of April 23 of this year. From the New York *Nation* he took his publication's name. We are as happy to record that the namesake surpassed the original as we sorrow to record our grief because the world can no longer claim Henry W. Massingham as its own.

"Mobilization" or "Defense Test"?

(We reprint with pleasure the following paragraphs from a statement issued by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America; nowhere else have we seen so careful a statement of facts or so dispassionate an appraisal of the forces behind the military demonstration on September 12.)

THE observance of September 12, the anniversary of the American victory of St. Mihiel, by a demonstration of mobilization . . . was an original idea of the War Department. All statements to the effect that it is specifically required by the National Defense Act of 1920 and that the whole plan is merely a carrying out of the act are in error. . . . A widely known New York newspaper has asserted editorially . . . that the law requires annual mobilization tests on which the War Department has defaulted for three years. There is nothing in the law suggesting a test demonstration. The War Department itself acknowledges that the only portions of the National Defense Act relevant to the proposed test are . . . as follows:

> The organized peace establishment including the regular army, the national guard, and the organized reserves, shall include all those divisions and other military organizations necessary to form the basis for a complete and immediate mobilization for the National Defense in the event of a national emergency declared by Congress. The army shall at all times be organized so far as practicable into brigades, divisions, and army corps, and whenever the President may deem it expedient, into armies. For purposes of administration, training, and tactical control the continental area of the United States shall be divided on a basis of military population into corps areas. Each corps area shall contain at least one division of the national guard, the organized reserves, and such other troops as the President may direct. . . .
>
> The duties of the War Department General Staff shall be to prepare plans for national defense and the use of the military forces for that purpose, both separately and in conjunction with the naval forces, and for the mobilization of the manhood of the nation and its material resources in an emergency to investigate and report upon all questions affecting the efficiency of the army of the United States, and its state of preparation for military operations; and to render professional aid and assistance to the Secretary of War and the Chief of Staff.

When the War Department refers to the Defense Act as a warrant for "defense test" it is giving its own interpretation to the act. The Department justifies it on the ground that Congress has intrusted national defense to a reserve army; that such a potential army is useless without elaborate organization and mobilization plans; that such plans are futile unless they are tested and their procedure visualized, and unless popular interest is aroused in their execution.

"Mobilization"

The word "mobilization" was from the first used in connection with the celebration in official quarters. In his correspondence with Mr. F. J. Libby of the National Council for the Prevention of War, the President was apparently technically correct in so far as the formal designation of the day is concerned. Yet as early as January 5 of this year the *Army and Navy Register* referred to the plan in these words:

> The prospect of staging the greatest peace-time military demonstration in the history of the United States came one step nearer realization this week when Secretary of War Weeks gave favorable consideration to the Mobilization Day plans on which general staff officers have been working for months.

The *Army and Navy Register* is not an official journal, but it is apparent from the foregoing that the designation, "Mobilization Day," was not the result of an effort to discredit the demonstration. On this point the President appears to have been misinformed.

The question would seem to be placed beyond controversy by statements printed on August 1 in the New York *Evening Post*, an ardent supporter of the Administration, under the name of its Washington staff correspondent:

> The memory of the Great War is recent and the choice of the word "mobilization" was unfortunate. It was worse than unfortunate; it was stupid. But army officers are bad popular psychologists. They don't usually have to bother with psychology. But this was a time when they were dealing with psychology. They were planning a nice display of the army and its connections, something like the annual turnout of the police and fire department, to interest the people in the army. . . . With this psychological purpose in view the army officers called for a mobilization. There is no mistake about it. The records show it. And the army officers privately admit they made a blunder. Since the very first they have been trying to change the word from mobilization to defense and the pacifist societies have been trying to make the original word stick.

It should be said that the War Department disclaims any such admission of a "blunder" and defends the course it has followed throughout. The Department puts much emphasis upon the difference between a mobilization of America's citizen army and a European mobilization with all its implications.

Disclosure of War Department's Plans

There is no question that the plans of the War Department for active civilian cooperation were elaborate, and worked out in considerable detail. General Pershing's statement released by the War Department on May 18 closed with these words: "We want them all [the American people] to participate in this 'Defense Test,' and in some suitable manner celebrate the day in commemoration of the victory of American arms at St. Mihiel."

A peculiarly unfortunate incident of the controversy that has arisen over the plan has been the failure to make public the War Department's order of April 26, until after the controversy had become acute and had taken a political turn. . . . That order, made public on July 30, made it clear that "the Secretary of War has decided to initiate for continental United States a mobilization demonstration which will serve as an occasion for assemblages and ceremonies involving public manifestations of loyalty and practical patriotism." The order went so far as to suggest that there should be parades, prayers for our national welfare, patriotic music, addresses on national defense and mobilization, and organized recreation and amusement. . . .

The Force of Religious Opinion

The affair has resulted in a remarkable demonstration of the potential influence of religious opinion and of the religious press upon the Government. The War Department has been considerably exercised over the numerous letters of inquiry and protest that were inspired by articles in the religious weeklies and resolutions passed by religious bodies. Nor have the protests come merely from pacifists and pacifist societies; some of them have come from the most conservative sources. Two prominent clergymen resigned their commissions as chaplains in the reserve corps because of the War Department's plans. Others have expressed their intention of obeying the mobilization order under protest. Influential religious journals to which social radicalism is quite unwelcome have carried ringing denunciations of the "militaristic gesture." Certain church federations called upon the President, . . . to call it off. . . .

The Government's View

It should be said that there is a certain logic in the War Department's position, with reference to the test of its plans. The Department is thinking in terms of the military resources and mobilization plans of other nations. They cite the French army, totaling, regulars and colonials, 752,000 men, with 4,420,000 trained reserves and compulsory training; the Japanese army, with its 250,000 men in active service and 1,904,000 reserves, and compulsory training; the Russian army to which they assign a strength of 700,000 under arms, and a total trained man power of 5,432,760, with compulsory training.

The American army on the other hand, is limited by law to 125,000 enlisted men, a national guard, which at no time greatly exceeds the regular army, and the officers who served in the World War, a wholly civilian force, who constitute the major part of the potential military establishment. In the foreign countries enumerated, mobilization would doubtless be, as War Department officials point out, a colossal regimentation of the population compared with which the plans for September 12 are but a summer holiday. As the army sees it, assuming the necessity of a test of defense plans, those of the War Department represent the least possible disturbance of our civilian life. And in support of this view they cite the evident indifference of European countries to the published plans for Defense Day.

Significance of a Minority Protest

There is no indication that the protests which have given the War Department so much concern represent more than a minority opinion. While several of the governors have protested, the majority of them are apparently cooperating with the Federal Government. The League of Women Voters has condemned the project, but other representative bodies are offering no objection.

The Secretary of War has received from the president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution a letter assuring him that twenty-six societies which she names "will cooperate with the Government in the holding of the 'Defense Test' on September 12." For the most part they are military orders or war memorial organizations, such as the Sons of the American Revolution, the Daughters of 1812, the United Confederate Veterans, etc., of which there is a surprising number. . . .

Yet the response from leaders of ethical and religious thought has been vigorous and impressive, and furnishes an example of the effectiveness of even minority sentiment when morally buttressed and presented with persistence.

The protests of Governor Baxter of Maine, Governor Bryan of Nebraska, Governor Sweet of Colorado, and Governor Blaine of Wisconsin have appeared in the press. Governor Bryan consented to mobilization of the Guard, but Governor Sweet has refused even this participation. Governor Baxter declares he will take no action toward securing observance of the day. Upon publication of Governor Baxter's statement which was the first of the series, Governor Blaine of Wisconsin wired him, heartily agreeing with his position.

Governor Smith of New York, who has kept the matter before him for some time, has finally agreed to cooperate in the plan but has called upon the public to go to church on September 12 and give thanks for the preservation of peace and security and to pray for the continuing of goodwill among all nations. . . .

Main Street's Been Paved!

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

WHEN *THE NATION* ASKED ME to visit Gopher Prairie, Minnesota, and ask the real he-Americans what they thought of the presidential campaign, I was reluctant. Of all the men whom I met in Gopher Prairie years ago, during that college vacation when I gathered my slight knowledge of the village, Dr. Will Kennicott was the one whom I best knew, and for him I held, and hold, a Little Brother awe. He is merely a country practitioner, not vastly better than the average, yet he is one of these assured, deep-chested, easy men who are always to be found when you want them, and who are rather amused by persons like myself that go sniffing about, wondering what it all means.

I telegraphed the doctor asking whether he would be home, for sometimes in summer he loads his wife and the three boys in his car and goes north for a couple of weeks' fishing. He answered—by letter; he never wastes money by telegraphing. Yes. He was in Gopher Prairie till the middle of August; would be glad to talk with me; knew Carrie (his wife) would enjoy a visit with me also, as she liked to get the latest gossip about books, psychoanalysis, grand opera, glands, etc., and other interests of the intellectual bunch in N. Y.

I arrived in Gopher Prairie on No. 3, the Spokane Flier. Many people will be interested to know that No. 3 is now leaving Minneapolis at 12:04, that the St. Dominick stop has been cut out, and that Mike Lembcke, the veteran trainman so long and favorably known to every drummer traveling out of Mpls., has been transferred to the F line, his daughter having married a man in Tudor.

I was interested to see the changes in Gopher Prairie in the past ten years. Main Street now has three complete blocks paved in cement. The Commercial and Progress Club had erected a neat little building with a room to be used either for pleasure and recreation or for banquets; it has card tables, a pool table, a top-notch radio; and here on important occasions, like the visit of the Congressman or the entertainment of the Twin City Shriners' Brass Band, the ladies of the Baptist Church put up a regular city feed for the men folks. The lawns are prettier than they used to be; a number of the old mansions—some of them dating back to 1885—have been rejuvenated and beautified by a coating of stucco over the clapboards; and Dave Dyer has a really remarkable California bungalow, with casement windows, a kind of Swiss chalet effect about the eaves, and one of the tallest radio aerial masts I have seen west of Detroit.

But quite as striking was the change in Dr. Kennicott's office.

The consulting-room has been lined with some patent material which looked almost exactly like white tiling—the only trouble with it, he told me, is that lint and so on sticks to it. The waiting-room is very fetching and comfortable, with tapestry-cushioned reed chairs and a long narrow Art Table on which lie *Vogue*, the *Literary Digest*, *Photo Play*, and *Broadcasting Tidings*.

When I entered, the doctor was busy in the consulting-room, and waiting for him was a woman of perhaps forty, a smallish woman with horn-rimmed spectacles which made her little face seem childish, though it was a childishness dubious and tired and almost timid. She must once, I noted, have been slender and pretty, but she was growing dumpy and static, and about her was an air of having lost her bloom.

I did not at first, though I had often talked to her, recognize her as Carol, Dr. Kennicott's good wife.

She remembered me, however, by my inescapable ruddiness and angularity; and she said that the doctor and she did hope I'd drop in for a little visit after supper—she was sorry they couldn't invite me to supper, but the new hired girl was not coming along as well as they had hoped, as she was a Pole and couldn't speak a word of English. But I must be sure to come. There would be a really fine concert from WKZ that evening—of course so much of the broadcast stuff was silly, but this would be a real old-time fiddler playing barn-dance music—all the familiar airs, and you could hear his foot stamping time just as plain as though he were right there in the room—the neighbors came in to enjoy it, every Thursday evening. Oh! And could I tell her—— There'd been such an argument at the Thanatopsis Club the other day as to what was the *dernier cri* in literature just now. What did I think? Was it Marcel Proust or James Joyce or "So Big" by Edna Ferber?

She couldn't wait any longer for the doctor. Would I mind telling him to be sure to bring home the thermos bottle, as they would need it for the Kiwanis picnic?

SHE whispered away. I thought she hesitated at the door. Then the big, trim doctor came out of the consulting-room, patting the shoulder of a frightened old woman, and chuckling, "So! So! Don't you let 'em scare you. We'll take care of it all right!"

From his voice any one would have drawn confidence; have taken a sense of security against the world—though perhaps a sense of feebleness and childishness and absurdity in comparison with the man himself; altogether the feeling of the Younger Brother.

I fumbled at my mission.

"Doctor, a New York magazine—you may not have heard of it, but I remember that Mrs. Kennicott used to read it till she switched over from it to the *Christian Science Monitor—The Nation*, it's called; they asked me to go around and find out how the presidential campaign is starting, and I thought you'd be one of the——"

"Look here, Lewis, I've got a kind of a hunch I know exactly what you want me to do. You like me personally—you'd probably take a chance on my doctoring you. But you feel that outside of my business I'm a complete dumbbell. You hope I'm going to pull a lot of bonehead cracks about books and writings and politics, so you can go off and print 'em. All right. I don't mind. But before you lash me to the mast and show me up as a terrible reactionary—that's what you parlor socialists call it, ain't it?—before you kid me into saying the things you've already made up your mind you're going to make me say, just come out and make a few calls with me, will you?"

As I followed him downstairs I had more than usual of the irritated meekness such men always cast over me.

He pointed to a handsome motor with an inclosed body.

"You see, Lewis, I'm doing all the Babbitt things you love to have me do. That's my new Buick coop, and strange to say I'd rather own it—paid for in advance!—than a lot of cubist masterpieces with lop-jawed women. I know I oughtn't to get that way. I know that if I'd just arrange my life to suit you and the rest of the highbrows, why, I'd make all my calls on foot, carrying a case of bootlegged wood alcohol under one arm and a few choice books about communism under the other. But when it drops much below zero, I've got a curious backwoods preference for driving in a good warm boat."

I became a bit sharp. "Hang it, doctor, I'm not a fool. Personally, I drive a Cadillac!"

THIS happened to be a lie. The only mechanical contrivance I own is not a Cadillac but a Royal typewriter. Yet I was confused by his snatching away my chance to be superior by being superior to me, and for the second I really did believe I could beat him at motoring-owning as I can beat him at theories of aesthetics.

He grinned. "Yeh, you probably do. That's why you haven't got any excuse at all. I can understand a down-and-outer becoming a crank and wanting to have Bob La Follette or this William X. Foster—or, God! even Debs!—for President. But you limousine socialists, a fellow like you that's written for the real he-magazines and might maybe be right up in the class of Nina Wilcox Putnam or even Harry Leon Wilson, if you did less gassing and drinking and more work and real hard thinking—how you can go on believing that people are properly impressed by your pose of pretending to love all the lousy bums—well, that's beyond me. Well, as I said: Before we go into politics and Coolidge, I want to show you a couple of things to point out what I mean."

He called to Dave Dyer, in the drug-store. Dave is really an amiable fellow; he used to keep me supplied with beer; and we would sit up, talking science or telling dirty stories or playing stud poker, till a couple of hours after everybody else in town had gone to bed—till almost midnight.

Dave came out and shouted: "Glad to see you again, Lewis."

"Mighty nice to see you, Dave."

"I hear you been up in Canada."

"Yuh, I was up there f'r little trip."

"Have nice trip?"

"You bet. Fine."

"Bet you had a fine trip. How's fishing up there?"

"Oh, fine, Dave. I caught an eleven-and-a-half pound pickerel—jack-fish they call 'em up there—well, I didn't exactly catch it personally, but my brother Claude did—he's the surgeon in St. Cloud."

"Eleven naf pounds, eh? Well, that's a pretty good-sized fish. Heard you been abroad."

"Yes."

"Well. . . . How'd the crops strike you in Canada?"

"Fine. Well, not so good in some parts."

"How long you planning stay around here?"

"Oh, just a couple days."

"Well, glad to seen you. Drop in and see me while you're here."

I was conscious, through this agreeable duologue, that Dr. Kennicott was grinning again. Dave Dyer's amiability had lubricated my former doubtfulness and I was able to say almost as one on a plane of normality with him: "Oh, what are you sniggering at?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing—posolutely Mr. Leopold, absotively Mr. Loeb. (Say, that's a pretty cute one, eh? I got it off the radio last night.) I just mean it always tickles me to see the way you loosen up and forget you're a highbrow when you run into a regular guy like Dave. You're like Carrie. As long as she thinks about it, she's a fierce Forward Looker and Deep Thinker and Viewer with Alarm. But let the hired girl leave the iron on a tablecloth and burn it, and Carrie forgets all about being a Cultured Soul and bawls hell out of her. Sure. You write about Debs, but I'd like to see you acting natural with him like you do with Dave!"

"But really, I'm very fond of Gene."

"Yeh. Sure. 'Gene' you call him—that's the distress signal of your lodge—all you hoboes and authors and highbrows have to say 'Gene.' Well, I notice when you talk to Dave, you talk American, but when you get uplifty on us, you talk like you toted a monocle. Well, climb in."

I considered the sure skill, the easy sliding of the steering-wheel, with which he backed his car from the curb, slipped it forward, swung it about the new automatic electric traffic signal at the corner of Main and Iowa, and accelerated to thirty-five.

"I guess you've noticed the paving on Main Street now," he said. "People that read your junk prob'ly think we're still wading through the mud, but on properly laid cement the mud ain't so noticeable that it bothers you any! But I want to show you a couple of other things that otherwise you'd never see. If I didn't drag you out, your earnest investigation would consist of sitting around with Carrie and Guy Pollock, and agreeing with them that we hicks are awful slow in finally making Gopher Prairie as old as Boston. . . . Say, do you play golf?"

"No, I haven't——"

"Yeh. Thought so. No Fearless Author or Swell Bird would condescend to lam a pill. Golf is a game played only by folks like poor old Doc Kennicott of G. P., and the Prince of Wales and Ring Lardner and prob'ly this H. G. Wells you're always writing about. Well, cast your eye over that, will you."

We had stopped, here on the edge of Gopher Prairie—this prairie village lost in immensities of wheat and naivetes, this place of Swede farmers and Seventh Day Adventists and sleeve-garters—beside a golf course with an attractive clubhouse, and half a dozen girls wearing smart skirts and those Patrick sweaters which are so much more charming, more gay, than anything on Bond Street or Rue de la Paix.

And in a pasture beside the golf course rested an aeroplane.

I could say only: "Yes. I see. But why the aeroplane?"

"Oh, it just belongs to a couple more Main Streeters from some place in Texas that are taking a little tourist trip round all the golf courses in the country—terrible pair, Lewis; one of 'em is a Methodist preacher that believes hard work is better for a man than whiskey—never would dare to stand up in a bacteriological argument with this give-'em-the-razz scientist friend of yours, DeKruif; and the other is a cowardly lowbrow that got his Phi Beta Kappa at Yale and is now guilty of being vice-president of a railroad. And one other curious little thing: I went into Mac's barber-shop to

get my shoes shined this morning, and Mac says to me: 'Afraid you got to let 'em go dusty, Doc—the bootblack is out playing golf.' Now, of course, we're a bad, mean, capitalistic bunch that 're going to vote for that orful Wall Street hireling, Coolidge. In fact, we're reg'lar sadists. So naturally we don't mind playing golf with the bird that blacks our shoes, and we don't mind the hired girl calling us by our first names, while you earnest souls——"

He had forced me to it. "Oh, go to hell!"

He chuckled. "Oh, we'll save you yet. You'll be campaigning for Cal Coolidge."

"Like hell I will!"

"Look, Lewis. May I, as a rube, with nothing but an A. B. from the U of Minn (and pretty doggone good marks in all subjects, too, let me tell you!) inform you that you pulled 'hell' twice in successive sentences, and that the first person singular future indicative of the verb 'to be' is 'shall' and not 'will'? Pardon my hinting this to a stylist like you. . . . Look, I'm not really trying to razz you; I'm really trying the best method of defense, which I believe is attack. Of course you don't think so. If the Japs were invading America, you'd want to have a swell line of soap boxes built along the California coast, and have this bird Villard, and this John Haynes Holmes, and this Upton Sinclair—and prob'ly Lenin and Trotzky and Mother Eddy and some Abrams practitioners and Harry Thaw—all get up on 'em and tell the dear artistic Japs how you love 'em, and then of course they'd just be too *ashamed* to come in and rape our women. But, personally, I'd believe in going out with one grand sweet wallop to meet 'em."

"Doctor, you have two advantages. Like all conservatives, all stout fellows, you can always answer opponents by representing them as having obviously absurd notions which they do not possess, then with tremendous vigor showing that these non-existent traits are obviously absurd, and ignoring any explanation. But we cranks try to find out what is the reality of things—a much less stout and amusing job. And then, while we admit enormous ignorances, you never try to diagnose anything you can't physic or cut out. You like to do an appendectomy, but an inquiry into the nature of 'success'——"

"I've noticed one funny thing in all your writings and stuff, Lewis. Whenever you have to refer to a major operation, you always make it an appendectomy. Have you a particular fondness for 'em, or don't you know the names of any others? I'd be glad to buy you a medical dictionary. All right. I'll quit. Now I want to show you a few other changes in G. P."

He drove back into town; he pointed out the new schoolbuilding, with its clear windows, perfect ventilation, and warm-hued tapestry brick.

"That," he said, "is largely Vida Wutherspoon's doing. Remember her and you and Carrie used to argue about education? You were all for having Jacques Loebs and Erasmuses and Mark Hopkinses teaching, and she concentrated on clean drinking-pails. Well, she pounded at us till we built this. . . . Meantime, what've *you* done for education?"

I ignored it, and asked what sort of teachers in this admirably ventilated building were explaining Homer and biochemistry and the glory of God to the youth of Gopher Prairie.

"The teachers? Oh, I guess they're a bunch of dubs like the rest of us; plain ordinary folks. I guess they don't know much about Homer and biochemistry. . . . By the way, in which school are *you* giving your superior notions about Homer and biochemistry, and meanwhile correcting themes, and trying to help the girls that get so inspired by the sort of junk you and Mencken write that they blow home at three G. M., lit to the guards? You hint—of course you haven't met any of 'em but you know it all beforehand—you aren't satisfied with our teaching; we've got a bunch of dumb-bells. . . . Willing to come here and teach Latin, math, and history, so they'll be done right? I'm on the schoolboard. I'll get you the job. Want to?"

At my answer he sniggered and drove on. He showed me the agreeable new station—depot, I think he called it—with its flower-bordered park; the old-fashioned English garden put in by a retired German farmer; and the new State fish-hatchery. He demanded: "Well, how about it? Main Street seem to be existing almost as well as the average back alley of some burg in Italy?"

"Certainly. You have them completely beaten—materially!"

"I see. Well, now we've got one other exhibit that we, anyway, don't think is just 'material'—how birds like you love that word! We've got a baseball team that's licked every town of our size in the State, and we got it by hiring a professional pitcher and coach for five months, and going down into our jeans, without any 'material' return, and paying him three hundred dollars a *week!*"

"How much do you pay your teachers a *month?*" was all I had to say, but it provided voluble, inconclusive debate which lasted the twenty-odd miles to a hamlet called New Prague.

DR. KENNICOTT stopped at a peasant-like cottage in the Polish settlement of New Prague, and as he knocked I beheld him change from a Booster to the Doctor. What he did in that house I do not know. I do not understand these big suave men who go in to terrified women and perform mysteries and come out—calm, solid, like stockbrokers. During his fifteen minutes within there was the shriek of a woman, the homicidal voice of a man speaking some Slavic tongue—and as he started off he said to me only: "Well, I think I've got her to listen to reason."

"Good Lord, what reason? What do you mean? What happened in there? Who was the man? Her husband or another?"

I have never seen quite so coldly arrogant a cock of the eyebrow as Kennicott gave me.

"Lewis, I don't mind explaining my financial affairs to you, or my lack of knowledge of endocrinology, or my funny notion that an honest-to-God Vermont school-teacher like Cal Coolidge may understand America better than the average pants-maker who hasn't been over from Lithuania but six months. If you insist on it, of course I shouldn't mind a bit discussing my sexual relations to Carrie. *But* I do not ever betray my patients' confidence!"

It was splendid.

Of course it didn't happen to be true. He had often told me his secrets, with the patients' names. But aside from this flaw it was a noble attitude, and I listened becomingly as he boomed on:

"So! Let that pass. Now, why I brought you out here was: Look at this cross-roads burg. Mud and shacks and one big Ford garage and one big Catholic church. The limit. But look at those two Janes coming."

He lifted his square, competent hand from the steer-

ing-wheel and pointed at two girls who were passing a hovel bearing the sign "Gas, Cigarettes, Pop, and EATS"; and those girls wore well-cut skirts, silk stockings, such shoes as can be bought nowhere in Europe, quiet blouses, bobbed hair, charming straw hats, and easily cynical expressions terrifying to an awkward man.

"Well," demanded Kennicott. "How about it? Hicks, I suppose!"

"They would look at home in Newport. Only——"

He exploded. "Sure. 'Only.' You birds always have to pull an 'only' or an 'except' when we poor dubs make you come look at facts! Now, do stop trying to be a wise cracker for about ten seconds and listen to a plain, hard-working, damn successful Regular Guy! Those girls—patients of mine—they're not only dressed as well as any of your Newports or Parises or anywhere else, but they're also darn' straight, decent, hard-working kids—one of 'em slings hash in that God-awful hick eating joint we just passed. And to hear 'em talk—Oh, maybe they giggle too much, but they're up on all the movies and radio and books and everything. And both their dads are Bohemians; old mossbacks; tough old birds with whiskers, that can't sling no more English than a mushrat. And yet in one generation, here's their kids—real queens. That's what we're producing here, while you birds are panning us—talking—talking——"

FOR the first time I demanded a right to answer. I agreed, I said, that these seemed to be very attractive, probably very clever little girls, and that it was noteworthy that in one generation they should have arisen, in all their radio-wise superiority, from the bewildered peasants one sees huddling at Ellis Island. *Only*, was it Doc Kennicott and Dave Dyer and the rest of Main Street who were producing them? Dr. Kennicott might teach them the preferability of listening to the radio instead of humming Czech folk-songs, but hadn't they themselves had something to do with developing their own pretty ankles, buying their own pretty silk stockings, and learning their own gay manners?

And, I desired to be informed, why was it that to Dr. Kennicott the sleek gaiety of socialistic Slavic girls in New York was vicious, a proof that they were inferior, a proof that no one save Vermont conservatives should be allowed to go through Ellis Island, while the sleek gaiety of movie-meditating Slavic girls on Main Street was a proof of their superiority? Was it because the one part had Dr. Kennicott for physician and the other did not?

There was debate again. I perceived that I had not begun to get my interview; that I was likely to be fired by Mr. Villard. I calmed the doctor by agreeing that his ideas were as consistent as they were practical; and at last I had him explaining Coolidgeism, while he drove back to Gopher Prairie at thirty-five on straight stretches, twenty on curves.

"WELL, I hope you're beginning to get things a little straighter now, Lewis. I wanted you to see some of the actual down-to-brass-tacks things we've *accomplished*—the paving on Main Street, the golf course, the silk stockings, the radios—before I explained why everybody around here except maybe a few sorehead farmers who'll vote for La Follette, and the incurable hereditary Democrats who'll stick by Davis, is going to vote for Coolidge. We're people that are doing things—we're working or warring—and in the midst of work or war you don't want a bunch of conversation; you want results.

"Now, first you expect me—prob'bly you've already got it written; darn' shame you'll have to change it—you expect me to pan hell out of Bob La Follette. You expect me to say he's a nut and a crook and a boob and a pro-German. Well, gosh, maybe I would've up till a couple of years after the war. But as a matter of fact, I'm willing—I'm glad to admit he's probably a darn' decent fellow, and knows quite a lot. Maybe it's even been a good thing, some ways, to have a sorehead like him in the Senate, to razz some of the saner element who otherwise might have been so conservative that they wouldn't have accomplished anything. I imagine prob'bly La Follette is a good, honest, intelligent man, a fighter, and a fellow that *does* things. But that's just the trouble. We mustn't be doing too many things, not just now. There's a ticklish situation in the world, with international politics all mixed up and everything, and what we need is men that, even if maybe they haven't got quite so much imagination and knowledge, know how to keep cool and not rock the boat.

"Just suppose a couple of years ago, when Banting was working out insulin for diabetes but his claims weren't confirmed yet, suppose you and all the rest of you Earnest Thinkers, including La Follette, had come to me hollering that I was wrong to go on doing the honest best I could just dieting my diabetes patients. You tell me about Banting—but equally you tell me about some other scientist named, say, Boggs, who had something new for diabetes. What'd I have done? Why, I'd of gone right on being a stingy old conservative and dieting my cases!

"Now, when it proves Banting is right and Boggs is wrong, I follow Banting and kick out Boggs, but I don't do either till I *know*. Boggs might have been a wiz, that took his degree of X. Y. Z. at Jena, but he was premature—he was wrong—he wanted to do too much. Well, La Follette is Boggs, a beaner but plumb wrong, and I and some twenty-thirty million other Americans, we're Coolidge, sitting back and watching, handing it to Banting and such when they prove they've got the goods, but never going off half-cocked.

"The trouble with La Follette isn't that he'd lay down on his job or not understand about railroads and the tariff but that he'd be experimenting all the time. He'd be monkeying around trying to fix things and change things all the time. And prob'bly there's lots of things that do need fixings. But just *now*, in these critical times, we need a driver that won't try to adjust the carburetor while he's making a steep hill.

"So. Not that I mean we're worried—as long as we have a cool head like Cal's at the wheel, with his Cabinet for four-wheel brakes. We ain't been half so worried as you Calamity Howlers. You say that unless La Follette is elected, gosh, the dome of the Capitol will slide off into the Potomac, and Germany will jump on France, and prob'bly my aerial mast will get blown down. Well, far's I can see, most of the folks around here are getting their three squares a day, and the only thing that seems to keep agriculture from progressing is the fact that the farmers can get three bucks a quart for white mule, so they're doing more distilling than manuring.

"Oh, yes, we've had bank failures and there's an increase of tenant-farming. But d' ever occur to you that maybe it's a good thing to close up a lot of these little

one-horse banks, so we can combine on bigger and better ones? And about this tenant business; is that any worse than when every farmer owned his own land but had such a big mortgage plastered on it that he didn't really own it at all?

"No, sir, you got to look into these things scientifically. . . . Say, is that left front fender squeaking or do I imagine it? There, don't you hear it now? I do. I'll have Mat fix it. Gosh, how I hate a squeak in a car!

"Now I imagine this sheet *The Nation* tries to let on that the whole country is rising against the terrible rule of Coolidge. And I saw a copy of this *American Mercury* —Guy Pollock lent it to me—where some bird said Coolidge was nothing but a tricky little politician with nothing above the eyebrows. . . . By the way, notice that Ford and Edison and Firestone are going to call on him? Of course those lads, that 're merely the most successful men of affairs and ideas in the country, they're plumb likely to call on a four-flushing accident! Oh, sure!

"Well, now look here. First place, did you ever see a four-flusher that went on holding people's confidence? I never did—Oh, except maybe this chiropractor that blew into town three years ago and darned if he isn't still getting away with it! In the second place, suppose Cal were just a tricky little politician, without a he-idea in his bean. Well, what do you need for the office of President?

"For medicine, and for writing too, I imagine, some ways, you need *brains*. You're working single-handed, no one to pass the buck to, and you got to show results. But a preacher now, all he's got to do is to make a hit with his sermons, and a lawyer simply has to convince the poor cheeses on the jury that his learned opponent is a lying slob. In the same way, for President you need a fellow that can pull the wool over everybody's eyes, whether it's in the primaries back home in Hickville or whether it's dealing with Japan or Russia. If Cal can get by without having any goods whatever, then he's the boy we want, to keep the labor unions in order and kid along the European nations!

"Then, next place. . . . Oh, all this talk is just wasted energy. You know and I know that Coolidge is going to be elected. Be better if they called the election off and saved a lot of money, and damn the Constitution! Why, nobody is interested, not one doggone bit.

"As you ride around the country, do you hear anybody talking politics? You hear 'em talking about Leopold and Loeb, about Kid McCoy, about the round-the-world fliers, about Tommy Gibbons's battle in England, about their flivvers and their radios. But politics—nix! And why? Because they know Coolidge is already elected! Even the unregenerate old Democrats, that would love to have Brother Charlie run the country on the same darned-fool, unscientific, they-say basis on which William Jennings has the nerve to criticize evolution!

"I haven't met one single responsible well-to-do person who's for La Follette. Who've we got boosting him, then? Well, I can tell you—I can tell you mighty darn' quick! A lot of crank farmers that because they don't want to work and keep their silos filled want to make up for it by some one who, they hope, will raise the price of wheat enough so they can get by without tending to business! The fellows that 've always followed any crazy movement—that ran after the Populists and the Nonpartisan League! And a lot of workmen in the cities that think if some crank comes into office they'll all become federal employees and able to quit working!

"But aside from these hoboes—— Well, I guess I've asked a hundred people who they were going to vote for, some around G. P. and some on the smoker down to St. Paul, and ninety out of the hundred say: 'Why, gosh, I haven't thought much about it. Haven't had time to make up my mind. I dunno. Besides, anyway, I guess Cal is going to win.'

"Now, about these so-called 'exposures' of the Attorney General and so on. Well, I've always suspected there was a lot more to it than you saw on the surface—lot of fellows trying to make political capital out of it—and the fact that Wheeler is running with La Follette proves my contention, and I for one don't propose to let him get away with it, let me tell you that right now!

"Nope. Unless we have an awful' bad crop failure, and the crops never looked better than they do this year, we've got you licked. Cal is elected. It's all over but the shouting."

I CALLED on Kennicott and his wife after six o'clock supper, but I could not get the talk back to the campaign. Carol hesitated that, yes, she did admire La Follette, and Davis must be a man of fine manners if he could be ambassador to the Court of St. James's, but just this year, with so many bank failures and all, it wasn't safe to experiment, and she thought she would vote for Coolidge; then some other time we could try changes. And now—brightening —had I seen "The Miracle" and "St. Joan"? Were they really as lovely and artistic as people said?

It was time to tune in on the barn-dance music from WKZ, and we listened to "Turkey in the Straw"; we sat rocking, rocking, the doctor and I smoking cigars, Carol inexplicably sighing.

At ten I felt that they would rather more than endure my going, and I ambled up a Main Street whose glare of cement pavement, under a White Way of resplendent electric lights, was empty save for bored but ejaculatory young men supporting themselves by the awning-cords in front of Billy's Lunch Room and the Ford Garage. I climbed to the office of Guy Pollock, that lone, fastidious attorney with whom Carol and I used once, in the supposition that we were "talking about literature," to exchange book titles.

He was at home, in his unchanged shabby den, reading Van Loon's "Story of the Bible."

He was glad to see me. With Kennicott I had felt like an intruder; to Carol I seemed to give a certain uneasiness; but Guy was warm.

After amenities, after questions about the death of this man, the success of that, I murmured, "Well, there've been a lot of changes in the town—the pavement and all."

"Yes, a lot. And there's more coming. We're to have a new water system. And hourly buses to the Twin Cities —fast as the trains, and cheaper. And a new stone Methodist church. Only——"

"'Ware that word!"

"I know it. Only—only I don't like the town as well as I used to. There's more talk, about automobiles and the radio, but there's less conversation, less people who are interested in scandals, politics, abstractions, gallantries, smut, or anything else save their new A batteries. Since Dr. Westlake died, and this fellow Miles Bjornstam went away, and Vida Sherwin's become absorbed in her son's

progress in the Boy Scouts, and even Carol Kennicott—Oh, well, the doctor has convinced her that to be denunciatory or even very enthusiastic isn't quite respectable—I don't seem to be awakened by the talk of any one here.

"And in the old days there were the pioneers. They thought anybody who didn't attend an evangelical church every Sunday ought to be lynched, but they were full of juice and jests. They're gone, almost all of them. They've been replaced by people with bath-tubs and coupés and porch-furniture and speed-boats and lake-cottages, who are determined that their possessions of these pretty things shall not be threatened by radicals, and that their comments on them shall not be interrupted by mere speculation on the soul of man.

"Not, understand me, that I should prefer the sort of little people you must find in Greenwich Village, who do nothing but chatter. I like people who pay their debts, who work, and love their wives. I wouldn't want to see here a bunch of superior souls sitting on the floor and dropping cigarette butts in empty hootch glasses. Only——"

He scratched his chin. "Oh, I don't know. But it depresses me so, the perpetual bright talk about gas-mileage and mah jong here. They sing of four-wheel brakes as the Persian poets sang of rose leaves; their religion is road-paving and their patriotism the relation of weather to Sunday motoring; and they discuss balloon tires with a quiet fervor such as the fifteenth century gave to the Immaculate Conception. I feel like creeping off to a cottage in the Massachusetts hills and taking up my Greek again. Oh, let's talk of simpler things!"

"Then tell me your opinion of the presidential campaign. I suppose you'll vote for Coolidge. I remember you always liked books that the public libraries barred out as immoral, but you wanted to hang the I. W. W. and you thought La Follette was a doubtful fellow."

"Did I? Well, this time I'm going to vote for La Follette. I think most of the people who resent, when they go calling, having good talk interrupted by having to listen to morons saying 'Well, good evening, folks!' amid the demoniac static from the loud-speaker—most of them *must* vote for La Follette, and if we don't elect him this year, some time we shall. I have faith that the very passion in the worship of the Great God Motor must bring its own reaction."

"Kennicott feels he has us beaten forever."

"If he has, if the only voice ever to be heard at the altar is Coolidge on the phonograph and the radio, then our grandsons will have to emigrate to Siberia. But I don't believe it. Even the Kennicotts progress—I hope. His ancestors ridiculed Harvey, then Koch, and Pasteur, but he accepts them; and his grandsons will laugh at Coolidge as Kennicott now laughs at the whiskers of Rutherford B. Hayes.

"But meanwhile I feel a little lonely, in the evenings. Now, that the movies have, under the nation-wide purification by fundamentalism and the rigid Vermont ideals of the President, changed almost entirely from the lively absurdities of cowpuncher films to unfaithful wives and ginny flappers in bathing suits, I can't even attend them. I'm going—and, Lord, how I'll be roasted by the respectable lawyers!—I'm going out to campaign for La Follette!

"We must all do it. We've been bullied too long by the Doc Kennicotts and by the beautiful big balloon tires that roll over the new pavement on Main Street—and over our souls!"

La Follette's "Strategy"

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

EVERY presidential candidate, as this writer is never wearied of pointing out, must have a strategy. The press gallery insists upon it. Further, in order to acquire a strategy he must have a "board" of strategy. The members of the board sit and "analyze the situation" and return to their chief and say: "We discover that most of the members of our party are Presbyterians. We accordingly, after much thinking, have worked it out that it would be a great stroke of policy on your part if you would refrain from denouncing John Calvin by name."

They give the candidate this strategical advice; and then the candidate, so far as this writer has ever been able to solve what happens, goes and consults his own temperament.

This writer stands for the theory that politics is much less mysterious, much less strategical, much less insincere, much more natural, much more instinctive, much simpler than often it is made out to be.

Mr. John W. Davis simply cannot help stressing international affairs. He happens personally to be interested in them. He has had personal experience in them. They come close to his mind. They come close to his heart. If he consulted strategy, he would be much more cautious in approaching that subject. The so-called Dawes report has the center of the international stage. Rightly or wrongly—and it makes no difference strategically which—the so-called Dawes report is popularly regarded as the greatest international achievement since the surrender of Germany. Every time Mr. Davis mentions international affairs he advertises the Republican candidacy for the Vice-Presidency. Nevertheless Mr. Davis conscientiously and passionately believes that a better way of conducting the European relations of the United States can be and should be devised, and he simply has to bear testimony to that belief.

Similarly, Calvin Coolidge, if he really consulted strategy, would be far more cautious in criticizing and opposing excess-profits taxes and in favoring and advocating reductions of the higher income surtaxes. Such ideas are far from being really popular. Mr. Coolidge nevertheless, conscientiously and with all the vehemence of a Vermont pocket-book, believes that taking large sums of money away from an individual in order to give it to the Government and to bureaucratic endeavors is a bad thing for the neighbors and for their prosperity.

Politicians all the time are doing violence to their strategical interests in favor of their temperamental preferences.

For this confiding, innocent, child-like view of politics this writer is much derided by his friends. He takes refuge in the conviction that there are more things than the Kingdom of Heaven which cannot be understood except by being sufficiently child-like to understand men of action.

Their professional observers may be grown up. They themselves are children. They do not, in fact, act by strategy. They act by something within them which makes them so act. It may be called impulse. It may be called creative evolution. Whatever it is, it is the thing which compels their behavior; and that is the reason why Napoleon went to Moscow to ruin and why Caesar went across

the Rubicon to glory. Each was infinitely wise. Each nevertheless, irrespective of wisdom, followed something in him that made him want to do what he did, and he did it.

Davis, Coolidge, La Follette, each may think of strategy, but each in the end is more dominated by his nature than by his thought. Or, perhaps to put it more exactly, he is more dominated by impulses than by calculations.

La Follette, by nature, by impulses, is led to the question of monopoly.

How much intense public interest is there today in the question of monopoly? Surely any observer of public sentiment could name at least six or seven other public questions which are more exciting to the contemporary public than the question of monopoly. Nevertheless, La Follette absolutely will make the question of monopoly the leading question in his efforts to acquire the Presidency.

He will subordinate the question of the Ku Klux Klan. He will subordinate the question of the railroads. He will subordinate the question of public ownership of railroads. He will subordinate the question of agriculture and the question of labor, though the bulk of his support is strategically supposed to come from agriculturists and laborers. He will subordinate the direct appeal to them. He principally and dominantly will assail monopoly.

It is the good old ancestral Northwestern issue. Ignatius Donnelly had it. The Grangers had it. The Greenbackers had it. The Populists had it. The Progressives of 1912, being led by a New Yorker, did not have it so much. They discriminated between "good trusts" and "bad trusts."

The Northwesterners are not so subtle. They are more old-fashioned. They are for competition. They are for "the law of supply and demand."

Does anybody want to know the biggest joke in this campaign? Here it is: Business men say they are for "the law of supply and demand." That is one of their staples of conversation. That is one of their verbal immortal principles. They would rather talk about "the law of supply and demand" than about anything else. Then often they have entered into combinations and conspiracies through which by concerted action "the law of supply and demand" is negatived.

La Follette is for eliminating and uprooting and destroying all combinations and conspiracies, in so far as they are artificial, and for restoring competition and for allowing "the law of supply and demand" to go actually and ruthlessly to work. La Follette is actually and ruthlessly for the stuff which the business community says it is for.

How many voters will ever get that point? How many voters would give one minute off from a movie to understand the inwardness—whatever it may be—of the anthracite coal situation?

Such considerations will not—and cannot—deter La Follette any more than the indifference of the public to foreign affairs can deter Davis or any more than the hostility of the public to low taxes for the rich can deter Coolidge. Each candidate will follow something in him that is superior to strategy and superior to any regard for the feelings of that great supposed despot which each of them affects to worship—the electorate.

The world is not governed by great men who calculate the world. It is governed by great men who are sufficiently themselves to imagine that what they want the world wants too.

Is that view of politics child-like?

The New Psychology and the Franks Case

By LEONARD BLUMGART

THE letters Judge Caverly has been receiving each day of the trial of the murderers Loeb and Leopold are a slight indication of the enormous number of people who have sat in judgment on them. No doubt some have imagined themselves in the place of the parents of the murderers, or of their legal defenders or prosecutors, many in the place of the murderers themselves. By far the greatest number probably have identified themselves with the presiding judge and passed sentence.

Their approach to the case is for the most part subjective and emotional, yet those who are most clamorous for the death penalty rationalize it as a warning to future offenders. Even a practicing psychoanalyst with whom I talked was for hanging, for he holds the common belief that fear is the greatest preventive of crime. It never seemed to occur to him that fear is also a great cause of crime. May not crime be a result of the individual's primitive striving to overcome some real or imagined deficiency in his personality?

In the cases under discussion practically all the behavior can be viewed as compensation for a sense of inferiority either physical or emotional. The over-development of Leopold's intellectual life was a never-ending and ineffectual attempt to defend himself against his own homosexual perversion. He trained himself to have no emotions, because he associated all feeling with the one feeling which he knew marked him out from his fellows, and which he feared and abhorred. Leopold's fear of his own abnormal feelings, not fear of the consequences of his crime, was the basic cause of most of his behavior. The greatest deterrent of crime is intelligence. To quote the psychoanalyst again, "Why, Leopold has a superb intelligence!" Undoubtedly Leopold has a very superior intellect, as Dr. Healy's examination showed, but one would hardly call his behavior intelligent.

The psychiatrists for the defense made an objective examination of the physical, intellectual, and emotional aspects of the defendants' lives. They tried to cover all three aspects not only of the boys' present condition, but of their past and family history as well. The court and public opinion put a limit to that completeness. This is obvious from the testimony, and the evidence suppressed was unquestionably the most important. For it would have revealed the beginnings of these young men's abnormal behavior in abnormal instincts or perverse manifestations of normal instincts. Such beginnings, if observed today by a psychiatrist trained in the new psychology, would call for definite measures of reeducation. There must have been human beings like Loeb and Leopold before, but there has never been the scientific knowledge to illuminate them that we now possess in the method of psychoanalysis.

Leopold would have been easier to reeducate than Loeb. The evidence tends to show that Leopold is the victim of a neurosis, Loeb of a psychosis. The former is in all probability a functional disorder, while the latter acts more like an organic illness. Its chief characteristic is a progressive mental and emotional deterioration with a fantastic dilapidation. All the stories current concerning

young Loeb, even though they are exaggerated by rumor and gossip, have a common denominator of fantastic and bizarre behavior. Leopold, on the other hand, has done brilliant intellectual work. Dr. Healy of Boston testified that he did a test in three minutes and fifteen seconds for which the best previous record was five minutes. At fifteen he had gathered and perfectly catalogued 3,000 specimens of birds. A short time before the murder he appeared before an ornithological congress, read a paper and showed movies of birds that most ornithologists had considered extinct. What patience, what persistence, what knowledge he displayed! Yet very few persons understand why he developed this intellectual power—to suppress and repress his own perverse processes. Were the public ready, it could hear of as tragic a perversion of normal instincts, as hopeless and tremendous a struggle against them as was ever made. But no, the pyschiatrists had to lower their voices, and even then they were prevented from telling all they knew.

The experts for the prosecution took their stand on the psychiatry of twenty years ago, which makes a sharp distinction between behavior which is insane and that which is criminal. Such men as Dr. William Healy, in his books, especially "The Individual Delinquent"; Dr. Bernard Glueck in this country, and Dr. M. Hamblin Smith, medical officer of H. M. Prison in Birmingham, England, in his book "The Psychology of the Criminal," are approaching the criminal in a newer way. They emphasize the importance of a diagnosis before treatment and of treatment instead of punishment; and they hold that the only method of investigating the relation of psycho-pathology to crime is the clinical examination of the individual criminal. Dr. W. C. Sullivan, Medical Superintendent of the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum in England, in his recent book, "Crime and Insanity," shows that many a patient under his care would have been held fully responsible and sane by the psychiatrist of the prosecution.

The legal conception of insanity is undoubtedly correlated with some fundamental psychological condition. But the majority of psychiatrists still keep insanity and crime in separate logic-tight mental compartments, in the inherited belief that disorder of the intellect is the sole criterion of insanity. This explains the widely divergent opinions of the psychiatrists in the Franks case. Those for the defense hold that the emotions of man are his dominating force, while those for the prosecution, after an examination that remains color-blind to emotional disorders, with a clear conscience and conviction base opinions on the boys' intact intellectual processes. Dr. Patrick on being asked, "Was Richard Loeb mentally diseased?" said, "Not unless I am to assume that every man who commits a deliberate and cold-blooded murder is mentally diseased." One is tempted to ask what keeps him from making that assumption. Is such a murder to be classified as a sane act?

The history of man's attitude toward wrongdoing, be it in the form of sin, crime, or insanity, makes a very dark picture. It is not so many years ago that the sinner was burned and the insane chained in dungeons as moral criminals, nor so many more that the law-breaker was broken upon the wheel. I wonder if most of those who are crying out for the hanging of those boys are not actuated by the same impulses that moved medieval inquisitors.

What do we know about human responsibility for human behavior? The mental and emotional processes by which we first come to recognize the difference between our current standards of right and wrong and then act upon that knowledge are shrouded in complete darkness. Upon what mental or physical processes are they based? We do not know, not even in the two extreme cases before the public at present. If we do not understand the code, how can we hold anyone responsible for not following it? May it not be our responsibility that is lacking?

I do not indict the parents; I indict all society. As a practicing psychiatrist I have met too many potential Loebs and Leopolds to be as shocked as the public is. I know how blinded we are by love for our children, how blundering in our behavior toward them. This event may lead society to question its attitude toward crime, and even more toward children. I do not think the time far distant when all crime and all bad behavior will be approached as human illness is now, where moral questions do not enter in.

I make no sentimental plea for the criminal. When fully understood, my attitude may seem even more severe than our present one. It aims primarily not at the crime but at the criminal. I would make of every law-breaker a patient whose whole personality, including his heredity, his social, physical, and mental history from birth would be taken into account, and who would be treated on the basis of that complete understanding and not solely on the basis of his crime. The whole modern trend of psychiatry, education, and penology is in that direction. Nor do I lose sight of society's right to protect itself. But when it punishes the criminal in kind its behavior is the same as his with the sole exception of legal sanctification. I do plead for something better than legalized crime.

Suppose we imprison these boys for life or even hang them. We shall have disposed of them, but how much further are we toward an understanding of them or their kind? Have we not for centuries been acting like the Queen of Hearts in "Alice in Wonderland," whenever anything displeases us shouting, "Off with their heads"? And isn't it about time we answered, "Nonsense" as Alice did, "very loudly and decidedly"?

In the Driftway

THE junking of the famous steamships St. Louis and Kronprinz Wilhelm has been chronicled in *The Nation*, but what about the final voyage of the venerable cutter of the Coast Guard, which failed to get through the ice off the Alaskan coast on her fiftieth annual cruise to the Far North? Under a headline, "Bear Makes Last Trip," the Drifter noticed more than a month ago that this historic ship had been trapped a thousand miles north of Unalaska, her propellers disabled and her hull dented after a fierce tussle with the ice, and that orders had been sent by radio for her to return home as soon as possible. And then the scrap-heap!

* * * * *

SO the annual mail for Point Barrow—the northernmost tip of Alaska—and way stations will not get through by the Bear this year. What a pity that the old boat should fail on her *fiftieth trip!* If only she could have completed a half-century! But so it goes. Anyhow the Drifter thinks the Bear deserves a requiem. Fifty years of fighting with the ice and storms of the Bering Sea and

the Arctic Ocean! It's not a record to treat flippantly. And before that the Bear was a Dundee whaler for heaven knows how long. She was bought by the American Government for the Greely relief expedition, and afterward became the connecting link between the gregarious life of our States and the lonely pioneers in our most northerly province. Healy's Puk Oomiak (fire canoe), the natives called her, from the name of an early skipper.

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER never sailed aboard the Bear, but an anonymous correspondent has sent him some recollections which he is glad to pass on. He writes:

> So the Bear did not make it to Point Barrow? Well, that isn't the first time. Only a very few years ago I was on hand at the dock in Seattle to greet the little old six-knots-an-hour, 330-ton bark Belvedere (Captain and *Mrs.* Cottle) on her return from the very last whale hunt in Beaufort Sea. She and the Bear were the only two vessels that had gone North the previous year. But while the staunch and much more powerful U. S. S. C. Bear could not make Point Barrow by 500 miles, the little old Belvedere and her captain's wife, together with Portuguese harpooners and boat steerers and a crew of "undesirable" aliens with more or less dark skins, rounded the Point handily and leisurely poked along 1,000 miles eastward to Herschel Island, where a few people and Eskimos were patiently waiting for this their annual supply of tobacco, prunes, and morning mail.
>
> It is too bad that the Bear is suffering from arterio-sclerosis—or whatever her present owners call it—because I could name a number of men who for the next twenty years could perform with her Arctic epics to which she has been a stranger since her Scotch owners and skippers delivered her to Uncle Sam in St. Johns's harbor two generations back.

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER'S correspondent is worried because the Bear is known as a cutter. "When I was at sea on little coasting windjammers and deep-sea fishers," he writes, "a cutter was a one-masted sailer, having one jib on its bowsprit and a staysail behind it, and why they call an auxiliary barkantine like the Bear a cutter is a question I want answered before I croak." Well, the Drifter can only remind his correspondent that what is now the Coast Guard used to be known as the Revenue Cutter Service. Isn't it a fair guess that this was organized back in the days when sail was still king and that the original vessels of the service—the boats that gave it its name—were cutters in fact? If so, what more natural than that the word should be carried along to their successors?

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER surmises also that the Bear must have been the boat that carried the yearly mail to a man for whose sense of system and spirit of self-control a monument ought to be erected. Sheldon Jackson used to tell the story. The man in question subscribed to a daily paper which used to arrive a year at a time every summer. Instead of diving into the heap and scattering it broadcast in the quest of news, this intelligent individual piled it carefully in chronological order and, beginning with the earliest date, read one newspaper a day for the following year. Thus he had his fresh daily newspaper throughout the year like any city dweller. But what strength of mind it must have required at times not to peep ahead?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Dollar Patriotism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You do not seem to understand the true significance of Mobilization Day. It isn't militarism. It is business and politics. As a militarist our Secretary of War would make the ghost of Napoleon laugh. As a political strategist he knows the moves of the game, which requires only a low order of cunning. Our industries are to be mobilized. That means our industrial Babbitts are to be shown how their business would be boomed by a war. They are to get a little taste of the fat things the War Department can dispense if it is not hampered and harassed by pussyfoot pacifists. Babbitt is to be led up into a mountain and shown the rewards of political conformity. Rattle the saber? That is far from Mr. Weeks's purpose. He is going to jingle the dollar. That is all. When the Big Business Man sees what he can get out of it, he will not grudge the heavy taxation he has to pay for the brass buttons on the uniforms of our generals and admirals who collect the ducats for our Shylocks in Central America and the Caribbees.

Pittsburgh, August 4 GEORGE SEIBEL

"A Threat to the World"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I take pleasure in sending you the inclosed copy of a resolution adopted at the last meeting of the Business and Professional Men's Association of Minneapolis.

> WHEREAS, The spirit of the United States is constantly asserted to be pacific and altruistic, and
>
> WHEREAS, The reputation of the United States as a peace-loving and altruistic nation received significant luster from the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament, and
>
> WHEREAS, The display of military force contemplated on September 12—Mobilization Day—will be contradictory to the spirit of good-will toward the peoples of the world and subversive of the interests of our own citizens who must thrive or fail with these peoples,
>
> *Therefore,* We, the members of the Business and Professional Men's Association of Minneapolis, Minnesota, do hereby protest against the aforesaid display of force, and do urge all other organizations that profess to humanitarian aims to do all in their power to prevent such a threat to the world, and we direct that a copy of this protest be sent to every such organization, to every newspaper in the Twin Cities, to every liberal periodical in the United States, to every Minnesota Congressman, to each of the United States senators from Minnesota, to the Secretary of War, to General John Pershing, and to President Coolidge.

This resolution was adopted at the regular luncheon meeting held on Tuesday noon, July 29, 1924.

Minneapolis, August 1 E. H. SUND, Secretary

Contributors to This Issue

SINCLAIR LEWIS, author of "Main Street," "Babbitt," and other novels and short stories, is covering much of his well-known territory for *The Nation*, interpreting the progress of the campaign in the minds of his friends.

LEONARD BLUMGART is a New York psychiatrist, a pupil of Freud and Rank.

WILBERT SNOW, winner of honorable mention in *The Nation's* poetry contest for 1923, is the author of "Maine Coast," a volume of verse.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY is professor of philosophy at Vassar College and author of "American Thought: From Puritanism to Pragmatism," and other works.

Taking Away the Banking

By WILBERT SNOW

When March winds carried prophecies of June,
And gray days were no longer winter-killed,
We all went out and worked till afternoon
To take the spruce-limb banking off, and filled
The air with shouts, heaping what soon would be
A bonfire blazing by the willow-tree.

We tugged at big ends of the bottom brush,
The small ends as reluctant to let go
As winter was himself, although the rush
Of warmth, once started, was an overflow
Of sunny days, blue-birds, and brooklets racing
Like children from worn mothers, tired of chasing.

We found that spring already underneath
Had started on his work, the light-brown grasses
Were flaunting spots of green, the little teeth
Of mice and snouts of worms had chiseled passes—
Worms we sent wiggling as a tempting cud
For hungry flounders coming out of mud.

O there were ugly days enough to come,
With rain and sleet and April fluffs of snow,
Big winds that moaned and made the wires hum,
And neighbors calling out, "We told you so";
But looking on it now I think the days
We coaxed the spring along, and felt the rays

Of March intensify the balsam smell
In those green boughs, and saw the underpinning
Exposed once more, and children run pell-mell
To hunt for crocuses, set fancies spinning
More rapidly than blooming hours of May
When all the hills of God kept holiday.

Books

Rollo in America

The Contrast. By Hilaire Belloc. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

American Social History as Recorded by British Travellers. By Allan Nevins. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

THE subtitle of Belloc's "The Contrast" should be "Alien America." It starts with the thesis that everything in these benighted States is different from everything in England. On this thesis it is possible to draw up a long list of contrasts—physical, social, political, religious, literary, linguistic. All this is not done in the style of Muirhead's "The Land of Contrasts," where the contrasts are internal ones, such as the discrepancies between theory and practice, between the talk about personal liberty and prohibitory legislation. Belloc is more fundamental. The difference between the Old World and the New is a difference of kind and not of degree. He does not, like Muirhead, feel that, if you want to see Old England, you must go to New England. No, the surprise that awaits the Englishman in landing on this Western strand is that America is alien, foreign, not Europe, not the Old World at all, but fundamentally, radically, profoundly different.

All this is obviously hard on the Anglomaniac, the Hands-Across-the-Sea gentry, the people who talk of Our English Cousins. Belloc has American cousins, but he intimates that they speak with a different intonation. He had a grandmother from Pennsylvania, and it was perhaps she who presented him with the Rollo Books from which he gained his first pictures of America. Now we take it that "Rollo's Tour in Europe" gives about as true a picture of the gay capitals of effete civilizations as Belloc's book does of this wild Western world. And just as Rollo had his Mr. George to explain things, so has Belloc. His Uncle George is the *genius loci*, the notion of the creative Spirit of the Place. Capitalize this conception and you have "that mysterious, but undeniable and potent influence" which gives American society in European eyes a wholly foreign tone.

The new Rollo, then, met with a surprise when as a boy he visited these parts and traveled from the Narrows of New York to the salt dust of the deserts where he watched the "faces and gestures of these new men, these foreigners." Europe and America, therefore, being two systems, universes, creations, standing apart, everything must be different. The air is alien; its quality is metallic. The trees are different; their lines lead upward, they do not spread out. The rivers are different; they sprawl, they are not regular like European rivers. The Ohio at Cincinnati is no more the Meuse than a steel engraving is a mezzotint. One might, however, point out that a man from Westchester County would find Oxfordshire homelike, a man from Colorado Springs would find Frascati familiar, because in the one case there is rolling country and in the other the mesa formation.

The physical contrast between Europe and America is not as great as the social. The Los Angeles realtor would agree that California is "a glorified Riviera," but he would not preserve this as a private sentiment. He would go out and disfigure the landscape with the statement. He would have what Belloc calls the essential mark of the American social spirit—a desire for publicity, the spirit of the market-place. With the European publicity is the exception and privacy the rule. Unfortunately this contrast seems true, at least for the time being. It is true that in miles of our suburbs there is no division between one man's land and another's, that front lawns have about as much privacy as the Boston Common. But a change is already upon us. Hedges are coming in even in White-Collar Avenue, while gravitation to a retired country life is becoming the goal of the retired millionaire.

In the social contrast Belloc has not entirely proved his point. The two different lands have not produced two different races. Rather, similar economic causes have brought about similar social results. The evolution of the snob has come from the amassing of wealth whether it be among captains of industry or the landed gentry, whether along the banks of the Hudson or the banks of the Thames.

If history has repeated itself in the social sphere, it has also in the political, and this Belloc acknowledges. He makes it out a contrast but most Americans would consider it a parallel. As he puts it: The American people of today differ from the Europeans in this, that they have retained in very large degree the instinct of monarchy and are daily increasing its scope, such as in the three forms, the governor of the State, the mayor of the great city, and the President of the whole federation. Some Americans point with pride to the powers of the President, claiming that he has more real influence than any foreign prince or potentate. The English writer, a frank medievalist, argues that if the chief executive be the chief representative of the democracy, then this fusion of the individual with the people is the very sacramental stamp of monarchy, as was shown by the novel and peculiar depth of the national mourning at the death of Mr. Harding.

Along with this admiration for the monarchical principle goes a certain disdain for so-called representative bodies. If the person of the prince is sacrosanct, a congress or parlia-

ment, being impersonal, is therefore commonplace. Every thinking European, Mr. Belloc asserts, feels a natural reaction against the corrupt farce of his own contemptible parliaments as instanced in England by the Marconi scandal and by the sale of peerages. But is this a contrast with American politics? Belloc left our shores before the Sinclair affair. Big business seems much the same the world over. After it has made its pickings and stealings it grows pious. Malefactors of great wealth become benefactors of great wealth. We may not create Counts of Connecticut and Dukes of Delaware but we have our Carnegie pensions and our Rockefeller foundations and may some day have a Tea Pot Dome University.

One curious result of Belloc's book is that it plays into the hands of the Little American. The backwoods Congressman asks what we have to do with Europe. So does the English critic. The principle of contrast makes him a prophet of woe in foreign affairs. He declares that if America now attempts to arbitrate in post-war Europe, if one European interest or another captures American support, European and American culture are both doomed to receive wounds which may prove mortal.

As a sort of "control" to this latest transatlantic criticism we can utilize a native work. Nevins's "American Social History as Recorded by British Travellers" furnishes a perfect laboratory record of foreign reactions from 1789 on. There is the first period of utilitarian inquiry, the next of tory condescension, a third of unbiased portraiture, and the last of the records reaching from the Civil War to Kipling in his salad days and Chesterton with his amusing paradoxes.

Of these periods the second is the best known, for then the worst opinions were expressed. There was Mrs. Trollope, who objected to the domestic unmannerliness of the Americans, and above all Charles Dickens, who made us out a nation of great expectorators. As a contrast there were the less known earlier writers who took such topics as Washington at Mount Vernon and Jefferson at Monticello, emigrants crossing the Alleghanies, and the energy and prosperity of the American farmer, the last account, by William Cobbett, furnishing a sad contrast to the unhappy farmer of modern days. Probably the most interesting section is that of unbiased portraiture which describes the good old times from 1840 to 1870, when it was not illegal to bet on the races at Saratoga, when French cooking was not commercialized at New Orleans, and when prohibition did not prohibit in Maine.

Except for "Bull Run" Russell these writers, from Charles Lyell to Anthony Trollope, sketched our land with light but true touches. As Mr. Nevins rightly says, it was an era of detached appraisal without much political philosophy, when the attacks of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's* were more and more forgotten, when the country had passed beyond the rawness of youth, and the increasing wealth and power of the republic inspired a more respectful attitude in its visitors—in short, a natural reaction following those unfair attacks which had contributed to the American tendency to regard England as an enemy. These were the writers who did a real service in Anglo-American relations. The previous captious critics who plucked the feathers from the American eagle were largely responsible for the politician's favorite indoor sport of twisting the lion's tail.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY

Retrospective

Fraycar's Fist. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boni and Liveright. $2.

ART always does some violence to life. Of necessity it must rearrange, reemphasize, isolate. It is perhaps particularly arbitrary and violent in the case of that highly developed and interesting form, the modern short story, which by preference has as its core a dramatic episode conditioned by much that has gone before and with consequences reaching after, but whose concentration causes it to incline toward melodrama, romanticism, sentimentalism, an inclination given a decisive push, in the case of writers who wish to see their work published by editors convinced that the way to please the public is to startle and to titillate. Briefly the very excellences of the short-story form have caused it to be commercialized.

The professional, impatient, or impecunious writer grasps at an easy situation or an easy word to convey his idea, instead of waiting for the luminous right one, so much more difficult to seek. Naturally, if he is a professional he knows how to turn out what the editors think the public wants. He contents himself, as does Mrs. Vorse in these collected short stories, with "We sped along the wide and jeweled immensity of tropic seas," "Never have I seen any woman walk as she did, with the sure grace of a wild creature," "the everlasting smoke that rolls up night and day from the tall chimneys of the mills," and invents a fantastic plot, as in Northern Lights, to show us the difficulty of a woman's struggle to be a person as well as a female.

Mrs. Vorse, of course, falls into the professional class, and one feels that it is a matter of bad luck as to the time into which she happened to be born that in all these stories a strong natural talent must struggle with the ineptitudes of a highly developed form which has been commercialized. Ably effective in the presentation of her material, possessed of a continually fresh interest in people, having a wide knowledge of human emotions and reactions which she manages to get into her yarns even though she is a victim of the fallacy of writing about places and peoples most removed from herself, probably because they seem to her or to the public she must please most romantic—thus highly endowed, her stories are nevertheless, with one exception, unimportant.

In that one instance talent triumphs over the traditions in which it is enmeshed. Fraycar's Fist, in spite of the facile journalistic style, is truly great. Written with a nicer rectitude of phrase it would take its place beside the finest of recent short stories. As it is it is a memorable piece of work. Various young writers with gifts inferior to those of Mrs. Vorse are turning out stories better than the others in this retrospective volume, simply because a few pioneers have blazed the way to a more scrupulous understanding of material. But few of them have given us anything comparable to this lyric dirge of the striking steel-worker who died of rage.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

A New Single Tax

The Economics of Freedom. By David Atkins. Duffield and Company. $4.

THIS is a hard book to review. An engineer turned economist ought to be easy to understand, but Mr. Atkins is not. If his position is not fairly presented, then, it is due to no lack of honest effort.

Mr. Atkins (in the latter part of his book) puts forward his proposals "to make taxation scientific and impersonal—and then forget it" and "to construct a basic and unimpairable measure of value and then employ it, not as a thing of value but as an entirely unprejudiced means of recording justly the sensitive, critical, and vital human appraisements of goods, services, facilities, culture, and order which give them value." These two important ends he would attain by laying all taxes throughout the national area upon land, on the basis of its area (not its value) modified by population density, and by using as money certificates of land ownership. Under his plan our internal currency would read thus: "These notes are issued in acknowledgment of land-titles, lodged in the United States Treasury, valued in terms of population density and guaranteed by a proportional obligation for the insurance of order." These notes would be redeemable on demand by a receipt for current or future taxation; and according to Mr. Atkins they could

never lose value, for the national area is the fixed datum in national economic life. As population grows, as invention proceeds, as capital increases, as obstruction to production (resistance, to quote Mr. Atkins's favorite term) is lessened, output per acre-man-hour becomes larger. Therefore the command over value, that is, freedom, represented by a given area will increase rather than diminish. A dollar under this plan is to be "the expression of a definite fraction of the effort of total population, as modified by the cost of order, on total acreage for all time," though Mr. Atkins does not make it clear why the fraction will remain constant. The sharpest critics of his dollar, however, will doubtless concede it more stability than is possessed by that jumping-jack, our present "gold" dollar.

Effort, according to Mr. Atkins, is a means to freedom (an undefined central term broadly used—sometimes, it seems, almost synonymously with life itself). Freedom, or life, not goods, then, is the end—good liberal economic doctrine. Under autocracy, effort could be compelled by force; under democracy (a term used in the idealistic sense of self-imposed order), it can only be induced either by spur of material necessity or by the illimitable desire for more freedom. The total of value, that is, freedom, created by effort, is limited by the resistance of the area in which it is exerted. The first condition of lessened resistance is order; the second, common facilities, like roads and education. The furnishing of these conditions is the sole proper function of government. The taxation essential thereto is the responsibility of the landholder, whose control of the only basic wealth rests wholly on order, and who should pay on the basis of area and population density, and nothing else. Given this impersonal taxation and an unimpairable measure of value, Mr. Atkins believes that "reckoning upon our unquenchable desire for freedom, we are assured, with the one provision of order, a flow of effort more constant and spontaneous as a whole than anything we know in physics." Every honestly working individual could command a handsome minimum wage, while the progressive elimination of resistance would accelerate the flow of value, which everyone might share by individual effort.

The fundamental questions raised cannot be critically discussed in a brief review. Perhaps Mr. Atkins will allow even an economist to agree with him in his reprobation of the gold standard and his criticism of the economists for forgetting man's dependence on land, in their too great preoccupation with capital and interest. (Problems of the latter class Mr. Atkins skims lightly, by the way.) He will probably admit to a highly idealized conception of democracy and to practical difficulties of the first order both in the transition to his scheme and in its practical operation. If denied his easy assumption of a continued currency inflation during the coming quarter century, he will probably agree that his plan of transition means confiscation of present values on an enormous scale. But he will doubtless maintain against all comers the soundness and stability of a currency based on a fractional part of the national value as measured by land area and population and the correctness of a system of taxation on the same basis. His conception of value in terms of freedom, or life, and as depending on resistance to be overcome, does not seem so new as he appears to think, but is rather reminiscent of Professor Patten, and no less stimulating on that account. His book is far too long and repetitious; it is distinctly unsuccessful in getting the central things clearly and constantly before the reader; its psychology, I humbly submit, is defective, as perhaps befits the work of an engineer; and its manners are unnecessarily bad. To put forward real ideas under such a handicap is unfortunate; for it makes an undue demand on both the intelligence and the temper of the reader. Let him read patiently, nevertheless; for until men learn their true relation to the land, and learn to make money their servant instead of their capricious master, their economic life will continue to be in chaos.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Proust in English

Within a Budding Grove. By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Thomas Seltzer. 2 vols. $5.

THESE two new volumes of Marcel Proust's "A la Recherche du temps perdu" are the English version of "A l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs," the second part of that immense work, which has reached eleven volumes in French so far, with several further volumes in preparation. The mere dimensions of such a work as this are sufficient to inspire respect, and to arouse curiosity in that section of the public which likes to talk about books rather than read them. To the French mind particularly "Remembrance of Things Past," as the rather free English title of the whole runs, has seemed little short of portentous, rivaling the six thousand pages of Honoré d'Urfé's "L'Astrée," hitherto regarded as establishing the record in French literature. The result is that there has been much more enthusiasm displayed over Marcel Proust than knowledge of his work. In England, particularly, a veritable Proust cult has grown up, which found its characteristic expression in the tribute to his memory organized by his translator, where a strange collection of the notable and the illustrious unknown declare an unbounded confidence in the genius of Marcel Proust, while showing obvious signs of knowing little about him and of having read next to nothing of his work.

To that cult we undoubtedly owe the existence of the two first parts of "Remembrance of Things Past," and to the translation there has been extended the same welcome by proxy as to the original. Mr. Scott Moncrieff certainly undertook an ambitious, lengthy, and difficult task, which deserves credit, if only as a test of patience, skill, and endurance. But "Swann's Way" and "Within a Budding Grove" have been greeted as much more than that. Largely, as I suspect, by hearsay, they have been extolled as masterpieces, and it is confidently asserted that no such translator from the French has been seen in England in recent times. Naturally very few of Mr. Scott Moncrieff's admirers have actually gone through some 1,500 closely printed pages, with the French text before them, to verify the character of his translation. Having dipped here and there into the two last volumes for purposes of comparison, I am not so sure that this version of Proust is anything more than an ordinarily competent piece of translation.

In the first place, the translator has apparently decided to make the English Proust an exercise in the manner of Henry James. For this reason, almost every paragraph is studded with words between inverted commas, which do not require this Jacobean emphasis and do not so appear in French. James does suggest English analogies for Proust's method, but so does Meredith, and in neither case is there the remotest resemblance in style, even when allowance is made for the fundamental difference between French and English. In the second place, Mr. Scott Moncrieff is guilty of actual blunders, which are rather elementary in many cases, and indicate, at best, an unfamiliarity with the fine shades of French, which is a serious defect in the translator of a work which rests upon a perfect feeling for the nuances of French speech and manners. There is so much haphazard praise and blame of translations, by critics who carefully refrain from producing evidence for what they say, that a few specific examples are desirable at this point.

On page 1 "vulgaire esbrouffeur" is incorrectly rendered as "impossible vulgarian," while the force of calling a person "puant" is lost in the too literary form of "'pestilent' fellow." On page 2 "la plus grossière goujaterie" is mistranslated as "the crudest and coarsest form of snobbishness." The choice of "Mistress" as a rendering of Mme Verdurin's title "la Patronne" is open to the strongest objections. On page 34 "agitators," "mischief-makers," and "men who make trouble" are utterly fantastic misreadings of "agités," "brouillons," and "faiseurs d'embarras." When the cook is described as "économe,"

she appears in English as "an economist." The word "poncif" has consistently baffled Mr. Moncrieff, who thinks it means "typical." "Décavés crapuleux" does not mean "alcoholic wasters," nor is a person who is said to be "d'un vaseux" "too sticky for words." "Detrimental" is a strange rendering of our old friend "fin de siècle." If Mr. Moncrieff ever tells a very chic Parisienne, whose latest creation makes "un effet bœuf," that it is a "bovine effect," unless she realizes that he does not know French she will be insulted. If she further decides to "faire la punaise," she will be amazed to hear that she has "put her foot in it." When Bloch said that Legrandin was "très bien," he meant something quite different from "he's a bit of all right." Mr. Scott Moncrieff's misfortunes with "barbante," "barbifiant," and "raseurs" are worthy of a place in a collection of schoolboys' "howlers." The slang meaning of "ostrogoth," the force of "youpin," and the simple meaning of "belles madames" also escape him.

The English version of Proust, then, is not the world's greatest translation, nor is Proust himself, for that matter, the greatest French prose writer of the age. He is, however, a fascinating and interesting chronicler and psychologist, with no sense of form, repetitious and careless, yet, the author of a work which promises to be for its epoch what Saint Simon's Memoirs were for the age of Louis XIV. There is no more delightful section than "Within a Budding Grove," with its memorable portrait of Bergotte, the marvelous satiric sketch of the diplomatist M. de Norpois, its picture of the Swann ménage as seen by a child, and the remarkable analysis of the boy's love and jealousy of the little girl, Gilberte. To those with the absolutely essential knowledge of France and French manners, Marcel Proust will always be irresistible.

ERNEST BOYD

A Rolling Stone

Since Leaving Home. By Albert Wehde. The Tremonia Publishing Company. $3.

ALBERT WEHDE came to this country from Germany in 1885 when he was sixteen years of age, and was routed straight through to St. Louis. Since then he has wandered far and wide, and this volume is the story of his adventuring

After about a year of St. Louis he and another boy did a Huckleberry Finn trip down the Mississippi as far as some place in Arkansas, where the other lad made off with the boat, leaving Wehde high and dry with no other assets than a large turtle, which he sold for $1.15 net. From there he wandered some years around Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Texas, working at odd jobs and enjoying the most extraordinary adventures, including the shooting of a bad man, for which act of public spirit the local grand jury declined to indict him. Eventually his wanderings brought him to Galveston, where he stowed away on a freighter bound for Bluefields, Nicaragua.

The next ten years Wehde spent in Nicaragua, Honduras, and Guatemala, for the most part painting signs and prospecting for gold in unknown and remote places. He found little gold, but found much beauty and adventure, and succeeded in getting himself condemned to death in connection with a little matter of a revolution. However, he escaped, tried to enlist in Mr. Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish War, and eventually joined his relatives in Chicago in 1900.

From that time until 1914 he lived uneventfully in Chicago creating hand-wrought jewelry until the outbreak of the World War set his love of adventure on the move again. He had become a naturalized American, but the cause of Germany stirred both his imagination and his affections, and he became an agent for the German Government in the Far East. While so engaged, he tried to maintain a scrupulous regard for the laws of the lands in which he operated and apparently was fairly successful in doing so. When America entered the war he severed his German connections and came home, where, to his naive surprise, he was indicted and convicted under the neutrality statutes. Although I do not believe he intended to violate a federal statute, there seems little doubt that he did so, and, in any case, his activities must certainly have created resentment and have led to prosecution, as he might have expected. He spent nearly a year in the penitentiary at Leavenworth and found it a vile place, his experience confirming what is familiar to those acquainted with prison conditions generally. In one respect he made an important discovery while in jail—that fingerprints can be forged. He worked in the fingerprint office of the penitentiary and did considerable experimentation. He asserts that any good photo-engraver can forge fingerprints in a manner which defies detection and his statements on this score are so lucid and plausible that they call, I think, for investigation by our leading penologists, and, if true, for revision of the law in regard to fingerprint evidence.

His book, while not important, is an interesting story and will repay the reader with several hours of good entertainment.

ALBERT DESILVER

The Negro

The Negro from Africa to America. By W. D. Weatherford. George H. Doran Company. $5.

THIS is a scrap-book of 487 closely printed pages in rather small type. It gives evidence of extended research and hard work, but from the very nature of the author's method the general reader will find it an almost impossible book. It has no style or literary plan, but is made up of quotations long and short or of transcriptions of authors' meanings. Yet Mr. Weatherford's book is not merely a doctor's thesis. With all its cumbersome content and slavish use of authorities it has a central thesis.

> To those who can discern the meaning of things it is clear that a new light is dawning. Men are coming to desire a larger knowledge of all other men. Wise men realize that each group has a contribution to make to the world's civilization, and the sooner all groups can be brought to efficiency the sooner will the whole world be blessed with such contributions. Neither individuals nor races work out their destinies alone, but in cooperation.

The book is poorly balanced; slavery overweights it, political development is almost absent, and while there is much economic information, economic interpretation is often lacking. Mr. Weatherford's main authorities are unfortunately Weale's "The Conflict of Color" and Stoddard's "Rising Tide of Color," which latter he regards as "one of the most thoughtful books." A good book like Ellis's "Negro Culture in West Africa" he disparages. His comment on Woodson's "Negro in Education" is done in two words, while Stoddard gets a whole page. The Atlanta University studies which have to be mentioned are quoted without comment, while the silly studies of the Negro done by the Phelps Stokes Fund are spread out in large type. Even Mr. Weatherford, however, can find nothing to say for them.

The net impression of Mr. Weatherford's scheme of treatment is that of a well-meaning man who in spite of himself is oleaginous and patronizing. He starts, for instance: "I am interested in the Negro, not because he is a Negro but because he is a man. He has a personality just as I have and is capable of becoming a growing and progressing person." What could be better? And then he ends with this: "I have known some Negroes whose character was above reproach. Every Southern white man has known at least one such Negro"!

There is no doubt that Mr. Weatherford really represents an advance over the conventional Southern attitude. He is distinctly liberal toward the Negro and he believes in liberal Southern movements. But beneath the whole argument, old

assumptions, old beliefs continually persist. His chapters on Africa, for instance, are painfully inadequate and misleading and leave us with the ancient idea that the black man inherited "a loose moral life," no economic "efficiency," and that his "laziness" and "emotional nature" are something to be got rid of. Havelock Ellis is not one of his authorities. On the other hand, he has made some researches in American slavery that are of value, as, for instance, his stressing of the fact that the first Negroes brought to Virginia were not slaves but servants.

Mr. Weatherford is painfully careful throughout his book to say very little about Reconstruction and the right to vote. Only seven of his five hundred pages are given to this great matter, and here he regards the enfranchisement of the Negro as a "colossal blunder." He lays the lack of present "understanding" between the races to the ballot:

> It was just here that Reconstruction did its most deadly work. By setting the white man and the black man in the South in political opposition there were antagonisms aroused which broke down all confidence and hence destroyed all mutual understanding.

Has the world ever known "understanding" between masters and forcibly emancipated slaves? After this tribute to the conventional Southern perversion of history he admits that it is impossible to stem the rising tide of democracy, and his brilliant suggestion is higher property and intellectual qualifications for the ballot, in order to eliminate "a great majority of the Negroes and, of course, many of the whites. This is only right"!

The book lacks frankness; it is often double-faced and contradictory; sometimes it is merely mushy; seldom is it strong; it is afraid of conclusions; it continually walks up to some wall of difficulty and then, turning nimbly, sheers off into vague phrases, meantime apparently losing sight of the wall entirely. In his interpretation of the Negro Mr. Weatherford is continually at fault. He has difficulty in understanding the self-determining, intelligent black man who stands on his own feet. He is continually quoting the smoother phrases of the late Booker Washington and the present Dr. Moton.

Yet the net verdict on Mr. Weatherford's work must be favorable. It does not represent the heights of Southern white emancipation, but the average stay-at-home effort of the new "inter-racial" class. As such it is the best thing the white South has produced. Here and there the author has a word, a sentence, or a paragraph which shows that he realizes more than he always says:

> As never before in his history, the Negro is finding self-expression. In music, poetry, art, in books, and in the press he is saying what he thinks. He is no longer the silent, suffering, cringing person we once knew. He is boldly speaking his mind, and it behooves the American people to give earnest heed to his voice.

W. E. Burghardt DuBois

American Music via Europe

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

ONE must go abroad, it seems, to find the American composer; for where, in his own country, he is still writing like the European composer, who, in turn, is trying to write jazz, in Europe he appears bent upon ridding himself of this imitative role. Whether it is that constant impact with an older culture has unlocked race memories; whether the influences which moved him from afar have become merged in a subconscious nostalgia; or whether it is both, one finds him no longer substituting a false activity for ideas. Instead, his inspirational sources begin to bear the stamp of authenticity.

Thus, in Paris, I found Ezra Pound writing medieval music based on a medieval text; while his friend George Antheil was writing, not jazz but music resolved to its essence. Pound, of course, is a poet whose spiritual haunts have long been those of the troubadour and trouvère. As their spiritual comrade-in-arms, therefore, it was perhaps natural that he should turn to music. "Music and poetry," he points out, "had been in alliance in the twelfth century. With their divergence," he adds, "the rhythms of poetry grew stupider," and "melodic invention declined simultaneously and progressively," with the result that "the horizontal construction (or mechanics of music) had gone or was, with increasing rapidity going, to pot."

With this "alliance," therefore, as his basic principle, he has taken the "Testament" of François Villon, and used it, in all its ribaldry and lyricism, as the text for an opera. He has not "set it to music," in our ordinary sense of the term, but rather has developed the melodic line from the intonation and accent of the spoken word. The few instruments called for by the simple scoring are used mainly to reinforce the voice; and while technically Pound is often at fault, for he is not a musician in the technical sense of the word, fundamentally his effects ring true. Aside from their movement and color, they seem medieval in *spirit*—not the pseudo-medieval atmosphere evoked by a twentieth-century mind, but the inevitable mate of the text. It is, on the whole, a most interesting experiment, though not solitary of its kind, as Januçek, in Prague, has also, it seems, been writing music derived from the spoken word; but whatever its aesthetic value may prove to be, it will always have the distinction of being one of the first original musical experiments that any American has yet dared to make.

The most far-reaching experiments, perhaps, by an American, or any other just at present, are those being made by George Antheil, whom one is tempted to call a genius. Born in Trenton, New Jersey, of Polish parents, he seems to have spent about half of his twenty-three years in Poland, and half in America. He went back to the latter country when he was fourteen, and during the seven years he was there studied with Von Sternberg and Bloch. What was even more important, perhaps, was that, during these same seven years, he was playing and experimenting with Negro orchestras, inventing, so he claims, many of the piano and percussion effects now used in presenting jazz. Today he has gone even farther, for the jazz he is writing now is not the jazz we know in America—he is right when he says he is three or four years ahead of that. It is, rather, music stripped of all "atmosphere" and nuance, such as Stravinsky has made, but more sensitive even than Stravinsky's to what Antheil calls "time space." By this he means that we are living more swiftly today, in an age when machinery has entered men's imaginations, and to express this "new propulsion of time spaces" we need a new music. Vertical music will not do it, because vertical music is too static, having reached its climax in Schönberg, whom he characterizes as "Mendelssohn with false notes." Resorting, therefore, to the only alternative, and carefully avoiding all "improvisation" (an unpardonable weakness, to him), he has definitely worked out a series of time-locked intervals of rhythm, or, to use his own term, musical "mechanisms," now pounding loudly, now whirring softly in space, with the regularity and precision of machines. The scoring of his jazz opera, for instance, is confined mainly to six or seven (I forget which) electric pianos. One can, indeed, think of no better analogies to his music than those which have already been made: the "ice-blocks" of Picasso, the "Timon" designs of Lewis; for Antheil, too, is a "primitive." In his first sonata for violin and piano he still clings to race memories, and Slavic rhythms alternate with those of the African savage. In his second sonata he discards the Slavic altogether for the African. When he now seeks inspiration he no longer goes to the Negro orchestras, but to Morocco itself; and so he gives us the concentrated essence of what one might call the spirit of America, with all its terrific energy, its speed pressure, its machine rhythms, by the Slav out of Africa. This musical phenomenon, which we still call jazz, for want of a better name, Paul Whiteman demonstrated last year to be the first authentic music to come out of America. What George Antheil is proving, however, is that it is the most significant music of today.

International Relations Section

Gagging the Press in Italy

LESS than a month before the following decree was issued Mussolini attempted to impress upon the Senate the fact that the Fascist Government was devoting itself to the restoration of normal conditions. This decree was drawn up a year ago, but was not put into effect until the tidal wave of popular indignation following the Matteotti murder threatened the foundations of Fascist rule. The very fear that prevented Mussolini from issuing such regulations a year ago has driven him to issue them now, only a month after he boasted in the Chamber of Deputies that they had not been put into effect. *Avanti* has already fallen victim to this measure; this means that the working class of Italy has been suddenly deprived of its chief organ. The text of the Regulations Governing the Promulgation of the Edict of 1848 Dealing with the Press, and approved by the Cabinet on July 12, 1924, follows:

ARTICLE 1. The responsible head of a newspaper or other periodical publication covered by articles 36 and 37 of the Edict of March 26, 1848, dealing with the press must, in addition to the qualifications determined by that decree, be either the editor or on the editorial staff of the newspaper or periodical, and must have had the recognition of the prefect of the province in which the publication is printed.

Senators and deputies cannot be responsible heads.

Anyone who has been twice sentenced for crimes committed through the press cannot become a responsible head, and must forfeit herewith any such position he may hold.

The prefect of the province can, by decree, deny recognition as responsible head to anyone not fulfilling the requirements established by the first paragraph of this article, or anyone to whom the second paragraph applies.

The act of the prefect in denying recognition must be accompanied by a statement of the cause; appeal from his decision can be made to the Minister of the Interior, and appeal from the decision of the Minister of the Interior can be made to the fourth section of the Cabinet on legal grounds.

ART. 2. The prefect of the province is empowered, except where a legal suit is involved, to issue a warning to the head of a newspaper or periodical:

(a) If the newspaper or periodical, by false or misleading news causes any interference in the diplomatic action of the Government in its foreign relations, or hurts the credit of the nation at home or abroad, causing undue alarm among the people, or in any way disturbs the public peace.

(b) If the newspaper or periodical, by editorial articles, notes, titles, illustrations, or inserts, incites to crime or to class hatred or to disobedience of the laws or established order, or upsets the discipline of those engaged in public service, or favors the interests of foreign states, groups, or persons as opposed to Italian interests, or insults the nation, the King, the royal family, the Summo Pontifex, the religion, the institutions, or the authority of the state or of friendly Powers.

The warning shall be accompanied by a decree stating the cause for the warning, after hearing the opinion of a committee composed of a judge nominated by the chief presiding officer and of an attorney for the King named by the attorney general of the Court of Appeals, as well as a representative of the journalistic profession nominated by the local press association where such an association exists, or, in the absence of such a body, by the presiding officer of the local court. The committee shall remain in office for one year.

ART. 3. The prefect of the province, after hearing the opinion of the committee referred to in the previous article, is empowered to deny recognition to the responsible head if a warning has been issued twice during the year. The prefect can deny recognition to a new head if the previous one has been recalled, or if he has been sentenced twice within two years to penalties restricting liberty for not less than six months for each crime committed through the press, or whenever the paper affected by such a measure adopts a new name in order to continue publication. Appeal from the decision of the prefect can be made through the channels provided by Article 1.

ART. 4. Newspapers or other periodicals published in violation of the preceding provision shall be suppressed. Suppression shall be enforced by the state authorities, without necessity for special authorization. Those responsible for the offending publication shall be punished according to the provisions of the existing laws.

ART. 5. Sections 1, 4, and 5 of Article XIV of the Penal Code are hereby abrogated. Determination of crimes contemplated shall devolve upon the court.

Every other crime of the press or crime committed through the press shall be judged in conformity with the legislation already in force, and in accordance with the penalty established for the crime. . . . Procedure for all crimes of the press, or crimes committed through the press, shall be by direct summons.

ART. 6. This decree shall go into effect on the day of its publication in the *Gazzetta Ufficiale* of the kingdom, and shall be submitted to Parliament for incorporation into law. Within fifteen days from the date when the decree goes into effect, newspapers and periodicals shall comply with the provisions established in Article 1.

The Anglo-Russian Trade Treaty

IN last week's issue of *The Nation* we printed the text of the more interesting and controversial sections of the general political treaty concluded by Great Britain and the Russian Soviet Union. The trade agreement, which forms a part of the whole treaty, is reprinted below with a few minor cuts and summarized sections made necessary by space limitations.

THE TRADE TREATY

ARTICLE 1. For the purpose of developing and strengthening the commercial relations between their respective territories, the contracting parties agree that, without prejudice to any more favorable provisions contained in the present treaty, all facilities, rights, and privileges which in the territories of either of the contracting parties shall be accorded in matters of commerce to the nationals or juridical persons of any other foreign state, established in the territories of that state, or to their property shall be extended, on condition of full reciprocity, to the nationals of the other party, to juridical persons established in the territories of that party and to their property. Each of the contracting parties shall accord to goods, the produce or manufacture of the territories of the other, all facilities, rights, and privileges which are or may hereafter be accorded in the territories of the other to goods, the produce, or manufacture of the territories of any third foreign country in all that relates to prohibitions and restrictions on importation or exportation, customs duties and charges, transport, warehousing, drawback, and excise. The provisions of this paragraph shall extend to the treatment of commercial travelers' samples.

With the same purpose in view His Majesty's Government, on its part, agrees to extend the facilities of the export credits scheme as laid down in "The Overseas Trade (Credits and Insurance) Act, 1920," as amended by subsequent enactments to trade between Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the

Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and further agrees that in respect of these and any similar facilities the said trade shall be placed on the same footing as trade with any other foreign country. . . .

[Special privileges accorded by the Union to border states in Asia or states formerly a part of the Russian Empire or states forming part of the Russian customs union need not be extended to Great Britain.]

ART. 2. Taking into account that the monopoly of foreign trade in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics belongs to the Government, and that this Government may engage in trading operations either directly through the trade representative of the Union or through any body or authority under its control, or otherwise, both parties agree on the following:

1. The trade representative and his assistants (members of the council of the trade representation), the number of which shall be determined at a later date by mutual agreement of both parties, shall be members of the Union embassy in London, and shall, as such, enjoy all the privileges and immunities appertaining thereto, including extraterritoriality for their offices in the embassy. For this purpose the existing offices of the trade delegation and such other offices as may form the subject of future agreement shall form part of the embassy.

2. The Government of the Union assumes the responsibility for all transactions conducted by or on behalf of the Union trade representative in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and agrees that all such commercial transactions shall be subject to the laws and courts of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, but in view of the responsibility for these transactions which is assumed by the Government of the Union, neither it nor its representatives will be called upon to give security for complying with the orders of the court.

3. This trade, as well as the trade of the above-mentioned bodies, including the trade of any companies organized by the trade representative in conformity with the laws existing in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, shall enjoy the same privileges and facilities and be conducted on the same footing in Great Britain and Northern Ireland as trade which is not conducted by governments.

ART. 3. Goods, the produce or manufacture of the territories of either of the contracting parties, passing in transit across the territories of the other by routes open to transit under the general legislation of the country, shall be free in those territories from all transit duties.

ART. 4. Juridical persons (including limited liability and other companies and associations) formed for the purpose of commerce, insurance, finance, industry, transport, or any other business and established in the territories of either party shall, provided that they have been duly constituted in accordance with the laws in force in such territories, be recognized as having a legal status in the territories of the other, and in particular shall have there the right of appearing before the tribunals, for the purpose of bringing or of defending an action.

In any case the said juridical persons shall enjoy, in the territories of the other party, the same general rights as are or shall be accorded to similar juridical persons of any other foreign country. . . . [The right of such juridical persons to carry on business in the territory of the other party is not affected by this provision, which does, however, apply to such persons constituted before as well as after the signing of the treaty.]

ART. 5. Each of the contracting parties undertakes to grant to the subjects or citizens of the other the right to enter its territories on conditions not less favorable than those applicable to the subjects or citizens of the most favored nation.

The subjects or citizens of one of the contracting parties who have been permitted to enter the territories of the other may reside there and exercise their trades, industries, or professions on condition that they comply with the regulations in force for the citizens of the most favored nation in the territories to which they have been admitted, and they shall be at complete liberty to leave the territories to which they have been admitted whensoever they please.

The subjects or citizens of each of the contracting parties in the territories of the other shall have free access to the courts of justice for the prosecution and defense of their rights without other conditions or taxes beyond those imposed on nationals or on subjects or citizens of the most favored foreign state, and shall, like them, be at liberty to employ in all causes their advocates, attorneys, or agents from among the persons admitted to the exercise of those professions according to the laws of the country.

ART. 6. The subjects or citizens of each of the contracting parties shall in the territories of the other be exempt from all forms of compulsory military service whatsoever, whether in the army, fleet, air forces, national guard, or militia. They can only be subject to military exactions, requisitions, and compulsory contributions in kind on payment of compensation. They shall be exempt from all money contributions, compulsory loans, and pecuniary taxes for war purposes and from compulsory billeting, except in so far as such contributions, loans, taxes, and billeting are imposed by the law of the country on all the inhabitants.

The subjects or citizens of each of the contracting parties shall in the territories of the other likewise be exempt from all judicial, administrative, and municipal functions whatsoever, other than those imposed by the law relating to juries, as well as from all compulsory services, except in cases of sudden and unexpected occurrences involving great public danger, and from all contributions, whether pecuniary or in kind, imposed as an equivalent for personal service. They shall be subject only to such taxes and charges as are imposed upon the inhabitants generally by the law of the country.

[In regard to these matters subjects or citizens of each country are accorded most-favored-nation treatment on the territory of the other.]

ART. 7. The subjects or citizens of one of the contracting parties admitted into the territories of the other shall be at liberty to communicate freely by post and by telegraph and to make use of telegraphic codes, provided that they specify beforehand the code being used, and under the conditions and subject to the regulations laid down in the International Telegraph Convention of St. Petersburg of 1875, as revised at Lisbon in 1908.

[Articles 8 and 9 deal with the rights of subjects, citizens, or juridical persons of either state on the territory of the other, the recognition of arbitration clauses in contracts, and the carrying out of arbitration awards.]

ART. 10. The subjects or citizens of one of the contracting parties admitted into the territories of the other shall not be subjected personally or with regard to their property or to their activities to any other or higher taxes, imposts, or obligations than those which are or may be imposed in the like conditions upon subjects or citizens of the last-named party, with the exception of special cases provided for by the laws in regard to all foreigners. Such special laws shall not impose taxation on the subjects or citizens of one party in the territories of the other in respect of their industry, trade, occupation, or business, and in regard to all forms of taxation such subjects or citizens shall not be placed in a less favorable condition than the subjects or citizens of the most favored nation. . . . [Juridical persons are similarly protected.]

ART. 11. Each of the contracting parties undertakes to treat the vessels of the other not less favorably than national vessels or the vessels of the most favored nation. This equality of treatment shall extend to the rules and regulations governing the transport of goods or passengers from and to the ports of the contracting parties and to any duties or charges levied on the vessels, their cargoes, or passengers, and also to facilities for the stationing, loading, and unloading of vessels in ports, docks, quays, harbors, and roadsteads, as well as tonnage or other dues, charges, and payments of all kinds levied on ships,

Books of Love, Life and Laughter

Your Pick of Hundreds of Great Books——60,000,000 Sold in Five Years—Mail In Your Order To-day—Order by Number—Read Master Writers Like De Maupassant, Balzac, Mark Twain, Boccaccio and Many Others Equally Entertaining

5c *ONLY EACH*

ORDER BY NUMBER

Take Your Pick at Only 5c Per Book

ORDER BY NUMBER

231 Humorous Sketches. Mark Twain
166 English as She is Spoke. Mark Twain
291 Jumping Frog. Mark Twain
14 What Every Girl Should Know. Mrs. Sanger
91 Manhood: Facts of Life
217 Puzzle of Personality. Wm. J. Fielding
190 Psycho-Analysis: The Key to Human Behavior. Fielding
447 Auto-Suggestion — How it Works. Fielding
651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself. Bonus
648 Rejuvenation — Science's New Fountain of Youth. Fielding
650 K. K. K.—The Kreed of the Klansmen
58 Tales from the Decameron. Boccaccio
672 Illicit Love, etc. Boccaccio
673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
674 The Falcon, etc. Boccaccio
344 Don Juan. Balzac
15 Balzac's Short Stories.
6 Love, and Other Stories. De Maupassant
199 The Tallow Ball. De Maupassant
178 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier
557 Is The Moon a Dead World? Shipley
559 Robinson Crusoe.
560 Electra. Euripides. Trans. by Harvey
561 African Jungle Tales
562. Antigone. Sophocles. Trans. by Harvey
563 New Light on Prehistoric Cultures. Shipley.
564 Volney's Ruins of Empires.
570 Legend of Saint Julian. Flaubert
571 Kant's Critical Philosophy
572 Beggar's Opera. John Gay
573 Gist of Herbert Spencer
574 The Christian System and Other Essays. Schopenhauer
575 Essays in Ethics. Schopenhauer
576 The Enchiridion or Manual. Epictetus
577 The Lifted Veil. Eliot
578 The Haunted House and Other Poems. George Sylvester Viereck
579 The Three Sphinxes and Other Poems. Viereck
580 A History of Polar Exploration and Adventure. Helen Putnam Van Sicklen
581 Lucretius on Life and Death
593 As a Man Thinketh. James Allen
598 Haeckel: Philosopher-Naturalist. Fenton
617 Hamilcar: Great Man of Carthage. Flaubert
630 The Second Story Man. Upton Sinclair
660 My Brother Paul. Theodore Dreiser
676 Sarah Bernhardt's Love Letters to Pierre Berton. Translated by Sylvestre Dorian
678 Haldeman-Julius—The Man and His Work. Gunn
680 Louis Pasteur: The Man and His Work. Dr. Morris Fishbein
693 Memorandum Book
A-1000 1924 Republican and Democratic Platforms
590-591-592 The Millennium. 3 vols. Upton Sinclair
558 Great Pirates. Finger
666-667 Sarah Bernhardt As I Knew Her. 2 vols. Dorian
670 Josh Billing's Comical Lexicon
669 Josh Billing's Humorous Epigrams
363 Journalism in Tennessee. Twain
675 Philosophy of Love. Sarah Bernhardt
661 America and Sex Impulse. Theodore Dreiser
514 Hints on Writing Poetry
555 Structure of the Earth
556 Hints on Etiquette
567 Darwin as a Naturalist
568 Darwin and Evolution
595 Happy Hypocrite. Beerbohm
596 History of Modern Mexico
652 Is K. K. K. Destructive? Debate. Imperial Wizard Evans and Zangwill
658 Walking Tours. Stevenson
662 Amusing Answers to Correspondents. Twain
664 Oscar Wilde's Letters to Sarah Bernhardt
665 Love Letters of Sarah Bernhardt to Sardou
668 Humorous Fables. Twain
583-584-585-586-587-588 Jungle, 6 vols. Upton Sinclair
594 The Overman. Upton Sinclair
659 The Lost Phœbe. Theodore Dreiser
653 What Every Boy Should Know. Fielding
654 What Every Young Man Should Know. Fielding
239 26 Men and a Girl. Gorky
46 Salome. Oscar Wilde
163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome
95 Confessions of an Opium Eater. De Quincey
189 Eugenics. Ellis
83 Marriage, Past and Present. Mrs. Besant
222 The Vampire, etc. Kipling
98 How to Love
77 What Great Men Have Said About Women
304 What Great Women Have Said About Men
4 Age of Reason. Paine
42 Origin of the Human Race
322 Buddhist Philosophy
219 Human Tragedy. A. France
18 Idle Thoughts. Jerome
38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
45 Tolstoi's Short Stories
25 Rhyming Dictionary
82 Common Faults in English
192 Book of Synonyms
20 Let's Laugh. Nasby
24 The Kiss, etc. Chekhov
215 Miraculous Revenge. Bernard Shaw
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales
145 Great Ghost Stories
23 Great Sea Stories
161 Country of the Blind. Wells
165 Discovery of the Future. H. G. Wells
130 Controversy on Christianity. Ingersoll and Gladstone
277 Man Without a Country. Hale
221 On Women. Maeterlinck
30 What Life Means to Me. Jack London
491 Psychology for Beginners
477 Theosophy in Outline. Willis
438-439 Secret Memoirs. 2 vols. Madame De Pompadour
461 Essays. Haldeman-Julius
463 Art of Reading. Haldeman-Julius
466 Is Progress an Illusion? Haldeman-Julius
454 The Unworthy Coopers. Haldeman-Julius
105 7 Hanged. Andreyev
131 Redemption. Tolstoi
1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
314 French Short Stories. Daudet
324 Life of Lincoln. Bowers
153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
162 Rue Morgue. Poe
74 On Threshold of Sex
92 Hypnotism Made Plain
149 Historic Crimes. Finger
66 Crimes of Borgias. Dumas
321 History of Evolution. Fenton
209 Aspects of Birth Control
208 Debate on Birth Control. Mrs. Sanger and Russell
376 Woman of No Importance. Oscar Wilde
377 A Night in Luxembourg. Gourmont
482 Five Weeks in a Balloon. Verne
437 Hints on Scenario Writing
342 Hints on News Reporting
326 Hints on Writing Short Stories
496 Hints on Writing One-Act Plays
292 Fifi. De Maupassant
296 Lyric Love. Robt. Browning
281 Wisdom of Dickens. Swasey
282 Humor of Lincoln
417 Nature of Dreams. Carrington
65 Meditation. Marcus Aurelius
295 Master Builder. Ibsen
232 Three Strangers. Hardy
21 Carmen. Merimee
289 Pepys' Diary
27 Last Days Condemned Man. Hugo
205 Artemus Ward—His Book
336 Mark of the Beast. Kipling
16 Ghosts. Ibsen
151 Man Who Would Be King. Kipling
198 Majesty of Justice. Anatole France
150 Lost Civilization. Finger
143 Time of Terror. Balzac
323 Life of Joan of Arc
124 Theory of Reincarnation
125 War Speeches of Wilson
12 Poe's Tales of Mystery
212 Life and Character. Goethe
132 Foundation of Religion
61 Tolstoi's Essays
44 Aesop's Fables
156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
84 Love Letters of a Nun
172 Evolution of Love. Key
318 Christ in Flanders. Balzac
43 Marriage and Divorce. Greeley and Owen
123 Life of Du Barry
250 Romeo and Juliet
59 Epigrams of Wit and Wisdom
100 Red Laugh. Andreyev
236 Heart Affairs of Henry VIII
56 Wisdom of Ingersoll
93 How to Live 100 Years
290 Poe's Gold Bug
158 Alice in Wonderland
41 Xmas Carol. Dickens
144 Was Poe Immoral?
322 Man Who Was. Kipling
87 Love. Montaigne
89 Love Letters of Genius
516 Book of Real Adventure
517 Mark Twain: Philosopher
519 Guide to Rabelais. Goldberg
524 Death: And Its Problems
532 Essays on Jesus. Harvey
533 Essays on Friends of Jesus
537 Life of Barnum. Finger
538 Robin Hood. Finger
540 Love Stories in Yellow, Black, etc. De Gourmont
541 Stories in Green, Zinzolin, etc. De Gourmont
554 Child's Garden of Verses
19 Nietzsche: Who He Was
170 Constantine and Beginnings of Christianity
73 Whitman's Poems
311 Lodging for Night. Stevenson
133 Electricity Explained
510 Electric Energy: What it Does. Moritzen
224 God: Known and Unknown. Butler
32 Poe's Poems
327 Ice Age. Finger
202 Survival of Fittest. Tichenor
28 Toleration. Voltaire
184 Primitive Beliefs
275 Building of the Earth. Fenton
230 Fleece of Gold. Gautier
204 Sun Worship. Tichenor
345 Clarimonde. Gautier
187 Whistler's Humor
76 Prince of Peace. Bryan
113 Proverbs of England
114 Proverbs of France
119 Proverbs of Ireland
168 Epigrams. Wilde
29 Dreams. Schreiner
180 Epigrams of Shaw
313 Decay of Lying. Wilde
148 Strength of the Strong. London
2 Wilde's Ballad of Reading Gaol
3 Essays. Voltaire
329-330 Dante's Inferno. 2 vols.
214 Speeches of Lincoln
126 History of Rome. Giles
69 Life of Mary, Queen of Scots
308 She Stoops to Conquer. Goldsmith
60 Emerson's Essays
157 Plato's Republic
216 Wit of Heine. Eliot
8 Lady Windermere's Fan. Wilde
94 Trial and Death of Socrates
182 Daisy Miller. H. James
22 Tolstoi: His Life and Works
191 Evolution vs. Religion.
129 Rome or Reason. Ingersoll
49 Evolution. Haeckel
62 Schopenhauer's Essays
280 Happy Prince. Wilde
522 Life of Tom Paine. Gunn
493 New Discoveries in Science
489 Yiddish Short Stories
488 Great Yiddish Poetry
471 Essence of Confucianism
469 The Egypt of Yesterday
465 Esperanto for Beginners
420 Great Spanish Love Stories
419 Life: Its Origin and Nature
416 God of Vengeance. Asch
397 Irish Fairy Tales
398 Irish Folk Songs and Tales
399-400 Arabian Nights. 2 vols.
395 Autobiography of Cellini
396 Embers. Haldeman-Julius
369 Artemus Ward's Travels
363 Miggles, etc. Harte
357 City of Dreadful Night. Kipling
334 Caught, etc. Haldeman-Julius
319 Saint-Gerane. Dumas
307 Tillyloss Scandal. Barrie
301 Sailor, Cowboys' Songs
26 Going to Church. Shaw
284 Poems of Burns
200 Ignorant Philosopher. Voltaire
103 Pocket Theology. Voltaire
211 Idea of God in Nature. Mill
246 Hamlet. Shakespeare
278 Friendship, etc. Thoreau
218 Essence of the Talmud
7 Liberal Education. Huxley
52 Voltaire. Hugo
104 Waterloo. Hugo
134 Misanthrope. Molière
171 Has Life Any Meaning? Harris & Ward
57 Rip Van Winkle. Irving
90 Mikado. Gilbert
325 Essence of Buddhism
33 Brann: Sham Smasher
48 Bacon's Essays
167 Plutarch's Rules of Health
53 Insects and Men. Darrow
339 Thoreau—the Man Who Escaped from the Herd
80 Pillars of Society. Ibsen
122 Spiritualism. Doyle & McCabe
55 Spencer: Life and Works
266 Life of Shakespeare
268 Merchant of Venice
142 Bismarck's Life
179 Gems from Emerson
276 Speeches of Washington
320 Prince. Machiavelli
138 Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer
96 Dialogues. Plato
196 The Marquise. Sand
195 Nature. Thoreau
247 Macbeth. Shakespeare
116 Proverbs of China
279 Will o' Mill. Stevenson
36 Soul of Man. Wilde
78 Hints on Public Speaking
238 Reflections on Science. Huxley
159 Guide to Plato. Durant
75 Choice of Books. Carlyle
121 Proverbs of Arabia
293 Villon. Stevenson
54 Importance of Being Earnest. Wilde
99 Tartuffe. Molière
155 Maxims. Napoleon
177 Subjection of Women. Mill
193 Wit of Charles Lamb
86 On Reading. Brandes
210 Stoic Philosophy. Murray
235 Essays. Chesterton
251 Midsummer Night's Dream
88 Vindication of Paine. Ingersoll
146 Snow-bound. Pied Piper
203 Rights of Women. Ellis
316 Prometheus. Aeschylos
50 Paine's Common Sense
85 Attack on Mill. Zola
101 Thoughts of Pascal
242 As You Like It. Shakespeare
249 Julius Cæsar. Shakespeare
274 Animals of Ancient Lands
79 Enoch Arden. Tennyson
233 Literature and Art. Goethe
234 McNeal-Sinclair Debate on Socialism
315 Pen, Pencil, Poison. Wilde
287 Whistler: Man and His Work
164 Michael Angelo's Sonnets
252 Othello. Shakespeare
17 On Walking. Thoreau
283 Courtship of Miles Standish
117 Proverbs of Italy
343 Life of Columbus
9 Great English Poems
147 Cromwell and His Times
347 Guide to Stoicism
352 Short Stories. Wm. Morris
5 Life of Johnson. Macaulay
72 Color of Life. Haldeman-Julius
256 Venus and Adonis
317 L'Allegro. Milton
115 Proverbs of Japan
118 Proverbs of Russia
181 Epigrams. Thoreau
310 Wisdom of Thackeray

Order by number instead of titles. For instance, if you want "Carmen," simply write down "21." Remember the minimum quantity is 20 books—as many more as you like. Send money order, check (add 10c to personal checks or exchange), stamps or cash with all orders. If you want books shipped prepaid, enclose 10 per cent of the amount of order in addition. Otherwise books will be sent express collect. Canada and foreign price, 7 cents per book delivered.

Haldeman-Julius Company, Dept. B-105, Girard, Kans.

such as sanitary, port, quay, harbor, pilotage, quarantine, lighthouse, and other similar dues levied in the name of or for the profit of the government, public functionaries, private individuals, corporations, or establishments of any kind.

The contracting parties undertake that imported or exported goods shall not be subjected in their ports or on their railways, rivers, or canals to any differential due, surtax, charge, or disability of any kind based on the flag of the ship by which the goods are imported or exported and to the detriment of the flag of either party. . . .

[Article 12 details certain services and privileges to which provisions of the present treaty shall not extend.]

ART. 13. Nothing in the preceding article shall prevent either party from reserving its coasting trade in whole or in part to national vessels, provided that

(a) The party so reserving in whole or in part its coasting trade cannot claim, in virtue of the present treaty, that its vessels shall be admitted to the coasting trade of the other party.

(b) Notwithstanding such reservation, vessels of the other party may proceed from one port to another either for the purpose of landing the whole or part of their cargoes or passengers brought from abroad, or of taking on board the whole or part of their cargoes or passengers for a foreign destination, or of carrying between the two ports goods consigned on through bills of lading or passengers holding through tickets to or from a foreign country. While so engaged, these vessels and their passengers and cargoes shall enjoy the full privileges of the present treaty.

So long as the coasting trade of Great Britain and Northern Ireland is thrown open to vessels of the Union, it is agreed between the parties that if at any time any part of the coasting trade of the Union is thrown open to the vessels of any other foreign country it shall at the same time and under the like conditions be thrown open to British vessels.

ART. 14. All vessels which, under the law of either contracting party, are national vessels shall for the purposes of the present treaty be deemed to be vessels of that party.

[Articles 15 and 16 provide for the mutual protection of copyrights, trade-marks and against unfair competition.]

ART. 17. The stipulations of the present treaty may, subject to any modifications mutually agreed upon, be extended to any of His Britannic Majesty's self-governing Dominions or to India by an exchange of notes to be effected between the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the Government of the Dominion concerned, or of India.

In the event of the treaty not being extended to any particular Dominion or to India, goods produced or manufactured in such Dominion or in India shall enjoy, in the territories of the Union, complete and unconditional most-favored-nation treatment so long as goods manufactured or produced in the territories of the Union are accorded, in such Dominion or in India, treatment as favorable as that accorded to goods manufactured or produced in any other foreign country, but liberty is reserved by the Government of the Union to denounce this paragraph at any time in respect of any particular Dominion or of India.

ART. 18. The stipulations of the present treaty shall apply to any British colony, possession, or protectorate, and to any territory oversea which is subject to the control of His Britannic Majesty, if notice is given by His Britannic Majesty's representative at Moscow in respect to any such colony, possession, protectorate, or territory of the desire of His Majesty that the treaty should apply thereto. . . . [Goods of such territories as those mentioned above to which the treaty does not apply are nevertheless accorded most-favored-nation treatment.]

ART. 19. The present treaty shall be ratified and the ratifications shall be exchanged in London as soon as possible. It shall come into force immediately upon ratification, and shall remain in force for a period of three years from the exchange of ratifications, and thereafter until the expiration of twelve months from the date on which either of the contracting parties shall have given notice to the other of its intention to terminate the treaty.

In the event of the treaty being extended to any self-governing Dominion or to India by an exchange of notes under Article 17, the application of the treaty to such Dominion or to India may be terminated by twelve months' notice on either side.

[The same is true "as regards any colony, possession, protectorate, or territory to which the present treaty has been applied under Article 18."]

PROTOCOL

At the moment of proceeding to the signature of the commercial treaty between Great Britain and Northern Ireland on the one hand and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics on the other, the undersigned, duly authorized, have agreed as follows:

Nothing in Article 1 of the commercial treaty signed this day shall prejudice the right of either party to enforce special sanitary or other provisions for the purpose of securing the safety of persons or of animals or of plants useful to agriculture, of regulating the trade in arms and ammunition under general provisions of law, or the trade in any particular article under the provisions of any general international convention which is binding on either party.

Declaration by His Majesty's Government with regard to Article 13

His Majesty's Government recognizes the right of the Government of the Union, in reserving the coasting trade to national ships, to include in that reservation the carrying of goods and passengers between ports of the Union whether situated on the coast of the same or of different seas.

Declaration by the Government of the U. S. S. R. with regard to Article 14

The Government of the Union maintain their right of property over all the ships of the former Russian navy as well as over the ships of the Russian commercial fleet, nationalized by the decree on the nationalization of the commercial fleet dated January 26, 1918, which have not been sold by the Soviet Government or with its consent.

The Government of the Union on several occasions had the opportunity to make similar declarations to all foreign Powers, and protested in the notes addressed to their governments against any kind of commercial transactions with these ships, presenting the full lists of names of such vessels.

The Government of the Union maintain their right to claim the restitution of these vessels as the indisputable property of the peoples of the U. S. S. R. Therefore the Government of the Union will never recognize as British any of these ships found in possession of British nationals or firms and will treat them as the property of the peoples of the U. S. S. R.

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL

I. The Development of the Drama. By **Dr. Will Durant.** 35 lectures. Sundays at 5 p. m., Sept. 14-June 21; at Church of All Nations, 2d Ave. at 1st St. Adm. 25c; course tickets $5.00. Prize play competition.

II. A History of Art. By **Dr. Will Durant.** 35 lectures; with stereopticon slides of all the masterpieces. Weds. at 8:30 p. m., Sept. 17-June 17; at the Baptist Church, 2d Ave. at 11th St. Adm. 25c; course tickets $5.00. Weekly museum visits.

III. A Survey of Modern Literature. By **H. W. L. Dana, John Macy, J. C. Powers, Johan Smertenko,** and **Will Durant.** 25 Lectures, beginning 8:30 p. m., Oct. 11, with lecture on "Rabelais," by Prof. Dana.

Send for detailed syllabus to 239 E. 14th St.

Special Opening Lecture, 8.30 p. m., September 10, "The Three Candidates and the Two Parties," by Dr. Will Durant, Baptist Church, 2d Ave. at 11th St. 25c.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1924 No. 3089

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 273
EDITORIALS:
The Parties and Our Foreign Policy 276
War in the Textbooks 277
Black Voices 278
Sport Is Elected 278
OUR NEXT PRESIDENT: LA FOLLETTE OR WHEELER. By Gilson Gardner 279
NEW MORALS FOR OLD:
Dominant Sexes. By M. Vaerting 280
WHAT YOUR CHILD LEARNS. By Melville J. Herskovits and Malcolm M. Willey 282
LIBERALISM IN THE COLLEGES. By Paul Blanshard 284
LA FOLLETTE AND STANDARD OIL. By William Hard 286
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 287
CORRESPONDENCE 288
DEW AND BRONZE. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin 290
BOOKS:
Art and Jazz. By Thomas Craven 290
Wizards and High Priests. By H. L. Mencken 290
The Voice of Mercy. By Norman Thomas 291
Music More than Tonal Fragrance. By Henry T. Finck 292
Dies Irae. By Emil Lengyel 292
Irving Babbitt Continues. By C. Hartley Grattan 293
Books in Brief 293
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Rumanian Oil and Foreign Money. By Emil Lengyel 295
Communism in the *Evening Post* 296

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
Managing Editor Literary Editor
ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager
Contributing Editors
ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS
ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

RAMSAY MacDONALD made a noble and constructive speech at Geneva on security and disarmament. He sees clearly the folly of large armaments, the impossibility of securing any country's safety by the old system of secret international intrigue which went by the name of military alliances, holy or otherwise, and he is right in saying that if Europe continues to carry on as now another war will be inevitable. Therefore, he puts his hope in arbitration and the League of Nations, and his splendid trust and faith in the League are worth infinitely more to its advocates in this country than the candidacy of John W. Davis. We wish only that he might take a leaf out of the book of Denmark and proceed to do some disarming on his own account without reference to others. But we suppose that as long as the present dangerous French militarism continues it will be impossible for him to swing his countrymen to that idea. M. Herriot, on his part, spoke well for arbitration and for the admission of Germany to the League of Nations, and then fell back on one of those high-sounding but utterly deceptive phrases (which continue to enchain mankind), "Justice and force must go hand in hand." When will the world learn that it is only by the elimination of force that peace can be made secure? Fortunately Lord Parmoor was there nobly to voice the sentiment that small countries will never get equality of treatment if the effort to get it is to be founded upon military force. Sooner or later men will see that the disarmers are the only practical people dealing with the subject of peace.

THE PEACE RESOLUTION adopted at Geneva before the British and French premiers left is thus far only the expression of a wish and a hope. The real work remains to be done—the discovery of a method which will reconcile the fears of M. Herriot with the vision of Mr. MacDonald in a workable method of world arbitration. This is a task of fearful difficulty, but the very willingness of discordant Europe to face it is a genuine reason for rejoicing. When one compares the atmosphere at the meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations this year with that which prevailed in 1923 the difference in that alone is a reason for optimism. When one notes the progress toward European accord in the few months since the days of Poincaré and Baldwin he can believe a plan for disarmament and arbitration may be devised which will prove solid ground upon which to summon a world conference. Let us hope there is a peace spirit in the world which can be moved to as great a fervor and devotion and sacrifice as that of the war spirit.

THE WAY TO DISARM is to disarm. Little Denmark shows the way, for her Prime Minister is to introduce a bill in Parliament in the middle of October wiping out the army and navy and providing merely for an armed constabulary. We are inclined to rank this as one of the greatest international happenings of the year. Of course, by every imperialist and militarist teaching, such as is inculcated by our army and navy officials, Denmark is craven and cowardly and is ready to relinquish its national existence at the threat of an invader. To us this decision is the wisest step that Denmark could take, and the example ought to be followed at once by the other Scandinavian countries, by Belgium and Holland. It is preposterous for a nation like Belgium to maintain an army. It can have only three probable enemies in the future: France, England, or Germany. Against any one of them it would be helpless if it came to battle. Not by mobilizing its entire man-power could it hold its position for more than a day or so. The result of the war with Germany proved that. So why waste money and deprive its industrial life of hundreds of thousands of workmen for nothing? If Denmark remains unarmed and unafraid, and is then attacked, it will have an infinitely greater power of appeal to the moral opinion of the world than if it were to throw away 40,000 or 50,000 of its citizens in a fruitless struggle.

WHILE MR. HUGHES REFUSES to take any official part in the European settlement, individual Americans are accepting various responsible positions allocated to citizens of the United States by the London protocol. Owen D. Young is acting temporarily as Agent-General for Reparations. S. P. Gilbert, former Under Secretary of the Treasury, will succeed Mr. Young. Gates W. McGarrah, chairman of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank of New York, will be the American member of the governing board of the new German bank of issue. Both Mr. Young and Mr. McGarrah are men with the long experience and usual connections that one would expect. But the

BURLINGAME PUEBLO

future Agent-General for Reparations is a man of 32 who gained most of his experience during the war. The record of each of these Americans is that of a successful and respected banker. They are experts in money and presumably will keep their eyes and minds on economic and monetary reconstruction in Europe. The machinery of the Dawes plan has begun to turn, but slowly at present, as they are getting up steam—the steam of confidence—preparatory to launching the 800 million gold-mark loan. Germany has made one payment of 20 million gold marks and as we go to press is due to make another. The French on their part are reducing the occupation of the Ruhr.

MAINE'S EARLY ELECTION of her Governor has long been regarded as a useful political barometer, and this year the Klan issue added interest. The Democratic candidate came out flatfootedly against the K. K. K., while the Republican nominee was understood to be friendly to the order. Superficially, therefore, the election of Ralph O. Brewster, Republican, by a majority of more than 30,000 votes, looks favorable both for Mr. Coolidge and the Klan. But the Republican majority in the gubernatorial election of 1920 was 65,000. Is the drop of more than 50 per cent due to anti-Republicanism or anti-Klanism? Probably some of both. Republicanism ought to be able to hold its own in Maine if anywhere in the country. Farmers there have not been subject to the depression that has hurt the West, while the State is also almost untouched by the severe slump in the textile trades that is felt elsewhere in New England. Despite Mr. Coolidge's rosy words in regard to the prosperity of labor, the financial editors tell us that one reason for the recent passing of the dividend on the common stock of the American Woolen Company (engaged in a most highly protected industry) was to justify a cut in wages later. The cotton trades are even less happy. All seventeen mills of the Consolidated Textile Corporation are closed, and one of its subsidiaries has just defaulted on the interest on its bonds.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, who on Labor Day said "We have had our revolution and our reforms," continued his gospel of stand-pattism by a speech in Baltimore on September 6 in which he attacked the proposal sponsored by Senator La Follette for an amendment to the Constitution making it possible for Congress by a two-thirds vote to validate legislation overthrown by the Supreme Court. The proposal is admittedly drastic, but the situation calls for nothing less. Had the Supreme Court limited itself to strictly judicial powers—as its creators undoubtedly intended and as similar bodies in other countries with written constitutions are doing today—it would deserve Mr. Coolidge's eulogy as a defender of the rights of the minority and the liberty of the individual. But the Supreme Court has in evolution become a third legislative body, and its concern for many years has been for property rights rather than for human rights. As a legislature it has become fearfully dangerous because it is an appointive body made up of nine lawyers with a life tenure. Progressive legislation is impossible as long as it exercises its present powers. Mr. Coolidge is one of those timid and tory souls who had he been alive in 1787 would have opposed such a novel and revolutionary scheme of government as that proposed by the Constitution behind which he now takes frightened refuge.

WITH A CERTAIN GUSTO, which is natural if not wholly justified, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* comments on a threatened lynching in the streets of New York City. A man was barely saved from hanging at the hands of a mob infuriated by his wanton assault on his own wife and daughter. The pleasure with which the Richmond paper records this incident is obviously born of sectional pride; the lynching spirit had flared up in the very "home of more of the professional and political South-baiters than any other city in the world." And it takes particular delight in pointing out that on the same day the Richmond Chamber of Commerce was adopting resolutions expressing its sorrow at the death of a colored citizen of Richmond and its feeling that "his passing is a heavy blow to this city in which he had spent his entire life." Far from resenting this display of scorn for Northern lawlessness and pride at Southern tolerance, *The Nation* is happy to record it. The more Southern patriotism comes to be identified with an effort to prove the South humane and law-abiding, the better for all of us. The spread of the Klan has shown how contagious militant lawlessness can become in the North and South alike. Perhaps a spirit of pugnacious insistence on fair play will spread as far and as fast.

> Regardless of age, occupation, or present physical condition, you are expected to answer the Roll Call on that day exactly as if you were called into active service. Each nurse enrolled in our service appreciates that its primary purpose is a reserve to the Army and Navy Nurse Corps, and therefore should be prepared to answer a call of this sort whenever it may come. It does not mean war, but it does mean preparedness and efficiency.

THUS THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE of the Red Cross (which is supposedly an international and humanitarian body) called its members to the colors on September 12 to take part in a defense test (which was to be, we were told, neither militaristic nor warlike in any way). The letter of which the quotation is a part was addressed to all the Red Cross nurses in the country through the local committees. Thus the war-time organization of the Red Cross has again been called into being, and the war-time spirit, too, so that the nurses may forget that all suffering humanity is their charge. They may instead stand, if not for war, for "preparedness and efficiency" and realize that their primary allegiance is to the army and navy. A letter like this throws light both on the organization that sends it and on the real purpose and spirit of Defense Day.

THE CIVIL STRIFE IN CHINA is a recurrence on a menacing scale of the little private wars between generals that have broken out spasmodically for three or four years past and kept the country in a ferment. In a pond just big enough for one frog two frogs have been croaking defiantly for some time, Governor Lu Yung-hsiang of Chekiang province and Governor Chi Hsieh-yuan of Kiangsu province. They have now decided to fight it out. Chekiang and Kiangsu, being adjoining provinces and by their position commanding the wealthy city of Shanghai and the strategic mouth of the Yangtze, the stake is big. In addition, Chi Hsieh-yuan is allied to Wu Pei-fu, the leader of one of the two big military groups, while Lu Yung-hsiang is allied to the opposing group, headed by Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian dictator whom Wu Pei-fu defeated two years ago and who since has been smarting for revenge. No issues, no matters of policy are involved. It

is a personal struggle between two groups of generals, all of whom have been equally pestilential. As we go to press news comes that Chang Tso-lin has declared war upon the Peking Government supported by Wu Pei-fu and that Sun Yat-sen may try to assist the Manchurian commander in a campaign against their common foe. That may widen the trouble. Unhappy China!

WITH THE SURRENDER and confession of Boris Savinkov passes the last active and important present antagonist of the Soviet Government within its borders. Savinkov had an advantage over many of the other adversaries of the Soviet Government; his name was surrounded with the romantic glamor of the old-time revolutionary conspirator. But his career as a counter-revolutionary must have convinced him that the methods of the conspirator have outlived their day in Russia. It was his fatal mistake, as well as the mistake of the other active opponents of the Soviet Government, that he viewed the Russian Revolution as a plot of a few power-loving individuals and not as a movement of masses. Notwithstanding his popularity and strong personality, his was but a small following of doubtful character which only succeeded in implicating him in the anti-Jewish pogroms perpetrated by the bands of Bulak-Balakhovich. He could carry on his activities at all only by the grace of foreign enemies of the Soviet Union, and from his confession it appears that persons in high official places in France, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and even America lent their aid to his terrorist conspiracies.

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT MUSSOLINI has a past, not a dark past but a bright red one. And so it is not startling to read such a quotation, for instance, as the London *Labor Leader* recently printed from a speech delivered by him in 1910 on the subject of "Patriotism."

> The Republicans defend the fatherland. We rise superior to it and deny it. The proletariat has no fatherland; nor in truth has the bourgeoisie. In case of war we Socialists will not go to the front—we will raise insurrection within our borders. The proletariat must no more shed its blood for the Moloch of patriotism.

But we are rather more interested in the recent past of this ex-Republican-Socialist who has now become little "Cousin to the King" by virtue of receiving the Collar of the Annunciata. As lately as 1919, when Mussolini was a leading Fascist but was neither dictator and Premier of Italy nor in any way related to the King, he spoke these words:

> The Senate must be abolished—we demand that this feudal survival disappear! We demand proportional representation! Faced with the question "Monarchists or Republicans?" we reply from henceforth "Republicans." We utterly oppose all ideas of dictatorship. We demand the confiscation of riches ill-gotten during the war.

A statement like this, in the light of what has and what has not happened under this man's rule, will be recalled long after his earlier indiscretions are forgotten.

WHILE MUSSOLINI'S PAST is being disinterred and aired, we are given the privilege of gazing into the future of another of Italy's patriots—Gabriele d'Annunzio. This gentleman and poet, who has fought and flown, defied and ruled, lived and loved under the white light of his own pitiless publicity, is now retiring into the silences. He will live henceforth withdrawn from the world. He will not answer mail, the telephone, nor the door-bell. He has dogs that "bite well" and he will put up no signs to "Beware!" No matter how the world clamors at his bolted gate, no matter how it misses and needs and wants him—it can't have him, and may as well submit to an unhappy future of muddling along somehow by itself. We shrink from the prospect; but none the less we cannot help admiring the way d'Annunzio retires. Somehow, without effort, he manages to make more noise in closing his door against the world than most men would in winning a battle.

ONE DIFFERENCE between a monarchy and a republic is that in a monarchy royalty is without honor, while in a republic it is dear to the heart of every citizen, especially the humblest. These are sad days for kings, and probably the lot of them would be glad to die off if only the proletariat would let them. But it won't—anyhow in America. The Prince of Wales may go about England almost unnoticed, but he may not move a foot in America without having the event elaborately photographed and described. Incidentally his presence brings publicity to many persons who could not otherwise get it—and this is one excellent reason for making a great deal of him. The wholly hit-and-miss character of most newspaper publicity has always interested us, and it has been seldom better illustrated than in connection with the Prince's visit. Take the boxing instructor of His Royal Highness, for instance. One would say that the American public was not panting to see his photograph. Yet because in sparring with royalty he was touched lightly on the mouth, his picture appeared on the front page of the New York *World* under the caption "Biffed by Prince." Well, who wouldn't be biffed by the Prince to achieve such fame? Indeed what democratic American wouldn't be biffed by the Prince merely for the pleasure of the biff?

TO THE *SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN* upon its one hundredth birthday our heartiest congratulations. During that long period it has never failed to uphold the highest traditions of American journalism; at times it has exercised an almost unequaled ethical influence upon our political life, notably during the fateful years from 1898 to 1902 when we took our first plunges into imperialism and overseas conquests. The explanation of its high-mindedness and refusal to stoop to the tricks of yellow journalism is to be found in the Bowles family, which founded it, and has ever since carried it on, ever placing principle above profit. We believe this record to be unique in American journalism. Established by Samuel Bowles and carried on by his son and grandson of the same name and now by a great-grandson, Richard Hooker, the *Republican* has long been the model of what a newspaper in a medium-sized city ought to be. More than that it has contributed enormously to the cultural development of its community as well as to the ideals of the American republic. Its story is not only one of idealistic striving; its existence has been made possible only by the most extraordinary devotion of the three Samuel Bowles, who often actually had to count every postage stamp in order to keep it going. For decades the *Republican* saw eye to eye with *The Nation* upon almost every issue of the day. If we regret that of late years it has followed the popular hue and cry, we must none the less recognize gratefully its honesty, its sincerity, and the unfailing cleanness of its columns.

The Parties and Our Foreign Policy

FROM an old and valued friend of *The Nation* comes the following letter explaining why he cannot support Senator La Follette:

> While La Follette is at the present time undoubtedly the one outstanding personality capable of leading a movement for the development of a third and more progressive party—more progressive, I mean, than the Democratic Party is likely to become in the near future—and while I very decidedly belong in the progressive ranks, I cannot, in the present emergency in world affairs, support a man who is so completely dominated by the isolationist ideal for our country as La Follette is. In my opinion, the great and urgent issue before us—more important than the plight of the Western farmers or any purely American economic question—is the relation of the United States to the European situation. That situation, for which we are largely responsible, cannot be mended without our active and responsible participation in world affairs. The control of our foreign affairs by a man or a party which sets himself or itself subbornly athwart the international movement would, I believe, be a greater menace to our national well-being as well as to that of the rest of the world than would the triumph of either of the two old parties.
>
> We can put up for four or eight or a dozen years more with the unstable and unjust economic conditions against which Senator La Follette is campaigning, but we cannot, without the gravest peril of world disaster, put up for even one quadrennium with the present chaos in European economic and political affairs.
>
> May I add that I am not unmindful of the fine words on our foreign policy contained in the platform adopted by the Progressive Convention held at Cleveland a few weeks ago. If I ignore these it is because in this, as in the pronouncements of the Republican and Democratic conventions, I attach little importance to these vote-catching declarations of policy. In every one of these cases the real platform is the man nominated.

We are happy to print these views not only because of the sincerity and honesty with which they are held but because they reflect an angle of the political situation which is bothering a good many people. Some we know are supporting Davis because he is for the League of Nations, although they oppose him at every other point. Others are going to vote for Coolidge, holding their noses as they do so, for the curious reason that they are sure nothing at all will happen in foreign affairs if Mr. Coolidge remains in office. His steadfast opposition to the League also fills them with satisfaction. The awkward gestures he has made about another disarmament conference make them feel that he has not got it in him to achieve anything.

Now, the editors of *The Nation* and many others, who are as eager as the writer of the above letter to have the United States point the way out of the European mess but are opposed to any entangling alliances, are supporting Mr. La Follette, not merely because of the foreign plank in his platform but precisely because "the real platform is the man nominated." Not only is he his own platform, but his principles in dealing with other countries are attested by years of public utterance. He has repeatedly declared himself against our financial imperialism and our bloody aggressions in the Caribbean; he has laid it down that if he is elected the flag will not follow the investor and he will not permit the prostitution of the State Department as at present into a "trading-post" for large American corporations seeking oil and other concessions abroad. So far as the American hemisphere is concerned our present policy toward our sister republics is driving us and them straight on the rocks. A right attitude here is perhaps even more important for our moral and spiritual welfare and the safety of the republics to the south of us than any adequate solution of the European entanglements.

As to the European situation, Mr. La Follette was there a year ago and saw conditions for himself. We do not believe that he is an absolute isolationist, and his record proves that he would be ardent in espousing any reasonable plan for disarmament. He would oppose our immediate, unreserved entrance into the League of Nations if he were President—wisely and honorably, in our judgment. But as for forgetting all about Europe, that is impossible for any President. So it comes down, aside from the League, to the question of the *spirit* with which Mr. Davis or Mr. Coolidge or Mr. La Follette would approach our international problems—in other words, we get back, like our correspondent, to the personality in the case.

How important that is, the case of Ramsay MacDonald shows. As we write he, speaking at Geneva, is the greatest figure in the Western political world. He put through the final Dawes agreement without having a single card in his hand that was not in Baldwin's or Lloyd George's. It was the spirit of the man that counted, and what he achieved was defined and illustrated by his actually putting the hands of the French delegates into those of the Germans. In our judgment, if Mr. Davis were President he would approve, as did his mentor, Woodrow Wilson, our conquest of the Caribbean by bankers and bullets—we can recall no utterance of his to the contrary—and he would probably carry on the Hughes policies as to oil and foreign investments. In European affairs he would likewise take the prevailing big-business views; his administration would most assuredly play the game the way the bankers and politicians have wished it played since they tricked or lied their peoples into the war. He has never had the vision to advocate cancellation by us of the debts of the Allied governments in return for a reasonable reparation policy and the reduction of military budgets, although this is our greatest opportunity for constructive action. Inhibitions without end would be his. Mr. La Follette would take office as free as Ramsay MacDonald—did not *both oppose the war and all its evil works?*

As for Mr. Davis's personal views on Europe, it must be recognized that they differ radically from those of most of the other leaders of his party. The Democratic platform, it will be remembered, declares for a referendum on the League, a proposal which Newton D. Baker denounced as a mockery and a sham because no such referendum could be taken without waiting for years to create the machinery. He called upon the spirit of Wilson to confound the authors of the plank which he termed the betrayal of everything Wilson stood for and as sounding the deathknell of the League. Granting again our correspondent's view as to the worthlessness of planks, it is a fact that hardly any of the Democratic party leaders care a hang about the League or want to go into it, and although platforms may be disregarded personal opposition cannot be.

If anybody votes for Mr. Davis, believing his election would mean the immediate entrance of the United States into the League, he is throwing away his ballot.

The simple question for any voter to answer is: Do you believe in the kind of conventional international politics which Mr. Davis has played and that all his professional and business associates favor? If anyone wishes for the spirit of human brotherhood—with the emphasis on human as opposed to property rights which Robert M. La Follette typifies—he must needs vote for the Senator from Wisconsin.

War in the Textbooks

IN another column we publish a startling analysis of three popular textbooks on civics used in American high schools. On questions of immigration, of property and the rights of labor, of Russia and radicalism children in our schools are being fed the stuff that Rotarians are made of. In place of the empty formalisms that used to make up the ordinary school-civics courses, we now find an amazing collection of vicious prejudices and thick unashamed propaganda. School-children are being taught that private property and democracy are identical; that labor parties are bad; that most unions are dangerously revolutionary or destructive; that our leading industrialists are benefactors of society; and that foreigners are suspicious characters.

In connection with this it is interesting to compare the results of a careful if rather mathematical study of the treatment of war in our school histories which has been published by the Association for Peace Education. The work was done by three university professors: John Monroe and Ralph L. Henry of Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, and J. M. McElhannon of Baylor College, Belton, Texas. Twenty-four standard textbooks and twenty-four popular supplementary readers were chosen for analysis, and the results were classified according to the actual amount of space in text and illustration given to wars, to "neutral" material, and to peace. Following that quantitative measurement was a carefully guarded estimate of the influence of the war material. To weigh this most important but more imponderable factor the authors of the study rated the books according to certain levels of presentation:

> (1) A strongly emotional treatment which would create an intense desire in the children to participate in the experiences depicted; (2) an attractive coloring of the material which, though it might not stir the emotions to any marked degree, would make the young readers think that war was a most worthy undertaking; (3) a straightforward presentation of the bare events which would produce little effect upon children; (4) a true statement of the horrors of war—the suffering, the destruction, the carnage, and the bestiality which would lead children to shun the thought of war.

The figures resulting from the tests are difficult to correlate. In several cases books containing a high percentage of war material have few or comparatively harmless war pictures; and some of these war-filled texts are rated among the less harmful from the point of view of emphasis and effect. But some general conclusions are inescapable. The war material in the textbooks ranged from 93.5 per cent to 19.1 per cent, but over half the books give more than 30 per cent of their space to this one subject. The authors conclude, however, that

> There is a slight tendency toward improvement in the newer texts, although of the books with the highest war percentage three out of the first six were published since the entry of the United States into the World War. Of the eight with the lowest war percentage, however, all but one have been written since 1917. The books with the highest percentage of peace content are all comparatively recent books. The surprising fact is that only three books on the list include more than 3.5 per cent of direct peace material.

In the supplementary readers, written for the most part in "story-book" style and eagerly absorbed by the children, the proportion of war material runs from 100 per cent to zero. But the first five on the list, including such old favorites as "Boys of '76" and Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," all average above 48 per cent. This, the compilers of the figures believe, is wholly disproportionate with the facts of our history:

> Leaving out of consideration the colonial warfare between the whites and Indians, the United States has in the course of five wars been engaged in military operations a total of only seventeen years, or only 12 per cent of the 148 years elapsed since 1775.

The study of the total effect of these texts and of their probable influence on children was done with particular care, and the names of the leading war-mongers among these books is of interest. Of the history texts the five worst, in order of their virulence, are as follows: Guitteau's "Our United States—A History," Montgomery's "The Leading Facts of American History," Mace and Bogardus's "History of the United States," Garner and Hensen's "Our Country's History," and McMaster's "Brief History of the United States." "Of the more up-to-date books," says the report, "Beard and Bagley, and Bassett give war the sanest treatment. These authors frequently have pictured war as it really is. . . . The five worst offenders were published since 1917."

Among the supplementary readers the five most warlike were these: La Salle's "Short Stories of New America," Coffin's "Boys of '76," Guerber's "Story of the Thirteen Colonies," Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," Southworth's "Builders of Our Country." The report states that all these books are "wholly bad from the standpoint of war," although "The Winning of the West" sometimes pictures war truly. But at least fifteen of the twenty-four readers are admirably free from "false laudation or mock heroics."

The authors of this study make a few suggestions for changing this unwholesome mental fodder:

> War is not innate. It is produced by our concepts and by what we teach our children. And one of the worst offenders on earth is the Western Caucasian. War is a useless relic of savagery. It is the most wasteful of all enterprises and it becomes increasingly wasteful as society becomes more complex. Real war is brutal, bloody, cruel; there is little noble or worthy of emulation about it. The time for teaching the truth about it has come. Educators and historians have too long poisoned the mind of the oncoming generations with their glorification of war. The future demands a type of history that will not exaggerate the place of war, which will show its true nature, and which will develop in children the will to peace. Parents should demand such histories, school boards should instal them, publishers should issue them, and historians should prepare them.

Black Voices

IN Richmond there is a society of colored men who are held together by their common desire to preserve the religious songs of their race, the "spirituals" which, long regarded as a kind of curiosity, are coming more and more to be viewed as one of the eminent contributions of this continent to the arts. In Charleston there is a society of white men and women who have the same purpose, but who further specialize by trying to recover songs which may have flourished in some particular community or even on some particular plantation without ever having happened to catch the general ear and so to be carried throughout the country, as has happened to certain of the songs which, for that reason, everybody knows. By such means the dignity of the religious songs of the Negroes is emphasized, but there still remains the need of some adequate study of this fascinating body of literature, which now drifts about on the winds of chance memory, running the risk of being lost in competition with the louder and ruder melodies of the current era.

Whoever makes that study will rarely be able to trace one of the spirituals to its actual author. The singers are lost in the songs. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, must have been tentatively composed, by Negroes whose emotions took this outlet, and must have tried their fortune with the race at large. Only some of them met with the kind of response which perpetuated them. The others fell and died as sounds die when there are no ears with the sympathy to understand them.

The surviving songs are therefore, in a true sense, the possession, if not the positive creation, of the race. If they do not bear witness to the talents of individuals, to the private impulses of the composers, to their methods and schools of song, they bear abundant witness to the deeper, impersonal feelings of the race which nourished them.

They testify, naturally, most of all to the sadness which the race felt in its bondage. "Nobody knows the troubles I bear," the burden of one of them, might almost be the burden of all of them. The black voices lifted up in these songs came from throats which ached. Yet with what pathetic faith they clung to the hope of consolation which their religion promised them! This world was full of grief, but just beyond it lay the Jordan, over which a sweet chariot might at any moment swing to carry the slave to a long and joyous home. Shouting salvation, he would enter the promised land, where he would have shoes and be permitted to walk all over God's heaven. Though his conception of paradise was of the simplest, it was utterly sincere. It was shaped by a profound need and spoken without self-consciousness.

At the root of the spirituals lay what Miguel Unamuno has called the tragic sense of life in men and in peoples, one of the great recurrent notes in all the wisdom and all the music of the folk everywhere. For this reason, perhaps, these songs persist while the brassy compositions of the white evangelists go their way to unremembered and well-deserved oblivion. The dominant race, spurring itself to effervescent optimism, could not listen to the undertones of human life, but negligently left them to its bondsmen. But in the long run it will be the bondsmen whose voices are heard.

Sport Is Elected

WE are in the midst of a presidential campaign. If we are as political a people as we are believed to be, our thoughts and energies should be concentrated upon candidates, issues, and possibilities. Yet judging from the newspapers one reads and the conversation one overhears, the people are more occupied with the chances in the forthcoming World's Series in baseball; with the performances of the celebrated French horse Epinard, now running on American tracks; with the polo match between American and British teams; with the international lawn-tennis contests for the Davis Cup; with the Firpo-Wills fight; with the airplane flight around the world; or even with the man who traveled from Holland to Marseilles, turning somersaults all the way. Rarely before have so many exciting events been taking place all at once. We shall have to wait until election day to learn the fate of La Follette, Davis, and Coolidge. But whatever happens to them, we may say already—and with entire confidence—that the popular vote has been cast in favor of sport. It has been seated on the American throne. It has been clothed with almost dictatorial powers.

Of all the sporting events of the season the world's flight was, of course, incomparably the greatest. Perhaps one ought not to speak of it as a sporting event. It was more than that, to be sure. It was a splendid feat of intelligence, of skill, and of daring. Yet flying around the world, although now proved to be possible, is far from practicable. The success of our army fliers was made possible only by almost constant attendance and assistance. Extensive repairs were made to the airplanes, engines were changed, the machines were almost built over in course of the flight, so as to raise the old question: "If a knife be rebladed, it is still the same knife. But if then a new handle is added, is it the same or another knife?" Then, too, the time required was long when one recalls that the flight was made with the fastest kind of locomotion devised by man. Five months, fourteen days elapsed between the departure of the fliers from California and the date when they touched again on the American continent. The old clipper ships could do it as quickly; it takes only a fraction of that time to make the circuit of the world by railroad and steamship. Of course the army aviators were not trying for speed. They aimed at safety and success. Yet one may say with assurance that round-the-world flight by airplane is still a long way off as a regular and recognized means of travel. It is not yet a commercial possibility, nor even an opportunity for the tourist looking for new thrills.

This absorption in sports—already so great and apparently on the increase—is both a good and a bad sign of the times. The sports that are featured in the press are chiefly the spectacular professional performances in which a few individuals take part while thousands look on. Sometimes the performances are detrimental or dangerous to the participants, while the most benefit that the spectators can hope for is mental recreation and a bit of fresh air. Yet if these great spectacular events sometimes seem like an opiate for the people—or the "bread and circus" of the Roman Empire—one should recognize that they develop and encourage a great growth of amateur sport, of no import whatever to the newspapers but of supreme consequence to the health and spirits of the people.

Our Next President: La Follette or Wheeler

By GILSON GARDNER

TO what end is this La Follette campaign? What good can come out of it? Is there a chance to win? Or assuming La Follette can't win, and assuming he can prevent the election of either Coolidge or Davis, and throw the election into Congress, what then?

Before answering the last question, it might be well to see just what chance La Follette has to win. It is being assumed by many of La Follette's supporters and friends that his race is an effort to "poll a large vote"; to make a protest against the two-party system as it now functions; to throw a monkey-wrench into the works; and finally, to lay the foundations for a new party of opposition. That La Follette and Wheeler might get enough votes in the Electoral College actually to enter the White House is disbelieved by most people.

The writer does not concur in this disbelief. There are many reasons for believing that the independent ticket might carry enough States to win.

Briefly, there are considerations such as these. The Davis-Coolidge opposition is to all intents and purposes the same ticket. Both are representative of conservatism. They are both, as the orators now continuously repeat, tagged by Wall Street. The banker vote will be divided between them. Coolidge is likely to get the larger share. He is the nominee of a party which is traditionally conservative and his record is all reactionary.

The La Follette-Wheeler ticket has the great advantage of unity. There is no candidate competing for the liberal vote. There is no one to divide it with. All shades of liberal and semi-liberal and positive liberal opinion have got together. The Socialists have studiously avoided naming a national candidate and have indorsed the progressive ticket. There is no one except La Follette to represent the so-called "common people." He is the champion of the laboring man, the distressed farmer, the persecuted foreign-born American, the folks who suffered under the war hysteria; all those classes which resent infringement on their personal liberties and civil rights, champions of free speech and freedom of thought and of religion, will naturally drift into the independent camp.

Conceding Coolidge and Davis the full and cordial support of bankers, stock-brokers, railroad owners, and landlords; conceding them the support of the owning classes, there are still more qualified voters in the working class. And among the latter may be included the salaried and rent-paying people, husbands and wives, and the generally unwealthy.

If it should develop that there is a great silent vote made up of such as these and if the prospect of a genuinely independent candidate should draw out the 26 million voters who have never taken part in politics; if the La Follette-Wheeler ticket should chance to appeal to that floating element which was so conspicuous in the test polls as supporters of Henry Ford and which figured as a seven million majority in the Harding election; then it would not be at all beyond the possibility of believing that the La Follette-Wheeler ticket would find itself elected by a landslide.

But if there is no general massing of the popular vote for the liberal candidates, if party habit sits heavily upon the population and millions take the beaten path of inherited names and slogans so that November 10 finds a normal Republican return from a certain number of States and a normal Democratic return from a certain number of other States and a normal progressive independent return from half a dozen La Follette States; and the Electoral College lacks the 266 votes necessary for a choice, what then?

Have the progressives thought what then? Have they faced this larger probability and can they give a reason for their conduct in the face of it?

The Constitution sends the election from the Electoral College into Congress. First the House of Representatives has a chance to choose. They must choose from the three candidates for President having the most votes and they must vote by States, each State casting one vote and each State being governed in that choice by the political complexion of a majority of its representatives in the House. But a careful tabulation of the House with five States deadlocked shows that there is no majority to be had. What then? Will the influences which control political parties and the government abide by the sacredness of party name and accomplish a deadlock in the House? Or will certain members be approached by powerful interests and with potential bribes and with arguments that their genuine duty to their country requires that they forget mere party labels and cast their votes to break the deadlock and to elect a candidate who is "safe and sound"? Might there not arise a conspiracy which would seek to prevent the government falling into the hands of a "dangerous radical"? By snatching the power through corrupt acts and perpetuating a candidate of one or the other of the two old parties?

Those who remember the Hayes-Tilden deadlock will realize that there is nothing fantastic about this supposition. The Hayes-Tilden election produced a deadlock and a commission was appointed to go into certain Southern States and steal a few electoral votes. (One of the commissioners was rewarded by an appointment later on the Supreme Court.) But the scheme worked and Hayes reigned for a four-year term.

Very well, say the friends of La Follette. Anything like that would illustrate conclusively the effect of the money power on the organization of the two old parties and would spell the end of those parties and the beginning of a new order. It may be necessary, they say, to have such a happening in order to break the present corrupt bipartisan control.

Next comes the alternate choice of a Vice-President from the vice-presidential candidates, for the Constitution says if the House is unable to elect and March 4 arrives, then the Senate shall choose between the two candidates for Vice-President having the highest number of votes in the Electoral College. Some political prophets are making the mistake of thinking that the highest vote in such case would go to Dawes and Charlie Bryan. More likely the choice would be between Dawes and Wheeler. The La Follette-Wheeler ticket will, if it does not run first, certainly run

second, and if it does the choice in all human probability will be Wheeler. Dawes will have no show in the Senate. The straight reactionary Republican element in the Senate is now an impotent minority. Officially, it is a majority. Officially, it controls the Senate and distributes the patronage. The last session of Congress, however, demonstrated conclusively that no such thing as a Republican majority exists in the Senate and that the real control rests with the coalition which was formed by Democrats and progressives headed by La Follette.

Wheeler, as a Democrat, would be the logical choice of the Democratic Senators. Wheeler, as a progressive, would command logically the support of the La Follette progressive bloc. It is easy to see, therefore, that even allowing for the disaffection of a few reactionary senators like Bruce of Maryland there would be a clear majority in this coalition to make Burton K. Wheeler Vice-President. In the absence of a President, the Electoral College and the House having failed to choose one, the Vice-President under the Constitution would act as President and Burton K. Wheeler would enter the White House.

This is very likely what will happen. Then what? Will Wheeler ask La Follette to enter his Cabinet or will he consider that La Follette is more important in his position of leadership in the Senate? Probably the latter.

What will happen under the administration of Burton K. Wheeler as President of the United States? A new kind of Attorney General certainly, not even a Harlan F. Stone. A Secretary of War of a different variety from Mr. Weeks. A new Assistant Secretary of Navy not of the Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Denby type. A different sort of Secretary of Treasury from the Mellon brand. Also there would be a different kind of person to enforce the prohibition law, for Wheeler showed when he was State attorney of Montana that he believed in law enforcement, not of the favored class variety. Perhaps Warren S. Stone would become Secretary of the Treasury and William H. Johnston Secretary of Labor. These would seem logical selections. But without proceeding to build up all the executive force of our new young President from the West, it is easy to see that several changes would take place in the executive branches of the Government. And in Congress the influence of the executive would doubtless be felt not exactly along Calvin Coolidge lines. The next Congress is more likely to be Democratic liberal than it is to be Calvinistic Republican, so that there would be more chance for harmonious team-work with La Follette helping on the Hill and Wheeler recommending than there would be with a Coolidge in the White House deadlocked against a liberal Congress.

So the prospect is not so sad after all.

New Morals for Old

Dominant Sexes

By M. VAERTING

CERTAIN peculiarities of physical form are today considered typical feminine sex characters. Thus roundness and fulness of figure are generally regarded as characteristic of women; larger size and strength among men are accepted as a sex difference, biologically determined.

But this theory, like the entire doctrine of secondary sex characters, stands upon a doubtful basis. It has grown up out of a comparison of men and women in very unequal situations. The bodies of men and women whose field of work and type of occupation differ widely have been compared. The man attends to the extra-domestic activities, while the woman is chiefly occupied at home. Bachofen writes: "If a man sits at a spinning-wheel a weakening of body and of soul will inevitably follow." Certain of the physical differences between men and women may therefore be sociologically determined rather than due to inborn differences.

One may object that the division of labor between the sexes, in which the woman takes the domestic and the man the extra-domestic sphere, is itself determined by inborn sex differences. Even in Socrates's time it was believed that the nature of the sexes fixed their fields of activity. Man was unquestionably intended for matters which must be attended to outside the house, "while the weak and timid woman was by divine order assigned to the inner work of the home." After thorough investigation it appears that this hoary theory, which still persists, is false. The division of labor between man and woman corresponds not to an innate difference but to their power-relation. If man dominates he says that woman's place is the home, and that work outside the home is fit only for men. If woman is dominant then she has the opposite opinion, takes care of business outside the home, and leaves the man to take care of the family and the housekeeping. Today man is dominant, but there have been many peoples among whom woman was dominant and the role of man and woman was the reverse of that common today. In ancient Egypt there was a period when women ruled. Herodotus reports that they unnaturally performed "masculine" activities, carried on commerce in the market-place, while the men stayed at home, sewed, and attended to domestic difficulties. Among the Kamchadales the men, in the days of female dominance, were such complete housewives that they cooked, sewed, washed, and were never allowed to stay away from home for more than a day. Similarly among the Lapps there was a period when the men did the housework while the women fished and sailed the sea. Under such circumstances the men also took care of the children.

When one sex is dominant there is always a division of labor. This differentiation of occupation is one of the chief causes of certain differences in physical form between men and women. It changes the fundamental conditions of development—among others the course of the inner secretions. Where man rules he does the active outside work and is accordingly larger and stronger; where woman rules and does the same "man's work" her body assumes what are today regarded as typically male proportions, whereas the man develops what we call feminine characteristics. We have a few definite proofs of this from states dominated by women. When women ruled among the Gauls, working

outside the home, we are told by Strabo that the female was larger and stronger. Among the Orombies on the Congo women were in power and did all the hard work. Ellis says they were stronger and better developed than the men. The same was true of the Wateita in East Africa. Fritsch and Hellwald report the woman larger among the Bushmen. The Spartan women in the days of their rule had a reputation for enormous strength. Aristophanes says that a Spartan woman could strangle an ox bare-handed. The Egyptian women at the height of their power were called by their neighbors the "lionesses of the Nile," and they seemed to like the name.

Thus through legend and the records of travelers we have clear testimony that man is not larger and stronger than woman because of innate differences, as is generally supposed, but that physical superiority is a characteristic of the dominant sex, whether it be male or female.

Similarly those secondary physical characteristics which are today regarded as female are found among males when they occupy the subordinate position in which woman lives today. Woman is inclined today to full, rounded curves and even to stoutness. Among the Celts the woman dominated, and according to Strabo the men of that people were inclined to be fat and heavy-paunched. The same was true of the Kamchadales in the days of woman rule. The men were strikingly voluptuous and well rounded. The male Eskimos too were inclined to fatness in the days when they did the housekeeping—the more subordinate the fatter. In this the Oriental women are typical; their exuberance of figure is as well known as their absolute subordination and their confinement to the home. They may be contrasted with the fat, subordinate male Kamchadales, whose wives were slim and firm-breasted into old age.

Equal rights do away with this division of labor. There are no longer male and female jobs; not sex but inclination and fitness begin to determine the individual's occupation. In late Egypt, when the domination of woman was merging into a period of equal rights, there are many indications that both sexes did the same work without any differentiation of occupation. In the marriage contract in the time of Darius, the woman—who then made the contract alone—says "All, which you and I may together earn. . . ." Victor Marx has studied the position of woman in Babylon in the period 604-485 B.C., and finds a similar situation.

Today, when we are passing from male domination to equal rights it is natural that the woman should be seeking more and more to get out of the home. The greater her power the more she seeks to level the lines between male and female work. This effort is strongest in the subordinate sex—in this case the feminine—because it naturally seeks to better its position. In this transition period, therefore, women are pressing into male pursuits much faster than men into domestic occupations. Yet even in Germany a beginning has been made. For women the male professions seem higher and better, because they have hitherto belonged to the dominant sex, while for the men feminine occupations seem to have about them something degrading; but the more women approach equality the less odium attaches to what has been their sphere, and the more men tend to enter it.

The same phenomenon may be observed in periods of transition from female to male domination. Among the Batta, for instance, both sexes worked in the fields, but the men alone cared for the children. This was obviously a step toward equal rights. The men already shared the extra-domestic occupations of the women, but the women still refused to share the work of the hitherto subordinate men.

Every age holds its own standards absolute. The domination of one sex depends upon the artificial development of as many and as striking bodily differences as possible, and therefore approves them and insists upon emphasizing them. Equal rights tend to develop the natural similarity of the sexes and considering that the norm, regard it as ideal.

There is ample opportunity to observe today that equality of the sexes coincides with a tendency slowly to do away with artificial physical differences. The disappearance of the so-called feminine figure was so striking in America, where the sexes are more nearly equal than in Europe, that Sargent and Alexander prophesied in 1910 that soon men and women could hardly be distinguished from one another. A comparison with pictures of thirty or forty years ago makes it plain that even in Europe male and female figures are coming closer to each other. The narrow waists and full bosoms of the women have disappeared. Men are shaving their beards. And, as a result of our investigation, we may prophesy that the coming equality will iron out still more completely those differences which hitherto have been regarded as genuine secondary sex characters.

Whenever one sex is dominant there is a tendency to differentiate male and female costume. The more completely one sex dominates the greater will be the differences in clothes, and as the sexes become equal the differences disappear. When the two sexes are really equal they will wear the same clothing.

The clothing of the dominant sex usually tends to be uniform and tasteless, that of the subordinate to be varied and richly ornamented. Today man is still dominant, and his clothes are monotonous, dull, and less subject to shifts of fashion. Especially in formal dress he wears a sort of uniform. All men, of whatever age or position, wear dress clothes of the same cut and color. A grandfather wears a dinner coat exactly like that of his eighteen-year-old grandson. This seems natural, but the situation is reversed with the subordinate sex, most completely when the subordination is most complete. Only twenty or thirty years ago it was a crime in Germany for a mother to dress as "youthfully" as her unmarried daughter. A grandmother who dared to dress like her eighteen-year-old granddaughter would have been laughed to scorn. As woman's power has grown this has changed. Custom no longer requires a grandmother to emphasize her age by her clothes.

Where woman dominates she tends to wear darker and plainer clothing and the man dresses himself more richly and variously. Erman writes of the old Egyptians:

> While according to our conceptions it befits the woman to love finery and ornament, the Egyptians of the old empire seem to have had an opposite opinion. Beside the elaborate costumes of the men the women's clothing seems very monotonous, for, from the Fourth to the Eighteenth Dynasty, all, from the king's daughter to the peasant woman, wore the same garb—a simple garment without folds.

Herodotus, indeed, reported that Egyptian men had two suits, women only one. Erman naturally cannot explain the simplicity of the women's clothes and the eagerness of the men for color and ornament, because it contradicted

current theories of the character of the two sexes. Today the view is current which Runge expressed when he said that "Women's desire to please and love of ornament is dependent upon her sex life." This view, though still common, is fundamentally false. The inclination to bright and ornamental clothing is dependent not upon sex but upon the power-relation of the sexes. The subordinate sex, whether male or female, seeks ornament. Strabo tells of the love of finery and cult of the body among Lybian men. They curled their hair, even their beards, wore gold ornaments, diligently brushed their teeth and polished their fingernails. "They arrange their hair so tenderly," he writes, "that when walking they never touch one another in order not to disturb it." It is usual in states where women are dominant for the men to wear long hair and pay particular attention to their barbering. The men of Tana, in the Hebrides, wore their hair 18 to 20 inches long, divided into six or seven hundred tiny locks, in the days when women ruled.

The stronger tendency of the subordinate sex to ornamentation apparently is closely related to the division of labor. The subordinate sex, working at home, has more leisure and opportunity for ornament than the dominant. Furthermore, leisure stimulates the erotic feelings. Since the partner does not share the leisure the lonely erotic often seeks a way out in self-ornamentation.

When the sexes are equal the clothes of the two sexes tend to be alike. We have noted that the Cingalese were physically similar; their clothes were exactly the same. The only difference was that the men wore a mother-of-pearl comb in the hair, the women none. Among the Lepka the sexes can be distinguished only by the fact that the men wear their hair in two braids, the women in one. Tacitus reports that the old Germans wore the same clothes and wore their hair alike.

We can observe the tendency to similarity of costume in this transition period. More than a decade ago Paris attempted to establish a fashion for women of knickerbockers and bobbed hair. The attempt failed, but today the bobbed head has invaded every civilized country, almost in direct proportion to the degree in which women have acquired equal rights. It is reported from England that English women can already go to their work in knickers, heavy shoes, and short hair without exciting any attention. In Germany the police forbid one sex to wear the clothes of the other, but during the war when German women had to enter male trades they usually wore men's clothing.

Among men, too, the tendency to similarity is evident. Thirty years ago the beard was a generally accepted sign of manhood; it has fallen out of fashion. In the Youth Movement there is a tendency to leave the shirt open at the neck and to adopt a hair-cut like a bobbed girl's. A note in Jean Paul's "Levana," which appeared in 1806, is interesting. He writes: "A few years ago it was fashionable in Russia for the men to fill out their clothing with high false bosoms." That was in the days following the French Revolution, when a short wave of freedom, even for women, swept across the earth.

What Your Child Learns

By MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS and MALCOLM M. WILLEY

IT is the willingness of children to swallow without question any potion of knowledge received from their elders that makes the problem of elementary and secondary education so interesting. With the vast majority of the children of this country finishing their formal schooling by the age of fifteen, it is important to consider what sort of educational nourishment is poured into their intellectual stomachs. What is learned in the formative years is rarely unlearned; and it is a realization of this fact that impels the champions of all sorts of causes to try to put their ideas into the curriculum of both grammar and high schools. History, for example, has become a process of propaganda and myth-making. And the process of intellectual adulteration is spreading. This is particularly apparent when one picks up books that deal with subjects such as government, economics, "Americanization," and "citizenship." The teaching of social sciences, usually under the name of "civics," is rapidly undergoing changes in the upper grades and high schools. The old anatomical study of government, with a memorizing of the departments and their functions and duties, is giving way to the study of social problems: the race problem, the labor problem, the immigration problem, and many others. But with the disappearance of the old formalism this new civics brings in dynamic ideas; and sometimes ideas are dangerous.

What sort of material is included in these courses? An answer to this question, as well as rather striking circumstantial evidence of the domination of conservative beliefs over the minds of those who control the material presented in elementary- and secondary-school education, is found in three very recent textbooks which have been issued to meet the varying requirements in these social-science courses. The first of these volumes, "Actual Democracy: The Problems of America," by Margaret K. Berry and Samuel B. Howe, two members of the Newark, New Jersey, school system, is intended for the consumption of high-school students. In issuing it the authors "acknowledge their indebtedness" to a syllabus, "Problems of Actual Democracy," prepared by the commissioner of education of that State. At the end of each chapter there are topics for discussion. Thus, after the chapter on The Problem of Private Property the student is asked to "show that private property and democracy are inseparable." If he has read his assignment he should have no difficulty in doing this, for all of the virtues of the institution are explained to him. The subject is summed up on page 63:

> Private property is one of the fundamental institutions of American democracy. It is an unmistakable index of social progress. It originated because of social reasons; it has grown under continual subjection to the social sanction. It is the basis on which our whole social order has been built up. It cannot be destroyed without destroying also the ideals of liberty and democracy in which Americans believe.

It is obvious that in an actual democracy based on the principles enunciated above one must know how to think "properly" upon the subject of unionism. The authors of this illuminating work have consequently included material which will help all New Jersey boys and girls to form an

opinion of the various workers' movements in this country. More than that, they have established the relation of the unions to the institution of private property, which, as has been shown, is the corner-stone of democracy. Thus:

> There are several types of unionism in this country. First, we have what we may call "business unionism," which is trade conscious but not class conscious. It is essentially a bargaining and a conservative institution: an example is the Railway Brotherhood. Second is the "friendly or uplift union," which may be either trade or class conscious, is conservative, and favors collective bargaining and profit-sharing. An example of this form of unionism was the society known as the Knights of Labor, which at one time had a large and influential membership. The third type may be called "predatory unionism." It is secret, either radical or conservative, class or trade conscious, and has two wings: "hold-up" unionism, the corrupt type recently exposed in our great cities; and "guerrilla unionism," which never combines with employers, but engages in a secret and violent warfare with capital. There is also, unfortunately, a fourth and more objectionable type of unionism which calls itself "revolutionary unionism." It may be either socialistic, as was the Western Federation of Miners, or anarchistic, like the Industrial Workers of the World. It is class, not trade, conscious and antagonistic to the wage and other systems of society. This unionism does not, as a rule, care for the rights of the employers, and is disposed to believe in the policy of sabotage, which varies all the way from actual destruction of property to mere slacking on the job (pp. 73-74).

And having digested some twenty pages of this sort of thing, the question at the end of the chapter, Would a Labor Party in the United States Be un-American? will undoubtedly call forth answers satisfactory to the members of the State Legislature of New Jersey.

In an age of Klansmen, hundred-per cent patriots, and determined Nordics the "menace of immigration" naturally looms large. New Jersey students are helped to a proper appreciation of the "menace to America of a large, unassimilated population" by this harrowing experience undergone by the authors of the text:

> There is no doubt that there has been a tremendous increase in criminal thought and action affecting the political sphere in recent years which has been fomented by radical foreigners. In the early spring of 1919 the authors attended a socialistic mass meeting in New York City and saw thousands of foreign faces glow with approval and with the lust for cruel action, as speaker after speaker denounced the government of the United States and by inference justified acts of violence against it (pp. 167-168).

After showing that "there are three times as many foreign-born as native paupers" who enjoy the opportunities of our land, and other similar "facts," they conclude that the immigration situation

> has rendered necessary a profound change in the very structure of our government. In order to control the turbulent non-American elements, we have been compelled to modify many of our earlier democratic ideals and to adopt centralization of authority, which is far different in spirit from American traditions (p. 169).

And more than that, another effect of immigration

> has been the growth of radical theories of government, so that today American democracy is facing a life-and-death struggle with Marxian socialism (p. 169).

The volume on the Constitution ("The Common Sense of the Constitution of the United States"), by A. T. Southworth, has the merit of greater subtlety. This book interprets for high-school students the meaning of that justly famous document clause by clause. The comments on the first ten amendments, and especially on the First Amendment, give the measure of the value of the whole commentary. There are few men who can look the First Amendment square in the eye and not flinch. Mr. Southworth is not numbered among that few:

> This amendment also guarantees the right of free speech. There can, of course, be no such thing as absolute free speech. The only persons who say exactly what they think every minute of the day are babies and fools. If a person is in church, at a meeting, or in any public place he will hardly say aloud every thought that passes through his head. There is reason in all things, and on general principles a person may say in this country anything that he pleases, provided what he says is not libelous or slanderous, or contrary to the public morals; and provided that he does not advocate the overthrow of the government by force. In this country, where we have a government, not of men but of laws, it is not reasonable that any one should preach the overthrow of the government by force. If B says, "Murder A, throw him out of office, and let me rule," then it is perfectly logical for C to advocate the murder of B after B has set himself up as ruler. This is anarchy.

Thus to the high-school student murder is made to seem the kernel of anarchy, but the way in which the notion of violence and crime are connected with a definite theory of society to create these false associations in the minds of the students is doubtless more obvious to the adult observer than to the young pupil.

The third volume, a "Text-Book in Citizenship," by R. O. Hughes, who incidentally is a teacher in a Pittsburgh high school, is perhaps most ingenuous of all. This book is profusely illustrated. The striking thing about the illustrations is that so many of them are printed "by courtesy." By courtesy of whom is worth noticing. The list includes the Carnegie Steel Company, the Union Switch and Signal Company, the Portland Cement Association, the International Harvester Company, Swift & Company, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the American Steel and Wire Company, the United States Steel Company, the Illinois Steel Company, the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, the Westinghouse Electric Company, and others of like origin. And it is not pictures of blast furnaces with sweating men that are contributed by these concerns. Instead, we have pictures of company Americanization schools, corporation flag-raising exercises and Christmas trees; pictures of Alabama school-children at tooth-brush drill (this by the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company); factory gardens; highways "before and after" being paved with Portland cement; company employees who hold stock; model factory buildings; "better houses for workers" (in the Carnegie plant); and, the gem of them all, a group of twenty-four elderly men who, having labored thirty-five years each in the employ of the Carnegie Steel Company, are posed at the annual picnic given to the employees as a reward for services rendered! The frank purpose of this method of instruction is well demonstrated by the picture, An example of Public Welfare Work by a Great Corporation, which shows a newsboy drinking at a fountain into the stone-work of which is engraved in letters so large that even a child with defective vision can read: National Tube Co. Public Fountain. And in the chapter on churches is the picture of a "community

church." The caption reads: "John D. Rockefeller often attends this church, which is situated near his home in Pocantico Hills, New York. He sometimes lets photographers take his picture on such occasions, if they will attend services first."

But it is not only the pictures. On page 470 begins a section, Employers of the Right Sort. One reads: "The United States Steel Company reserves shares of stock which the employees may buy and so acquire a financial interest in the business." And Mary and Johnnie, preparing their lesson, write into their notebooks: "Employers of the right sort—United States Steel Company." Or if we turn to the discussions of the I. W. W. and the philosophy of direct action, we find (page 510): "It is hard to see how a right-thinking American can possibly indulge in such performances or hold such theories. A decent man finds it difficult to sympathize with even oppressed people who use any such means to have their grievances corrected." Then there is the paragraph about Lenin and Trotzky, "two able and unscrupulous leaders," and the anarchists, whom "no civilized people can tolerate," and all the rest. But enough has been said to give the general point of view of the author, and the material which might be quoted would merely be repetitious—there are some 750 pages of it.

When we consider such quotations as these from books written to teach the growing generation facts about their government and about the problems of our day, it is hard to look upon them as anything but evidence in support of the charge so often made that control is being deliberately exercised by interested parties over what is taught in the public schools. And yet, one hesitates to admit that the control is as direct and calculated as would appear. May it not be that the persons who write such textbooks are themselves seeing through the eyes of a reactionary press and the hysteria of the mob? Or are they, perhaps, responding unconsciously to very consciously directed propaganda? These three suggestions, it must be admitted, sound like conundrums. But the effect on American education is disastrous in any case.

Liberalism in the Colleges

By PAUL BLANSHARD

PROBABLY no section of America is more victimized by undiscriminating generalizations than the college community. A peculiarly vicious murder is contrived by two young college graduates and editorial writers lay the murder at the door of "too much education." A sophomore girl runs away with a station master after a fox trot and this proves the shallowness of college training. A college president turns out the lights on a radical lecturer and establishes the fact that free speech in our colleges is crushed by capitalism. A few courageous Methodists confess their Christian pacifism and lo, our colleges have become centers of bolshevism and treason.

Liberals who have experienced in their own youth the regimentation of the college have also been guilty of too many generalizations about our colleges. Remembering their own docility, they have looked for a sign of rebellion in the newer generation and, because they have seen no dramatic uprising, they have concluded that no "youth movement" exists in America, that the colleges are continuing to create a stronger bulwark for ancient oppressions. The conclusion is only half true. There is no organized youth movement in this country, but the colleges are in the process of profound and significant changes which cannot be described by a headline or a label. They are not "news." They cannot be summarized in a sentence any more than Einstein can be put into a cartoon.

What is taking place in American colleges is the preliminary part of a youth movement—the negative part. It is most noticeable in the changing attitude of the more brilliant and serious students. The earmark of the able college student fifteen years ago was receptivity in the classroom, loyalty to "great ideas." The earmark of the able college student today is, more and more, cynicism, irony. He is not to be fooled by anybody. He is a wise bird. The illusions of his father have less and less meaning for him. His professors hold ascendancy only if they do not take themselves too seriously. The novels which held honorable place on the desk of the older student generation have given place to "Babbitt" and "Janet March" and "Gargoyles." The successor to the young man who went "fussing" to a girls' seminary once a week now sits out the dances with a bobbed-haired co-ed who discusses quite uncoyly the damnations of monogamy.

Not that the college student of our time is "immoral." I have found no particular evidences of lost chastity. The student of our generation is simply more sophisticated: he knows why he is moral or immoral. His morality is more nearly virtue than innocence: his immorality is worn as a mantle of righteousness. Most of the old hypocrisy is gone. He is becoming aware that the older generation has failed and that accepted standards are not necessarily just standards. He clings only to faith in his inimitable self.

There is no better example of the changing attitude of college students toward life than the transformation of the college religious agencies, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and the Student Volunteer Movement. Until a few years ago the propaganda of these agencies was purely romantic. The Student Volunteer Movement sent gullible young dreamers to Asia and Africa, armed with a story and hymnbook to save the heathen. The Y. M. C. A. told students that success in life comes to the good boy. Today the Y. M. C. A. on many of our campuses has become the active center of realistic thought concerning social and industrial problems. The Student Volunteer Movement has experienced an upheaval of progressive thought from within which made the Indianapolis convention of last January a source of ferment in scores of colleges. Its effect was not to send missionaries to Asia to save the heathen but to send back to the colleges several thousand earnest young men and women asking the question, "Has a nation which is saturated with national provincialism, commercial greed, and race prejudice any right to preach anything to the world?"

Social radicalism is spreading most rapidly in our theological seminaries and girls' colleges, notably in the former. The theological student of the last generation

seriously discussed Bushnell's theory of the atonement. The theological student of today is not really a theological student at all: if he discusses theology it is apologetically, mildly, indifferently, pointing out that dogmas are not important anyway. He is a humanist using Christianity as an illustration; he has abandoned the magic formulas of salvation and is groping for something to preach about. He must preach 52 or perhaps 104 sermons a year. He cannot talk about heaven and hell because he is no longer certain about hell. He cannot quote Greek texts because pulpit pedantry cannot compete with the movies. He is beginning to talk about poverty and war and industrial injustice, not as side issues but as major concerns of the church. He is trying to make Christianity into a serious religion and his efforts may surprise all the skeptics and cynics by resurrecting some dead churches into living social forces.

About the girls' colleges, Mr. Coolidge was right. A great many dangerous thoughts are going on in them. The college woman has no Rotary Club to look forward to. She is part of a subject economic class. She has a suspended maternal instinct. She reads modern novels. The combination is a threatening one. Whether you go to Vassar or Wellesley or Mills College, California, you will find many of the most influential of the girls questioning, attacking, ridiculing the conventional standards in industry, politics, and the home. That may be due partly to the fact that the girls' colleges spend less time on football; and then the ballot has been taken seriously by a number of women.

A study of the control of American universities in relation to their liberalism yields astonishing results. The assumption is general that a private institution controlled by trustee business men is likely to be more reactionary than public institutions, especially in semi-radical States like Minnesota and North Dakota. The reverse is sometimes the case. Dartmouth is an illustration.

Dartmouth is today one of the outstanding examples of liberalism in college administration. Its president, Ernest Martin Hopkins, has repeatedly taken a militant stand in behalf of free speech. "If turning handsprings on top of the college gymnasium would teach men to think," he told me, "I would be perfectly willing to do it." When William Z. Foster was invited by the Dartmouth Round Table to speak on the left-wing movement of labor, President Hopkins said: "Personally I am opposed to Foster. I think that he has not used his influence and power wisely and has sometimes misled his followers, but the students can hear him in a college hall if they wish provided they raise the money to bring him to Dartmouth without my cooperation."

In a number of ways Dartmouth is injecting a new spirit into the classroom. Students in its labor-problems classes are not compelled to listen exclusively to one professor summing up all "sides" of the industrial struggle in a fruitless attempt to be impartial. They have had the opportunity of listening during the past two years to such speakers as James A. Emery, counsel for the National Association of Manufacturers; Matthew Woll of the American Federation of Labor, Julia O'Connor of the telephone workers of Boston, Robert Amory, president of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers; John L. Barry, president of the New Hampshire Federation of Labor; J. Eads Howe, and many other leaders in industrial struggles. In the compulsory course for freshmen the students are plunged into the middle of the controversies concerning the Negro problem, disarmament, socialism, and the League of Nations by readings from current periodicals and newspapers. Here again the effort is to place before the students cross-sections of the world as it actually is, a world of biased judgments and inflamed prejudices.

Although Dartmouth is by no means a radical institution (it has no avowed Socialists on its faculty), its policy is so much more progressive than that of institutions like Michigan and Pennsylvania that the outsider is likely to ascribe the policy to an unusual board of trustees. As a matter of fact the list of Dartmouth trustees reads like a page from "The Goose Step": Lewis Parkhurst, treasurer of Ginn and Co.; Henry B. Thayer, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co.; Albert O. Brown of the Amoskeag Savings Bank; Prof. John K. Lord, former professor of Latin; Dr. John M. Gile, surgeon; Henry L. Moore, retired treasurer of the Minnesota Loan and Trust Co.; Harry H. Blunt, treasurer of the Wonalancet Co.; Clarence B. Little, president of the First National Bank of Bismarck, North Dakota; Fred H. Howland, president of the National Life Insurance Co.; ex-Gov. Fred H. Brown, and Charles G. Du Bois, president of the Western Electric Co. That such a board of trustees can control a genuinely progressive educational institution is proof that no generalization about capitalist control of our universities can explain all the reaction and suppression.

Business-men rulers do not necessarily make a college reactionary. Much of the regimentation and conservatism of our American colleges is the product of the inertia and dulness of the hinterland in which the colleges are situated. The college must be a part of its environment. There are hundreds of the younger generation of professors who are leading their students toward progressive and honest thinking as fast as the mental background of the community will permit. This is notably true of the sociology professors who are leavening the conservative mass as fast as their more cautious colleagues in economics will permit. They cannot be expected to do more until the hinterland shows signs of transformation.

The progressives within the colleges have received little help from the labor movement, whereas our business interests have been often quick to reward the professorial apostle of reaction. The American Federation of Labor could create within ten years a very real change in the attitude of the college community toward the problems of the working class if it sent some of its best leaders to spend their whole time in presenting labor's point of view to the colleges. The success of the League for Industrial Democracy in reaching 50,000 students this year with its speakers and in getting several thousand to affiliate and read treatises on industrial problems is an indication of what might be done if progressive groups applied themselves to the problem of enlightening the college student. In spite of a growing sophistication about many things most of the college students of America have never heard a labor speech and probably never will. They have only the most grotesque notion of the meaning of socialism and many of them do not know what a pacifist really is. Their old idols are pretty thoroughly smashed, but new ideals of peace and industrial justice have not yet taken their place.

All things considered, the 700,000 college students in this country are amazingly neglected by the people who ought to have most hope in the next generation, the believ-

ers in a new social order. There are plenty of people from outside who are bothering the college students and professors, but their motives are either professional or commercial. There are the professors' associations helping the teachers to "get on"; there are the agents of the publishing houses and the persons snooping for honorary degrees and the legislators seeking some excuse to cut the tax appropriation. But where are the people who seek to enlist youth to fight in behalf of human ideals? We are a generation behind Europe in the use of the latent idealism of youth in behalf of social reconstruction.

The struggle for progressive ideals in the colleges during the next few years is likely to center about war and military training. In reflection and discussion about war many liberal clubs affiliated to the National Student Forum and the League for Industrial Democracy have found tremendous interest, not only in war itself but in the economic causes of war. The issue of war is dramatic and easily understood. It is brought home to the students of many of our largest institutions by compulsory military training on the campus. The yoke is bearing down heavily upon those agricultural schools which received land grants from the federal government on condition that they impose military training upon their students. It is one of the sorest spots in our college life. Campuses are dominated by the swaggering captain of the drill; students who hate militarism and all its appearances are forced to go through the motions of killing men.

"Now, fellahs," said the leader of the bayonet drill at Kansas State Agricultural College one night last spring as he stood in front of a line of rookies, "now, fellahs, remember when you run the bayonet through their guts, grunt a little and look fierce. It is not only what you do that counts but how you feel and look."

Could liberalism find a better issue than this for the next step in our colleges: the elimination of compulsory military training from those institutions which should be leading America away from war?

La Follette and Standard Oil

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

WITH La Follette concentrating on "the trusts" and making the trusts the bull's-eye for his most vehement rhetoric, the question arises: If the rhetoric came to be transmuted into action by La Follette in the White House, what would the action be, precisely, and in detail?

The answer to that question can be competently illustrated by the recommendations which Mr. La Follette made as chairman of the Senate's Committee on Manufactures last year regarding the petroleum industry.

Those recommendations can give but cold comfort to people who like to make out that Mr. La Follette would take a large hammer and smash everything to small bits. They refute the contention that Mr. La Follette would be "extreme" and "destructive." In fact, on analysis, they induce the view that Mr. La Follette would proceed inch by cautious inch and, instead of cramping the energies of business, would strive to release and expand them.

Mr. La Follette's recommendations regarding the petroleum industry grew out of some fifteen hundred pages of testimony regarding conditions in the industry—testimony from producers, transporters, refiners, distributors. Mr. La Follette came to the conclusion that the petroleum industry is dominated and essentially controlled by the so-called "Standard" companies. In other words, he saw himself confronted by a "trust." He thereupon made eight recommendations, which can be analyzed down into five.

The first noteworthy thing about these five recommendations is that not one of them is to the effect that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana or any other Standard company or any company whatsoever in the petroleum industry should be smashed and made smaller. Not once in the course of these five recommendations does Mr. La Follette suggest that any existing unit in the petroleum industry should be artificially governmentally contracted. The necessary conclusion from this fact is that if the Standard Oil Company of Indiana can legitimately grow to be even larger than it is now it would encounter no opposition from Mr. La Follette as President.

Mr. La Follette, however, does suggest five courses of action for the Government to pursue for the purpose of establishing what he believes to be fairer and freer conditions in the petroleum industry.

The first is that all companies in the industry shall be obliged to instal a uniform system of bookkeeping and shall be obliged to make reports to the Government showing their production, their storage, their costs, their prices, and other pertinent data, which the Government thereupn shall assemble and arrange in such a manner that at all times the full facts regarding the petroleum industry may be available to persons in the industry and the consuming public. This suggestion amounts to the proposition that petroleum companies shall send to the Government the sort of self-revealing data that all railroad companies now send to the Interstate Commerce Commission. It amounts to the proposition that petroleum is affected with a public interest and that petroleum companies should to a certain degree be obliged to behave as public utilities.

The second suggestion is that petroleum pipe-lines, engaged in pumping petroleum from place to place, shall be obliged to behave as common carriers and shall be obliged to have receiving stations and delivery stations wherever reasonably demanded. This suggestion amounts to the proposition that the present transportation law, which declares pipe-lines to be common carriers, shall be put into actual practical effective operation.

The third suggestion is that railroad freight rates upon petroleum products between certain points shall be sufficiently reduced to enable independent mid-continent petroleum companies to reach the Central and Eastern States in competition with the Standard companies.

The fourth suggestion is that exports of petroleum and of petroleum products from this country should be restricted in order to prevent the unduly rapid exhaustion of our domestic petroleum supply.

The fifth suggestion is that where oil companies have engaged in "price manipulations" and where they have en-

gaged in restraint of trade through artificial divisions of marketing territory and where they have artificially limited production through alleged conspiracies based on the so-called "cracking process" patents, the Department of Justice should proceed against them.

This suggestion amounts to the proposition that the Sherman law, which is a law, even as the Volstead law is a law, should be enforced.

Is it possible to say that any one of these five suggestions is "destructive"?

The fifth of them—regarding the importance of the Sherman law—commended itself to that sane and reasonable man, our former Attorney General, Harry M. Daugherty, and it has equally commended itself to our present Attorney General, Harlan F. Stone, who is not a La Follette.

After a study of Mr. La Follette's fifth suggestion—a study begun under Mr. Daugherty and concluded under Mr. Stone—the Department of Justice has brought suit against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana and other petroleum companies to break up an alleged conspiracy limiting petroleum production through the so-called "cracking process" patents. The Department of Justice has also taken up the matter of marketing-territory divisions maintained by the so-called Standard companies and has begun to explore the possibility of an action which might break down the lines of those divisions. It finally has entered into a widespread inquiry, in collaboration with the chief legal officers of various State governments, regarding alleged price manipulations and conspiracies by numerous petroleum companies.

Mr. La Follette's allegations and recommendations, in so far as they affect the Department of Justice, have not been scorned by the Department of Justice but on the contrary have been closely studied and largely followed by it.

It is further to be noted that all of Mr. La Follette's recommendations were accepted and signed by his fellow-committee-members Senator McNary of Oregon, Senator Smith of South Carolina, and Senator Jones of New Mexico, none of whom bears the reputation of being an enemy of business.

That petroleum companies should make reports of their operations to the Government; that pipe-lines should be common carriers in fact as well as in theory; that there should be certain reductions of railroad freight rates; that exports of petroleum should be limited; that illegal conspiracies between petroleum companies should be checked—can any sane man, even if he disagrees with these suggestions, see anything in them justifying wild talk about Mr. La Follette and "Russia"? In fact, must not any sane man admit that these suggestions proceed inch by inch cautiously and not in seven-league boots recklessly?

The sum of it is that Mr. La Follette would not take a hammer and pound the big petroleum companies into small petroleum companies but would establish "free" and "fair" conditions, as he regards them, whereupon, in his belief, in his own words, "the independent operators would be able to restore and maintain healthy competition" in the industry.

That is the sum of La Follette as a trust-buster in action. He is not the enemy of the American idea in business. He is the candidate who gives most thought, whether with success or without success, to the progressive means by which the American idea in business can be continuously restored and maintained.

In the Driftway

IF men ever adopt a more sensible and comfortable dress—and heaven knows they need it, especially in summer—the change will probably be made at the behest of women. Hence the Drifter is glad to see that a woman, Madge Blair Barnwell, has started a crusade to induce men to go without their coats in summer. She writes in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> I appeal to the common sense of every man to rebel against the slavery of a senseless custom and discard the coat and vest in summer. To wear the coat in hot weather is a wrong conception of propriety. The lists of prostrations and deaths from heat in summer show men are the victims and seldom women. It is because women do not wear winter clothes in summer.
>
> Is not man as decently dressed in his neat shirt as his mother, sister, wife, and daughter are decently dressed in their shirt-waists? Yet men are so modest that if a woman in low neck and short sleeves enters a man's office and finds him in legitimate comfort in his shirt-sleeves, he will apologize, hurry out, and put on a wool coat when the temperature is 95.

* * * * *

MRS. BARNWELL advocates simply the elimination of the coat in summer, but if the sentiment against appearing in a shirt only is too strong, she suggests a substitute.

> The shirt is a neat, jaunty, and becoming garment, but if a groundless prejudice requires it to be hidden, let us try a different garment, or revive a sensible old one.
>
> The blouse was originally a man's garment; women assumed it and men dropped it. Women are now assuming trousers; we hope the men will drop these, too, feeling they are becoming too effeminate, and adopt the picturesque and comfortable knee breeches, which should be of linen or cotton with silk or cotton hose.
>
> Men should wear blouses made of lawn, voile, silk, dimity, organdie, etc., with low sailor or round collars. "Collars are choking strips which men wilt while laughing at the foolish clothes that women wear." These blouses should be recognized as appropriate for any occasion in hot weather, from the office to the most formal social function. . . .

* * * * *

THE Drifter thinks that some progress has been made already toward more sensible summer clothing for men. A number of years ago a man was not regarded as well dressed in New York City unless he wore a wool suit. Now custom permits palm beach, mohair, linen, and various other light and porous fabrics, although many men are too stupid to take advantage of them. Mrs. Barnwell may not know that a good many summers ago there was a definite attempt on the part of men in New York City—all of whom were then stifling in wool—to go without their coats. It became a fad, and might have stuck except for opposition. The elegant and the would-be elegant restaurants protested, and at least one fashionable hotel announced that men without coats would not be permitted in its dining-room. This should have encouraged the practice, as there is little doubt that any man excluded on that ground could have recovered substantial damages. But New Yorkers are notoriously docile and spineless in matters of that sort. The Drifter believes that there is still a rule at the New York Public Library against a man's entering without a coat, or taking

it off once he is inside. The rule ought to be violated systematically until the library's officers would have to withdraw it in self-defense.

* * * * *

ANYHOW we Americans are more sensible than the English in taking off our coats and in wearing informal dress in summer. On the steamships of the Royal Mail from Southampton to Buenos Aires, which is a three weeks' trip diagonally across the tropics, passengers are expected to dress for dinner every night in the "conventional black." This means that the immaculate man (the Drifter claims no such distinction) must set out with a wardrobe of some twenty dress shirts, as there is no laundry aboard. The Drifter recalls, also, embarking at the Isthmus of Panama on one of the steamships of this famous English line. Needless to say the weather was hot, and the Drifter appeared on deck without a coat but—he thinks—in a clean and presentable shirt. He observed that he was alone in this costume, and later he discovered that the purser had posted a notice on the bulletin board, evidently for the Drifter's express guidance, requesting gentlemen to wear their coats when on deck. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

La Follette and the One-Track Liberal Mind

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I would like to engage you to put some barbed wire on a fence and, if possible, to remove the fence if I do not get results. I think you can do this job better than anyone I know.

The position of "on-the-fence" liberals in this campaign has become so untenable that something must be done to make them jump either one way or the other. If a little barbed wire is not effective, will you remove the fence? It won't be needed after election day. One liberal with whom I have spoken cannot support my candidate for President because he thinks Senator La Follette is wet; another refuses because of the Senator's League of Nations position; a third because he still prefers to believe some newspaper reports (since retracted) of what Senator La Follette said about the war—rather than what the Senator did say. In each case there were no other objections; but that one reason seemed enough to cause them to withhold their support—at least openly.

You might think from this that the other candidates met with the unqualified approval of those liberals. They do not. Now, why do liberals demand that their own candidate agree with each one of them fully and are able to turn to one of the other candidates with whom, if they have been honest, they have disagreed on many points? Is it because some pet hobby is their only excuse for having been classed among liberals? Or is the charge true that they get more of a thrill out of being an "anti" something or other than "pro" anything? Or do you suppose there is too much "yellow in their pink"? Are they glad to seize upon anything to avoid taking a definite stand?

At this time, the first genuine opportunity in over fifty years to do something constructive for all the people, some of us who ought to know better are straining at a gnat and swallowing—an elephant or donkey, as the case may be. Liberals of every kind and shade, political, economic, racial, and religious, have united under the La Follette-Wheeler banner, knowing that this is their big opportunity. We cannot lose under any circumstances, no matter what the election result. We have already won our greatest victory because we have destroyed the best weapon reaction has ever had—its ability to keep us divided. Perhaps, having been accustomed so long to perching on the fence, it would embarrass their sensibilities if some of our liberals had to sit back on a hard chair with their feet solidly on the ground, instead of poised in mid-air.

La Follette-Wheeler Progressive Headquarters,
Chicago, August 28 DAVID K. NILES

[We agree with Mr. Niles that it is the time for all true liberals to show their colors. We have already stated that we are not in accord with all of Mr. La Follette's program, but so far as we can recall in its fifty-nine years of existence as a political weekly, *The Nation* has never yet found a political platform entirely to its liking from beginning to end. The great, dominating reason why all liberals should join La Follette is the man's compelling honesty and the sincerity of his platform. If we were assured that he could not put through a single legislative reform if elected we should still be for him, for the country needs nothing so much as his humane, warm-hearted, unselfish, peace-loving, anti-imperialist spirit in the Government at Washington. Any liberal who hesitates now because he does not like some one or two planks comes perilously near betraying the cause of liberalism.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The Rodeo Emigrates

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: English criticism of the rodeo, active as it has been, is not so effective as recent Midwestern reactions to such displays. England talks, and goes to see the terrible American show. The Middle West says nothing, and stays away. An experienced rodeo manager committed suicide not long ago in Excelsior Springs, Missouri, because his benches were empty and his debts in the thousands. I am credibly informed that rodeos have of late been unremunerative throughout our entire Middle Western territory. A rodeo held recently in Kansas City, Missouri, for the benefit of policemen and firemen's widows (a hitherto unfailing appeal) went bankrupt, leaving a large deficit in the widows' fund. The local humane society, largely dependent for its efforts on police support, found it useless to forbid the production; but the refusal of the public to attend was more forceful than any injunction.

Perhaps we are near enough to the cow country to know the difference between a spirited horse and one which bucks from pain and rage at an electric battery under the saddle, and to resent seeing cattle uselessly badgered in a ring. If rodeos have been popular and profitable in recent years, it has been on the Atlantic seaboard, and I understood that Tex Austin's show went abroad for lack of an audience at home.

Kansas City, Missouri, September 1 RUTH MARY WEEKS

Women's Wages and the Law

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With the argument and conclusion of your two brief editorials in the issue of July 30 on the Massachusetts decision in the minimum-wage case we are in entire accord. In view of the adverse decisions in the two federal child-labor cases, and of Justice Sutherland's decision in the District of Columbia minimum-wage case, and especially of the dicta which broaden its scope, the National Consumers' League could logically take no other position. But your premise seems to go too far.

You say, "Now that the highest court of Massachusetts has overthrown the essential feature of the minimum-wage law of that State, there seems to be no future for such legislation in this country without an amendment to the Constitution." What the Massachusetts decision overthrows is the penalty clause which, while important, is not the essential feature of the law.

The essential features of an effective minimum-wage law are two. The first is provision for cooperative inquiry into the wages actually paid to women and minors and the amount re-

quired for maintaining them in health, by official wage boards equipped with wide powers—these boards being established under a minimum-wage law and composed of representatives of employers and employees. The second essential is wide publicity for findings of wage boards as to the cost of living, as to rates established by the board, and names of employers who fail to comply with the requirements.

Publicity is not necessarily confined to newspaper advertising, important as that is. A State has various organs of publicity of its own, including reports, bulletins, and other issues of which the purchasing public ean effectively avail itself.

Miss Ethel Johnson, the official most intimately in touch with the Massachusetts minimum-wage boards, asserts that the great majority of employers have paid the rates decreed, not for fear of being punished by advertisement but because the rates were reasonable, being arrived at by representatives of employers and employees.

Even without compulsion, it is probable that a number of Massachusetts papers will willingly print lists of employers who refuse to obey the law, as soon as the legislature enacts an amending clause providing that editors shall not be held guilty of libel who print in good faith the findings of a minimum-wage board offered in good faith by a duly constituted authority.

Such a safeguarding amending clause could, it is true, conceivably be held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. But until that is done, a federal amendment will hardly be sought by this league.

We are convinced that the Supreme Court can readily distinguish between the circumstances which led it to hold the District of Columbia law unconstitutional, and the circumstances which obtain in California and Kansas, where minimum-wage laws are before the Supreme Court of the State. The California law has a penalty clause similar to that of the District of Columbia law. But California is not the District of Columbia. A State legislature is obviously not Congress; and we cannot reasonably assume that all is lost unless there should be an adverse decision in one or both of these cases by the federal Supreme Court.

Meantime we shall continue to urge the enactment, by the States, of minimum-wage laws following the Massachusetts precedent, with such modifications as the recent decision suggests.

If after the highest courts of California, Kansas, and the United States have spoken in these cases it shall appear that under the federal Constitution as interpreted by the present court the women of the United States are, in fact, deprived of protective legislation, there will undoubtedly be nation-wide demands for a federal amendment and for effective limitations upon the veto power of the courts of State and nation.

The voting women of the United States will not rest content with any legal instrument or with any court which establishes a permanent right of employers to pay to masses of women compensation on which they cannot maintain themselves in health.

Brooklin, Maine, August 15 FLORENCE KELLEY,
General Secretary, National Consumers' League

For Gandhi

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you let me speak for Gandhi of India, who is trying to gain Swaraj for his country after the peaceful and constructive manner of the East, reminding Mr. Kunz (who wrote a letter Against Gandhi in your issue of August 6), that, far from "exaggerating," *The Nation* has yet to give the entire truth about this political-spiritual program?

I can only take up some of the definite misstatements in Mr. Kunz's letter; the manifest misleading quality of its general tone I cannot hope to combat. First, there has been no "execration," no "provocative" language on Gandhi's part. I challenge anyone to present the slightest proof of such a charge. Gandhi preaches "non-violence in thought, word, and deed," and to an almost unbelievable degree he has practiced his preaching. There has been violence on the part of his followers; that was only to be expected, for not all India's 320 millions have the pacific tradition or temperament. That this violence has been almost negligible considering the size of India, the population, and the intense provocation, I assert. If Chauri-Chaura is a "good specimen" of the blood-horror, Mr. Kunz's case falls flat. Twenty-seven policemen were killed, and this admittedly at the time of the most intense excitement of the exciting year that preceded Gandhi's "polite" arrest. Malabar was much more serious, but it was entirely outside the area of Gandhi's work, and, moreover, he was early in the trouble prevented by the Government from going to the scene of action. Cases of violence as notable as these two could be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and they do not prove that "Gandhi is not a man of his word" but simply that it was not humanly possible for him to restrain 100 per cent of his people.

Now for politics. It is true that the Besant group began the movement that Gandhi has undertaken to finish, but the finish of it is not the farcial "reform Councils." It is not a fact that they "united the country" and "gave it hope and enthusiasm." Gandhi did that, and the answer of the Government was his arrest, and this at a time when he had not demanded separation from the Empire. He has not yet asked this, though one group in India does ask it. Gandhi is "visionary." Jesus was visionary. So was the Sermon on the Mount, upon which the Indian non-violent non-cooperation movement is predicated. But the wildest promise Gandhi ever made was that if India would work the program he had laid down, India could get Swaraj in nine months. Always he emphasized the "if."

And now for the last paragraph of *The Nation's* correspondent. The country was not united in 1917, except in indignation at the horror of the recruiting method of the Government! Politically it was finding itself. Dyer and Amritsar helped it wonderfully. Gandhi was never a "tool" for the Islamic interests. He saw the value of making use of the Treaty of Sèvres to bring about a Hindu-Moslem entente. That was generalship. He was not driven into "corner after corner." It was the other way around. His arrest was not proof of failure. It was indicative of the fact that he was getting too close to victory. Spiritually Gandhi has not "lost footing." The political fortunes of the non-cooperation struggle will have their ebb and flow; battles will be lost and battles will be won. If Gandhi should be taken away the Gandhi idea will persist, and its constructive working out in different parts of the world will furnish the necessary counter-balance to the violence and the blood-lust of the West.

New York, August 15 BLANCHE WATSON

Contributors to This Issue

GILSON GARDNER is the Washington correspondent for the Scripps newspapers.

M. VAERTING, one of a group of German anthropologists whose lectures and articles have attracted much attention in Europe, is also part author of "The Dominant Sex," recently published in the United States.

PAUL BLANSHARD is field secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy.

THOMAS CRAVEN is well known as a critic and as the author of "Paint."

H. L. MENCKEN, editor of the *American Mercury*, has contributed many reviews and articles to *The Nation*.

NORMAN THOMAS, Socialist candidate for Governor of New York, is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

HENRY T. FINCK was for many years music critic of the New York *Evening Post*.

EMIL LENGYEL contributes many articles and reviews on foreign affairs to current periodicals.

Dew and Bronze

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Is it worth the dancing,
  This mayfly trance of life,
Dreaming, hoeing, yearning,
  Taking one a wife?
Frosts and winds, brief roses
  Heaped across the world,
Then to long, long sleeping
  In the gravestead curled.

Athens in white marble
  Says it's worth the pains
And white daisies marching
  Down the country lanes,
Candles and brief babies,
  The brittle wares of home,
Greek tales of gods unaging,
  And that high town called Rome.

Books

Art and Jazz

The Seven Lively Arts. By Gilbert Seldes. Harper and Brothers. $4.

IN a general sense all organizing activity, regardless of materials or medium, may be called artistic. Undoubtedly the conscientious barber is a "tonsorial artist" who derives a certain amount of aesthetic satisfaction from his work. Fitness, neatness, and precision have side-currents of emotional appreciation, and a good job of hair-cutting is accompanied by mental reactions intrinsically akin to those experienced from higher forms of activity. Art values differ only in degree; and so closely related and mixed is the stuff of life that it is practically impossible at times to ascertain at what point an emotional element attains independence and distinction in its own right. Thus it happens that beginners in aesthetics, on discovering the same psychological constituents in higher and lower forms, are moved to unseemly enthusiasms, and are led to magnify the significance of the antic or "lively arts," as Mr. Seldes labels them. Psychological values have been so driven into creative processes that the end and purpose of these processes have been buried in a mass of subjective commentary. Now, I do not deny the importance of the subjective life; nor would I take credit from the critics who are probing our impulses, tracing the sources of our desires, and analyzing the machinery of our preferences. This is valuable in so far as it reveals the quantitative nature of human effort and establishes a sort of continuity of life; but its whole tendency is to reduce all achievement to the same level.

Criticism today is permeated with the ambition to level objective values. Mr. Seldes is only one of many who, under the pressure of a new attitude toward creativeness, have lost their bearings. Having discovered, like many others, that qualitative differences do not exist, he jumps joyfully to the popular conclusion that there are no fundamental differences in the products of human energy. He assumes that because aesthetic impulses are involved in jazz activity, these performances must necessarily be significant and "valuable expressions of American life." His spiritual family would include Michelangelo and the artist of the comic strip, Shelley and Ring Lardner, the barber, the clown, and Irving Berlin. May I admit here that from the subjective point of view he is right—they are undeniably branches of the same old human tree? But I must mention another approach to art: one opposed to the cult of the new intelligentsia who "find themselves" in photography, vaudeville, and the comic strip; one that is not unaware of the part played by subjective processes, and yet, at the same time, is not blind to the more permanent questions of purpose and meaning; one that measures the social importance of idealism, and draws a sharp line between commercialized art and the forms which tell truthfully, or at least with serious intent, the story of the artist in the face of experience.

The art which travels hand in hand with modern commercialism is either nonsense or sentimental invention. That it contains psychological elements also found in higher forms in no way proves its claim to permanent worth. Pure fantasy, buffoonery, "Yes, We Have No Bananas," the tomfoolery of the column writers are vagaries of the human soul, but are not, on that account, of any constructive importance. The characters of the comic strip, while amusing and often ingeniously done, reflect a cynical and weary attitude toward the world. There is something in American life, in the madness of business, which forces "lively artists," sensitive men without faith and with little strength of soul, into eccentric play. The creative impulse, striving inwardly for recognition, finds no genuine outlet, and the unpleasantness of the inhibition is minimized in horseplay and plaintive silliness. All this, of course, is very interesting—it compensates for a profound void in our social life; and none of us who is truly American can deny having participated with pleasure in one or another of such manifestations, either actively as creator or "aesthetically" as audience. But objectively it is sheer nonsense; and to regard as form or organized experience such ragged constructiveness witnesses an inability to understand differences of degree which are the fundamental distinctions of life. The "lively arts" need no encouragement; in fact, the demand for comedians is so disproportionate as to make it worth while for metropolitan newspapers to pay third-rate gossips to chronicle their philanderings, and to employ as critics men who begin by professing to know everything and end by apologizing for their ignorance.

Art is produced only when the suggestive quality remains subordinate to the object; when the content is so wedded to the form that no separation is possible. In the "lively arts" all is suggestion, and the form is completely overridden by the comic idea. These expressions cannot be considered as objectively valuable—their significance is purely sociological. The surest test of aesthetic validity is permanence of appeal.

THOMAS CRAVEN

Wizards and High Priests

A Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies. By Arthur Preuss. The B. Herder Book Company. $3.50.

THIS is a handbook for the use of Catholic parish priests, compiled to give them information "on the subject of secret and other societies into which Catholics are liable to be drawn." The faithful, it appears, are often lured by Satan in the guise of joiners in red belly-bands and purple plumes, and even their spiritual directors are sometimes deceived. The Ku Klux, of course, is easy to detect, and so are the Freemasons, with their occult and sinister history, but what of the humble Knights of Pythias, the Red Men, the Odd Fellows, the Order of Shepherds of Bethlehem, the Supreme Commandery of the Universal Brotherhood, the Loyal Order of Moose? Here it is more difficult to discern the cloven hoof, but here, in most cases, it is nevertheless. The objection to these benevolent and rosicrucian fraternities, it appears, is not primarily that they are secret, for do not the Knights of Columbus also take oaths? The objection is that nearly all of them profess to be pious, and carry on religious ceremonies of their own invention, to the scandal and damage of Holy Church. Hence the decree *Amplitudinem tuam* of June 20, 1894, solemnly condemning the "Sociorum nempe Singularium, Filiorum Temperantiae et Equi-

tum Pythiae," i. e., the Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, and Knights of Pythias. All have lofty purposes and all accept Holy Writ as beyond cavil or caveat, but all also dress up green-grocers and garage mechanics in chromatic chasubles and call them chaplains—or maybe Grand Worthy Rectors, Imperial Didaskaloses, or Transcendental Grail-Bearers—and so bring down upon themselves the anathema of the S. Congregation of the Holy Office.

Mr. Preuss, the editor of this strange dictionary, has very little humor, but he is apparently a man of much diligence, for he has accumulated a great deal of information about the mysterious brotherhoods he deals with, and some of it is very curious. He has been at the business for years, and seems to have an almost complete set of their secret books of ritual. In two pregnant pages, for example, he unveils all of the dark work of the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, of which the sainted Harding was an eminent member. One recalls the Shriners, in their public aspect, simply as long ranks of stout men marching down the street under a broiling sun, with fezes on their heads, barbaric bangles on their paunches, and scimitars in their hands. In their private chambers, according to Mr. Preuss, they engage in proceedings of a far more turbulent character—some, indeed, verging upon the goatish. For example, when they initiate a candidate. This ceremony is in charge of a high priest and seven inquisitors. At its climax the candidate is

> conducted to the Grand Potentate, whom he is commanded to approach with humble and great reverence, stooping very low on his knees, his head near the ground, his buttocks elevated. He then receives the Grand Salaam, that is, a blow on his buttocks with two pieces of board between which are placed some torpedoes, which explode with a loud report. This is called the Grand Salaam, or Stroke of Introduction.

Even worse follows. The candidate is blindfolded, and then stripped. When the handkerchief is removed from his eyes, he finds himself confronting what appears to be an audience of ladies, "with bonneted faces and capes showing, the rest of their bodies hid by a screen." They are, of course, not ladies, nor even females, but simply Shriners swathed in the rejected finery of their wives. But the candidate is usually staggered nevertheless, and sometimes he is so overcome that he has to be led to a seat. If so, he sits down upon a large sponge soaked in ice-water.

These refined jocosities, fortunately, are never lethal. Among the Moose, a more daring class of men, there is sometimes a fatal issue. Some years ago, for example, two candidates succumbed at Birmingham, Alabama. One was an iron-molder and the other was the president of the local chauffeurs' union. They were blindfolded and their chests were bared, and then the k. k. Duodenum announced in a dreadful voice that they were to be branded. The brand was simply a metal emblem attached to a magneto. When the current was turned on both men collapsed with fright, and the lodge physician was unable to revive them. They were buried with the full ritual of the order, though not yet members in the full sense. The Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in the Cabinet of Dr. Coolidge, is the present head of the Moose, and reviewed their annual parade in New York a few months ago. I daresay there will be no more fatalities while he is boss.

Mr. Preuss is often unduly tart in his discussion of such worthy men. He smells brimstone in every lodge-room. He takes the solemn buffooneries of the chaplains far too seriously. His defect, in brief, is that of all other ecclesiastical and pseudo-ecclesiastical smellers, at all times and everywhere. Nevertheless, he has composed an extremely interesting and instructive book. Let it be translated forthwith into all the Christian tongues of the earth. The foreigner, reading it, will learn more about the United States than he could gather from a thousand bales of the state papers of Dr. Coolidge.

H. L. Mencken

The Voice of Mercy

Lord Shaftesbury. By J. L. and Barbara Hammond. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

IN an age of large two-volume biographies it is as comforting as surprising to find the story of one of the longest-lived and most useful of Victorians adequately told in a book of 276 pages. It is even more surprising to find how clear an impression is given of the subject's personality with only the briefest record of his home and private life as boy or man.

Lord Shaftesbury was the devout Christian aristocrat in politics. To the iron laws of the early Victorian economists by which children were made the slaves of the machine almost as soon as they could walk alone he opposed the law of his God, which was a law of mercy and of pity.

To us—unless we are alert to remember some of the cruelties of our own time and the absurd reasons given in extenuation of them—it seems almost incredible that it took one hundred and two years of agitation, as the Hammonds remind us, to abolish the needless cruelty of forcing boys to clean the chimneys of England. They began early. "Six was described as 'a nice trainable age.'" Shaftesbury became interested in the fate of these children in 1840 and did not see the passage of his bill which finally put an end to the evil until 1875.

The story of these climbing boys and of the far greater number of factory children the Hammonds tell soberly and graphically. They give also an excellent account of the treatment of the insane less than one hundred years ago and of Shaftesbury's long years of service for them. But these, after all, are not new tales.

What gives an absorbing interest to this book is the discerning picture of the character and ruling passion of this sensitive, lonely, courageous man. "A man so sensitive could not have worked as Shaftesbury worked for factory children, climbing boys, or the victims of the brick fields or the mine, if he had not been sustained by some special power of pity or hope due to religion or the love of freedom."

It was not the love of freedom which sustained Shaftesbury. Yet it must be remembered that this convinced aristocrat, this narrow churchman, never descended to that proscription of contrary opinion which so often characterizes the believer in authority. His greatest work was done as the accredited spokesman of labor unionists in whose trade unionism he did not believe. Late in life, during the attempts to organize the farm laborers, Shaftesbury wrote:

> I have had the agitators here [he regarded "agitators" with a kind of disdainful arrogance] to stir the people to a sense of their wrongs and an assertion of their rights. They earnestly requested the use of the schoolroom, which I gave them, and "to do the thing handsome" paid for the lights.

He set an example to his fundamentalist successors by refusing to vote against the endowment of the Greek chair at Oxford on the ground that Jowett was to be appointed. "Heaven knows," he wrote, "how I loathe the theology of Dr. Jowett, but we should not put him down by dishonoring his chair."

The religion which sustained Shaftesbury was, in many of its aspects, a dour and narrow Evangelicalism derived from his old nurse, the one friend of his neglected boyhood. It made him fight bands in the parks on Sunday with the moral fervor with which he supported his "ragged schools" or looked out for the interests of the insane. Yet it had about it a quality of invincible pity. The Hammonds acutely observe that the difference between Shaftesbury and such Evangelicals as Hannah More was

> like the difference between a hero and a villain in one of Dickens's novels. Hannah More reminded the starving laborers that they could have as much of the Gospel as they liked for nothing; Shaftesbury never looked on dis-

tress in this spirit, and he never thought that the rich had fulfilled their duties to the poor when they gave them a cheap copy of the Bible and a few improving tracts.

Only at two important points of social policy did his contemporaries have reason to blame rather than bless Shaftesbury's religious zeal. It made him the opponent of popular education lest it pass out of the hands of the church and of philanthropic Evangelicals, and it blinded him to the iniquity of the opium war. That worldly old prime minister, Lord Palmerston, had allowed his stepson-in-law, Shaftesbury, to appoint the bishops. Thus Palmerston seemed to Shaftesbury "an instrument for good" raised up by the Lord God, and when the House of Commons tardily passed a vote of censure on Palmerston for the Chinese war Shaftesbury saw in it only a shameful coalition to obtain office. This and Shaftesbury's opposition to the repeal of the corn laws—which was, of course exactly paralleled by the opposition of that other noble Englishman, John Bright, to the factory laws—were the chief positive blots on a record of urgent and intelligent devotion to humanitarian causes.

Negatively, there was Shaftesbury's failure to follow up the victories which he had won in factory legislation. The Hammonds point out the interesting paradox that the only agitation Shaftesbury led was the agitation of democrats, radicals, trade unionists, which he feared, while he held aloof from the later Christian Socialist movement which had in it not a little of the aristocratic temper of Shaftesbury himself. The reasons were many: financial difficulties, absorption in personal philanthropy, a curious sense of intellectual and moral isolation from his contemporaries. Yet the fact remains that if Shaftesbury's noble career of service shows the power of the ideal of the humanitarian aristocrat it also shows its limitations—even in England, most fertile soil for a Shaftesbury's efforts. It was not a mere accident that "till the workmen were enfranchised Disraeli did nothing; after Chartism collapsed Shaftesbury did little."

And yet I think the authors make their case that among other and stronger reasons which have made the social struggle less bitter in England than in Europe, the land of bloody revolutions, and America, land of bloody strikes, was the example of that Christian aristocrat who softened "in the manners of his age, as he had softened in its politics the savage logic of the Industrial Revolution."

NORMAN THOMAS

Music More than Tonal Fragrance

Music and Mind. By T. H. Yorke Trotter. George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

BLIND TOM was a Negro boy who could sit down at the piano and repeat correctly a piece never before heard that had just been played for him. He was an idiot—but never mind, or *nunquam mens*, as we used to translate it at Harvard.

How much mentality goes with music? John Burroughs considered music to be a mere matter of the senses, like the fragrance of a flower—only this and nothing more. He was a wise man, but this opinion was extraordinarily foolish. It would be difficult to match it; for, absolutely and beyond all controversy, the most complicated of all mental processes is the writing of an orchestral score. As Edward MacDowell used to say, it is of all things human that which comes nearest to divine creation.

A professor of Magdalen College, Oxford University, has revealed the striking fact that while only 10 per cent of the students of that college take music as one of their studies, these men win 75 per cent of all the many prizes and scholarships, leaving only 25 per cent of these awards to the 90 per cent of the students who do not take music! This amazing record was the average for thirty years. Three cheers for music!

If there is a call for a second edition of Mr. Trotter's book "Music and Mind"—as there ought to be, for it is a good book—he is welcome to these facts; they will add much force to his arguments in favor of teaching music at educational institutions. How many students could remain deaf to the revelation made at Oxford that a musically trained mind increases tremendously one's chances of winning a prize or a scholarship?

While much progress has been made in recent years in the attention paid to music in schools, Mr. Trotter, who is an Englishman and a Mus. Doc. Oxon., is not satisfied. Present shortcomings are the more deplorable in view of the fact that Aristotle, twenty-two centuries ago, pointed out that music is useful for relaxation as well as for pleasure and that it has power to form the character and influence the soul, wherefore "the young should be educated in it."

If, these many years after Aristotle, music still occupies a subordinate position in our educational institutions, it is because its real value has been overlooked in our eagerness for technical skill.

Only a part of Mr. Trotter's book, however, is concerned with the educational side of the art. Other chapters are devoted to the question of music's power over us and to a description of the material with which the tonal art is built up. He does not believe that music can express definitely single emotions, for the reason that, in the words of Herbert Spencer, "Emotions are composed of enormously complex aggregates of elements that are never quite alike, and which stand in relations that are never quite alike." But it is this very indefiniteness of the musical utterance which, in Mr. Trotter's opinion, gives it its strength.

Musical genius is usually supposed to be a gift beyond control, but Mr. Trotter urges that the creative instinct can, like other things, be strengthened by use. Like many other writers of our time, he talks about the strange activity of the unconscious mind; why do none of these writers refer to Eduard v. Hartmann, whose "Philosophy of the Unconscious" some of us studied under Professor Bowen as long ago as 1875?

HENRY T. FINCK

Dies Irae

Autocracy and Revolution in Russia. By Baron Sergius A. Korff. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

AS old as sociology itself is the discovery that autocracy and revolution are synonymous in many respects. Pioneers of the science of social phenomena expressed their naive surprise at the striking resemblance between these seemingly different forms of social abnormity in the paradoxical statement that while autocracy is the revolution of the future, revolution is the autocracy of the past.

A correct appraisal of autocracy as a cause of the Russian revolution prompted Baron Sergius A. Korff to devote his attention primarily to the interpretation of the autocracy of Czardom. His findings are embodied in the present volume, which is a close version of a series of six lectures he gave before the students of Northwestern University.

"The revolution was the necessary outcome of the social readjustment that was taking place in Russia during the three last decades"—is the key-note that Baron Korff sounds in the preface of his book. He elaborates his theme in the first four chapters which represent as many outstanding elements of the subsequent Russian *dies irae*. Ruthless autocracy, handled by the class of the bureaucrats created particularly for this purpose, aided or supervised, as the case may be, by a degenerate aristocracy, necessarily brought its own negation. The Russian peasant, kept in ignorance for centuries, fooled with so-called reforms and semi-reforms, obsessed by a ravishing hunger for the soil on which his existence was conditioned, was the best material imaginable for the solid mass of the revolutionary

phalanx. The events following the Russo-Japanese war are only a semi-articulate expression of that revolutionary tendency which had been living in the spirit of the Russian nation for the three last decades.

Baron Korff very precisely points out that the revolution of the soul and of the intellect is the primary consideration in an upheaval like that in Russia and not the political changes which take place almost automatically. Consequently, the Russian revolution dates far back into the last decades of the eighteenth century, and all that came after it was only the seeking of the direction of least resistance by the revolutionary era and the organization of its forces that it might take up the struggle with an overwhelmingly strong autocratic order.

On the whole, Baron Korff takes a sympathetic stand toward the Kerensky revolution, and although he is violently opposed to the Russian Soviet regime he makes every effort to be fair in his criticism of it.

It must be said in favor of the book that it is one of those few attempts at the writing of contemporary history in which the chief interest of the author is in the "unhistorical" masses and not in some arbitrarily selected "heroes," in the Carlylean sense of the word. This attitude bears out strongly the conviction of the author that the events which have recently forced Russia into the limelight of history are the consequence of the eruption of irrepressible natural forces beyond the control of the human factor. EMIL LENGYEL

Irving Babbitt Continues

Democracy and Leadership. By Irving Babbitt. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

ALL of Mr. Babbitt's customary bitter brilliance is in this latest book of his, which continues the application of theses developed from "Literature and the American College" through the most famous of his series, "Rousseau and Romanticism." As usual the burden of his animadversion is directed against Rousseau, and the positive trend of his argument is toward the inner discipline. An appreciation of the keen cut of his criticisms of what he terms modernist, as contrasted with modern, makes carping at other aspects of his book rather difficult without giving the impression that a total dissent is intended. Such is never the case.

The great problem of modern times is to discover leaders with standards, Mr. Babbitt contends, and democracy fails in proportion as it fails to find such leaders. Standards are to be arrived at by a cooperation of the imagination and the intellect, and the standards so secured are to be subordinated to the ethical will. Intellect is "the power in man that analyzes and discriminates and traces causes and effects." Imagination consists of what we perceive and conceive of the world outside. The ethical will is not peculiarly Western, but Eastern, and found chiefly in Buddha and Confucius; it is opposed to the pride of the intellect which is Greek, and in the modern world a product of the Renaissance, taken up then as a reaction against the total subordination of the individual will and also the intellect, to God's will, customary in the Middle Ages. The will seems to be a principle of inner control, individual in its origins. Its elevation to a primary place does not destroy the intellect, which is still regarded as one of the primary instruments of personality, but destroys its pride. For every Ormuzd Mr. Babbitt evolves he develops a corresponding Ahriman. Opposite the perfect individual developed per specifications above he places his own personal devil: the expansionist, the Rousseauist, the modernist, the imperialist, as he variously denominates him.

This not very unusual habit of mind is not conducive to absolute clarity. He is constantly developing opposites, but the most fundamental opposition seems to be between the disciples of Rousseau and Mr. Babbitt himself. He is the hero holding standards against the armies of destruction. Rousseau, be it to his credit, raised the right questions, but, alas, gave the wrong answers. Happily for the world Mr. Babbitt can supply the correct ones to those curious enough to read his books. The questions Rousseau raised are implicit in the advice he gave the world. His peculiar crime was to take away the integrating center in personality and place the emphasis on the periphery, necessitating the development of an external discipline or social-reform legislation. He released man from inner discipline and told him to expand, without considering the quality that was to result. From this reprehensible piece of advice has proceeded sentimentalism, literary and social. Social sentimentalism in the first place leads to imperialism—a carrying over into the social field of the expansionist element in the individual—and to humanitarianism or social reform in the second place. Literary sentimentalism is not considered in this book. Democracy by applying the quantitative rather than the qualitative test to results has broken down standards, and has elevated the divine average (Ahriman) at the expense of the saving remnant (Ormuzd-Babbitt). Now democracy has been led to this pernicious error by Rousseau, who tried to release man from his inhibitions personal and social—who expanded him. Apparently Mr. Babbitt fears that man, like a toy balloon, is going to continue to expand until he bursts. Just why that is less preferable than what is the alternative—disciplining the personality as per method above, until its logical end will be to shrivel up and blow away—I do not know.

Somewhat crudely the theses of this brilliant book have been indicated. Logical application of the assumptions leads Mr. Babbitt to condemn such various phenomena as American imperialism, the elective system in colleges, labor leaders, and Freudians as expansionists. He is so obsessed with disciplining the individual against what he is pleased to call sentimentalism that he aligns himself with very ordinary conservative positions. He says: "Every form of social justice, indeed, tends to confiscation and confiscation, when practiced on a large scale, undermines moral standards and, in so far, substitutes for real justice the law of cunning and the law of force." This seems to me logical, but, unhappily, not very good common sense, for not everyone will agree with the basic proposition.

Not all of Mr. Babbitt's *bêtes noires* have been mentioned. Nor have the finer shades of his arguments, positive and negative, been indicated. His learning is very great and he has a high gift for apt quotation. But in the bitterness with which he excoriates his enemies is the seed of his defeat. One tends closely to examine his positive arguments and their speciousness becomes apparent. By his own confession his ideal personality is "easier to outline than to accomplish." Nor should the brilliance with which he states the necessity for considering the problem of leadership and the brilliance with which he sets up his procedure for arriving at standards blind one to the fact that he fails to illuminate the central problem of leadership in democracy: the method by which desirable leaders are to gain and maintain their position. That of course requires an intimate knowledge of modern social psychology and sociology which Mr. Babbitt neither in the text nor the bibliography gives evidence of possessing. C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Books in Brief

Pandora Lifts the Lid. By Christopher Morley and Don Marquis. George H. Doran Company. $2.

This delightfully preposterous book reeks with a gay whimsicality. It is a kind of highly modernized "Treasure Island." The Inn is replaced by a fashionable seminary, the explorers by a sextet of irresistible, imaginative sub-debs, and the pirates by real, sure-nuff bootleggers. The hair-raising adventures undertaken in the glorious cause of radicalism are topped off by a deliciously unsentimental and naive love affair. . . . The type of book that makes one feel good-humoredly ashamed of being a day over twenty years old.

Augustus Carp, Esq. By Himself. Being the Autobiography of a Really Good Man. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

This pompously humorous book was very obviously written by an Englishman. It purports to be the autobiography of a certain young man who not only felt sure that he was very, very good but who also spent much of his time trying in a most inopportune and brazen manner to convert others to his own laboriously proper and exacting standards. In several spots the book is undeniably entertaining. Yet it will fail to appeal to a large number of people in this country because of the fact that so many Americans feel that a proselytizing, evangelizing, professionally good person is simply not a laughable figure but rather pathetic—and very annoying. . . . The illustrations by Robin, on the other hand, are uproariously superb, and all too few.

LECTURES and AMUSEMENTS

Provincetown Playhouse—Greenwich Village Theatre

Subscription Season

$11.00, *incl. tax,* **5 bills** — **$11.00,** *incl. tax,* **5 bills** Orchestra

$16.50, opening nights — **$ 8.25,** *incl. tax,* **5 bills** Balcony

$20.00, *incl. tax,* **10 bills, 5 at Provincetown Playhouse, 5 at Greenwich Village Theatre.**

At the Provincetown

The Great God Brown, by Eugene O'Neill; The Crime in the Whistler Room, by Edmund Wilson; The Colonnade, by Stark Young; Beyond, by Walter Hasenclever; Love for Love, by William Congreve.

At the Greenwich

Desire Under the Elms, by Eugene O'Neill; The Saint, by Stark Young; The Last Night of Don Juan, by Edmond Rostand; Much Ado About Nothing, by William Shakespeare; The Brothers Karamazoff, by Jacques Copeau.

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

"WHAT PRICE GLORY"

A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings

PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.

GREAT DEBATE of the CAMPAIGN!

SOCIALISM versus LAFOLLETTISM

SCOTT NEARING — Foremost Radical Spokesman

versus

MEYER LONDON — First Socialist Congressman and Labor Attorney

Chairman to be announced

SUBJECT

Resolved: THAT NO CLASS-CONSCIOUS SOCIALIST WORKER CAN OR SHOULD VOTE FOR LA FOLLETTE.

Mr. NEARING, Affirmative — **Mr. LONDON, Negative**

Sunday, October 5, 1924, at 3 P. M.

Central Opera House, 67th Street and 3rd Avenue

Tickets, $1.10 (incl. war tax)

On sale at Jimmie Higgins Bookshop, 127 University Place; Gothic Art Book Store, 176 Second Avenue; Katz's Music Store, 181 E. Broadway; Epstein's Drug Store, 1674 Madison Avenue; Stern's Jewelry Store, 1337 Wilkins Avenue, Bronx; Neidorf's Book Store, 1817 Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn; Katz's Drug Store, 78 Graham Avenue, Brooklyn, or at the offices of and by mail from

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION

500 FIFTH AVENUE — **Tel. Longacre 10435-10434**

SINGING JAILBIRDS

By UPTON SINCLAIR

The hero of this drama is a class-war prisoner in solitary confinement; the entire play happens in a city jail, the last three acts in an underground dungeon eight feet long, five feet wide, and seven feet high. It contains many adventures—jazz, jungles, a Dominie, a Chink, a rosary, a slop-pail, an abortion, a miracle, rats, bulls, stool-pigeons en casserole, pie in the sky, a ranch, a roadhouse, and the Hall of Hate.

EUGENE O'NEILL: "The play is fine stuff—strong and true—and I've been deeply moved by it. A treat to read it!"

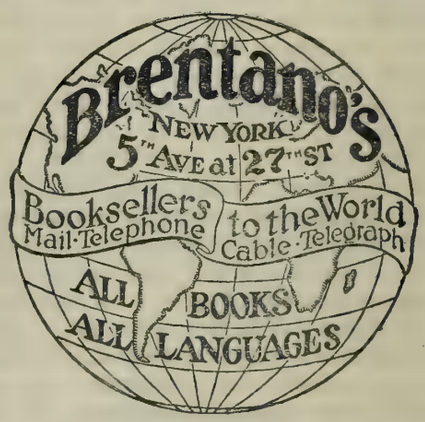
MRS. UPTON SINCLAIR: "The only work of art that Upton Sinclair has produced."

FLOYD DELL: "A better example of the expressionistic drama than any I have seen."

MICHAEL GOLD: "You are that genius of whom I prophesied, saying that he would arise to write the truth about California, only to be immediately hung by the vigilantes. It is terrible, bitter truth, and some of the scenes brought the tears to my newspaper-sterile eyes. . . . The play has a great sweep, and a real power in moving the heart. Some of the scenes are like a real experience—the loss of one's friend by death, the pangs of loneliness or prison experienced again."

Price 25 cents postpaid. One copy free with "The Goslings" and "The Goose-Step," paper-bound, both for $1.50; or both cloth-bound, $3.00.

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California



The Bedford Barrow Co-operative Apartments

in Greenwich Village

are genuine, non-profit co-operatives.

Thirty-five apartments, 4, 5 and 6 rooms.

Initial Investment $1,230 to $2,400.

Monthly Charges $50 to $100 (approx.) (Including mortgage payments)

Write for Information to:—

Consumers' Co-operative Housing Association, Inc.

70 Fifth Ave. — Room 411 — Chelsea 0432

Affiliated with

THE CO-OPERATIVE LEAGUE OF THE U. S. A.

International Relations Section

Rumanian Oil and Foreign Money

By EMIL LENGYEL

ON June 30 the Rumanian Parliament passed the so-called "mining law" which has caused serious complications in Rumania's international relations. Peter Jay, American Minister at Bucharest, in concert with the representatives of the Western European Powers, protested against the passage of the act. When it became evident that his protest was of no avail the American Minister left Bucharest for Washington in order to "report the case to his Government," as the official communique ran. At the same time, the Vienna paper, *Die Boerse,* reports, the Administration in Washington called the loan which had been granted to Rumania during the war. This report has not been confirmed as yet.

The mining law provides for nationalization of the sub-soil in Rumania. In the case of oil territories the granting of concessions, even if the oil deposits are in private territory, is a sovereign right of the state. The validity of the concessions is limited to fifty years. Those concessions, however, which had been acquired prior to the passage of the mining law will be in force until the expiration of their terms or until 1957, whichever period is shorter. Renewals of concessions can be granted by private owners of oil-fields only until 1957 when Rumania's sub-soil will, in its entirety, become the property of the nation. Thus, until 1957 the nationalization act affects only the oil territories that either had not been leased out prior to June 30, 1924, or whose leases are terminated in the meantime.

Other sections of the law provide for the "Rumanianization" of the oil companies by decreeing that 55 per cent of the capital stock of any oil company must be held by Rumanian citizens. The turning over of the majority of the shares to Rumanian citizens must be effected within ten years. Another drastic regulation of the new law is that two-thirds of the board of directors of oil corporations, their chairmen and auditors, must be Rumanians. The Government is vested with the power to dismiss, at its discretion, any manager of an oil company and to replace him with another. If public interest requires, the pipe-lines of any oil corporation may be expropriated. An interesting provision of the new law is that the employees of oil concerns shall participate in 15 per cent of the annual net profit of the company.

These provisions of the mining law have been described by the foreign offices of Western Europe and America as "confiscatory" and "detrimental to the interests" of those of their nationals who had invested in the Rumanian oil-fields. The Rumanian Government insisted that it was free to regulate the exploitation of oil for the best interests of the country even if this implied the limitation or exclusion of foreign capital from participation in Rumania's most important national industry.

The arguments of the Rumanian Government in favor of the mining law are based upon political and economic considerations. It is claimed that foreign oil companies have shown a tendency to eliminate native capital from Rumania's oil industry. The recent history of Mosul and of Persia where American and English oil interests have been carrying on bitter feuds served as a hint to Rumania that it was not always safe for a small country to extend hospitality to foreign oil concerns.

In the last two decades there have been indications that the stage was set in Rumania for an oil war of large proportions. Notwithstanding a considerable amount of official animosity, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey made its appearance in Rumania. It is charged that the Standard Oil, unable to obtain petroleum territories directly from the state, had established native buying concerns which bought the oil-fields and resold them to the American concern. Under the name of Societate Romano-Americana the Standard Oil at last succeeded in intrenching itself in Rumania. Its competitor, the Royal Dutch-Shell combination, began business as the Astra Romana.

In order to counterbalance the supremacy of the American and English-Dutch concerns, King Charles of Rumania before the war induced two German banks, the Deutsche Bank and the Disconto Gesellschaft, to participate in the exploitation of Rumanian oil. These two banks founded the Steaua Romana, which became the most powerful oil company in Rumania and successfully maintained a balance of power in the oil-fields. After the war, however, German interests in Rumanian oil were passed over to other companies. In the Steaua Romana Rumanians acquired a 50 per cent participation but the other ex-German oil concerns were taken by foreigners. Thus the two great rivals, Standard Oil and Royal Dutch, again dominated the stage.

A diplomatic blunder, committed four years ago, helped to make the Rumanian Government realize the seriousness of the situation. It was in 1920, at the San Remo Conference, that Great Britain, represented by Sir John Cadman, and France, represented by Philippe Berthelot, agreed to concert the political action of their countries regarding the claims of their nationals in the oil-fields of Rumania. The United States, whose representatives observed unofficially the proceedings of the conference, protested against the agreement and demanded that the "policy of the open door" be respected in Rumania.

Both the San Remo agreement and America's protest were considered by the Rumanian Government as an affront. The staking out of claims in Rumania by British and French interests as well as the dissatisfied gesture of America seemed to indicate a belief that the government and parliament of the country over which they had been quarreling was only a negligible quantity. Some extremists went so far as to declare that the next step of the "Westerners" would be to demand the internationalization of Rumania's seaports and the introduction of capitulatory rights. Subsequently, a press campaign in the Rumanian papers brought out the fact, among others, that in an oil-producing area of 8,500 acres which is being drilled now in Rumania more than 6,000 acres belong to foreign corporations. Even more disadvantageous for the Rumanians is the ratio of the reserve oil-fields which are now being held by foreign concerns. Out of an estimated total of 55,000 acres of reserve fields foreign companies hold about 53,000 acres.

To what lengths the animosity against foreign oil

corporations had gone was recently demonstrated in a bitter press campaign conducted by Rumania's leading oil periodical, the *Romana Petrolifera*. In a series of articles, entitled the American Peril, this newspaper accused the Romano-Americana of "unfair competition" and "utter disregard of the sensibilities of the Rumanian nation." "The Romano-Americana," says the paper, "excluded Rumanians from the staff of its employees notwithstanding the fact that it is living on Rumanian soil. Its officers and most of its employees are Americans who have no knowledge of the Rumanian language."

The passage of the mining law entailed serious consequences for Rumania not only by provoking the wrath of the foreign offices of the great Powers, but also from an economic point of view. According to a dispatch from Bucharest, Prime Minister John Bratianu has declared that Tancred Constantinescu, Rumanian Minister of Commerce, had been unable to obtain a foreign loan. In order to demonstrate their solidarity with the foreign oil corporations whose rights had been affected by the mining law and to express their dismay over this step of the Rumanian legislature the Western money-lenders refused even to consider the possibility of a loan.

The calling of the war loan by America makes the position of the Rumanian Government even more difficult. One should not be misled by the fact that the total amount of this loan is not more than $44,000,000. For the Rumanian treasury, in its present crisis, this is an enormous amount which it cannot hope to refund. It is feared that, following the American example, Rumania's other war-time creditors, too, will demand their money. Their total claims aggregate $451,000,000. As a counter-measure to the anticipated claims of the Allies the Rumanian Government declared recently that unless its quota participation in the reparation payment was increased Rumania's bills would be left unpaid.

Despite the opposition and reprisals the Rumanian Government is determined to execute the mining law as it stands and is not inclined to submit an amendment to it, taking off its edge, as has been suggested by the protesting governments. Tancred Constantinescu described the Rumanian attitude toward the opposition of the foreign governments in these words published in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna:

> It is estimated that in addition to the oil-fields already exploited and the reserves set aside for future exploitation there is in Rumania at least 350,000 acres of oil-producing territory which, by the new law, belongs to the nation. In the future, naturally, we shall not be able to grant oil concessions to those foreign corporations and individuals that do not comply with the regulations of the law. It is equally natural that we were within our rights in adopting the mining law and that we are within our rights in executing it. No country can be deprived of its right freely to dispose of its own property. In accordance with this principle the Rumanian Government will grant concessions, so far as this is possible, for the exploitation of the nation's resources to Rumanian corporations and individuals only. It is decidedly unjust that foreign concerns have monopolized the oil industry in our country and that they have not allowed Rumanian capital to participate in it. The majority of the shares of the greatest and wealthiest oil corporations are held abroad. Some of them are not even listed on the Bucharest bourse, so that Rumanian capital seeking investment opportunities has no access to them. . . . On the whole, the new law protects Rumania's interests.

Communism in the *Evening Post*

AN editorial in the Moscow *Pravda* of July 25 comments on the difficulties confronting the London conference, then still in progress, and seizes with delight upon certain remarks of the New York *Evening Post* of July 22 on the role of the bankers. We quote the following paragraphs:

Who is the decisive power in all this scramble and all these disputes as to the method for robbing Germany a little more and the proportions in which the booty is to be divided?

We call the attention of our readers to a blunt answer in a serious American newspaper, the New York *Evening Post*, representing the right conservative wing of the generally sufficiently conservative Republican Party of the United States. This answer is so good that it will probably be included in Marxian textbooks on the state and law. "Finance," says this newspaper, "has always manipulated political affairs."

And if something new was manifested at the London conference, it simply resolves itself into this:

"Previously the financiers acted under cover, unobtrusively, now they openly dominate."

These admissions are somewhat indiscreet. It is a sober, realistic, and true evaluation of the democratic liberties. Let all the poor fools there imagine that they are not the hundredth spoke in the modern, democratic government wheel; let them amuse themselves with the illusion that they decide and conduct wars, conclude peace, appoint and overthrow governments. To the financiers it is clear how all this is actually carried on.

With egregious naivete, as if written for absolute idiots, the paper further explains that the financiers have come to the conference in order to save the world. In its opinion, the American financiers were forced to dominate at the conference, because "the statesmen of democracy have appeared impotent to do anything other than pull down the structure over their heads."

But who fails to understand, especially after the authoritative elucidation of a serious American newspaper, that through Herriot and the French Chambers, and through MacDonald and the English Parliament, the French and English financiers "manipulate political affairs" just as surely as do the American financiers through Coolidge and Congress? And who fails to understand that the power of the French and English financiers was reduced to the impotence of their attorneys and official representatives, the MacDonalds and Herriots, when the latter pretended to imagine that they could ignore the sacred right of the American financiers to a share of the profits from the European robbery and destruction?

Very true also are the subsequent arguments of the same American paper. You wonder if Marxians have not penetrated into its editorial office, and if the author of this article is not perchance under the influence of Lenin's book, "The State and Revolution." Please read what this paper says:

"American finance is a power virtually independent of politics, a power that owes only shadowy allegiance to any government."

Irrefutable truths! Can financiers be dependent upon politics if they have always controlled and continue to control political affairs? Can they be dependent upon politics if, as this newspaper maintains, "world finance is the most potent and effective force in international affairs"? Not finance is dependent upon politics, but politics upon finance. We have been arguing this for some time, not only in our Communist colleges and slogans, but even in the most elementary political textbooks. . . .

Yes, this force, fortunately for itself, is "independent" of any bourgeois government, because all bourgeois governments, no matter how often they may be replaced, no matter what democratic, conservative, liberal, or "labor" labels they may tack onto themselves, are all equally in the chains of "world finance."

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1924 No. 3090

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 297
EDITORIALS:
Our Despotic Courts 300
It's a Way We Have in the Army 301
Automobile Ups and Downs 301
When We Spoke "Pieces" 302
WHEELER INVADES NEW YORK. By Oswald Garrison Villard 303
PLYMOUTH, CLARKSBURG, MADISON. By William Hard 305
JIM DENSON—A FRAGMENT OF HISTORY. By Sarah N. Cleghorn. 306
"ASK YOUR BANKER." By H. G. Andrews 308
MRS. MASON MARCHES. By Agnes Burns Wieck 309
A BUFFALO DANCE AT SANTO DOMINGO. By Witter Bynner 310
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 311
CORRESPONDENCE 312
BOOKS:
Mr. Asquith's Leisure. By Herbert W. Horwill 314
An American Statesman. By Ernest Gruening 314
Central Europe. By Emil Lengyel 315
An Economist Strays Afield. By David E. Lilienthal 315
Books in Brief 316
DRAMA:
Our Best War Play. By Joseph Wood Krutch 316
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Will Germany Live Again? By Karl F. Geiser 318

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
Managing Editor Literary Editor
ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager
Contributing Editors
ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS
ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

"I TOLD YOU SO!" Now that Defense Day (nee Mobilization Day but renamed by its parents in order to give the poor creature a fair start in life) has passed into well-merited oblivion, it is easy to point out how the event justified our predictions. The bona fide military value of the demonstration—if there was any—was overshadowed by an outpouring of brassy patriotism, of the blah and blurb that we recall so well from 1917-1918. In Bergenfield, New Jersey, a lying announcement was made that all men of military age would be arrested if they did not take part in the mobilization, and the falsehood was justified by the chief of police on the ground that "it put Bergenfield on the map." In New York City the participation of our "captains of industry" was featured by the newspapers. "Financiers Are Mobilized," said one headline, following which were details of the way in which Elbert H. Gary put the industrial resources of the country at the service of the Government before you could say "Jack Robinson." That's just what he would do—in time of peace. In time of war he would do again as he did in 1917-1918—profiteer in steel until a threat by the Government to nationalize the industry finally brought him to terms.

YES, DEFENSE DAY turned out in most of its aspects just as the anti-militarists had predicted. But not quite. They were not sufficiently optimistic to realize the full strength of the opposition that it would arouse. A good deal of this went unspoken, but enough made itself articulate so that the War Department's hope to carry the country back to the psychology of six years ago was only a frothy fizzle. The protests against Defense Day will remain as the one most significant aspect of it. As we write there lies before us a resolution adopted by the Colorado Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, reading in part:

> Such a day is certain to promote, rather than to allay international friction. Such a day is designed to stimulate in our youth enthusiasm for warlike enterprises, rather than to direct it into channels for the promotion of good-will. Such a day merits the uncompromising condemnation of the Christian church.
>
> Therefore, Be it resolved that we, the members of the Colorado Annual Conference, as ministers of the gospel of Jesus, *refuse to have any part in the execution of the plans of our War Department for the observation of this day.*

The anti-militarists have won. The War Department will not order another Defense Day next year. We dare it to.

LA FOLLETTE STILL LEADS in the straw vote being conducted by the Hearst papers. Out of the first 117,000 ballots cast 49,000 went to the man from Wisconsin, 47,000 to President Coolidge, and only 21,000 to John W. Davis. We commend these figures, indeterminate as they are, to those who object that La Follette may throw the election into Congress. If the election goes to Congress it will be because the Democratic wing of the conservative alliance cuts into the vote which should go to La Follette. We do not believe that the little group of ex-Progressives who complain that La Follette has stolen the party name copyrighted by Roosevelt will disturb many voters. These men seem to have lost their grip on realities. No one man can crystallize the meaning of a word beyond the power of other history-makers to change it. What was "progressive" in 1912 may be reactionary in 1924. Those who object to new meanings in an old political phrase are like Canute bidding the waves be still, or Calvin Coolidge fearfully predicting that for the American people to alter their Constitution (which begins with the words "We, the people of the United States") would be to destroy their own liberties.

"THE THOUGHT OF THE WORLD turns increasingly toward peace," Mr. Coolidge told the convention of the American Legion. Well, maybe. Mr. Coolidge had just finished telling about our American Mobilization Day. France is conducting her first large-scale post-war naval maneuvers in the Mediterranean—where England now concentrates eight super-dreadnoughts, two strong division cruisers, four destroyer flotillas, two airplane carriers, a submarine fleet, and auxiliary craft. Italy and Egypt are massing troops on their desert frontier, unable to settle a border dispute by the peaceable processes of friendly negotiation. China is watching the movements of the greatest armies which China has ever seen, maneuvering for position in civil war. It would be only natural if at such a time the thought of the world should turn increasingly toward any faint hope for peace.

AT GENEVA the French and British representatives have at last faced the appalling post-war increase in armament with a certain sense of the desperate realities. Europe, we have been told, was such an armed camp before the war that an outbreak became inevitable—and *Europe has more men under arms today than she had before the war.* The new militarism of Poland and the other new nations is again breaking Europe's back. Ramsay MacDonald and Edouard Herriot have been earnestly seeking some form of agreement which will make disarmament politically possible. England—quite properly, we believe—rejected the treaty of mutual assistance which based the hope for peace on a promise to use force. France, however, is not content with arbitration treaties which give no strong guaranty of security. Mr. Benes, the astute Czech diplomat, has been working upon a compromise plan. The proposal to use the British fleet to enforce League decisions was naturally disavowed almost as soon as it was put forward. But something will have to be done. It is unlikely that effective measures will be put through at the present session of the Assembly, but it is a gain that the questions of security and disarmament have been thrust into the forefront of European discussion. So long, however, as the League and the Allies leave Germany and Soviet Russia outside, as pariah nations, their discussions are condemned to sterility.

THE INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION for the Revision of the Rules of Warfare has unanimously agreed that "aerial bombardment for the purpose of terrorizing the civilian population, . . . or of injuring non-combatants, is prohibited." The same round is starting over again. Rules are made in peace and broken in war the minute one side is pushed to an extremity. In the next war the temptation will be the greater because man's knowledge of destruction has increased tremendously during the few years since the last war. On this point the report which has been submitted by the world's poison-gas experts to the League Assembly this month leaves very little to the imagination. In the World War an army had a choice of thirty different gases. Now an army can equip itself with over a thousand—so rapidly do we "progress." After the recitation of a long string of horrors for the civilian population against which there is absolutely no protection at present, the report concludes by urging that civilians should be warned of their future fate. Dr. Leo H. Baekland, president of the American Chemical Society, is doing his best. In the next war, he tells the society, "science will let no one escape and there will be no refuge from death and torture."

A TENTATIVE PLAN for cooperation between northern and southern Ireland has received hesitating official approval but official action seems palsied by fear of the Ulster extremists. The proposed plan would open up a way of future cooperation between Ulster and the Free State; it would eliminate the present deadlock over the Boundary Commission; and it would wipe out the disputed frontier and make Ireland an economic and in part an administrative unit. According to the plan Ulster will preserve its autonomy but will become a part of the Irish Free State as a British Dominion. Both will have their own Parliament and will have equal right in an all-Ireland Council which will decide questions affecting the whole of Ireland. English Conservatives who have always backed Ulster in its opposition to Catholic Ireland are urging Ulster to consider the proposed plan; Mr. De Valera is said to be willing to give up his agitation for an Irish Republic. Peace in Ireland depends upon some form of agreed unity, and the present situation with the Free State a Dominion and the six northern counties a political unit subject to the British Parliament is difficult. Let Irishmen of the North indulge that English heritage of compromise a little more freely and Irishmen of the South accept the advice of Æ not to rely so much on "the easily excited surface passions" but to turn to that "ancient Gaelic tradition of generosity of mind."

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S ACCEPTANCE of a motor car and an endowment fund for it of $150,000 from his boyhood friend, Sir Alexander Grant, is a grave political blunder. We have no question whatever that this had no connection with the baronetcy conferred upon Sir Alexander Grant three months later. On that point Ramsay MacDonald's word is sufficient. But the fact remains that his enemies now have a weapon with which to attack him and to assault his Government. That Sir Alexander Grant's action was induced solely by a desire to preserve the strength and health of the Prime Minister there can be no doubt. Politically, the two men stand at opposite poles, and as Sir Alexander knows MacDonald well he knows, of course, that it is impossible to influence MacDonald's convictions save by pure reason. But the mistake is there, none the less. Hope lies in the fact that it may call British attention to the fact that their Prime Minister is so miserably underpaid as to make it almost impossible for a man of MacDonald's small means to accept the position. The Prime Minister receives $25,000 a year, of which he has to give back to the Government one-fourth in income taxes. Out of the remainder he must pay the cost of an expensive official residence, requiring a large staff of servants. Even the lighting and heating are defrayed by him. If there is anything left of his salary at the end of a year the Prime Minister is obviously in luck. That he should not even have an official automobile is nothing less than amazing.

ENGLAND'S LABOR GOVERNMENT has found a way out of the unfortunate Amritsar predicament caused by Mr. Justice McCardie's approval of the conduct of General Dyer. Instead of taking issue with the judicial branch of the Government, causing a breach which would inevitably have been laid to the ineptitude of the Labor regime, Lord Olivier has hunted around and found a suitable principle expressed by a member of a previous Government. Mr. Montagu, Secretary of State for India in the Lloyd George Cabinet, affirmed

> The principle which has consistently governed the policy of his Majesty's Government, in directing the methods to be employed when military action in support of the civil authority is required, may be broadly stated as the use of the minimum force necessary.

Mr. Justice McCardie in his approval of the killing of 380 people went beyond this. The Government, adds Lord Olivier,

> feel bound to dissociate themselves from the further view apparently held by the judge that the action proper to be

taken by a military police officer for dispersing an unlawful assembly may be determined by a consideration of the moral effect it may be thought likely by the officer taking it to have on other persons whom he may believe to be contemplating disorder elsewhere.

DISPATCHES FROM PARIS, Constantinople, and Trebizond report a revolution in the soviet republics of the Caucasus. These dispatches prove one thing only: that anti-bolshevik conspirators outside of Soviet Russia have been plotting a revolution within the borders of the Union of Socialist Republics. Again and again and again the outside centers of counter-revolutionary conspiracy have announced revolutions in Russia. Sometimes rebellions occur on scheduled time; usually not. We shall await more authentic news, and we marvel that the press associations which accepted similar rumors as to the nine preliminary deaths of Lenin, the imprisonment of Trotzky, and the burnings of Petrograd (now Leningrad) do not learn to distrust the makers of Russian revolutionary time-tables.

CHILE, A COUNTRY whose favorite boast has been that of having only two revolutions in more than one hundred years of independent life, now appears ousting its first democratic President in the name of the very principles of progressive legislation and public economy that were at the basis of Alessandri's platform. Unfortunately, the military Cabinet that rebelled against the establishment of salaries for members of Parliament advanced as one of the urgent points in its own program of reforms an increase of pay to the military. At a time when Chile was all but bankrupt, such a clumsy trick makes it hard to believe the assertion that the armed movement is inspired by an unselfish and patriotic group of responsible citizens from all ranks of Chilean society. Through no fault of his own President Alessandri did not fulfil the expectations which Chilean democracy once centered in him. Caught between a well-intrenched senatorial opposition and a hungry flock of followers, Alessandri, during his four years in office, could neither reduce public expenditures nor materialize into laws the many important reforms he had bound himself to effect. So the masses that had idolized him, and the radical party that was his Imperial Guard to victory, ended by deserting him at the moment the pressure of the military and naval juntas was made manifest. Probably General Altamirano's Cabinet would have been satisfied to assume the reins of government, leaving Alessandri in the saddle for form's sake until the expiration of his five-year term in 1925. But Alessandri is too dominating a personality, besides being too clever a politician, to take a second seat with more responsibilities than prerogatives attached to it. Now a frankly reactionary coalition is in charge, and must justify its claim to a more disciplined and economic administration.

WE RECENTLY CONTRASTED Russia's and Scandinavia's enlightened laws for the protection of children of unmarried parents with the medieval system generally in vogue in other modern countries—including England, which has lately adopted a half-hearted "reform," and the United States. But the United States is forty-eight countries when it comes to laws of this nature, and their standards of enlightenment in regard to the treatment of children vary widely. North Dakota, for instance, is far up the scale and deserves special notice. In that State, without wiping out the distinction between legitimate and illegitimate children, much of the effect of this distinction is nullified by careful provisions for support and inheritance. Once paternity is established by private court hearing the father of an illegitimate child becomes liable for the expenses of the mother's confinement, and the mother can recover "a reasonable allowance" for the support of the child. If the father dies, such claims may be enforced against his estate. Such a statute goes far toward abolishing the cruel handicaps loaded by society on helpless children; a social distinction that carries with it little or no economic penalty soon loses its sting.

WHETHER THE DEATH PENALTY is good or bad for society is far from universal settlement. But the increase of scientific knowledge will inevitably lead us to the position of considering crime a symptom of disease. Such a point of view is, of course, not compatible with the death penalty, though a long period of scientific research and public education may have to pass before we settle in any such rational position. Meanwhile, if we must put up with the odious practice, the executioner's job, like jury duty, might be made a civic duty. Judges and jury could then see to the bitter end the majesty of the law at work. They could share the feelings of John Ellis, England's famous hangman, who recently attempted to commit suicide as a result of brooding over the fact that he had sent to their doom more condemned murderers than any other man.

WE ARE GLAD that the zeal of a New Jersey clergyman was not sufficient to deport the Wild Bull of the Pampas. There seems to have been more than a little irregular in the admission of the illustrious Mr. Firpo to this country, but it is all too evident that the New Jersey clergyman was not sincerely concerned with this; he was trying to stop a prize-fight which, rightly or wrongly, was entirely within the law. This kind of indirection, all too common in our day, has hardly more justification than an attempt to head off a prosecution by "getting something" on the prosecutor. Just the same, the admission of Mr. Firpo makes one blink. Why was the lady who accompanied him less moral than he? Why was she packed back where she came from while he was made welcome? Of course it may be argued that by separating them, Mr. Firpo's morals were put beyond contamination. But as a matter of equal rights, we suggest that next time they shall be allowed to draw lots as to who shall stay and who shall go.

Efforts are being made by a group of Armenians to interest American capitalists in a plan to exploit Mount Ararat. The plan is to erect a funicular railway and to charge a small fee for making the ascent.—News item.

ON ARARAT, where Noah docked his ark,
Americans are asked to build a park,
That the undelugible hill may be
Invaded by funicular for a fee;
That where the renovated race began
The tourist may deposit trash and can;
That in the ancient footpath of the Lord
The loud Rotarian may steer his Ford.
Does Ararat today not wonder if
He was too hospitable to that skiff?

Our Despotic Courts

A DECLARATION in favor of maintaining the powers of our courts as they are was made on the same day, September 6, by the presidential candidates of both the Republican and Democratic parties. Although Senator La Follette was not mentioned by name, both declarations were obviously aimed at his proposal to give Congress—through amending the Constitution—the power to override by a two-thirds vote a decision of the Supreme Court. On September 11 "Hell and Maria" Dawes joined in the discussion, attacking Mr. La Follette by name as a "master demagogue." It happens that the platform of the Progressive Party contains only a general declaration in favor of limiting judicial tyranny and not the specific method of dealing with the Supreme Court suggested by Mr. La Follette. Neither has the Senator stressed the proposal personally in his speeches. But since we regard the curbing of the despotism of our courts (the sole custodians now of the old "divine right of kings") as one of the supreme issues of the day we are glad that the Republican and Democratic candidates have injected it into the campaign.

Mr. Davis touched on this tremendous subject in only a passing way in his speech at Omaha, but his intent was clear. President Coolidge made the defense of existing powers and practices of the courts the outstanding note in his speech at Baltimore, and we credit him with an able presentation of the subject from his point of view. He emphasized especially the place of the courts in protecting the minority from the tyranny of the majority, remarking:

> Somewhere must be lodged the power to declare the Constitution. If it be taken away from the court, it must go either to the executive or the legislative branch of the government. No one, so far as I know, has thought that it should go to the executive. All those who advocate changes propose, I believe, that it should be transferred in whole or in part to the Congress. I have a very high regard for legislative assemblies. . . . But the legislature is not judicial.

No, the legislature is not judicial. But all too often *neither are the courts.* That is the essence of the trouble. Numerous other countries with written constitutions give to their courts, directly or impliedly, the authority to interpret these documents, but in not a single instance has it been used as in the United States, and in no other country is progressive public opinion outraged over the exercise of such power. This is not altogether the fault of our judges. Perhaps it is not their fault at all. Our federal Constitution, and also those of our States, contains certain broad provisions—particularly bills of rights—the interpretation of which cannot be strictly judicial. That is, any interpretation involves a determination of policy—which is a legislative act. So there you are. The United States Supreme Court is practically a third house of Congress. But, unlike the other two, it is not subject to the veto of the President and it is not elected by the people. Yet its voice is final and absolute.

And that is not the worst of it. The worst of it is that whereas Congress changes its opinion from year to year to conform with progress and new public opinion, the Supreme Court acts according to precedent. What was decided in 1824 has to stand in 1924 also. Thus the court is progressively falling behind the times. In the early years of the republic the court's decisions generally met with public approval because they were fresh-made and in line with the thought of their day. This is no longer true. Since the interpretation of our federal Constitution is often necessarily a legislative act, isn't it our wisest course to put this power—with certain limitations as proposed by Mr. La Follette—in the hands of the elected representatives of the people?

Mr. Coolidge seems to think that there are only two alternatives: either to adopt England's way of having no written constitution and leaving Parliament supreme or to accept the American method of a written constitution with the United States Supreme Court as the final arbiter of it. Mr. Coolidge lacks information. In *The Nation* of May 14, last, Professor Charles Grove Haines of the School of Law of the University of Texas and a recognized authority on the courts of foreign countries pointed out that the great republic of France had adopted a third principle:

> The same theory of separation of powers which was thought in America to require judicial review of legislative acts to preserve written constitutions and to protect individual rights was interpreted in France to forbid the judges from interfering in the exercise of legislative power and of preventing them from suspending the execution of laws. . . . France is one of the chief examples of a government with a written constitution and legislative supremacy; that is, where the protection and guaranties of the constitution rest with the legislature itself, guided and tempered by public opinion as the source of legislative power and authority.

Thus the citizens of France have long maintained their liberties under a system which Mr. La Follette would introduce *in a limited way* into the United States. Can "Hell and Maria" Dawes dismiss this proposal, then, as merely the wild theory of a "master demagogue"?

The Nation is under no illusions in regard to the wisdom of Congress or the tolerance of majorities. It is sure that Congress would occasionally abuse such powers as Mr. La Follette would give it, if it had them. We think, though, that Congress would not often overrule the Supreme Court. It does not now pass much legislation over the President's veto. It would override the Supreme Court far less often, since the decisions of the latter come months and years after the passage of an act, when passions have cooled and personalities are forgotten. We think, too, that the possession of such powers in Congress would do much toward leading the Supreme Court toward more progressive views.

Finally, we would observe that freedom for the individual and respect for minorities have no security either through Congress or the Supreme Court except in so far as there is a compelling spirit of liberty and tolerance in the community behind them. Our war-time espionage law plainly violated the constitutional guaranties of free speech and a free press, but it was upheld by the Supreme Court because the spirit of our people condoned such violation in the hysteria of conflict. Alexander Hamilton said of the freedom of the press, and it applies to all liberty:

> Its security, whatever fine declarations may be inserted in any constitution respecting it, must altogether depend on public opinion and on the general spirit of the people and of the government. And here, after all . . . must we seek for the one solid basis of all our rights.

It's a Way We Have in the Army

PAXTON HIBBEN is not an officer in the regular army. He is not earning his living under the War Department nor at the present time subject to its orders. He served with credit as a captain during the European War, and is willing to hold himself in readiness for future duty to the extent of remaining in the Officers' Reserve Corps. Must he, therefore, refrain from expressing views contrary to those held at any moment by the chiefs of the War Department or in opposition to the official attitude of whatever administration happens to be in office?

On May 28, 1923, Captain Hibben was examined for promotion in the Reserve Corps by a board of officers who recommended that he be made a major of Field Artillery. But Captain Hibben was not promoted. He had been engaged in relief work for Russian children, and had publicly expressed himself in favor of the recognition of Soviet Russia. On the basis of a report by William J. Burns, then chief of the infamous and now happily defunct Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, the Secretary of War ordered General Bullard to conduct an investigation into the fitness of Captain Hibben for promotion. A board of officers assembled last October, but upon Captain Hibben's demand to be informed of the charges against him the inquiry was dropped and his request to see the papers in the case was denied on the ground that it would be prejudicial to the Government. On May 15, last, Captain Hibben asked for a Court of Inquiry, the legal method of proceeding. This was denied, and instead another board of officers was appointed to make an inquiry. Its sittings have just been concluded.

"This is not a trial," said the head of the board, Brigadier General William Barclay Parsons, with destructive frankness. Then what was it and why was it? The admission was a confession that the proceedings were extra legal—if not illegal—and that the War Department was going beyond the law in the effort to injure a man who disagreed with it. As at the previous inquiry, there were no charges. The hearing was frankly an inquisition. Nor did the head of the board conceal his bias. He said:

> Mental characteristics that would not in any way affect him as an individual or associate might well serve to disqualify him for exercising command over other men. The very friendships that a man makes, entirely harmless in themselves, might be such as to cause doubt in the minds of men under him and of superior officers as to whether an officer with similar connections could be relied on to act with requisite firmness in suppressing a rising against the public peace or proceeding against a particular enemy.

Captain Hibben, on his part, admitted his sympathy with the labor movement and his intention to vote for La Follette. Standing on his right to hold and express his own views as a citizen, he quoted Woodrow Wilson:

> Our life has changed and our politics are belated. Those who insist upon undertaking adjustment, those who argue that our laws should be brought up to date—to the date marked by our economic advance and change—are called radicals, not because they would change facts, but because they would adjust the laws to the facts.

These were his views, said Captain Hibben. "I do not call this communism; I call it common sense. I do not call it socialism; I call it sanity." The makers of revolution were not those who faced the issue, he continued, but those who denied it.

Captain Hibben and his counsel, Colonel John J. Bradley of the regular army, deserve all thanks for their effort and courage in fighting this case instead of letting it drop, as the War Department would like. Since the recent hearing was not a trial, there will be no public verdict and possibly not even any official action. But the issue is in a sense settled already. If officers of the Reserve Corps are to be subject to inquisition for their political and economic beliefs, the self-respecting and independent minded will soon get out. Neither the opinions nor the services of the dregs that remain will be of enough value to raise any controversy.

Automobile Ups and Downs

THE failure of the Lafayette Motors Corporation and the sale of its assets is another reminder that not all who embark in the motor industry reap enormous rewards. Where Henry Ford, the Dodge brothers, and some others have won huge fortunes, there are plenty who, like the Lafayette stockholders, have practically lost all they put in. There is a long list of once well-known cars which are no longer being produced or have fallen into obscurity. For instance, the Winton, which is widely believed to have been the first American gasoline car, is no longer being made; the Simplex, the Crane, and the Liberty are, we understand, no longer being manufactured, while others that were once leaders have dropped out of the running. Still other well-known companies, like the Locomobile and the Peerless, have had their financial troubles; and the Pierce Arrow has found it necessary to produce a considerably cheaper car, precisely as the Packard put its "single-six" upon the market several years ago.

Indeed, this action of the Pierce Arrow and the failure of the Lafayette seem to prove that the field of the very expensive car is extremely limited. The multi-millionaires have their Rolls-Royces and enough costly American cars to choose from. But the bulk of motor-car owners are naturally purchasers of much cheaper vehicles. Hence this is the day of the moderate-priced car. It is precisely in the $1,500 to $2,200 class that we have witnessed great mechanical improvements in the last few years, notably in the motors themselves. Take the Buick, for instance. Once a mediocre product, it is now so good an automobile that one wonders whether the General Motors Company has not unwittingly injured the market for another of its cars, the Cadillac, by making such excellent Buicks. That the public appreciates a medium-priced car is shown not only by the huge Buick sales but by the phenomenal success of the Chrysler car. Brought out only last spring, the latter, which was sold at first on the reputation of the skilled engineer who gave it its name, is now in no further need of artificial "boosting." It appears to be selling itself.

But success brings dangers with it, and it will be interesting to see if this car, which apparently demonstrates, like the Flint, that there is always room for one more automobile, will avoid the errors which have wrecked so many other companies. The constant changing of types of motor, the failure to keep up standards of manufacture, with a large product, and the effort to put profits before anything else, together with waste, extravagance, and un-

even workmanship, have proved the undoing of high hopes. Competition, too, has its effect. If one looks at the Stock Exchange prices for motor-car stocks it is plain that to produce a car is not by itself to guarantee riches. Thus General Motors common sells at 14¾, Hudson Motor Car at 29, Jordan at 31, Pierce Arrow at 10 (preferred 34), Studebaker at 39, Moon at 22, while Nash Motors shines at 129. Yet the demand for cars seems to keep up amazingly and the saturation-point is not yet reached. Reports from the West declare that even the tramps now have their Fords and that the "gas hobo" has appeared in the wheat-fields, where he works for a few days in one place and then travels on, not by stealing rides on freight trains but in his own car! Statisticians report that among motor-car owners are many with incomes of only $1,500 a year. What will happen to our roads and our cities when those who have $1,000 a year take to driving? In view of the existing congestion in our inadequate streets and of the skyscraper garages which are already rising to meet the lack of parking space in some cities one wonders what revolutions the motor car still has in store.

When We Spoke "Pieces"

THE passing of the "piece"-speaking is vividly signaled by the news that William W. Delaney, who for more than thirty years has been publishing books of popular songs and recitations from his shop on New York's Park Row, is winding up his business. In the generation that he has been publishing Mr. Delaney has issued eighty-nine song-books and eleven volumes of recitations.

Sentiment flows and pours and gushes out of Delaney's Recitations No. 1. Several selections from Longfellow ("A Psalm of Life" and "Excelsior," for instance) appear in this first volume, while Will Carleton is represented by "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," "Betsy and I Are Out," and other favorites. But to a large extent the selections are anonymous; they are waifs from the newspapers or magazines of the day, whose authors are unknown or at least uncredited by Mr. Delaney. "Guilty or Not Guilty," for instance, tells the story of "a creature wan and wild" brought before "the bar of justice."

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her with kindly look yet keen—
"Is Mary McGuire, if you please, sir." "And your age?" "I'm turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper he slowly and gravely read,
"You are charg'd here—I'm sorry to say it—with stealing three loaves of bread."

Then Mary:

"I could get no more employment, the weather was bitter cold.
The young ones cried and shivered—(Little Johnny's but four years old).
So, what was I to do, sir? I am guilty, but do not condemn.
I took—Oh, was it stealing?—the bread to give to them."

Whereupon, of course, tears sprang to the eyes of strong men, the judge "cleared his throat," a collection was raised, and Mary was set free. Other sentimental classics preserved in Mr. Delaney's first volume are "The Face on the Floor" (elsewhere commonly called "The Face on the Barroom Floor"), "Asleep at the Switch," "Woodman, Spare That Tree," and "Christmas Day in the Workhouse"—the latter by George R. Sims, a former popular favorite now forgotten.

It is surprising to note the number of popular recitations which are anti-liquor sermons. Evidently the anti-liquor crusade of those days was much more a moral appeal than in recent years when emphasis on economic aspects finally brought prohibition to pass. Certainly there is a moral fervor that our twentieth century has never touched in "One Glass More," "Please Don't Sell My Father Rum," and "The Lips That Touch Liquor Must Never Touch Mine."

You are coming to woo me, but not as of yore,
When I hastened to welcome your ring at the door;
For I trusted that he who stood waiting me then,
Was the brightest, the truest, the noblest of men.
Your lips on my own when they printed "Farewell,"
Had never been soiled by "the beverage of hell";
But they come to me now with the bacchanal sign,
And the lips that touch liquor must never touch mine.

But though, heartbroken, she sends him from her door, there is hope:

If one spark, in your bosom, of virtue remain,
Go fan it with prayer till it kindle again;
Resolved, with "God helping," in future to be
From wine and its follies unshackled and free!
And when you have conquered this foe of your soul—
In manhood and honor beyond his control—
This heart will again beat responsive to thine,
And the lips free from liquor be welcome to mine.

Delaney's Recitations No. 2 is devoted to the comic spirit. Thumbing through this volume it appears that in the 70's and 80's it was a wild and hilarious adventure for a young man to kiss a young lady not of his own family. The popular stage settings were a hammock, a buggy, or a dark veranda. Other popular topics for the wits—in those far-away days before Ford jokes had been invented or the five-foot shelf of bootleggers' humor had appeared—were tramps, baseball, pugnacious dogs, crying babies, red-headed girls, landladies, widows, Germans, and Irishmen (the latter usually named McGinty and possessed of either a goat or a pig). Poems about Germans and Irishmen were invariably in dialect—so-called. Parodies appear to have been immensely popular, especially those in the German dialect of Charles F. Adams.

Oh, yes, and mules—kicking mules. They were a great boon to the comic poets of our fathers. The epitaph of one such beast sets forth:

He never did a decent thing, he wasn't worth a ducat;
He kicked and kicked until he died, and then he kicked the bucket.

Another and more appreciative commentary on the mule tells how one once weathered a storm which beat upon him in the hope of taming his defiant spirit:

The mule he budged not an inch, but kept a stiffened lip.
And raising of his tail aloft, said, "Storm king, crack your whip!"

Whereupon

The lightning danced a gallopade and seemed to say "Thou fool!"
And then shot out vindictively and struck that cussed mule.
! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
And this was years and years ago—since when it's been a rule
Of lightning and the elements to fight shy of the mule.

Wheeler Invades New York

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"WHO," asked a speaker at the Cooper Union meeting, "is John W. Davis?" Whereupon a voice from the back of the hall answered amid much laughter: "Adolph S. Ochs." If there is, perhaps, some reason for this confusion of identity, no one would, I am sure, answer similarly as to who is Burton K. Wheeler, Senator from Montana; for Adolph S. Ochs's New York *Times* has described him to all the world just as he is and informed us that he, of all the three vice-presidential candidates, is "most likely to harm his own cause." This we learn is due "to his violence of speech, his recklessness in personal attack upon President Coolidge and others, his too great willingness to blow his own horn." Having for years been thoroughly familiar with just what radicals and Socialists think, the *Times* goes on to assure us that "even radicals and Socialists desire a certain amount of dignity and discretion in their candidates for high public office"; and again cheerfully concludes that "Senator Wheeler bids fair to disquiet his own assured supporters and to repel any who might be won over by sounder arguments and better manners."

Now, I was tremendously relieved when I read this description of the fighting Senator from Montana because I had begun to feel that, as usual, there was something seriously wrong with my powers of observation as well as with my facts and my point of view, for I had been traveling some days with the candidate for Vice-President on the La Follette ticket and somehow I had gained a totally different idea of this man. I had seen a quiet-voiced, earnest person rise and go to the front of the platform and speak from half an hour to an hour and a quarter without the slightest effort at oratory, without a single one of the traits usually associated with one's conception of a demagogue. He made no effort, this violent and reckless radical, to stir the passions of his fellow-men, according to my observation. He did not bellow and rant, while his gesticulations were few and not graceful. He made no effort to vary the tone of his speech and failed to work up to a single climax. I realize now, thanks to the *Times*, that what I took for simplicity and unstudied and uncalculated speech was simply the extraordinary skill of this man in eschewing the usual methods and thereby throwing his auditors off the track. I see now that it was art raised to the n^{th} degree, an art that Sarah Bernhardt might have envied, an art that is more calculated to stir the hearts of his hearers to mutiny and rage than any effort to split the ears of the groundlings.

Yes, this is a dangerous man. Especially, after reading that editorial I could see what the *Times* meant by the recklessness of Senator Wheeler's personal attacks upon President Coolidge. It is true that I remembered that only a few days previously the *Times* had been girding at those Republicans who protested because John W. Davis assailed the President in his speech of acceptance. But then, of course, it makes a great difference on what ticket you run as to how one portrays or criticizes or defends a man's manners and methods in campaign times. If I had not been informed otherwise I should have stated that I heard him speak on an average of three times a day for a week and that I never once heard him blow his own horn, or use the personal pronoun except to poke fun at himself as often as he told of what he had accomplished. In my folly I thought I had never heard a man speak so often with so little trace of egotism. Again and again he assured his audiences that he was not there to appeal on behalf of himself, but on behalf of La Follette, the leader, and the cause. That, of course, I know now, was devilishly sly work to conceal his own passionate ambition for office, his own lack of courtesy and manners.

It is dreadfully reckless, I see now, for Senator Wheeler to point out that President Coolidge has never lifted a finger to help the investigators, but has done everything to hinder instead of help; for the truth is often an unmannerly jade. It was certainly rude and ungentlemanly of him to dwell repeatedly and satirically upon the "strong, mythical, and silent man" in the White House, and to tell a most impolite story about the foolish boy whose father counseled him to say nothing lest his foolishness be found out; and who was called a fool none the less when he declined to answer questions. That must have been hitting below the belt. And yet somehow even that seems to my dull mind as rather tame stuff to come from the conventional Montana cowboy kicking his spurred heels together as he leaps in the air to shoot off an oratorical pistol in either hand.

But the puzzling thing remains that the audiences which came to hear this violent and reckless person, who hardly ever raised his voice, remained to the bitter end to hear him. One forgets a good deal, of course, between campaigns, but it seemed to me that I had never beheld more interested faces than were upturned to this slow-spoken artist as he told the dramatic story of what his investigation of the office of Harry M. Daugherty had actually brought out. Perhaps it is the completest tribute to his artistry that the tenth time I heard him tell that story I listened with as much fascination and interest as I had the first time. Certainly at Rochester only a few of the 2,500 people who came to our meeting, which did not begin until nine o'clock, had left when the Senator stopped talking at twenty minutes past eleven. I caught myself saying: "If everybody in the United States could hear this man talk the vote would be unanimous for him and La Follette"—and then I remembered the hopelessly lost vote of the New York *Times*.

Then I must confess that we found we had lost another equally important group vote—the undertaker vote. At Watertown the meeting began late too. Our friends had first engaged the Odd Fellows Hall, but when they went to the undertakers to hire chairs there were none to be had. Curiously enough, each undertaker was undertaking a funeral or a wedding or a dance at that very hour on that very night, and so no radicals could sit on their chairs. So we were moved to the high-school auditorium and there the Senator told his amazing story in the same quiet tones to the people who came to hear him. There were some judges and some lawyers in the audience, but in the main they were simpler people, a part of the minority in as

rock-ribbed a Republican district as is to be found in New York State, a representation of a great mass who know that there is something wrong with the country, who want to find the way out, but who, for the most part, are still in the thraldom of party, are still poisoned by a press which brands everything new and progressive as radical and dangerous.

They were much the same, these audiences, at Albany, Troy, Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo—wherever we went. Usually the gatherings were small, often outdoors in cold and rain, the advance work being not always skilfully done, for the La Follette cause is, thank fortune, without the professional worker, experienced in getting up great mass meetings with plenty of money for red fire, bands, banners, and newspaper advertising. But the quality of the men and women in the audience, their earnestness and sincerity, the fact that numbers came to be converted, and the resultant newspaper publicity made the trip stimulating to us. It was something to sit in the railroad trains and have the plain-spoken trainmen come up and shake hands with the Senator, wish him the best of luck, tell him how their lodges stood, and what the travelers' sentiment was. It was pleasant to learn from them that though the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen has officially not indorsed the Progressive ticket most of its members, in some places all of its membership, will vote for La Follette and Wheeler. You got a sense of ruggedness in the men; the absence of boastfulness, or of absurd claims as to carrying this or that district, all made you feel that this movement has its roots deeper in the soil than any similar movement has had. Rightly or wrongly this campaign is distinctive in that it has come from underneath.

These earnest people who came to hear us understood and appreciated the speaker. They felt his leadership and they gave him the response of absolute attention and complete absorption, which are the highest tributes that can be paid to a speaker. They are not vocal; they do not find it easy to voice their desires and their needs, but the stirrings are there, and no one who left the Wheeler meetings could have any doubt that the auditors are not to be bought off by higher prices of wheat or any other temporary fluctuation in the prices of crops or of goods. The knowledge that something is very wrong has gone far. The only two questions are as to the leadership at hand and how the message of the new leaders can be got to the public. From the point of view of both these questions the Wheeler trip was a profound success.

Upon one thing everybody was united—trainmen, A. F. of L. leaders, newspaper men, business men, all whom we met—that John W. Davis is hardly in the picture; that it will soon be necessary not only to advertise for his whereabouts but to assure people that he is really in the running in New York State. Of course, it is a little early in the campaign, but we did not see a banner or a picture of Davis or a Davis badge or any local Davis publicity in any of the towns we visited. On the contrary, we were repeatedly assured that Davis would poll so small a vote as to be a negligible factor. On the other hand, in Rochester newspaper men and Democratic politicians, speaking separately, gave La Follette nearly one vote in every four of the 100,000 that are likely to be cast in the election. There are certain towns in the southern tier in New York County in which labor is in control. It will carry those towns for La Follette. The audience of 6,000 persons at Buffalo affords ground for the belief that an amazingly large vote will be polled for the Progressive ticket in that city. The work of education has begun; the fight for economic liberty is well started.

But always my mind goes back to the so-called rampant demagogue with whom we traveled, never out of patience, never concerned about his dignity, or the honors due him; always quiet, modest, unassuming; always full of anecdotes and reminiscences of the arduous struggle of his political life; to him defeat was a commonplace and victory a stimulating experience. Somehow or other to my foolish vision, his is a remarkably heartening personality, because Mr. Wheeler has proved anew that however bad the situation in Washington, it is still possible for a man of unselfish and shining honesty to come into our public life as a stranger from the West and make a nation-wide reputation for himself within three months. He affords the happy assurance that in a national emergency men of the necessary stature are to be found to lead a revolt against the iniquities in our public life. There is something about him that suggests Henry Clay to me, though Wheeler is without the polish and the education which marked that Kentucky aristocrat. Nature has given him a fine stature, a pleasant and winning smile, a directness which carries its message precisely as his well-modulated voice reaches the hearers in the back of the room, without any effort on the speaker's part.

Meanwhile, Senator Wheeler has jumped to Pennsylvania, and will go on to Ohio and the West. He will know neither rest nor peace nor quiet until Election Day comes with the surprises it has in store for us all. I can only record what I would have written had I not read that *Times* editorial: Wherever Burton K. Wheeler goes, he will make votes, he will stir the hearts and minds of his listeners; and whether those be Republicans or Democrats or radicals or Socialists or reformers of any stripe he will help the ticket, help it immensely, and strengthen in the faith every one who hears his voice.

Contributors to This Issue

SARAH N. CLEGHORN, an author whose most recent book was "Portraits and Protests," is now teaching English in Manumit School, a new idea in workers' education at Pawling, New York.

H. G. ANDREWS is a member of the Institute of American Business. His previous contributions to our columns will be recalled by our readers.

HERBERT W. HORWILL is an English journalist who frequently contributes to *The Nation*.

ERNEST GRUENING, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, is now national publicity director for the La Follette-Wheeler campaign.

EMIL LENGYEL is a Hungarian journalist now in New York City.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL is a lawyer in Chicago who has devoted special attention to economic problems.

KARL F. GEISER is professor of political science in Oberlin College.

Plymouth, Clarksburg, Madison

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

IT is amazing how faithfully the three presidential candidates resemble their own respective home towns. Plymouth, Vermont, is capitalistic, democratic equalitarianism. Clarksburg, West Virginia, is aristocratic, hierarchical, rank-upon-rank, Jeffersonian, emotional democracy. Madison, Wisconsin, is sociological, statistical, dry-as-dust research and barking, under-dog radicalism, arm in arm.

In Plymouth nobody is really rich, everybody is equalitarian, and everybody believes in ground-rent, interest, and dividends as devoutly as Mr. Morgan ever could even if he stretched himself. There is a lovely story about a Western traveler in a Vermont town who was bragging to a gaunt starveling native about the fertility and bounteousness of the fields in his Western State. He derided the boulder-strewn sterility of the Vermont hills rising before his eyes. The native rejoined: "I wish I could collect some of my interest on my mortgages in your State."

Calvin Coolidge does not need to be asked by Wall Street to believe in interest or to believe in the indefeasible and irrepealable right of a man to hold what he has and to part with it only on his own terms. It is hard to persuade a Vermonter that if you hold a thing which is worth "x" dollars until somebody is willing to give you "x plus seven" dollars for it anything has happened that is anybody else's business. When Calvin Coolidge's writings are read by posterity, the grammarians who may be assigned to count the occurrences of the word "profiteer" in them will have little to do.

You keep or you sell, and you stay poor or you get rich, and everything may come out to be terribly unequal from the standpoint of economics, and yet everything is—and must remain—absolutely equal from the standpoint of personalities! Personal democracy and no economic democracy, social democracy and no sociological democracy—that is the drift of the temper of Plymouth and of Coolidge.

Davis and Clarksburg are more difficult to state. Yet Davis is as truly Clarksburg as Coolidge is truly Plymouth. Plymouth is a unity. Clarksburg has social strata. Rough-stuff miners come into Clarksburg. It is in that way industrial. Its miners and its other rather rough-stuff frequenters have a certain link to the mountains. In the mountains there are hill-billies. They are thought to be rough-stuff indeed. In the very center of Clarksburg, however, there is an old mansion with a large lawn in front of it, serenely holding at bay all commercialism, all industrialism, all roughness.

Clarksburg is rougher than Plymouth. It is also more urbane. Davis comes from the urbane part of it. He comes from what in a moment of frankness might be called the upper part of it. In Plymouth there is no upper part. In Clarksburg there is. Davis comes from it, quite outstandingly.

Is he therefore more capitalistic than Coolidge? Not at all. Clarksburg, being located where it is, has the Jeffersonian touch. Clarksburg can both recognize the existence of aristocracy and at the same time call everybody by his first name and start off on great crusades against capital—Eastern capital.

These Eastern and Northern capitalists who fatten off the tariff! Davis is just as much against them as if he had never seen New York. He comes from Clarksburg. He also is emotionally, personally democratic. Plymouth people are equals who do not speak. Clarksburg people are unequals who throw their arms about one another. Davis accordingly thinks that probably something ought to be done about hill-billies and Nebraska farmers who are having a bad time in comparison with Wall Street capitalists.

Coolidge's idea of helping a pauper is first to lower his taxes and then to hand him a tract telling him to have faith in Massachusetts—or Nebraska—or himself—or anything except the federal Government. It is not merely a difference between two men. It is a difference between two towns, two cultures.

Madison, Wisconsin, meanwhile is a garrison of statisticians who would burst the heads of the simple inhabitants of Plymouth or of the genial inhabitants of Clarksburg. Political and social progress through statistical and sociological research: that is an idea that never occurred to Plymouth or Clarksburg.

Put-'em-in-the-Brig-adier General Dawes says that La Follette is a demagogue. This makes La Follette all the more wonderful. He then becomes the only demagogue who ever carried in his wake whole card-catalogues of scientifically arranged research and information. The companies and regiments and divisions and corps and armies of researchers now encamped in Madison in the Wisconsin State University and in the Wisconsin State Capitol owe a very large part of their encampment to La Follette. He wanted Madison to be that way. As Governor of Wisconsin he insisted on making it that way.

These researchers have studied cows, alfalfa, unemployment, the number of workmen's thumbs lost in industrial accidents in machine-shops, water-power, the value of unoccupied lots in Milwaukee, stream-flow, the Irish tenant system, the reforms of Tiberius Gracchus, taxation in Yucatan, and every other subject in the world with an eye to its applicability to that great supreme world-theme, Wisconsin. La Follette was pretty nearly the inventor of this!

Madison was perhaps a bit that way before him. He made it that way exuberantly, triumphantly. The fate of the rebellious, radical low-brow determined in legislation by the scholastic, specialistic high-brow! That is the idea which La Follette—more than any other man—has contributed to American life. The scholars working for this demagogue La Follette would make Brigadier General Dawes—if he were not, for compensation, a splendid violinist and a true artist—look like a camp cook.

Three men; three towns; three cultures; three automatic—in this writer's view—sincerities. We choose between the sincerities and the cultures as we choose between the men.

One difference between the men remains. Coolidge and Davis are products of their towns. They are products. La Follette, besides being a product of his town, also produced it. His demoniac vigor, for woe or weal, shows nowhere more clearly than in this: he is the only candidate who was not only made by, but made, his home town.

Jim Denson—A Fragment of History

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

I TOOK up the Macon *News* one winter afternoon from the steps where the newsboy had hurled it, and read on the front page an account of the bringing of a Negro boy named Jim Denson on the previous day from Wilkinson County to Bibb County to save him from a probable lynching. He had just been convicted, in his home county, of the rape of a white woman seventy years old. He was to be taken back there and hanged on the following Friday.

The feature in this story that had evidently most impressed the reporter was that the nephews of the injured woman had protected Denson from the mob, and had stood throughout the trial as the firm friends of law and order. And this impressed me, too; but I was even more impressed by another feature of the story, namely, that no defense whatever had been made for the prisoner. (It goes without saying, of course, that he had not been confronted in court with his alleged victim.) The judge had indeed appointed a lawyer to defend him, since he was without either friends or funds; but this lawyer had contented himself with saying that the defense had nothing to say.

So much for the Macon paper's account. I was going to the jail on the following day with some pie and oranges for the prisoners, many of whom I knew quite well. I visited the baker's on Cotton Avenue, and went to the jail with my basket of lemon and apple pies. The warden, or jailer, as he is called, let me in with his usual friendly greeting, and I walked along the narrow corridors in front of the cages chatting with my friends of both colors as they chose the pie they preferred and their favorite magazine from my armful of second-hand ones, or asked for a stamped envelope or postal card. There were in the Bibb County jail that winter a number of white men accused of murder, awaiting trial, or having been convicted and sentenced for life, or less, awaiting transportation to the State farm; or else either hoping for a new trial, or awaiting it when it had been awarded them. None of these men, most of whom had shot some person after a quarrel, was under sentence of death; the hanging machine, which I had been shown on my first visit to the jail, was not overshadowing my heart as I talked to them. There were also one or two Negroes in the jail who had been convicted of murdering other Negroes, and these also had been sentenced for life. Jim Denson, accordingly, was the only person in the jail under sentence of death; and I thought he would be, perhaps, in a cell apart.

But when, upon leaving, I asked the warden if I could see him, the warden answered: "Why, he's right in there with the other boys—you've walked right past him, and given him pie."

"Oh! Can I go back, then, and speak to him?"

"Why, sure. He's going to be hung Friday."

I was let in again. I walked along the front of the colored men's cage, on the lowest level, and said: "Which is Jim Denson?"

"Over there, ma'am."

"Are you Jim Denson?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh! How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Who belongs to you?"

"I've got a father living."

"What church do you belong to?"

"I don't belong to no church."

"Can you read?"

"No, ma'am. Never been to no school."

I asked him to tell me about his trial.

"They voted to hang me Friday."

"Did you speak in court?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why didn't you?"

"Nobody done told me to."

"Jim, what made them arrest you?"

"I don't know. They just took me."

Jim Denson looked like a stone. He spoke without modulation. If a stone could be imagined speaking, he spoke like a stone.

"When they carried me over here," he volunteered, "some of them done follow me with a coffin."

"Don't you want a minister to come and see you? A colored minister?"

"Yeass'm. I wishes I could see my father."

"Where does he live? I'll write and ask him to come."

"I wishes he would."

I went to see a Negro clergyman the next day—a stranger to me until that time. He said: "Yes, I know of Denson's case. I think probably a lawyer will be retained for him."

"Are you afraid," I asked, trembling, "that if any attempt is made to defend him, it will rouse a mob, and he will be taken out and . . . burned? Is it kinder to let him be mercifully hanged as soon as possible, whether he is guilty or not, for fear . . .?"

"No, no. I think you exaggerate that danger," he replied.

"I hope I do!" I cried.

"I think you do," he repeated steadily. "But of course it exists."

There was a modest sum raised, among people all strangers to this friendless boy, for which a famous lawyer undertook his case. When I went to the jail with oranges and doughnuts on the following Saturday, Jim Denson was still there.

"I'm glad you have a lawyer," I said. "I hope you can prove to everybody that you didn't do it."

"I hopes so," said the young stone face before me. "I wishes I could see my father."

"Oh—hasn't he come to see you? I wrote to him."

"No, ma'am. I wishes he would."

This wish, never gratified by so much as a message, was the only one Jim Denson ever expressed twice, in his talk or letters to me. One other wish he did express once—a wish for a pair of shoes.

"There is," he dictated to one of the ever-shifting fellow-prisoners who wrote his letters to me, "there is some wealthy boys in here, who has offered me their shoes, but

my feet is too big. I wish, ma'am, you could send me some."

His case was slowly carried up, from court to court. The summer came on, and I went home to Vermont. The autumn passed, and Jim Denson was still saying, in the ever-changing handwriting of one after another of his fellow-prisoners: "I hopes you are in good health, as I am. I am trusting in the Lord to see me through. My case is not decided yet. Thank you, ma'am, for the ten cents you done inclose me for ice cream."

The second winter passed, and his application for a new trial was steadily refused by every authority having jurisdiction. One of his white fellow-prisoners, a man I knew well, who had shot and killed his neighbor in a boundary-and-trespass quarrel, had by this time had three trials and was out on parole; this left Jim Denson his successor as the inmate then longest in the jail. "There is none of the boys here that remembers you," he wrote. "There was one here when your letter came, and I done remembered you to him as you said to. He went to the chain gang this week. My case is not decided yet. I am trusting the Lord as well as I can. The captain" (so the Negroes usually call the warden) "is kind to me, and thank you, ma'am, for the dime you done send me for pie. My health is good."

His health was good! When I had lived in Macon, the sheriff's rule had been never to allow any of the prisoners to step out for a single instant into the fresh air. Once I had seen some prisoners in the narrow yard, lounging along the whitewashed wall, gazing at the coal-heap, talking. They were federal prisoners, moonshiners; for the United States allowed its charges a little air every day.

The second summer passed, and in reply to an inquiry Jim Denson's lawyer wrote to me: "If you can help when the case goes to Washington, I will let you know."

The autumn passed, the winter came on, and Jim Denson began his third year in the Bibb County jail.

"Your letters are a comfort, ma'am," he wrote. "I wishes I could see my father, or hear from him. I has written him a number of letters, but gets no reply. The Lord will see me through my trouble. I am going to be baptized."

Presently he sent me a clipping. The Supreme Court had refused him a new trial. There was now no way in which this boy, who had been sentenced to death without a word of defense being spoken for him, could ever have a word of defense spoken.

"My lawyer say please, ma'am, write to the Governor and Prison Board of Georgia. Captain Tom is good and kind to me. He say he will have me some better clothes when they carry me back to Wilkinson County to sentence me over again. I have been baptized."

In this next letter he inclosed a long clipping from the Macon *Telegraph*. It was headed:

DENSON RECAPTURED AND BROUGHT TO THIS JAIL
NEGRO YOUTH IS CAUGHT BY DOGS NEAR IRWINTON
EXCITING CHASE IS HELD
MAKES FRIENDS WITH DOGS

Two or three dozen white men, said to have come from the neighborhood of Toombsboro, Denson's home, had besieged the county jail at Irwinton as soon as Jim Denson was taken back there after being sentenced to die on the 16th of June. Sheriff Player stood them off for an hour, the *Telegraph* said, and indeed only yielded when he fell, wounded in the foot. They then swarmed into the jail and took the prisoner. "They tied a rope around my neck," Denson said to the *Telegraph* reporter. "They put me in the car, the second to the last one in the line. It was a two-seated Ford, and Mr. Brown, dressed in white pants, had hold of the rope. . . . I kept smelling liquor. . . . The rope around my neck was tight . . . I felt the knot with my hand. . . . It was a slip knot."

He slipped it off, and lifting up his feet, shot himself feet first over the side of the car. He struck on his feet, and was flung on his head in a ditch. The bullets from the car went wide. This was on Monday, the 22d of May.

All that night and the next day there was a posse of deputized sheriffs hunting him, with a son-in-law of the woman he was accused of assaulting among them. All that Tuesday Jim Denson was attempting to reach the sheriff of Wilkinson County, or else the Bibb County authorities, in a hope to save his life by surrendering to them. He dared not try to surrender to anyone else, for once when he had attempted it the farmer whom he had approached had shot at him, and he had fled on all fours to cover again.

The posse, torn and panting, followed three bloodhounds which had found the boy's trail. But when the hounds came up with him, he made friends with two of them, and had them following him in friendly fashion when the barking of the third dog, which he could not tame, led the posse up.

When he was manacled once more to the sheriff, Jim Denson was glad. In this green world, in the beginning of life, this young son of a golden-hearted race was glad to think that his white fellow-Americans, who had never sent him to school, who had condemned him at seventeen years of age to die after asking him to waive his legal rights to plead for his life, and who had steadily refused for three years to give him any possible chance to prove his innocence in court, would now lock him up again in a cage.

As the party came into Irwinton, the reporter said, a crowd came out to meet them. The sporting spirit of the master race seemed to have been aroused, and they began a movement at once to request clemency from the Governor. As they passed the gallows which stood in the rear of the Wilkinson County jail, Jim Denson said to the reporter: "Boss, you guess I'll ever hang?"

The crowd shouted, "No!"

It seemed as if there was a little hope, and yet, when we remembered the two attempts to lynch him, it scarcely seemed possible that Governor Hardwick would do more than grant a reprieve to reconsider, and then "let the law take its course." A commutation of sentence would cause a great deal of anger, and editorials would point out how this very commutation would prove an encouragement to lynching; and read in quarters where moonshine was plenty, these editorials would be enough to keep the old sport alive. And though people, in the first divine enjoyment of letting themselves be human, honestly and even warmly desire to befriend prisoners, those of us who have ever tried to mobilize their emotion know well how soon the undertow of caution runs back through it. They feel the "risk" of setting their names to a petition for mercy, and are not sharply aware of the risk they take in refusing to do so. If a man is accused of a horrifying-enough crime, people tend to think he must be guilty.

On the 14th of June, two years ago, I sent a night letter to Jim Denson, hoping against hope. On the 15th, I suppose, he was taken back to Irwinton to be hanged. On the 16th he was hanged.

"Ask Your Banker"

By H. G. ANDREWS

"WHEN in doubt, ask your banker." That is the rule laid down in all the financial copy-books for the guidance of the timid thrifty, who are supposed to be satisfied with safety and 5 per cent. Investments which pay 10 per cent or 12 per cent, 25 or even 50 per cent are taboo, being the perquisites of the banking fraternity.

If in doubt on that score, follow the rule: Ask your banker. Tell him you have an opportunity to invest a thousand dollars in a highly attractive business proposition, which is almost certain to pay 6 per cent from the very first. By the third year, it may be paying 8 per cent. And by the fourth, 12 per cent. After that, nobody knows; 75 per cent is not beyond the possibilities.

What does the banker think about it? You are anxious for his opinion. Before you have had time to finish the verbal prospectus the banker will say, in a patient, kindly superior sort of way: "My good man, don't you know that 12 per cent and 24 per cent annual dividends are bait put out to catch suckers? There is no such thing in sound, conservative business. Ventures which pay more than 6 per cent at the outside are risky—very risky."

Then, perhaps as an afterthought, the banker may inquire: "And in just what sort of a fly-by-night scheme are you thinking of wasting your money?"

That is your opportunity. Properly rebuked, you can reply mildly: "I was thinking of buying some stock in a bank."

That is the signal for the banker to sputter. He will probably tell you you have been deceived by the outpourings of a few ignorant radicals who know nothing about banking, which is a highly technical business, in which only the best minds can hope to score even a moderate success.

But hold your ground. The situation has its points of interest. For banking, it would seem, is the one best bet for the mediocre intellect. Banks are scattered around the country like currants in a bun. The baker, the butcher, and the candlestick-maker in Possum Glory can start one. And it will go, unless someone deliberately walks away with the funds given to it for safe-keeping. The druggist, the local Republican and Democratic bosses, and the leader of the local cigar workers' union in Bird-in-Hand can start a bank. And it will go. Indeed, banks have survived even when dishonest cashiers have pilfered them for years.

And banking is safe—just about twenty-seven times safer than a grocery store, a shoe shop, or a meat market. Safe—and profitable. So profitable that it is a "blue-sky" business. In many cases a bank is a Ponzi dream come true. For 50 per cent, 60 per cent—even 300 per cent on the original investment are quite within the possibilities.

In 1917 the Treasury Department made out a report for some inquiring senators who wanted information concerning corporate earnings and government revenues. In this report fifty-six banks were listed which pay annual dividends in excess of 50 per cent. In 1923 the average dividend paid by 8,238 national banks was 13.48 per cent.

Place these facts before your banker, and by the time you have finished he will have caught his stride and be prepared to point out the fallacies in your reasoning. Dividends, the banker will say, are paid on the basis of capital stock and not on the basis of invested capital, which is capital stock plus the accumulated surplus. A New York bank paying a 50 per cent dividend illustrates the banking contention. The capital stock of this institution is $10,000,000, which would indicate a dividend rate of 50 per cent a year, since $5,000,000 is returned to stockholders annually. But, says the banker, capital stock represents only a comparatively small part of the total capital invested. The surplus of the bank which pays these 50 per cent dividends is in excess of $55,000,000. That, says the banker, makes the real dividend approximately 7.7 per cent.

The unsophisticated investor, however, is less devious in his reasoning. Surplus to him represents earnings—which belong to the stockholders. A bank with a $55,000,000 surplus can go out of business any time it wants to, return the original investment to the stockholders, and, in addition, divide up surplus in accordance with stockholdings. The man who invests $1,000 in bank stock and then goes on about his business takes the view that all the money received by him as a direct result of that investment is a dividend. He holds that bank surplus is simply a delayed dividend.

Thus the returns on bank stock would indicate that banking is at variance with the accepted dictum of bankers—that high returns are permissible only when grave risks are incurred. Banking does not involve grave risks. Taken as a whole, it is the safest pursuit which the business world presents. The banker sits where the tides of commerce meet and takes his certain toll. The certainty with which the banker can dip into the stream of commerce is shown by the fact that the average value of all national bank stock at 100 par was, on September 15, 1923, $219.43 per share.

Without a doubt, there is plenty of "blue sky" in banking. So much, in fact, that if bank dividends were held down to 10 per cent a year on the original investment and earnings over that amount returned to bank depositors, the annual return on that basis would be approximately $125,000,000. That is $2,083,330,000 capitalized at 6 per cent. This means that holding down bank dividends to 10 per cent on the capital stock investment would be equivalent to adding more than two billion dollars to the savings of the depositing public—a job well worth undertaking.

And it is a job which is being undertaken by a comparatively new group which has stepped into the banking arena. During the last two years the so-called labor banks, sponsored and financed by labor unions, have accumulated combined capital resources in excess of $130,000,000. There are some forty-odd labor banks now in operation. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has a chain of banks, for example, which now stretches from Boston and New York to Spokane, Washington. As so far developed, the labor bank of the American type adheres to only one outstanding principle which sharply differentiates it from the other banks. The labor bank restricts the dividends to be paid stockholders to at most 10 per cent a year.

The limit on bank dividends strikes a very direct blow at the present banking system, which provides for the

pyramiding of profits. As a result of this, many of the advantages arising through combination or through improved methods or invention have been completely wiped out. Capitalized through the pyramiding of profits, they have become permanent burdens upon the public.

The theory of the profit-sharing labor bank is that the public is a partner in the banking business. Therefore, invested capital in the form of accumulated surplus, says the labor banker, should work in the interests of the depositor, instead of working solely in the interests of the stockholder. There the issue is joined. On the one hand is the group of labor banks intent upon taking the "blue sky" out of banking. On the other hand is the old-line banking crew intent upon retaining all of the special privileges now inherent in the banking business. With the issue joined on that basis, one principle or the other must ultimately triumph. Either the banks which limit dividends to 10 per cent will be driven from the field or all banks will be compelled to accord the depositor the status of partnership. The labor bank, say its proponents, is the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which is slowly gathering on the financial horizon. This cloud does not threaten banking; it is a threat only to unlimited profits in the banking business.

The conflict between the restricted dividend and the unrestricted dividend is one which the public must decide. In the past, labor and capital have far too frequently contended as if no third party were in any way involved in their conflict. No chance has been given to the public to make itself felt in a manner at once effectual and final. The labor bank gives it a chance to score. So far the public has flocked to the support of labor banks wherever opportunity afforded. Only 14 per cent of the depositors in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' banks are locomotive engineers. The depositors—clergy, lawyers, teachers, professional men and women of every kind and degree, clerks, stenographers, and salesmen—represent that portion of the public which has already enlisted in the job of taking the "blue sky" out of banking.

Mrs. Mason Marches

By AGNES BURNS WIECK

MY neighbor, Mrs. Mason, is attending a convention, and a well-earned honor it is. For fifty-two Thursdays she has been drill practicing with her Auxiliary, the Loyal Ladies, thus winning her place on the drill team that was sent to the convention. The convention is the business of the men whose genius has made possible the Order which shelters and protects the Loyal Ladies. For their loyalty the ladies may serve banquets to the men folk, devise money-making schemes, and form drill teams that parade at the conventions. Mrs. Mason's drill team will now vie with many drill teams for some very lovely and alluring prizes. But when her marching feat is over, my neighbor will not tarry long at the convention; for something more alluring than the very lovely prizes has quickened both her spirit and her step these many Thursdays. As she waved me her goodby she shouted back: "Yes, I've got 'em all wrote down —Marshall Field's, Municipal Pier, Michigan Avenue, and Lincoln Park. We'll see 'em all and maybe more, if our legs hold out from all that marchin'." I stood smiling. I have often smiled at Mrs. Mason and her lodges—she's quite a joiner—but I rejoiced with her in her reward for all that foolish, futile marching. After forty years in coal towns, who would not become a Loyal Lady for the chance it offers to escape?

Among these Loyal Ladies my neighbor will meet many of her kind to whom this convention trip is the first vacation after a lifetime at the cookstove. But these submerged housewives will talk not of economic freedom. Nor will they join as equals in the convention of the Order. An auxiliary is an appendage of "just women," and when grave matters are at hand the Loyal Ladies will retire from the convention. In the quiet seclusion of their Auxiliary they may gather as the Loyal Ladies' Aid. But the contest of the drill teams! Ah, behold them!

There is Mrs. Mason's drill team. Who would guess them to be wives of coal miners, so well drilled have they been by the wife of a traveling salesman! Garbed in their uniforms of white, each skirt the designated nine inches from the ground, each heel of each white shoe in proper uniformity of height, these erstwhile housewives step out into their places with the sprightliness of a corps of Red Cross nurses. Their flowing purple surplices add an air of solemnity to the ritualistic ceremony about to follow. Their military caps of white and gold provide the necessary martial flourish, while the large American flags they bear aloft attest the patriotism of women whose husbands have been guilty of defying the injunction of a noble judge. An impressive sight! With pep and dash team after team arrives and each in turn goes into action. Spurred on by the zip and zim of Main Street captains, cheered by hundred percenters from every State in the Union, thrilled by the thought of prizes, each team strives to excel in faultless marching and accurate portrayal of the ritual of the order. The climax of an entire year of practice and preparation. Marching, merely marching, just as little children march in pretty drill exercises at school. Reviewing this superb feat is a man high in the councils of the republic. He has left his busy desk at Washington to gaze upon his handiwork; to this Best Mind redounds the credit of transporting weary wives of workingmen to a national convention where for a time they might forget the trials and tribulations of domestic life and march and wave flags for the glory of the Order.

Mrs. Mason's drill team may not win a prize but I am sure that she will stand out as a commanding figure. Blessed with a strong and vigorous body, she is well equipped for marching. Whether with broom, dust-cloth, or dish-rag, she marches about the house in a most amazing fashion. She marches right through a big week's washing in the time it takes the ordinary woman to get started. To wash, scrub, scour, shine, bake bread, can fruit, prepare supper for a houseful of unexpected company, and be marching off to the lodge by seven is no trick at all for Mrs. Mason. The work of raising her children has left no trace of wrinkles and the pranks of grandchildren do not vex her. She has never known anything but hard work—and her lodges. She would be lost without either.

Mrs. Mason once had an opportunity to go marching

in a real crusade. Leading a band of striking miners' wives, she marched down a railroad track at an early morning hour to round up certain women whose husbands had not struck. To the mother of eleven children she thus addressed herself, "Are you satisfied with the livin' you're a-gittin'?" To which the woman, a match for Mrs. Mason in physique if not in repartee, shot back, "Yes, I am!" "What are you raisin' your young'ns for?" demanded Mrs. Mason. "Can you give 'em the kind of an education you'd like to?" "My kids go to school, I'd have you know." "Oh, yes, we've still got free schools, but what about a musical education? Out of a dozen, like as not you've got one that's turned that way. Could you educate her in music if she had the talent?" "We've got a graphophone in our house, and we can have all the music we want." "Oh, I see!" said Mrs. Mason. "You believe in gittin' your music out of a box instead of havin' it brought out of your children!"

Is this woman to spend her days marching through her kitchen and her lodge hall? In her husband's union she has an outlet for her ability and spirit only in strike time. Political freedom has brought her no opportunities for education or service. While the Mrs. Sam Clarks and the Mrs. Babbitts and the other ladies of Main Street are flaunting banners, shouting, singing, marching for the glory of their Coolidge and their Davis Mrs. Mason will be left in her kitchen unnoticed and unorganized. Following her husband's lead she will vote in the La Follette column. Only for her lack of training and for the fact that the women's organizations somehow have passed her and her class by, she would be marching in the forces of La Follette, in the same spirit that took her down that railroad track.

A Buffalo Dance at Santo Domingo

(New Mexico)

By WITTER BYNNER

Dawn came—
Not yet before us, where the sun was,
But behind us on a snow-peak.

Before us were the desert-hills,
All the barer for being spotted with pinyons;
And on the ridge,
Clustered black against the cold sky,
Were figures too still to be men.

Behind us, at the open edge of the plaza,
Stood the blanketed singers and drummers:
A thick crescent they were, curving toward a star.
And the star-man was taller than the moon-men,
And taller than he was the staff
Which he raised and lowered in the rhythm of the song,
With a shaking of its top-knot of buffalo-toes.

And then the figures on the hill,
Too still until now to be men,
Ran to and fro, criss-crossing the little canyons,
And changed into men
And changed into boys, into children,
And they came down the brown hill,
Pursuing,
With rests for renewal,
Two buffaloes,
Four deer,
Two elks,
Two antelopes.

And round us,
At a distance from the waiting chorus
Whose song gave welcome to the sun
And to the godly animals,
Were men and women and children of the pueblo;
And a few of them sat on the walls of old roofless houses,
And most of them wore their blankets hooding their heads
from the chill;
And all of them were watching and were silent,
Except the chorus
Which was earth itself
With a song
That followed
The rising and the falling of the hills.

Two buffaloes,
Bare-bodied,
High-maned;
A woman,
Broad-bosomed,
But moving like a small bird;
Four deer,
White-coated,
With white fluff on their antlers
And white lace on their legs
And with brightly embroidered kilts of old meaning;
Two antelopes
Yellow,
With white chests;
Two elks
With straight horns, green-pronged, down their shoulders;
They entered the plaza.

And the faces of the men,
Being black,
Were no longer the faces of men
But were lost in the godly presences
Of two buffaloes, four deer, two elks, and two antelopes.

And now, for the dance, there was a hunter,
With eagle-feathers hung from head to ankle
And with a swinging bow and arrow.

And they danced the sun up
And carried it on their shoulders
Into the kiva,
Where it should take counsel with gods and men.

And soon they were back again, to dance,
Back with the sun in the plaza.

The chorus,
Darkly sculptural at dawn,
Was vivid now as a mesa topped with plumes:
Closely curved rows of brightness,
With war-bonnets, with bows and guns,
With slashes and dots and angles of red and yellow paint
On their heightened faces
And with sprays of evergreen, to sing by, in their hands.

And then came another hunter,
Naked, slim, and black,
With a small, sharp helmet of black,
And he circled the dance,
Nervous, deliberate,
With his bow and arrow toward the godly animals.

Circling, foraging, pacing, pausing,
Scenting, shifting, crouching, speeding,
The buffaloes were buffaloes,
The deer were deer,
The elks were elks,
And the antelopes were antelopes:
Moccasins, lean-muscled legs, rain-girdles, shells of turquoise,
Yet buffaloes, deer and elks and antelopes.

How could a short stick, held in two hands
And planted forward from a leaning back,
Become the two legs of an antelope?
How could a short stick, held in two hands
And planted forward from a leaning back,
Become the two legs of an elk?
How could a short stick, held in two hands
And planted forward from a leaning back,
Become the sidelong poise of a listening deer?

Only the gods can tell us,
Only the gods who danced that day,
The gods who suddenly flung the beauty of animals
And the beauty of men
Into one quick rainfall rhythm of moccasins:

A steady fall, a broken fall, a fall blown circle-wise:

The buffaloes in the center;
With the woman,
Who swayed between and about them like a smooth and friendly wind;
And then the four deer, staffs in a row, feet behind them beating;
And the two antelopes, who had run with delicate hoofs and dainty necks, now beating a foot-song as vital as the rest;
And the elks, with their large-stepping circles;
And the powerful hunter, with his dips and his calls;
And the subtle hunter, doubtful, hopeful,
Weaving, watching
The circling, the foraging, the pacing, the pausing,
The scenting, the shifting, the crouching, the springing;
And then the quick beat again
Of the moccasins of godly men . . .

All day they followed,
Slow as the sun,
Swift as the rain,
Through centuries . . .

All day the strong voices
In unison . . .

Till at sunset,
The chorus,
Ending its song and its drums,
Made us wonder why the wind had died on the moment,
Why the heart had ceased from hearing itself,
Where the water was lost that had been heaving through the ditches,
And where the hoofs were gone from beating on the sky.

Dead, ceased, gone?
They?
Or we?

We saw, that night, the shadow,
Passing,
Of a hundred years upon a thousand years.

And a larger earth
Absolved us
Of ourselves
With a song of ourselves,
Of godly animals,
Of godly men
Who follow forever
The rising and the falling of the hills,
Deer, buffalo, elk, antelope, hunter,
Our thighs and ankles painted with the red adobe and the white rain,
Our breast and forehead with the turquoise sky.

In the Driftway

PARIS has been having an agitated controversy in regard to manners in shops. What are the obligations of buyers and sellers? Does the girl behind the counter need more patience and politeness, or does the public need to exercise a little more sense and consideration? These are some of the questions that the French have been asking and answering, with opinion of all sorts and on all sides.

* * * * *

AND now a writer in the Manchester *Guardian* has joined the controversy with some observations on the English shop assistant and the differences between buying customs in France and England:

> It must be understood from the beginning that politeness, as understood in France, is a very different thing from that which obtains, for instance, in England. The English person who has lived in France turns with relief to the civility of the average English shop assistant. The French shopper, on the other hand, is apt to find her too restrained and uninterested. . . . With the extreme thrift and even parsimony of the French, the French shop assistant has probably a very much harder task than is the case with her English sister. This is evidenced by the way in which French shops will take back things that have been paid for. Even stuffs which have been cut off are taken back if they are over a certain length.

* * * * *

THE French customer, observes the writer in the *Guardian*, expects a personal interest on the part of the saleswoman, and adds:

> That is probably the greatest difference between the shops of England and France. The French saleswoman actually does become remarkably interested in her customer's purchases. That is part of her job, just as it is not the part of her job in England to obtrude her advice too much. This very personal relationship has its other side.

With extreme care and attention there is also found in French shops a good deal of indifference and even rudeness. It would be impossible to keep up the personal note all day.

* * * * *

NOW the Drifter has shopped both in England and France as well as in America and a good many other countries. It is an experience which nobody traveling in a foreign country should miss. Indeed, a liberal education in tastes and customs is to be found merely by looking in the shop windows. Undoubtedly the writer in the *Guardian* is right in emphasizing the willingness of French stores to take back or exchange goods in contrast to the policy in English shops. The French custom in that regard is as liberal as the American. But a point which the writer in the *Guardian* does not mention is the feeling in most English shops—as distinguished from those in France or America—that anybody coming in must *buy something*. That attitude has broken down somewhat in recent years, but it is still largely true that one who looks over goods in an English shop and walks out without purchasing—unless for a clearly good reason—is likely to be followed with a frigid glance (or a tart remark) pronouncing him a bounder.

* * * * *

ONE does not have to buy in a French shop, but if he does it often becomes a contest in wits to an extent that rarely develops in England or America. Fixed prices now prevail in the larger Parisian stores, but commonly not in small shops and in country towns. One not only haggles over prices but he demands that extras be thrown in. The American dictum that "the customer is always right" doesn't hold. Buyer and seller often get into violent arguments in which they assail each other's character and ancestry. It would seem that these bouts must end in blows—but they rarely do. It is all a part of the game.

* * * * *

GENERALLY speaking, the Drifter's sympathies are with the salesgirl. He recalls, with pleasure, the story of the woman who after looking at fifteen or twenty rolls of cloth turned to walk out of a store with the remark: "Thank you, I was just looking for a friend." To which the salesgirl answered sweetly: "If you think your friend is in that roll on the top shelf, I'll get it down too."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

General Weaver—Young and Old

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am grieved to the heart because of misunderstanding and consequent misrepresentation of General Weaver.

In *The Nation* of July 2 William Hard speaks of "the ideas and purposes of the late good old James B. Weaver of Iowa, who ran on the Populist ticket for President in 1892."

This is an intimation that the Populist Party of 1892 represented "the ideas and purposes of James B. Weaver" and that his most notable achievement was being presidential candidate for that party.

Very different are the real facts in the case. It is true that in 1892, as candidate on the Populist ticket, he received 22 electoral votes and about a million and a half popular votes, while in 1880, as candidate of the Greenback Party, he got less than a million popular votes and no electoral. Still, that 1880 vote meant a great deal more to him than the 1892.

In 1880 Weaver, the magnificent, the peerless, represented a living, growing party, with a definite name, pledged to a definite purpose, and any one who saw and heard him then could never think of calling him "good *old* James B. Weaver."

In 1884 Ben Butler killed the Greenback Party dead past resurrection. In 1892 Weaver represented its galvanized corpse, dolled up in "free silver" and other bangles. Is it strange if in his face, his voice, his gestures, we who knew him saw the question, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

General Weaver went into the campaign of 1892 with little of the vigor that had characterized him as a debater in Congress, as a traveling platform speaker, and as presidential candidate for the Greenback Party in 1880. I heard him once in 1892 and went away sorrowful. He made a good speech, far better than most of his political opponents, but to one who had known him in former times it was plain that his heart was not there. He was a broken man.

I wish Mr. Hard could have known Weaver as he was in the early eighties. At that time my home, like many others, was a sort of headquarters for the itinerant Greenbackers who were trying to take the issuing power of money from private hands. Perhaps if they had succeeded historians might have less of bloodshed and tyranny to write in their record of the United States of America.

Denver, Colorado, August 1 CELIA BALDWIN

Liang Shih-yi in America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is indeed a crime of Liang Shih-yi to have deceived the American people by telling that he is the Chinese representative when he visited President Coolidge and thanked for America's returned indemnity to China. It would be also a shame of the Chinese people if they had appointed him as representative. I do not attack his personality from personal point of view. It is only necessary, however, to bring the facts to American friends when Liang Shih-yi endeavors to make rumors which insult the Chinese people.

Liang Shih-yi's nature is intrinsically and originally bad, judged from what he has done to the Chinese people as well as to mankind. He played politics in Ching dynasty with a very bad record. In Yuan Shih-ki's Government he was Minister of Communication and did more harm than ever before. During the Washington Conference he took the premiership under the patronage of Chang Tso-lin, the well-known war-lord of Eastern three provinces. As the Washington Conference was going on he strongly advocated direct negotiation about Shantung question between Japan and China, which was fortunately rejected by the Chinese people. What was his motive is obvious. He wanted to get personal advantage at the expense of the nation. Happily he was charged as a traitor, and he is still under arrest.

Just before he came to this country he visited Europe with a certain purpose in mind. In Germany a tragedy happened to him; but to the Chinese people it was an extremely interesting comedy. He was severely punished by a group of Chinese students in a Chinese restaurant when he was eating with his son and some members of Chinese Legation in Germany. So many blows were presented to him that the members of Chinese Legation trembled. Then Liang Shih-yi's filial son came up to rescue his father with every effort. But a Chinese student checked him and said: "It does no matter with you; we let you see how we punish the traitor!" Finally, Liang Shih-yi was lying down on the floor and cried with a melancholy voice: "Kindly forgive me; otherwise, death will fall upon me very soon." It is due to God's help that he was not beaten to death.

Shamelessly he still has face to come to this country. The reason why he could escape our Chinese students' punishment

in this country and England is that law and police in these two countries obstruct our doing so. Such a situation we regret. Liang Shih-yi's reason for coming to this country most probably has something to do with American capitalists. We Chinese people declare that Liang Shih-yi is a traitor, and any contract concerning China made by him we can by no means recognize.

Columbia University, New York, August 15 C. F. LIU

What Fannie Hurst Really Thinks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If you reprinted and commented upon my interview with Walter Duranty, published in the New York *Times*, *after* reading the Paris interview that was reprinted all over America, I am grateful to you for your discernment.

That Paris interview was a grotesque! It is true that I have come out of Russia with certain disillusionments, but not the hodge-podge of cheap, sensational catch-phrases calculated to make headlines. In giving out the Paris interview, I commented at length on the favorable as well as the unfavorable aspects of Russia, as they appeared to me. I did not leap into the hysteria of condemnation that was eventually published in the name of an interview with me.

I too well realize the futility of trying to contradict an interview that has gone broadcast to the extent of the one in question, but at least I want to go on record as protesting against the kind of sensational journalism that will sacrifice truth on the altar of the catch-phrase.

Everything contained in my interview with Mr. Duranty was said also in the Paris interview, but apparently it was not sufficiently spectacular meat for either foreign or home consumption. The high lights of my negative impressions were picked out and flung into misleading prominence.

Convinced as I am that the Russia I beheld is far from the goal her well-wishers have set up for her, my faith in the ultimate success of the experiment has not wavered. I shall take pains to clear that up in my forthcoming articles.

Meanwhile, I am grateful to you and to your paper for assuming that the quiet Duranty article may be just as true as the hysterical Paris one in question.

New York, September 8 FANNIE HURST

[We had read both the interview in Russia, cabled to the New York *Times* by Walter Duranty, and the interview in Paris, printed in New York by the *Herald Tribune*, at the time we made our editorial comment in *The Nation* of September 10. We accepted Mr. Duranty's version as the more truthful—partly because of the usual accuracy of his dispatches and partly because the sentiments seemed to be more in accord with Fannie Hurst's general attitude. Curiously enough, Mr. Duranty's dispatch was ignored in his own office. Comment was made in the column "Topics of the Times," based entirely on the garbled Paris interview.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

La Follette and Imperialism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have much admiration for Senator La Follette and many reasons incline me to vote for him at the coming election. I wish, however, that the public might know more definitely about his attitude toward the growingly imperialist policy of our Government through more than twenty years. The American people profess their reprobation of war; they doubtless hate it so far as they can lay the blame for it on other people. But they ask very few questions concerning the little wars, however unjust and cruel, over which the State Department spreads the name of the Monroe Doctrine, or offers the plea of business interests, or raises the scare-head of "bolshevism." What government in the world is more averse than ours to any substantial disarmament? Costly armaments are a fascinating emblem of power and national distinction.

I do not wish overmuch to blame our public men. Perhaps no one clearly planned the imperialistic policy. At first it simply grew and no one noticed it. Even when President McKinley weakly consented to venture upon the Spanish War and presently took over under our flag a great group of Asiatic islands and millions of unwilling subjects, few Americans were quite conscious that we were now engaged in a course of imperialism as real as ever Russia or Great Britain had undertaken. Both parties have united in fastening this imperialistic policy upon the nation. This policy is always aggressive, and requires a considerable force—for "defense," of course—not of its own people, but of its aggressive conduct, in order to hold what it has seized and to play the game of bluff among other Powers.

The worst of it is that such a policy, once accepted, does insidious mischief to the character of the men who are selected to carry it out. Like an inevitable fate, it grips men of good but conventional morality, such as Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes, loads them with responsibilities alien to their previous experience and their official position, puts force such as no mortal ought ever to wield within call of their telephone, and pours through their feebly ballasted wills a sort of monstrous, composite, impersonal will to violence. This is what happened everywhere in the course of the Great War.

Ought we not to know what Mr. La Follette thinks of our American brand of imperialism and what he proposes to do if he is ever made the commander-in-chief of our enormous actual and potential militaristic establishment? Here is something "not to be entered upon lightly or inadvisedly."

The profoundest question before the world today concerns the international atmosphere in which henceforth the sixty or more nations upon the earth are going to live. Can we develop a generally humane and friendly atmosphere, or must we continue to live in the poisonous air of suspicion, fear, contempt, arrogance, and hate which makes war and grows out of war? It is given to the United States, as to no other nation, to take the lead in creating for the first time in history a valid civilization. We cannot effect this splendid service without renouncing our imperialistic policy and the display of warlike force which attends it, and the harsh and arrogant tone of the official voice which is bound to betray it (as in the recent conduct of our Congress toward Japan), and which spreads a nervous feverishness throughout the world. Let us set aside for good and all our armed meddlesomeness in foreign affairs and put on a decent and friendly face toward the people of every race and color, and we have nothing to fear from any corner of the earth.

Southwest Harbor, Maine, August 5 CHARLES F. DOLE

Snappy Work

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This will acknowledge the copy of "La Follette's Record," by Arthur Warner, which we note is stamped for "immediate release." This is exactly what it will get, for we shall release it to our waste-basket immediately.

Bristol, Connecticut, September 11 ARTHUR S. BARNES,
Manager, Bristol Press Publishing Company

The Facts
About
John W. Davis
IN NEXT WEEK'S NATION

Books

Mr. Asquith's Leisure

Studies and Sketches. By the Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith. George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

TO read this volume continuously is like making one's way straight through an encyclopedia. We are carried from Some Aspects of the Victorian Age to The Last Crusade, from Sir Henry Wotton to Reading and Writing, from Modern Biographers to the "Antigone," and from a *Spectator* article on The Age of Demosthenes to a speech in Parliament on the death of Joseph Chamberlain. Nothing could better illustrate the versatility of the author and his cultivated interest in pursuits that lie far away from contests at the Bar and in the House of Commons.

In one chapter, his presidential address to the English Association, Mr Asquith describes his own "literary stock in trade" as "at best that of a somewhat threadbare amateur." That self-appraisal is certainly too modest. An amateur he may be, in comparison with the professional specialist, but his literary judgments are by no means a dull and hackneyed repetition of the conclusions of Professor Dryasdust. Whatever the subject he discusses, he brings to it an open mind, a catholic taste, the equipment of a trained scholar, and a lucid though nervous style. His critical faculty, as befits so distinguished an ornament of Balliol, exercises itself most readily and effectively on classical material. His little paper on The Art of Tacitus is a gem of literary and historical criticism. If he had not been a politician and a lawyer, Mr. Asquith would have made an ideal tutor in the honors school of Litterae Humaniores.

In such leisure as has been left him from one of the most industrious of public careers Mr. Asquith has found time to explore even the byways of literature. He claims to be one of the few persons who have attempted to grapple with that "fragment of a portentous epic," the "Davideis" of Abraham Cowley. But he has not allowed his attention to be absorbed by the bizarre and the unusual. He has read the great books, and has formed a sane and independent judgment of them. Here, for instance, is a characteristic sentence occurring in a paragraph on the value of terseness in style. "Cicero and Burke," he says, "are vulgarly called diffuse writers; but if you examine their best passages (and every writer ought to be judged by his best), you will not find a superfluous word." While he deplores the "vast multiplication of flimsy rubbish" which caters in these days to the popular taste, he confesses to "an almost insatiable fondness for good detective stories, from the great M. Lecocq and still greater Sherlock Holmes down to the latest and least of their French and American rivals."

The most valuable single contribution to this volume is undoubtedly the initial chapter on Some Aspects of the Victorian Age, delivered as the Romanes Lecture at Oxford in 1918. The terms of the trust excluded, unfortunately, from permissible subjects the two great controversial domains of politics and theology, and Mr. Asquith can merely touch upon them in passing. But the field that remains is large enough to provide him with an opportunity of which he makes effective use. Those who contemptuously dismiss the achievements of this period as of slight importance in the history of the human intellect ought to be set to read this admirable survey, in which the lecturer has "tried to show something of the extent and of the splendor of the contribution which the Victorians made to man's common and ever-growing heritage."

Incidentally, this book provides the collector of curiosities of the press with one of the most amazing and amusing misprints ever perpetrated. The proofreader has allowed Mr. Asquith to speak of Mark Pattison as passing his days "in Llama-like seclusion."

HERBERT W. HORWILL

An American Statesman

American Problems. By William E. Borah. Duffield and Company. $2.

THIS is a collection of some twenty-two speeches in the Senate, excerpts from addresses, and resolutions, covering a period of twelve years. While the selection does not do full justice to the intellectual breadth and courage which have vigorously identified Senator Borah with a greater variety of causes than any other man in Congress, the evidence of his eloquence and sincerity, of his almost unique combination of firm-principled old-fashioned Americanism and intelligent progressiveness is conspicuous on nearly every page. The words that he applies to Lincoln are as true of him:

> He possessed in a remarkable way the capacity for intellectual solitude, even in the midst of the throng—yet he never lost faith in the throng. He paid the people the high compliment of speaking to them in the language of reason and true eloquence. He believed they would accept a great principle as a controlling basis for action. . . .

Throughout the Great War and since, when men's minds became warped by passion and by propaganda, Borah stood fast for the fundamental liberties. In April, 1917, he said:

> Without an unfettered press, without liberty of speech, all the outward forms and structures of free institutions are a sham, a pretense—the sheerest mockery. If the press is not free; if speech is not independent and untrammeled; if the mind is shackled or made impotent through fear, it makes no difference under what form of government you live, you are a subject and not a citizen. Republics are not in and of themselves better than other forms of government except in so far as they carry with them and guarantee to the citizen that liberty of thought and action for which they were established.

And six years later, speaking for the release of the political prisoners, he declared:

> During the Great War the Congress passed what is known as the Espionage Act. It was passed as a war measure. It was claimed that we had authority to pass it because we were engaged in war. I did not myself believe that even though we were engaged in war we had the power to pass the law. . . .
>
> This law . . . is now a thing of the past. I have only one observation . . . and that is, I trust that at no time in the future will it ever be considered as a precedent for the enactment of any measure of that kind again. It should be regarded . . . as not only opposed to the principles of free government in time of peace, but also in time of war. I do not believe that laws of repression, laws which deny the right to discuss political questions, are any more necessary in time of war than in time of peace and I do not believe they are constitutional either in time of war or in time of peace.
>
> If this blessed old republic cannot rest upon the free and voluntary support and affection of the American people in time of war as well as in time of peace, if we cannot, as a people, be free to discuss the political problems which involve limb and life, even in time of war, our government rests upon a very brittle foundation.

Borah is not a faddist, however lightly he holds party allegiance when it conflicts with his convictions. While he felt a strong spiritual sympathy with the Bull Moose movement of 1912, he saw clearly its obvious weaknesses; nor did he hesitate to condemn some of its most "advanced" proposals. Of the recall of judges he said:

> I am afraid that the principle of the recall as applied to judges will tend to establish the rule of the majority in matters of judicial controversy. . . . Though the majority must rule, yet a government which has no method for protecting the rights of the minority—for it has rights—is a despotic government. . . .

Senator Borah has been unsparing in his condemnation of

the Versailles Treaty, the ratification of which in the Senate he thus attacked in September, 1921:

> The Versailles Treaty in my judgment is the most pronounced negation of the moral law which has yet been crystallized into form by the hand of man. It must in the end, after working what evil and enforcing what misery it may, also perish. . . . There it is, harsh, hideous, naked, dismembering friendly peoples, making possible exploitation of vast populations, a check on progress and . . . challenging every precept upon which the peace of the world may be built.

The same speech reveals much of his world philosophy:

> One of the revolting monstrosities born of the war, the illegitimate offspring of secret diplomacy and violence, is the absurd, iniquitous belief that you can only have peace through martial means—that force, force, is the only power on earth with which to govern men. I denounce the hideous, diabolical idea, and I insist that this Government ought to be counted against all plans, all treaties, all programs, all policies based on this demoniacal belief.

Senator Borah's successful effort to bring about the disarmament conference was a concrete realization of this conviction. Subsequent proposals for an international economic conference and for recognition of Russia were other expressions of the same general outlook.

Always Senator Borah has been a passionate defender of the Constitution, a consistent upholder of the ancient doctrine that "ours is a government of laws, not of men," a vigorous assailant of corruption, waste, and partisanship in the conduct of government, an opponent of militarism, a persistent champion of all that is best in the American tradition. He fought the bonus relentlessly when political expediency would have counseled otherwise. He exposed the infamy of our bureaucratic and military imperialists in the Caribbean and Central America. Always his utterance has been the untrammeled expression of his conscience—a voice, often in recent years, in a wilderness of political quackery, calling to a spirit that is not yet dead in America.

ERNEST GRUENING

Central Europe

New Governments of Central Europe. By Malbone W. Graham, Jr. Assisted by Robert C. Binkley. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

POLITICAL literature is one of the greatest export items of the Central European countries. A clamorous advertising campaign is going on in the basin of the Danube calculated to charm the world's attention to this or that star on the political firmament of war-rent mid-Europe. Czecho-Slovakia is anxious to support her claim to the hegemony among the succession states by a well-conducted scientific warfare of information which some of her less friendly neighbors denounce as shameless propaganda. White Hungary is angry with all the world in addition to her own Jews, liberals, communists, and the other component parts of that unspeakable rabble of anti-Whites. She expresses her opinion along these lines in a whole library of unequivocal terms. The Jews, liberals, communists, and the other unspeakables are launching a counter-offensive the magnitude of which is limited only by the running capacity of the Vienna printing presses. Serbia is trying to convince the world that Croatia is simply in love with her, while some Croatian writers declare that Serbia is the greatest enemy of their nation. At the recent municipal elections in Slovakia there were constituencies in which twenty-five political parties were fighting for power. They all had more or less different opinions about the real interests of their country which they generously communicated with much waste of white paper to an eagerly listening humanity.

In this bewildering maze of propaganda which characterizes the making of a new Central Europe it is not always easy to find one's bearing. Propaganda is usually clad in an impressive armor of scientific data. On the other hand, what seems propaganda today may become the history of tomorrow if the party which handles it succeeds in attaining permanent power.

In view of these difficulties the present volume deserves to be spoken of with the greatest appreciation. It would not be fair to say that it is non-partisan. This term implies a certain lukewarmness which leaves the reader unsatisfied. Mr. Graham's volume is partisan in the best sense of the word. It approves or disapproves of political tendencies, parties, and politicians in a measure warranted by a careful and accurate appraisal of their qualities. It not only effectively records facts but it also helps one to arrive at an intelligent opinion concerning the past achievements and future possibilities of the nations under discussion.

The field covered by Mr. Graham comprises the post-armistice history of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugoslavia. It records every event of importance as accurately as any "100 per cent fact-er." It emphasizes the national characteristics of the new Central European states, points out the similarities and divergences in their constitutions, their conceptions of independent national life, and their aspirations. The bitter struggle of liberalism with reaction takes up a considerable part of the chapters dealing with the situation in contemporary Germany. In the history of Austria, special attention is paid to the dualistic nature of the inhabitants, divided as they are into Socialist city-dwellers and predominantly Christian Social villagers. Turning to Hungary, Mr. Graham speaks with much understanding of the noble efforts of Count Karolyi to win that country to democracy. Admiral Horthy's regime, which is justly described as the white terror, is held up to the students of Central European history as destructive. Czecho-Slovakia is mentioned as the most ambitious state of the new mid-European countries, which, deservedly, enjoys a privileged position in the comity of the Danube states. Lastly, Jugoslavia's position is described in considerable detail and the dangers which are inherent in her present triunite system of government are pointed out.

The last part of the book contains valuable documentary material illustrative of various phases in the post-war history of the new countries. To the research worker they mean all the more, because some of the documents here reprinted have not been easily accessible heretofore.

It is often said that history cannot be written for at least five decades after the event to be recorded. This limitation, however, does not apply to the present volume. It may well be that coming decades will witness an increase in the material at the disposal of historians. It may likewise be that some of the material which today seems to be an integral part of the annals of past events will be expunged as contrary to the evidence produced by subsequent discoveries. But Mr. Graham's work is as near an approach to positive history as careful observation and absorbing interest in the subject permit in recording the ever-changing political and economic life of present-day Central Europe. It is to be hoped that in another volume Mr. Graham will devote his attention to those new states in Central and Eastern Europe that are situated east of the states which he describes in the present volume.

EMIL LENGYEL

An Economist Strays Afield

Legal Foundations of Capitalism. By John R. Commons. The Macmillan Company. $3.

"THE life of the law has not been logic," wrote Mr. Justice Holmes, many years ago; "it has been experience." But this is the whole truth only when applied to what the courts have *done*, in contradistinction to what, in the course of their

opinions, they *say* they have done. Driven by the practical necessities of a changing world, the courts have repeatedly reached decisions which would never have been reached if the governing precedents had been logically applied. Yet in rendering a decision which, as a matter of fact, changes the whole course of the law, the judges have almost invariably stated that their conclusion was based upon precedents or accepted principles which they had merely extended, by the methods of logic, to the new problem of the case before them. The language of the judges, therefore, as distinguished from what they actually do, is only the shadow and not the substance of the law, and cannot be taken too seriously.

Now, though all this is obvious to a legal scholar and a judge like Mr. Justice Holmes, it is difficult, if not impossible, for a layman to realize it fully. And so we find Mr. Commons, a distinguished economist, one of the most important men in the country in the labor field, making a serious study of the opinions of judges since the early days of the common law, and from this study attempting to describe and analyze the legal foundations of our capitalistic order. Being a layman, it is quite natural that Mr. Commons should take the language of the judges too seriously; nor is it surprising not only that he ascribes to their language a legal significance which it does not have but also that he finds in law-sheep bindings universal principles of economic and ethical philosophy.

A distressing lack of any real unity, either of thought or of treatment, makes it quite impossible to summarize or even to outline, within the limit of a review, this book of 400 closely printed pages. A few examples of Mr. Commons's approach to his broad subject must suffice.

The most unfortunate feature of this book (which Mr. Commons tells us was "commenced thirty-five years ago") is the entrance of a lay economist into the field of legal terminology. It is undoubtedly true that lawyers are careless in their use of legal terms. Undoubtedly such slipshod use of words impedes accurate analysis. In recent years certain legal scholars, familiar with the whole field of common and civil law, have worked out a set of artificial symbols, and urged that these be adopted as the working tools of the profession, to be used in a known, agreed sense. But to Mr. Commons such artificial symbols are of fundamental, even of universal significance. He crams into these arbitrary word-symbols meaning so complex and so foreign to the legal principles they must express as to make them valueless to a lawyer or a judge seeking to analyze some concrete legal problem; and surely there is almost no other justification for the new terminology.

Any exposition of the legal basis of capitalism must, of course, include a discussion of the meaning of "property." In tracing the development of this concept from the time of William the Conqueror to the present day, and particularly as it appears in the successive decisions of the federal Supreme Court, Mr. Commons performs what is probably the most satisfactory piece of work in his book. Yet one cannot but regret that he stopped where he did, instead of completing the picture, and making clear, once for all, the essential nature of property and of property rights.

Property, Mr. Commons might have made clear, is simply a *dominion*, flowing from and dependent upon the sovereign power, and only so long as the sovereign protects this dominion is there either property, or the earning power of property, called "value." Having established this beyond doubt Mr. Commons would then have been in a position to show in detail (as Mr. Donald Richberg has demonstrated in outline) that this dominion which we call property can exist only under the mantle of the sovereign's protection; that the sovereign is constantly creating, modifying, or destroying property, by extending or withdrawing or changing the boundaries of its protection, and as a consequence the dominion enjoyed by individuals is being enlarged, contracted, or destroyed. He could have pointed out that this process of molding property rights goes on without violating the constitutional provisions which safeguard property, because the privileges of dominion destroyed or modified were subject to destruction or modification by the very manner of their creation. Whatever the reason, the fact is that Mr. Commons has not set out and emphatically established these fundamentals. He has therefore missed an opportunity to silence the magpies who are constantly chattering about the interference of the legislature and the courts with their "natural and inherent" rights of private property, as if, without the legislature, the courts, etc., there would be private property rights at all!

Much of the value of his book is lost because many of Mr. Commons's ideas must be dug out, by main force, from a thick mass of heavy phrases and awkward, lumbering sentences. A simple illustration. He wishes to answer the question, "What constitutes the law?" Admittedly this is a serious and difficult question, and one about which many thoughtful books have been written. Mr. Commons answers: "Law is a science of the probabilities of official transactions in the exercise of authorized physical coercion." This may be accurate enough, but notice the simplicity and directness of Judge Holmes's classic definition: "The prophecies of what the courts will do in fact, and nothing more pretentious, are what I mean by the law." Undoubtedly the worth of his book would be increased tenfold if Mr. Commons could have maintained that ease and simplicity of expression of which he is at times the master.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

Books in Brief

Cyrano de Bergerac. Voyages to the Moon and the Sun. Translated by Richard Aldington. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

French Comedies of the XVIIIth Century—Regnard: *The Residuary Legatee.* Lesage: *Turcaret or The Financier.* Marivaux: *The Game of Love and Chance.* Destouches: *The Conceited Count.* Translated by Richard Aldington. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

Master Tyll Owlglass. His Marvellous Adventures and Rare Conceits. Translated by K. R. H. Mackenzie. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

Valuable additions to The Broadway Translations. Mr. Aldington revives Cyrano with the fine enthusiasm of a poet and a scholar, and in the biographical prefaces before the plays which he has rescued from the eighteenth century he displays a charming gift of differentiation. The translation of "Eulenspiegel" here given was done years ago, and now is a little dusty.

Drama

Our Best War Play

MAXWELL ANDERSON and Laurence Stallings have seized the perfect moment. During the five years which have passed since the armistice nerves have regained their tone but memory has not been dimmed, and thus they have managed to set down without a suspicion of hysteria and without a suspicion of sentimentality their vision of that strange and terrible phenomenon, modern war. They have described its brutality without rancor and pictured the inhuman verve and endurance of its heroes without blinking the ugly uselessness of the circumstances which called them forth, so that they have written unquestionably the finest play of the war which America has seen. Moreover they have imbued it with so robust a spirit that we are treated to the strange spectacle of a tragedy which is played to the accompaniment of a continual ripple of laughter without once ceasing to be powerful and moving.

"What Price Glory?" (Plymouth Theater) is written not out of thought but out of experience. The terrible impartiality

of its verisimilitude, which none of the opposing camps of thought can deny, comes from its authors' realization that whatever their own thoughts may be, what they have seen is more tremendous than their theories. Thus they have described, not argued, but admirable judgment has played its part. Keen intelligence, sweeping the field of memory, has seized upon the significant fact that dramatically the most important thing about war is not death and destruction but the way of life which it develops, that the great conflict just passed lasted long enough and drew into itself a sufficient number of men to develop a civilization or anti-civilization of its own, with a language, a philosophy, and a whole *kultur* as different from that of normal life as the *kultur* and philosophy of the Stone Age were different, and yet as adapted to the conditions of life as it was lived as ours. Upon the description of this way of life they have concentrated their attention.

It was Mr. Stallings, it seems, who actually participated in this new and tremendous mode of life, and he possessed a spiritual robustness sufficient to grasp and understand it. He has caught not only the Rabelaisian rhythm of its speech in which mouth-filling oaths do not stand out, being assimilated to the epic vigor of expression, but also the rhythm of that strange life itself with its simple values and its inexorable demands. Captain Flagg, professional soldier, is the perfect type which such conditions demand and strive to produce. Brutal to his men because he knows that brutality alone can fit them to endure the life they need, foul-mouthed because only so can he give vent to his emotions, and heroically faithful to his job for no reason at all except that men must have something, however irrational, to believe in and serve, he cultivates, unashamed, drunkenness and lust in every leisure moment, not because of any innate depravity, but because they alone are anodynes powerful enough and simple enough to drug such an existence. His men from the top sergeant down imitate as closely as their capacities will permit his adjustment to monstrous conditions; drinking like him, swearing like him, and, like him, reckless in all things, they nevertheless have come to accept hardship and death as normal and unescapable. They have forgotten the desires, the beliefs, and the habits of former life, and developed new and hardy souls fit for the new life which they lead.

Perhaps the concluding incident will best convey the spirit of the piece. Just back from the lines the captain and his sergeant have failed to conclude a duel to the death over an innkeeper's daughter who is too generous with her favors. Then word comes to move forward again. "Good God!" ejaculates the captain, almost dead from exhaustion, "it's the first time in months that I have had a real reason for fighting and now I can't fight. Tell 'em I won't go." But he does go, and his sergeant with him, both quite willing, if both should return, to take up at the earliest moment of leisure their little private tragedy of lust.

The acting honors of the piece are divided between Louis Wolheim as the captain, who comes first, and William Boyd as the sergeant, who comes second. Mr. Wolheim played the title role in "The Hairy Ape" and has thus had the privilege of appearing in two of the best American plays. He is worthy of both.

Mr. Faversham's new vehicle, "The Mask and the Face" (Bijou Theater), from the Italian, contains the germ of an excellent comic theme in its story of a masterful husband who comes to his senses when he sees that putting his ideas into practice awakes the admiration of no one except hysterical women, movie producers, and other ridiculous persons. But it never holds for long the tone of lightly bantering satire which it requires, wabbling distressingly between unconvincing drama and broad farce. "Thoroughbreds" (Vanderbilt Theater) may be described as the sort of play in which the beautiful Southern heroine says to her impetuous wooer: "No, I cannot marry you until I have cleared up the mystery of my birth."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LECTURES and AMUSEMENTS

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
"WHAT PRICE GLORY"
A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.

"SHIVERS WITH LAUGHS" MANTLE-News
GEO. M. COHAN Theatre-Bway-43d St.
Evenings at 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
IS YOUR LAUGHTER FARCICAL OR PSYCHICAL?
LEWIS & GORDON present
THE HAUNTED HOUSE
OWEN DAVIS' SUCCESSOR to "The NERVOUS WRECK"
with
WALLACE EDDINGER

RAND SCHOOL
7 East 15th Street
Beginning Sept. 30, 1924.
Courses in History, Economics, Sociology, Psychology, Literature, Science, Music, Drama, Art.
Write for "RAND SCHOOL NEWS."

Great DEBATE of the Campaign!
SHOULD A CLASS-CONSCIOUS SOCIALIST OR WORKER VOTE FOR LA FOLLETTE?
SCOTT NEARING says No!
Foremost Socialist Spokesman
vs. MEYER LONDON says Yes!
First Socialist Congressman and Labor Attorney
Chairman to be announced
Sunday, October 5, 1924, at 3 P. M.
Central Opera House, 67th Street and 3rd Avenue
Tickets, $1.10 (incl. war tax)

EXTRAORDINARY LECTURE!
"WHY TROTZKY HATES MACDONALD"
A frank exposition of the differences between the principles, aims and methods of the Labor Party of England and the Communist Party of Soviet Russia
by John Langdon-Davies
Journalist, Oxford Lecturer.
Labor Party Candidate for Parliament,
(First appearance in this country)
Sunday, October 19, 3 P. M.
Cooper Union, 4th Avenue and 8th Street
Tickets 75c. (plus war tax)

Tickets for both these events on sale at Jimmie Higgins Bookshop, 127 University Place; Gothic Art Book Store, 176 Second Avenue; Katz's Music Store, 181 E. Broadway; Hauser's Bookstore, 1285 Fifth Avenue, corner 110th Street; Stern's Jewelry Store, 1337 Wilkins Avenue, Bronx; Neidorf's Book Store, 1817 Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn; Katz's Drug Store, 78 Graham Avenue, Brooklyn, or at the offices of and by mail from
THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 FIFTH AVENUE Tel. Longacre 10434-10435
N. B. TO OUT-OF-TOWNERS: *If you desire a stenographic report of the above events, send us your name, stating which interest you.*

In next week's *Nation*

The Record of John W. Davis

A Summary of the Facts

International Relations Section

Will Germany Live Again?

By KARL F. GEISER

Berlin, August 22

THE American tourists who now visit Germany by the thousands and see from the car windows of railway trains the green meadows, the red-roofed hamlets, brooks, winding roads, and well-kept harvest fields that lie in pleasant valleys and extend to the dark-green forest edge on the hills may honestly come to the conclusion that all goes well in Germany now; and those who observe the clean streets and orderly government of great cities like Berlin, Frankfurt, Munich, or Stuttgart will perhaps be convinced that a wave of prosperity is just ahead and that present conditions are about normal. The expert commissions which get much of their information from bankers and money lenders (who now receive from 25 to 80 per cent interest on loans) may determine, with mathematical precision, Germany's capacity to pay. To such the political destruction of a state or the permanent creation of human misery means little. In fact, the Dawes Report specifically states that one of its chief aims is "to set up machinery to provide for the largest annual payments from Germany." That state is duly charged with the crime of having managed her railroads in the interest of her industries; and the American college professor will see in this allegation impeccable evidence of German duplicity and enlighten his students accordingly. An empire of sixty-three million people may be put in bondage, or a nation of seventy million souls may be divided against its will for four decades by a "legal" contract, if only the books balance and trade is restored.

Saved Again

There is nothing in the Dawes Report or the proceedings of the London Conference that would justify the conclusion that the great mass of workers in Germany have any rights that international commissions should respect. German leaders themselves have ceased to appeal to the outside world on the basis of justice or humanity, for they are now convinced that such an appeal does not carry very far in a world where international ethic is determined by the counting house.

"What business have you," said an American official, "to report the miserable conditions in Germany? Such information should be given to the diplomats and those officials of the state who know how to use it." Nor was the remark made in a spirit of heartless cynicism. The fact is many foreign officials do not know the actual conditions that prevail among the masses; the Germans themselves scarcely realize it. Neither is it strange that this should be so. It has now been a decade since the war that made the world safe for diplomacy began, and, aside from occasional convulsions, the masses have gradually drifted into a settled order of misery. As in the cities of Italy and Germany, the relics of ancient and medieval civilization are hidden by modern structures from which the average tourist gains his impressions, so the deepest misery of the German people is not visible to the passing observer: it must be sought if it is to be found. Moreover, the average German does not exhibit his poverty to the outside world; he conceals it, and even a public official who has charge of a welfare department will not readily admit that those under his care are in actual want, for such an admission might be construed as a reflection upon his management. There is always a tendency on the part of every city and state official to put his department upon a self-sustaining basis. In accordance with this principle the Gas and Electric Light Department of Munich last winter raised the rates to the consumers with the result that the poorer classes were compelled to live without gas and light. At a recent session of the German Newspaper Association, held in Stuttgart, the president of that association asked for a concession that would permit the conference to continue beyond the closing hour of midnight. The

concession was granted but on condition that the association should bind itself to turn over to the city treasury three marks per hour for every person who remained beyond the closing period. These are not isolated examples; they could be multiplied by thousands.

Those who know the characteristics of the race will not deny that the average German is industrious and will not accept charity in any form unless compelled to do so by the grinding pressure of his environment. And if the thought uppermost in the mind of the average German were expressed in a single sentence it would read: "All that we ask of the world today is to be allowed to live and work." Yet of the entire population of the empire, 22 per cent receive charity in some form. In Munich four-fifths of all children, up to six years of age, living in the city, are in part or entirely supported either from public or private charitable institutions; and Munich reflects but the average condition of the large cities. In Berlin conditions are worse, in Stuttgart somewhat better. It should be said, however, in this connection, that the social-welfare policy in Germany is not only better organized than in America, but is also more comprehensive in its scope, for Germany believes, and proceeds upon the theory, that every class, except the rich, is entitled not only to protection but to actual support from the state or municipality during a crisis. The public is therefore taxed to assist the owners of rent-bearing property as well as the wage-earners or the unemployed. Undoubtedly this policy is wise, for it has prevented a general financial collapse. The burden, however, that such a policy places upon the public is enormous, and cannot be carried indefinitely: it is a temporary policy and is based upon the hope of a better future—and an international conference.

It requires neither prophet nor seer to determine whether, and upon what conditions, Germany will live again. Statistics from any one of Germany's large cities, with just a little common sense applied to human nature, will furnish the answer. Take Stuttgart as an example: it has a population of 350,000 and represents the most hopeful condition of any of the larger German cities. Its present budget shows an expense account of 4.8 million marks; it has an income of 2 million marks: a deficit of 2.8 million marks must therefore be met in some way, in new burdens imposed upon the public. There are no reserve funds anywhere. Labor is not paid a living wage; of the 3,000 workers on the city pay roll the average wage is one dollar a day, which is approximately the wages paid to labor in industries throughout the German Empire. The average wage paid to policemen in Berlin is $25 a month, while, with rare exceptions, the salaries to professors in large universities is less than an instructor receives in an American college. But the point of mental depression is not indicated by the mere reduction of incomes, for the young instructors are often dropped entirely from the salary lists in all universities, and the same holds true among officials and employees of every class and every industry throughout the empire. Banking institutions now have reduced their personnel to about one-third of their former number and unemployment is again on the increase.

If space permitted, statistics could be adduced that would tell a story of patient suffering amid discouragement unparalleled by any state in modern times. But at best statistics can give only a faint impression of the life and spirit of Germany today. The significance of the complete destruction of the middle class, which has hitherto formed the basis of all great states, cannot be estimated in figures; neither can the effect of the impoverishment of the intellectual life be measured by formulas devised by economists. But even if one accepts the economic factor as the most significant denominator of Germany's future, as the London Conference did, it is difficult to find reason for optimism. Her industries upon which she must depend for a better future are wavering along every line, and are largely maintained, not from present profits but from capital turned into the wage fund to keep labor employed until help comes in the form of credit and a readjustment can be made upon a self-sustaining basis. But the capital which has thus far been employed to keep labor and industry going is now completely exhausted and the situation has never been more critical than it is today.

Those outside of Germany who feel that the crisis is now past or think that the conclusion of bankers goes to the root of the problem may be perfectly honest in their belief. Politically, Germany seems to be finding herself; her old efficiency is again returning and she is adjusting the burdens of the war in such a manner as to bear equally upon all, so far as that is possible. There is no longer actual starvation, though millions still hunger, and the death-rate has been reduced to about normal. But all this, if correctly analyzed, simply means that government has, to a remarkable degree, controlled the distribution of wealth in the interest of all classes and that they are all equally near to a general collapse.

The fact that cities or states, as corporate entities, may ultimately gain as a result of inflation does not help the present situation in the least, for there is no general surplus in any city or state government, or in any industry. When any branch of government or of an industry yields more than is necessary to sustain it, the surplus is distributed to other departments that are running at a deficit in order to permit the entire organization to function. It is not too much to say that the entire energy of the nation is devoted, not to outstrip competitors but to maintain its local and national life at a standard where, in the opinion of the masses, obedience to law and government will be preferable to anarchy.

No careful observer who penetrates the surface and conventional forms, who sees beneath the exterior, and feels the weak, nervous pulse of this great nation, who really takes the trouble to know its heart and mind, can honestly assert that Germany is hiding her wealth and deliberately evading her responsibility. The great majority of the old aristocratic families and those who were formerly rich and formed the chief support of charitable enterprises lost all their wealth, while the few profiteers who gained by the war give nothing to charity and do nothing to promote the public welfare. The result is that the internal burden of the state must be carried almost entirely by taxation. Where the necessary revenue is to come from, and how the burden of taxation can long be borne, German economists are at a loss to know; and their pessimism is supported by cold, stubborn facts.

Conservative estimates place the total wealth of Germany before the war at 350 milliard gold marks; it is now reduced to 150 milliards. In other words, 200 milliards of value have been destroyed. The total public and private income before the war was about 45 milliard marks; it is now about 20 milliards. This immense loss of wealth and

income might perhaps be replaced within a reasonable period, if conditions were favorable and the chief sources of wealth were not destroyed; but the treaty makers, with the help of the experts, were very careful to see that every natural and convenient resource upon which the life of Germany must depend should either be crippled or destroyed. Her land area, exclusive of colonies, was reduced from 540,857 to 470,314 square kilometers; her population, from 64,925,993 to 59,858,284. Nor can it be said that the loss of territory is relieved by the loss of population, for aside from the fact that the most productive areas were taken by the Allies, the population per square kilometer has increased from 123.8 in 1914 to about 135 in 1924. Based upon pre-war conditions, economists have estimated that Germany loses annually, as a result of the treaty but exclusive of the Saar territory, more than one-tenth of her cereals, and more than one-tenth of her live stock, while her industries, upon which 40,000,000 depend for a living, are throttled by an annual loss of approximately one-fifth of her coal, one-fourth of her lead, two-thirds of her zinc, and three-fourths of her iron. The total number of her factories has been reduced by about one-fourth; but here again the significant fact is not the destruction or loss of property but the conditions which the treaty, subsequent conferences, and French occupation of the Ruhr have imposed upon German industries everywhere. In Solingen and its environs, to take but a single example from the illegally occupied area, there are about 600 industries where French control is absolute and harsh; import and export duties are levied and administered with the greatest possible annoyance to the managers and a needless cost to the owners of about 10 per cent of the profits. As a result employers have been unable to pay workmen their wages for the last two months—the very period, by the way, during which the London Conference adopted the Dawes Report, which asks Germany to pledge, as a guaranty for the payment of reparation, her industrial bonds!

Another fact which escaped the makers of the Dawes Report—and also the American newspapers—was connected with taxation. Every manufacturing concern, large or small, must pay an annual minimum tax of at least 10 per cent upon the volume of business transacted, regardless of profits or losses. There are, of course, in addition to this, many other forms of taxation: general property, incomes, land, excess profits, sales, privileges, luxuries, and amusements are but a few that may be mentioned. Taxes are, in fact, so numerous and complex that every large business concern has attached to it a special tax expert who determines the amount that must be paid under the various heads. No dogmatic statement, therefore, should be made upon this subject in a general article upon German living conditions. But it may be safely said that when an international conference in London or Paris attempts to estimate Germany's capacity to pay, and bases that estimate upon the hitherto accepted economic formulas or upon the volume of business transacted, it is practically worthless when used as an index to the real conditions of life at present or to future possibilities.

Official Germany has now accepted the Dawes Report. There was nothing to do but to accept when America said: "Unless you accept, no credit will be extended to you." But unofficial Germany—the composite opinion of all classes—does not believe that the Government can live up to the contract signed in London and accepted by the Reichstag. Unofficial Germany will call your attention to the fact that not a single one of the large Powers has offered to the German people a single concession to relieve their distress, or given the faintest hope for a better future, without demanding in advance more than an equivalent in return. Even the MacDonald Government, from which disinterested and generous action might have been expected, reimposed the 26 per cent export duty upon German goods the moment the London protocol was signed; and American protected interests may also be trusted to keep out German goods though 110,000,000 consumers would be benefited by their free entry into the United States.

Let there be no mistake: the Dawes Report was not framed to liberate or aid Germany; if it had been, it would not have taken the supreme control of the railways out of German hands. That control was taken by the foreigner as the final guaranty that German commerce could be throttled at any moment that it threatened its competitors by increasing the transportation rates. This is the sum and substance of the Dawes Report. If Germany as a state survives under this plan it will not be by virtue of her own right or merit but by the sufferance of her enemies.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the La Follette-Wheeler Campaign Fund received by *The Nation* since those recorded last week:

Previously listed	$3,537.25
June Hartman and sister	5.00
J. Baum	5.00
H. Meisel	1.00
L. T.	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sharpe	5.00
Benj. L. Tepper	5.00
Three Connecticut Friends	3.00
Theodore L. Landt	3.00
Oscar Berger	5.00
Ernest H. Dietrich	5.00
M. Gruendler	10.00
H. M. Olmsted	20.00
Jennie Honig and Helen Basch	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Zeisberg	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. John D. Mowrey	2.00
J. Schumer	1.00
Leo Jacobs	1.00
M. D. Wand	2.00
Chas. E. Ozanne	50.00
Stephen Demartini	5.00
H. A. C. B.	5.00
L. Teitelbaum	2.00
Everett Warner	1.00
F. Adelman	4.00
Clement Wells	5.00
Herman Schweiger	2.00
H. B.	1.00
Joshua S. Epstein	3.00
C. W. Broomall	5.00
Max Ehrlich	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dietz	5.00
Hannah A. Falk	5.00
MacKnight Black	10.00
Julius Marcus	5.00
Anonymous	5.00
Ruth Anderson	2.00
Pauline M. Murrah	2.00
Frances E. Sabin	5.00
Rev. John Haynes Holmes	10.00
Stuart Chase	1.00
Charles Pratt	50.00
Mrs. L. D. Schoyer	10.00
A. Simon, M. Kaplan, Anonymous	3.00
Geo. Goward	2.00
E. L. Tiffany	3.00
S. Liotta	2.00
S. Lovich	2.00
H. E. Teweles	10.00
Mrs. Anna I. LaMonte	25.00
Sam W. Hoke	5.00
Herman Loeding	2.50
Mrs. T. M. Durlach and friends	200.00
Walter Verity, M.D.	25.00
Julia H. Scott	10.00
A. Hawick	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gillilan	10.00
Rev. J. H. Tever	5.00
Samuel Tzach	5.00
Roland E. Kremers	4.00
Ida D. Simpson	5.00
Leon Bardin	3.00
Dr. A. R. Braunlich	10.00
Otto J. Borngesser	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Guerdon Nichols	5.00
J. S. Cheslinski	4.00
Total	$4,174.75

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1924 No. 3091

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 321
EDITORIALS:
A Lawyer for President? What Lawyer? 324
The Way to Disarm 325
Livy at Last? 325
Please Save the Republic! 326
WHO IS JOHN W. DAVIS? 327
IN MEMORY OF H. W. MASSINGHAM. By Henry Wood Nevinson 329
LOSSIEMOUTH. By Frank H. Simonds 330
LINES TO A DEAD LADY. By Lawrence Lee 331
INSTRUCTIVE NEW HAMPSHIRE. By William Hard 332
WORKERS' EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By A. J. Muste 333
DEPARTURE. By Ludwig Lewisohn 335
YOUNG AMERICA. By Frances Bradley 336
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 338
CORRESPONDENCE 338
BOOKS:
Upton Sinclair Scores Again. By C. Hartley Grattan 340
What Is Sex? By E. Carleton MacDowell 340
America's Foremost Composer. By John Erskine 341
Trivia. By Gerald Hewes Carson 342
A Rebel and a Leader. By Clarence R. Long 342
Books in Brief 343
DRAMA:
A Problem. By Joseph Wood Krutch 343
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Trade Union Congress, 1924 345
The Palestine Problem 345

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
Managing Editor Literary Editor
ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager
Contributing Editors
ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS
ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

ALL THE LA FOLLETTE NEWS is good news. Iowa is so certain for La Follette that, according to reliable reports, a group of the leading Wall Street financiers was hastily called together at a luncheon in mid-September, at which they pledged a large sum of money to buy Iowa back for Coolidge. But the most amazing news comes from California. At the outset of the campaign no one dared hope that this reactionary State would turn toward La Follette. The early optimism of Rudolph Spreckels, the La Follette manager, was readily discounted, but the Hearst and *Literary Digest* polls show an amazing turning to La Follette, even in Los Angeles. More than that, Gus Karger, the anti-La Follette correspondent of the Taft Cincinnati paper, wires from California that the State is now La Follette's. In New York the tide is turning from Coolidge. There Representative John D. Clark, of Delaware County, who upheld the President throughout the last session of Congress, was defeated for renomination, while Hamilton Fish, Jr., who opposed the President and was violently attacked during the primary campaign for not being regular, was triumphantly renominated. Chairman Shaver's admission that if the election were held today it would go into the House is further convincing proof of the growth of the La Follette movement. Even in a border State like Maryland the amount of support for La Follette is causing the Davis managers the greatest concern. The tidal wave is growing.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S opening speech at Madison Square Garden, New York City, demonstrated that he is in powerful voice, in vigorous health, and ready for an aggressive campaign. In his attacks upon Calvin Coolidge he was particularly effective, and his analysis of the evolution of the Supreme Court's super-legislative position was a powerful demonstration of the need of curbing that dangerous body. Striking, indeed, was the response to his statement of what the war had meant to the world and to his own pledge to work to outlaw war—to no other sentiment did the vast audience respond as enthusiastically. That can be matched at every La Follette meeting; there is every evidence that peace-lovers throughout the country are turning to this man of peace with the certainty that if he is elected he will stand four-square for the outlawry of war. As for the Senator's economic proposals, there was nothing new in them, and, as our readers are aware, they are not as thoroughgoing as we should like. Why cannot so honest and brave a man, bent on destroying monopoly and the trusts, perceive the necessity of free trade? Until all protective tariffs are removed other measures are mere palliatives. Behind the tariff privilege of every kind is intrenched. None the less, we welcome Senator La Follette's serious discussion of economic problems; he is forcing people to think, however unwillingly, upon the fundamental issues.

HARRY DAUGHERTY was afraid. After months of bluster and braggadocio he did not dare take the witness-stand publicly and face questions on his record. He cowered behind a technicality. He is not the kind of man who fights in the open. Twice he has exposed himself as the slimiest kind of fighter. Once he conferred with the secretary and another employee of the Republican National Committee; the latter forthwith departed for Montana and arranged with a federal office-holder to have Burton K. Wheeler indicted on trumped-up evidence. Senator Borah's committee investigated and reported that Mr. Wheeler had "observed at all times not only the letter but the spirit of the law." Daugherty lapsed for a time into silence, appearing in the newspapers only in connection with his brother's fight to keep their bank accounts from examination. Now he plays another card. One of the many witnesses who testified to the rottenness and corruption in his department was Gaston B. Means, a former department employee, an intimate of Daugherty and friend of Andrew Mellon. Mr. Means was under indictment in New York for violation of the liquor laws. No sooner had he appeared against Daugherty than the prosecution was pressed. Means was convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He told Senator Wheeler that he had no money with which to appeal, and that a representative of Daugherty had approached him promising relief if he would repudiate his testimony. Wheeler told him to do as his conscience bade him. Now, in the midst of the campaign, Daugherty produces an alleged repudiation —which Means, somewhat equivocally, repudiates in its turn. This suspicious set of circumstances should be

cleared up. Has Daugherty still influence enough in the administration of justice to arrange reprieves for men who perjure themselves to do his bidding and help his political associates?

ADD CURTIS WILBUR'S NAME to the list of misfits in the Harding-Coolidge Cabinet. Fall and Daugherty, the uncleanest of the crew, are gone, and the stupid Denby too. Curtis Wilbur has proved his unfitness for public office by his wild and foolish speeches. Mr. Wilbur is at least transparently honest. There is no guile or subtlety in these words of his San Francisco speech:

> The navy is of particular importance to the Pacific Coast . . . because of the belief that the last acts of the drama of civilization will occur in and around the Pacific Ocean. . . . [Then, immediately after referring to the Japanese exclusion:] It has been a great personal satisfaction for me to come down the coast with 14,000 sailors wearing the American uniform in ships adequate for their own protection and for the protection of our coasts, both East and West, from the aggression of any people influenced, as all people may be, by some extension of the mob spirit, some outburst of passion, or some real or fancied insult. There is nothing so cooling to a hot temper as a piece of cold steel.

This is good, old-fashioned saber-rattling militarism 100 per cent pure. We are glad that President Coolidge yanked Secretary Wilbur off the speaking platform; we are only sorry that he lacked the courage to admit his decent action.

"NICHOLAS MIRACULOUS" BUTLER, president of Columbia University, can be, when the fit is on him, a fire-eating orator. Something in Senator La Follette's proposal to modify the dictatorial power of the Supreme Court lit the fires within his breast. He was particularly excited by La Follette's statement that

> A century and a half ago our forefathers shed their blood in order that they might establish on this continent a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed, in which the will of the people, expressed through their duly elected representatives, should be sovereign.

Without stopping to reread the Declaration of Independence Mr. Butler shouted that "Our forefathers did nothing of the sort. They took good care to do something quite different." The power of judicial review, he continued, "constitutes America's greatest single contribution to the cause of free government." The forefathers, one might suggest, would be even more surprised than we to hear it. Nicholas boldly challenged the enemy. "If they are looking for a fight on that issue," he said, "we are prepared to give it to them and it will be a fight to a finish." The finish came very soon. Norman Thomas, Socialist and Farmer-Labor candidate for Governor of New York, promptly challenged Mr. Butler to debate. But the fire in Mr. Butler's breast had died. "I don't intend to meet the gentleman," was all he had to say.

A SINISTER FIGURE has bobbed up again in the new commander of the American Legion, Colonel, or General, James A. Drain. Once chief of ordnance of the State of Washington, Drain arrived in Washington in 1905 as editor of *Arms and the Man*, under a guaranty of $2,500 a year for two years, made by the representatives of a cartridge company. *Arms and the Man* blossomed richly upon the advertising of all the large powder companies; and General Drain became a member of the National Militia Board and of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, which promptly recommended the purchase of four or five million rounds of cartridges from private companies for testing in competition with one million rounds of government-made ammunition. General Drain was also president of the National Rifle Association, which carried on its propaganda by use of a government franking privilege, to which it was in no way entitled, part of the salary of its press and publicity agent being openly paid by the ammunition-makers. In the passage of the Dick militia bill, the first eventful step toward nationalizing our militia and making it an instrument of propaganda for the federal military machine, General Drain also played a large part. He was as active a professional militarist as we have ever seen in Washington. His career is clear evidence that our existing militarism has largely been engineered by the interests which profit by armaments. He served as a colonel of ordnance in France and is the first non-fighting man to reach the headship of the Legion, which has so far lost ground that fewer than 1,000 votes were cast at its annual convention.

EXCEPT IN THE EVENT OF BATTLE, murder, or sudden death India hardly appears on the horizon of American news. Our knowledge of that strange land is a series of shocking incidents—whether of great beauty or great horror. The Black Hole of Calcutta, Amritsar, the Akali trouble, Tagore, Gandhi. Yet significant though seemingly unimportant events are occurring with great rapidity. Gandhi's non-violent non-cooperation has given way in popular favor to the more active political obstructionism of the Swarajists under the leadership of Das and Nehru. As a result the Central Provinces and Bengal have refused to vote the salaries of ministers. In Bengal the Governing Council has been prorogued and the departments taken over by the Governor, Lord Lytton. Triumphantly the Swarajists have declared that the continuation of dyarchy has been made impossible. They have repudiated the Montagu-Chelmsford reform scheme with its plan for gradual transference of one department after another to Indian rule "as they prove themselves capable of governing." The Swarajists are now demanding a conference which will draw up a new constitution providing for a "federation of self-governing Indian states" with a central government having certain fiscal and military powers. Mr. MacDonald has expressed himself emphatically as unwilling to be coerced by the Indian extremists. Yet in all probability the Labor Government if it remains in power will arrange such a conference as soon as it can turn from European affairs. Eventually Great Britain will have to move toward greater freedom in India for her own good as well as India's.

KANSAS ALWAYS HAS a surprise up its sleeve to keep current history from getting dull. The latest is the announcement that William Allen White, editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, is to run as an independent for the governorship because he regards both the Republican and Democratic nominees as tools of the Ku Klux Klan. In his own energetic language Mr. White says:

> I am proud of my State, and the thought that Kansas should have a government beholden to this hooded gang of

masked fanatics, ignorant and tyrannical in their ruthless oppression, is what calls me out of the pleasant joy of my life and into this distasteful but necessary task.

This is straight talk, but it is nothing to what the Klan has said of Mr. White. For instance, the Enid (Oklahoma) *Fish Hook* recently called him a "doodlewad shot," adding: "He likes a dollar so well that if a fly were to light on a dollar of his money he would catch him and scrape his legs." Upon reading this the staff of the Emporia *Gazette* did not rebuke the *Fish Hook*. On the contrary they—we suspect "they" were "Bill" White himself—wrote:

> The downtrodden and oppressed force of the *Gazette* that has to live with this old whangdoodle and listen to his preterbatious scandulations have felt for some time that this town ought to have the truth about him. . . . He is the kind of affercascious old salamander who would spread stories about his own family to peluverate in the ignitious profits.

Between now and Election Day there promises to be a soul-stirring battle of words in breezy Kansas.

THE GOOSE-STEP in our schools goes merrily forward. We take the following from the program prepared for "American Education Week" (November 17 to 23, inclusive) by the American Legion, the National Education Association, and the United States Bureau of Education:

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1924

CONSTITUTION DAY

The Constitution is the bulwark of democracy and happiness.

1. Life, liberty, justice, security, and opportunity.
2. How our Constitution guarantees these rights.
3. Revolutionists, communists, and extreme pacifists are a menace to these guaranties.
4. One Constitution, one Union, one flag, one history.

Slogans—*Ballots, not bullets*
Master the English language
Visit the schools today

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1924

PATRIOTISM DAY

The United States flag is the living symbol of the ideals and institutions of our Republic.

1. The red flag means death, destruction, poverty, starvation, disease, anarchy, and dictatorship.
2. Help the immigrants and aliens to become American citizens.
3. Take an active interest in governmental affairs.
4. Stamp out revolutionary radicalism.
5. To vote is the primary duty of the patriot.

Slogans—*America first*
The red flag means danger
Visit the schools today

EUROPEANS MAY GENUINELY ADMIRE the American girl and may come to tolerate the American skyscraper, but there is one thing which they simply cannot swallow at all—they cannot conceive how anyone pretending to be a civilized human being can eat corn on the cob. Americans have boasted of this succulent and flavorful food all over the world, but they have left the world amazed and uncomprehending. Even the technique of this great American indoor sport is only dimly comprehended, as witness a recent note on the subject in the *Manchester Guardian*. The writer, who refers to the dish as "corn on cob," says:

> The spikes of unripe maize are boiled as a vegetable until quite soft, and then served on long dishes, bathed in butter. A silver handle, somewhat like an ordinary meat-skewer, is inserted at each end of the spike. Both hands are employed, one at each end, to hold the spike in position while one eats. It is well, for obvious reasons, to see that the dish is exactly below the mouth during the operation.

Probably it would shock the *Guardian* writer irretrievably to learn that his "silver handle" would be tossed aside with scorn by any real lover of "corn on cob," and that the actual technique is far more primitive than he suggests. We were delighted to learn that President Coolidge served corn on the cob to the Prince of Wales, but if he seriously wants to get in a masterstroke for world understanding he should call an International Conference on Eating Corn on the Cob to clear this matter up.

A GIFTED AND CHARMING LECTURER was lost to America by the sudden death of Charles Zueblin as a result of overexerting himself while climbing in Switzerland. Of most attractive personality and rare charm of manner, he preached modern liberal thought and political progress in so skilled a way that his varied audiences often failed to realize the radical character of much that he gave them. Founder of the Northwestern University Settlement in Chicago as far back as 1891, he was an instructor and professor at the University of Chicago from 1892 until 1908. For three years editor of the *Twentieth Century Magazine*, he was a contributor to most of the intellectual journals of the country, writing always from the ethical point of view on behalf of reform and progress. An ardent supporter of the League of Nations, he was in Switzerland to attend the present sessions of the Assembly, working to further the admission of Germany and Russia to its membership. America swarms with lecturers, but among them is no finer spirit and no truer patriot than was Charles Zueblin.

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY of Edward Carpenter, on August 29 of this year, was the occasion in England for a survey and evaluation of his life's work. He emerges from the discussion an important and a curiously interesting man—a writer mild yet powerful, a prophet serene yet destructive, a critic of modern society who is half lyric poet and half philosopher. His coming to America and meeting Walt Whitman in 1877 first made him articulate, and he is often compared with the author of "Leaves of Grass"; but he is scarcely so potent a force, though he has a more critical mind. Returning to England, he developed a set of ideas which gradually took shape in "Towards Democracy," his earliest book and in many ways his most representative. In the intervals of experiments at the simple life he has produced a number of volumes which are all but classics. He was one of the first writers in England or elsewhere to treat frankly and rationally of sex; he examined the doctrines of human freedom and human equality; he revolted entirely against the industrial civilization in which he found himself. He still may mean much to a world which needs purity and calmness of vision above all things. In the interviews which he gave out on his birthday he congratulated England upon its Labor Government, and he declared that the only solution for the most pressing of modern problems—population—is not murder or war but birth control.

A Lawyer for President? What Lawyer?

ROSCOE POUND, dean of the Harvard Law School, has epitomized the preponderating place of lawyers in the public affairs of the country. They are, he says, "intrenched in the State House and Senate House." There are 320 lawyers among the 527 members of Congress. We are governed by lawyers, and hardly any question of public policy is more important than that involved in the candidacy of John W. Davis and in his own view of his profession. May a lawyer's acts in private practice be considered when he seeks public office?

The issue was presented when Senator Walsh, in notifying John W. Davis of his nomination, referred to and sought to meet the criticism that "you have been employed professionally as a lawyer by gigantic business interests whose policy and conduct have aroused quite general indignation, have repeatedly been the subject of the severest censure by the press, of investigation by the courts and Congress." Mr. Davis replied that "the answer to any criticism on that score must come . . . from the more than one hundred thousand other honest patriotic men and women who make up the legal profession in this country." Subsequently, he refused to discuss the bearing of his private law practice on his qualification for the Presidency. The bar itself has not answered for him. The answer must be given by the public. If the lawyers are to have immunity from the tests applied to all other candidates for office the reasons for such immunity must satisfy not alone the bar, but the people as a whole.

One of the tests applied to candidates is universally accepted in both private and public affairs. If a merchant goes to Mr. Davis's client, the Guaranty Trust Company, and asks for credit, the bank examines that merchant's record. When the New York Telephone Company was looking for a lawyer to help it obtain an increase in rates, it retained Davis because his record spelled ability and prestige. Similarly, a voter considers a candidate's record.

That record is studied with reference to the candidate's qualification for the particular place for which he has been nominated. If J. P. Morgan were a candidate for city comptroller he might get votes which would be denied to him as a contestant for the Presidency. If the head of the Santa Fe Railroad were nominated for the Presidency, progressives would little regard his domestic virtues as against the fact that his road was one of the die-hard injunction-using companies. Scholarship, dignity, Virginia-bred courtesy, desirable as these are, would not get liberal votes for a West Virginia coal operator who had clubbed labor unions with the injunction, the anti-trust act, or contempt proceedings. The recent outcry against Mr. Dawes for his connection with the Lorimer bank means that banker-candidates for public office must have at least honest records.

If a business man's private actions against the public interest are deemed relevant to his availability for political trusteeship, why should not the same be true of the lawyer? It will be appropriate to take, as an illustration, the lawyer who has precipitated this issue. Mr. Davis's client wanted to have union men jailed, and Mr. Davis helped in the contempt proceedings to jail them. His client wanted to collect triple damages from the miners' union, and Mr. Davis sought to show how to extend the use of the anti-trust act against labor unions for this purpose. A telephone company wanted to raise its charges, and Mr. Davis fought to get the increase, and to that end he urged valuation principles and methods opposed to the public good.

In some, though not in all, such cases a distinction can be made between the motive of the client and the motive of the lawyer. The client wanted the union men jailed because it wanted to break a strike. The lawyer may have had no such motive; his primary object may have been simply to earn his fee; but he knew, no less than his client, that the direct consequence of his act as lawyer would be to break the strike. The underlying motive of both was the same—money, power, or self-interest.

Various other distinctions which might be advanced do not apply to the broad issue presented to the bar and the public by Mr. Davis's candidacy. A lawyer who has at one time served against the public may forswear such service and prove his loyalty to the people's cause. A lawyer may serve, in other matters, a client some of whose business practices should bar him from the Presidency; that would not necessarily affect the fitness of the lawyer for public office. Of course he may not help a man commit a crime, but to help an accused person to preserve his personal liberty is not the same thing. The issue Mr. Davis's candidacy raises falls within none of these categories. His firm is a real part of the Morgan machine in the Morgan business—the connection between the two firms is intimate, it is constant, it has been riveted by years and years of companionship. This is substantial enough, but it is not all. Mr. Davis and his firm were associated also with the Kuhn-Loeb interest, the second largest financial house in America; with the Guaranty Trust Company, the largest bank of its kind in the country; with great railroads and industrial companies and public utilities. Here was a law practice at the center of the powers of imperialism, of industrial autocracy, and of the great "money trust." Mr. Davis's relation to these financial powers is exceptionally intimate. This fact may make the Davis example an unusually severe test of the problem he confidently propounded to the entire bar; but the extreme case of Mr. Davis and his own firm indicates how dangerous can be the doctrine that lawyers who seek public office should not be judged by their deeds in private practice.

It is fortunate that, if the issue was to be raised at all, it arose as it did. It gained an instant importance from the man who proposed the question, a leader of the American bar, an ex-president of the American Bar Association, a candidate for the Presidency of the republic. The urbanity, the agreeableness of this lawyer and of his professional associates strip the issue of the merely personal aspects and leave only the professional.

An answer was asked by the leader of lawyers from the lawyers themselves. Let the lawyers answer. Will they claim a privilege, an immunity which must in the long run drive them from public office? Or will they heed the words of America's greatest legal scholar: "It is no accident that the legal profession is more than ordinarily under criticism at present. . . . A period of growth is at hand and men are more sensitive to contrast between the legal and the moral."

The Way to Disarm

A NEW wave of optimism is sweeping over Europe. It finds its expression in the serious attempts to work out a program of disarmament at Geneva. Never, since the Hague conferences—unless in the restricted discussions at Washington—has the problem of disarmament so won the limelight of the world's attention. Pacifists and theorists have argued about it; statesmen and politicians have shrugged their shoulders and remarked "Yes, it would be ideal, but . . ." Today at last the prime ministers are awakening to the realization that unless they can solve the problem of this ideal all their other achievements will be wiped out.

It is a great forward step that the League is inviting all the nations of the world—Germany, Soviet Russia, and the United States included—to a disarmament conference next June. Unless all the great nations which are potential military Powers participate in such a conference it will be foredoomed to sterility. If the correspondents rightly predict that the French Government will offer no opposition to the proposal to admit Germany to the League and give her a permanent seat on the Council, there is still more cause for rejoicing. Nothing, however, so imperils progress as a too facile optimism. It is not enough that the minds of men in high position are at last puzzling over the if's and how's of disarmament. At Geneva last week two fundamentally opposed theories of disarmament and security clashed, and there is danger that the discussion may simply accentuate the contrast between these two views and render progress more difficult.

Ramsay MacDonald faced the issue squarely in his opening address. The Cecil-Requin Treaty of Mutual Assistance, which the British Government rejected, had made provisions for mutual assistance in case of war the basis of the move for disarmament. "We believe," said Mr. MacDonald,

> that a military alliance in an agreement for security is like a grain of mustard seed, small to begin with; that is the essential seed of the agreement, and that seed with the years will grow until at last the tree that has been produced from it will overshadow the heavens, and we shall be back exactly in the military position in which we found ourselves in 1914. . . . The danger of supreme importance which is facing us now is that national security should be regarded merely as a military problem based on the predominance of force.

Mr. MacDonald therefore urged that the nations begin by agreements for general arbitration rather than by attempts to win security by military means. "The essential condition of security and peace," he said, "is justice, which must be allowed to speak. That is arbitration." And he proposed, in substance, an agreement for obligatory arbitration.

In his reply, generous-spirited as it was, M. Herriot made clear the fundamental flaw in French policy. It relies on force. It refuses to admit that there is any safety without predominant force.

> You cannot have justice without some force behind it. . . . We must make what is mighty just, and what is just mighty, if we are to give the peoples what they desire, if we are to save them from a repetition of their sufferings. We must realize that we have to provide for their security. . . . Arbitration, security, and disarmament are inseparable.

Those were warm-hearted words, very different from the utterances of a Poincaré. But behind them lurks the same old fallacy of reliance upon physical force. Translated into concrete terms, as they were by the French delegation at Geneva, those words meant a military alliance to preserve the *status quo*. That may not be what M. Herriot intended by them, but it is the interpretation given by the French Foreign Office and by the Paris press. It is the meaning followed in the discussions at Geneva by the representatives of the Little Entente, including that astute prop of French continental policy, Mr. Benes, the Czech Foreign Minister. Lord Parmoor so understood them when he sagely replied that in the last century some 700 arbitral decisions had been made but that in none of these arbitrations had any adequate force or "sanction" been provided. Yet he could find no single case in which the award or decision of arbitration had not been accepted.

If the French insist upon military or naval sanctions as part of the program for disarmament they will arouse that fear of the League as a super-state which has caused so much antagonism not only in the United States but elsewhere. The British Government hastily disavowed Lord Parmoor when he rashly suggested that the British navy might be used as part of an international law-enforcement force. Security is a shy and evasive thing; it resides in the minds and hearts of men, not in alliances and armaments. That is the lesson which nations must learn. Military security for one nation must always imply a threat to another. The way to disarm is to disarm; the way to peace is through arbitration; the only permanent security rests in mutual confidence.

Livy at Last?

PROFESSOR MARIO DE MARTINO-FUSIO'S alleged discovery of the lost 107 books of Livy has won more newspaper space than one might have expected. Most people who have been compelled to read even a few of the thirty-five extant books probably considered that an imposition. But the news achieved a place among the wise-cracks of the columnists, and that is one of the most coveted modern marks of distinction. These same books have more than once stirred passionate interest; they have been a will-o'-the-wisp for centuries. They raised and dashed the hopes of many an eager searcher in the days when, at the height of the worship of newly discovered antiquity, it was more common for loyal members of the church to doubt the value of the Holy Scripture than the inestimable value of the classics, when even ecclesiastics were afraid to read Saint Paul lest familiarity with his rudeness should spoil that greatest of human attainments, a good style.

When Boccaccio was rummaging the dusty remains of monastic libraries in search of ancient works and pouring his scorn upon dull monks who were careless of the treasures under their roofs—some even clipped up priceless manuscripts to sell as charms to superstitious laymen—such a discovery would have been a discovery indeed. Once a certain Dominican, Giovanni de Colonna, maintained that he had seen in the archives of the cathedral at Chartres a portion of the missing history, written in so strange a script that it could not be deciphered; but far more famous was one of those wild-goose chases which maddened the Renaissance. It involved one of the greatest scholars and

one of the greatest princes of the age in pursuit of these same books of Livy. A certain Dane named Nicolaus appeared at the court of Martin V with the news that he himself had seen ten decades of Livy, written in Longobardish script mingled with Gothic characters, in a Cistercian establishment near Roskilde. Nicolaus was reputed a somewhat flighty man but he inspired high hopes in the breast of Poggio and set aflame that most extraordinary of papal secretaries. Poggio was a man who poured forth vitriolic satire upon the clergy and stopped at no obscenity, but he revered the classics—so profoundly, indeed, as to leave no reverence for the church he served. At his earnest request Cardinal Orsini sent a special messenger north to find them, and even Cosimo de' Medici himself thought the matter of sufficient import to send to his agent at Lübeck special instructions to spare no pains to obtain the treasure. But, alas, no Livy was found and the Dane passed, perhaps unjustly, for a liar. On three separate occasions did similar rumors stir Poggio, who would doubtless have sold his soul to any devil he could believe in for a glimpse of the books. Finally, even he was forced to admit, like another scholar of the time, that though the Institutes of Quintilian, the logical works of Cicero, and other priceless things had been almost miraculously recovered, the missing books of Livy would be forever closed to him. If indeed they should come to light at this late day Poggio would doubtless gnash his teeth in whatever eternity is allotted to so paradoxical a character. It would be a true pity that he should have been denied a pleasure which may be granted to an age capable of rejoicing in it so much less than he.

But so far no books have been found and he is spared, temporarily at least, the pangs of envy. From the beginning there was a mystery about the "discovery," and the day after it was announced the professor disappeared. No one seems to have suggested the possibility that the Fascisti had done away with him in the fear that the newly discovered manuscript might contain subversive matter or, improbable as it might seem, facts about the early history of Rome which good patriots would prefer not to know. The explanations given were various. Some suggested that he only wanted leisure to copy his treasures, others that the fantastic sums said to have been offered by the British Museum and others were sufficient to tempt even a scholar to seek to violate the laws of Italy and smuggle the manuscript out of the country. For a time nothing was sure except that, temporarily at least, Italy had not found Livy but had lost an archaeologist. Suddenly, however, Professor de Martino reappears, angrily denying that he has found either a life of Christ dated A.D. 58, which an exuberantly growing legend had added to his discovery, or the long lost books of Livy. What he did discover was a document which states that a certain scribe in Naples was commissioned to copy a complete Livy, and he has hopes that with this clue he may possibly trace the manuscript itself. He has been overwhelmed with visitors, letters, and telegrams, and now, so he says, demands nothing except peace in which to continue his researches. The chances are that his desire will be readily granted by a public whose interest in new discoveries dies down about as fast as it is kindled. The public will, in all probability, completely forget both De Martino and Livy long before the professor has recovered from the threatened attack of nervous prostration into which the publicity which he has received is driving him.

Please Save the Republic!

WITH our usual journalistic enterprise we are glad to serve our readers by printing now some of the dispatches which will appear in the daily press in the frantic last week of the campaign:

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 28.—The Republican National Committee today announced that it has indisputable proof that the La Follette candidacy originated in Moscow. It gave to the press an affidavit of one Vladimir A. Prevarikatovski, who stated that he was present at an interview between Robert La Follette and Leon Trotzky in Moscow in 1923, at which the Senator from Wisconsin, in response to Trotzky's earnest appeal, gave his promise that he would run for President in 1924.

CHICAGO, October 29.—Hell-and-Maria Dawes, speaking today before the combined Rotary and Kiwanis clubs in Lincoln Park, declared that the German opposition to the acceptance of the Dawes plan came not from the Prussian militarists and conservatives, but was attributable directly to the influence of Robert M. La Follette. "While we were working out the plan," said the General, "we discovered a conspiracy against us working with the aid of gold contributed by La Follette's Milwaukee sympathizers. We have reason to believe that some of that money originally came from the Kaiser," added the commander-in-chief of the Chicago Minute Men.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS, October 30.—Speaking here in a last-minute effort to carry Illinois, John W. Davis declared to an enthusiastic audience of sixty-two people that the real objective of the La Follette campaign was the destruction of the American home. "I have excellent grounds for thinking," he solemnly declared, "that if my Progressive adversary is elected a law will be passed compelling every woman to wear bobbed hair and ordering the rearing of all infants in public institutions, after the plan of the Russian Communists, which even they have abandoned."

WASHINGTON, October 31.—President Coolidge, at his regular weekly reception to the Washington correspondents today, followed his usual custom of answering no questions and saying nothing. The serious aspect of his face, however, gives rise to the belief that he is convinced that the revolutionary effort to overthrow the Government by electing La Follette will be triumphantly defeated. A spokesman for the White House, whose name cannot be used, declared that the Progressive effort to establish free love in America will be rebuked at the polls by a greater majority than the seven million given President Harding.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, November 1.—William J. Bryan, speaking to his former neighbors at an old-home-week reception yesterday, made the sensational statement that the "interests" have now concentrated upon Robert La Follette and have concluded to buy the election for the Wisconsin Senator. "I protest against this outrage," he said. "Seeing Coolidge hopelessly beaten, Wall Street has at the eleventh hour raised three million dollars to defeat Davis and Brother Charley, fearing more than all else the presence of any Bryan in Washington."

WASHINGTON, November 3.—Calvin Coolidge, breaking his solemn, self-imposed silence, today issued the following last-minute appeal to the American electorate: "In the name of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Warren Harding I appeal to my fellow-citizens to preserve the American hearthstone, the special privileges of private property, and the virtue of our women. There is no doubt that the real objective of the so-called Progressives is to destroy the American home and to hoist the red flag of anarchy upon our glorious Capitol. I represent all the virtues; let every American patriot vote for me."

Who Is John W. Davis?

(The Nation *invited the Democratic headquarters in New York to contribute an article in support of Mr. Davis, for this same issue, but no response was received.*)

JUDGE JACKSON was the federal judge in the northern part of West Virginia. To him union organizers were not merely "agitators" but "vampires." If the organizer were a woman, she was furthering "an object which is entirely unworthy of a good woman. . . . It would have been better far for her to follow the lines and paths which the Allwise Being intended her sex should pursue."

So when "Mother" Jones and other organizers for the coal miners' union were trying to organize the men of the Clarksburg Fuel Company, the company took its troubles to Judge Jackson. The union had rented an empty lot about a fifth of a mile from the opening of the company's mine. The coal company brought the Guaranty Trust Company all the way down from New York to act as the nominal plaintiff, and Judge Jackson issued an order forbidding the union organizers to hold a meeting near the mine. But the union people had rented the lot, they felt they had a right to use their own property, and "Mother" Jones made a speech. The other organizers applauded her speech. The lawyers, including the law firm of John W. Davis of Clarksburg, hurried to Judge Jackson and asked him to jail the organizers who had taken part in the meeting and applauded "Mother" Jones. The judge put them in jail. The strike was broken. That was in 1902.

After Davis was nominated some of his friends circulated a story that he had *defended* a group of mine leaders, including Eugene Debs and "Mother" Jones. No dates have been given, nor details which would make it possible to trace such a case. The only record now available is that of the case in which John W. Davis helped put the fellow-organizers of "Mother" Jones in jail. Davis had begun practicing law in 1895 at Clarksburg, the county seat of one of the most important coal-producing counties of West Virginia. During his fifteen years of active practice his law firm played its part in the excited dealings of that period in coal lands and oil lands, coal leases and natural-gas leases, and in the centralized accumulation of coal and oil lands. Davis was on his way to a place in national politics; in 1904 he was a delegate to the Democratic Convention which called its nominee into retirement. In 1910 and again in 1912 he was elected to Congress.

In Congress Davis was strictly a party man, voting and speaking for his party's measures and accepting the decisions of the Democratic caucus. The insurgents, who were organized in both houses under La Follette leadership, attacked the Democrats for binding themselves to the old practice of voting as determined by their secret party caucus. It was this caucus which enabled a powerful lobby to render innocuous the insurgents' famous resolution for an investigation of the "Money Trust." But in the backstairs betrayal of the public interest Davis was merely voting with his party. Davis himself spoke in behalf of two measures presented by the Democrats for the purpose of redeeming their pledge to remedy the evils of court interference with labor unions in strikes. One bill, dealing with the injunction evil, simply announced, as Davis said, "rules common to other cases in equity"; the bill told the courts the proper rule, which they should know without being told. But on the real question, the propriety of injunctions in labor disputes, the bill was silent and Davis was silent. The insurgents insisted on their right to offer amendments, but the Democrats jammed the bill through. The other bill, a measure for a jury trial in contempt proceedings, did not cover contempts arising out of suits brought by the Government; in short, its provisions would not have given a jury trial to Debs in the Pullman strike of 1894 or to the coal miners in their 1919 strike or to the railroad shopmen in 1922. The Democrats permitted no amendments to their bill. The bills did not pass the Senate, but two years later, when Davis was no longer in Congress, similar bills became law—the so-called labor provisions of the Clayton Act, that expression of a naive hope.

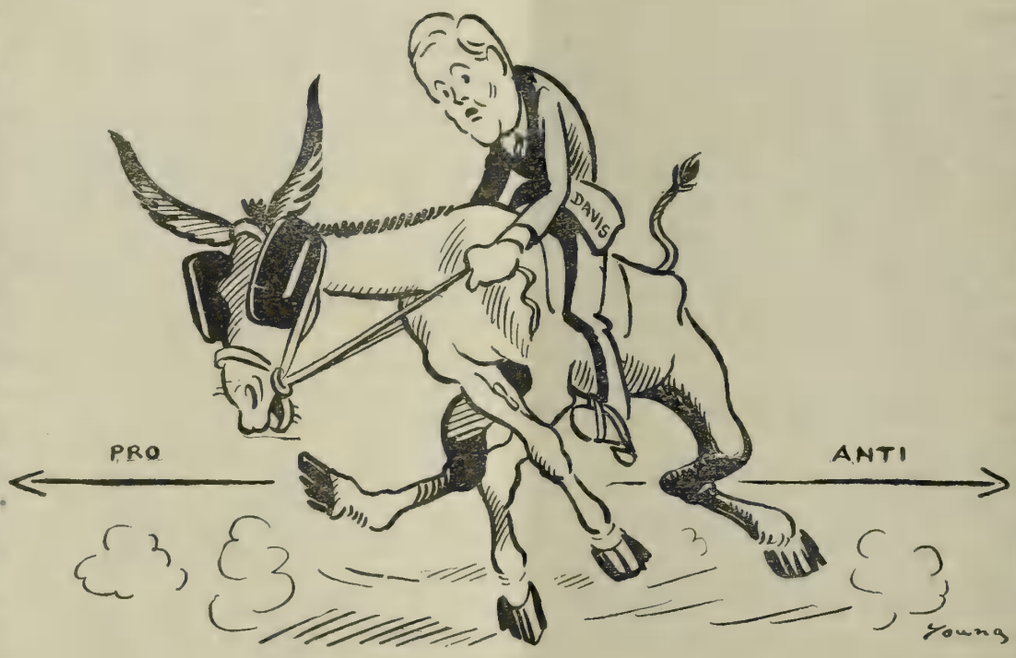
In 1913 Davis became Solicitor General, the Government's lawyer in the Supreme Court. He inherited many suits begun by Wickersham, Taft's Attorney General, involving a number of concerns with which Davis was to become familiar on the other side of the fence some years later—such as the Standard Oil Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and the Santa Fe Railroad. Davis also appeared for the Government in a suit to effectuate President Taft's withdrawal of certain oil lands from public entry and in a suit for forfeiture of railroad lands instituted by Taft's Administration in 1911. In two other cases, also begun by the Taft Administration, Davis was successful in sustaining indictments for violation of the federal anti-peonage act and in having the Oklahoma grandfather clause declared unconstitutional as a violation of the Fifteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution. Davis was Solicitor General long enough to appear also in defense of legislation passed during the Wilson Administration—the child-labor act, the eight-hour railroad act, the income-tax act of 1913, and the compulsory-military-service law.

Davis was Ambassador to Great Britain from 1918 to 1921. As his retirement approached he was confronted by the prospect of a return to private life. If ever such a prospect offered to a lawyer a wealth of choice, Davis had it. To great legal ability he had added not only great prestige as a lawyer but—what ranks among the highest of assets for material success in private law practice—potent prestige in many and diverse places where the lawyer's help is required for large business successes. He could pick and choose with success what law work he would do, for whom he would do it, and where he would practice.

His decision was announced in October, 1920. He would become a member of the New York law firm which had a business good-will more valuable perhaps than that of any other law firm in the entire country. Its name was not known to many laymen. But to bankers and investment houses everywhere, to the heads of railroad systems and the big industrial concerns, and to the select group of able lawyers who handled their work, Stetson, Jennings, and Russell, of which Davis became the senior member, was known as the firm which had piloted J. P. Morgan and his associates through great reorganizations, such as that of the Reading coal and rail properties; through the biggest of combinations and promotions, such as that of the United

States Steel Corporation; through the war period, when the Morgan firm, acting as fiscal agent for foreign governments, had stood at the gates and taken toll on war-time contracts and had become enormously rich and intrenched as by far the most powerful house in America; through the financings which had given the Morgan firm its stake in, and its influence on, so large a part of industry at home and affairs abroad—on far-flung systems of railroads and public utilities; on basic industries such as steel and copper and oil; on the governments of the principal nations of Europe and Asia.

This law firm also serves as counsel for the Guaranty Trust Company, the largest trust-company bank in the United States, on whose directorate sit three of the Morgan partners. Its diversified business exemplifies that of the new type of great bank. Its borrowers include many of the biggest concerns having their plants within a radius of a thousand miles or more from New York. Through a subsidiary it heads and participates in the biggest financings. Its part in foreign trade has become enormous, and its investments in foreign banks extend to the banking fields in Asia and in Central and South America. Davis's firm also acted directly for other concerns, generally concerns which had been financed by the Morgan firm, such as the Erie Railroad.



Davis not only joined this firm of Morgan lawyers; he entered actively into big business as a director of large corporations. He went on the board of the Santa Fe Railroad, operating more than twelve thousand miles of railroad, with assets of more than $640,000,000 and the Morgan firm as its bankers. He joined the board of directors of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, an institution with resources of three hundred millions. He became a director of the United States Rubber Company, a two hundred and seventy-five million dollar concern, having plants all over the United States and abroad, supported by Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the second largest banking firm in the country.

During those three years of New York law practice before Davis was nominated for the Presidency, important issues were before the American public. In 1921 the Palmer-Daugherty-Burns policy of suppressing civil liberties was still in full swing. Davis was president of the American Bar Association in 1923, when one of its committees made a report calling upon the association to engage in the battle against "Red" propaganda and the "1,500,000 radicals in this country who are clamoring for . . . a . . . communistic state." Davis said nothing. The conscientious objectors were still in prison. Efforts were made to enlist Davis's help, but in vain. He did not lift a finger.

Nor did he have anything to say on the shopmen's strike of 1922, or the enormities of the Daugherty-Wilkerson injunction. Davis's own railroad, the Santa Fe, itself got an injunction without prior notice to the unions. The Santa Fe was one of the die-hard roads which held out against the settlement proposals made by President Harding, by Hoover, by the railroad brotherhoods, by the more liberal railroad presidents. Instead, the Santa Fe followed General Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad in his rule-or-ruin campaign, and did not settle until December, 1923. Davis remained on the board, and said nothing publicly.

Davis himself was in 1922 engaged in directing against the United Mine Workers the most brutal and most dangerous court weapon developed against trade unions. The extent to which the Supreme Court would go in applying the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, with its severe penalties, as an anti-union club was most uncertain. The labor-union movement was on its guard against what it deemed a blow at its very foundations. At this juncture the Coronado Coal Company case brought before the Supreme Court the now celebrated attempt to hammer the national coal miners' union with the aid of the Sherman act. The Supreme Court, by unanimous decision rendered in 1922, refused to decide in favor of the coal-mine owners. The decision received front-page headlines in newspapers all over the country. The entire labor-union movement breathed freer. The owners of the mine decided to make a last desperate effort to get the Supreme Court to change its mind. A pinch-hitter of the first rank was required. John W. Davis was called in. He asked the court to hear the case again. He argued skilfully that the Sherman act should be applied to the unions in this case. His success would have meant the strengthening of a highly dangerous but still uncertain force against labor unions; it would have been a colossal blow to labor. Fortunately, Davis lost.

Davis was more successful in litigation involving the valuation of public utilities for rate-making purposes. With four new men on the Supreme Court, and a keen and pressing interest in the fight between the public and the companies as to the underlying principles of valuation, the court cases during these years had an unusual importance for the entire country, with respect to every class of public utility. Davis ranged himself on the side of the principal subsidiary of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, the nation-wide holding company for which the Morgan firm floated a $100,000,000 bond issue in 1923.

Both before and after his nomination Davis spoke on issues regarded by him as important. He declared himself in behalf of the League of Nations and the World Court. On the question of American imperialism he was silent. However, his clients were engaged, with the help of his firm, in the business of lending to Central America, and were collecting from it, with the assistance of the State Department. Davis's firm was counsel for the American section of the International Committee of Bankers on Mexico, under the chairmanship of Morgan partners. In this relation Davis and his law firm saw one of the most remarkable instances of the power of American bankers over foreign governments. The holder of the finance portfolio of the Mexican republic was obliged to come to the offices of J. P. Morgan & Company to ascertain the terms to which his Government must agree before it would be permitted to deal with its neighboring great sister republic. It was during this period, also, that Davis's banker clients were furnishing new loans to Cuba, Peru, and Panama, in the shadow of the gibbet-like examples set up in Haiti and Santo Domingo.

The presidential candidate has, however, presented a program on labor. What was the alluring picture he painted for organized labor, to a union audience, on Labor Day? In his speech at Wheeling, West Virginia, he declared against child labor, a reform which had years earlier been adopted by the vast majority of the States and by overwhelming majorities in both houses of Congress. He declared in favor of vaguely defined changes with respect to the Railroad Labor Board, the point of which appeared to be that such a board as functioned should have the confidence of both sides. Finally, he favored the use of the injunction in labor disputes only where the injunction should properly be issued; "if the legislation already passed is not sufficient guidance in this matter, we must write it in plainer terms." He said nothing about labor's demand that courts refrain from breaking strikes with injunctions. Davis said nothing of the danger to labor unions arising from the extension of the Sherman act and its application to strikes, although the wrong involved had been made clear to him by his own attempt to inflict it upon the labor unions only two years earlier.

But in that speech at Wheeling, West Virginia, on Labor Day, Davis made one of the most reactionary statements made in this campaign by any candidate, including General Dawes himself, on a labor issue. He came out strong for the doctrine of "freedom of contract." This doctrine has in case after case been used as an argument for declaring important labor legislation unconstitutional. In real fact the doctrine means a lack of freedom of contract. The unemployed miner who can get a job at the West Virginia coal mines only if he agrees not to join a union, and the girl who can find a job only at a wage below that fixed by a minimum-wage commission, are denied the relief which the Legislature seeks to accord them, because the courts declare statutes passed for their relief unconstitutional, as interfering with "freedom of contract"!

Davis of course joins with Coolidge in opposing a curb on the Supreme Court's power. But Davis goes farther than Coolidge. Commenting on the widespread discontent aroused by the Supreme Court's exercise of its power, Davis said to the American Bar Association last year:

> Much of the current discontent is caused perhaps by the publication of dissenting opinions which serve to fan the flame of public distrust. Certainly, it is not edifying to the lay mind that an opinion representing the considered judgment of the majority of any court should be accompanied at the moment of deliverance by an effort to prove its manifest error.

This was directed at the practice of such great judges as Brandeis and Holmes, whose vigorous and statesmanlike dissenting opinions in constitutional cases are a curb on the court, and may become a corrective of its recent majority opinions. For Davis these salutary dissenting opinions only "serve to fan the flame of public distrust." That sufficiently reveals the workings of his mind.

In Memory of H. W. Massingham

(Former Editor of the London *Nation*)

By HENRY WOOD NEVINSON

London, September 5

LAST Tuesday afternoon an unwonted gathering of men and women was assembled in one of London's huge and ghastly cemeteries which make one long for compulsory cremation of the dead. Crowded around us in a waste of marble stood crosses and statues and emblems of eternal hope erected "in loving memory" over thousands of people long, long forgotten; and it might have been thought that we were but adding one more to the insignificant relics of ghosts who once had known the ordinary joys and sorrows of life, and now had vanished.

But it was a man of noble and extraordinary personality whom we were lowering into the common earth. At sight of him as he lived only last week no one could have guessed how noble and extraordinary. That slim and boyish figure, that pale and almost unwrinkled face, that fair hair untouched by gray, that soft and gentle voice, that swift and eager speech, as though prompted by flashes of sudden inspiration—those visible qualities would never have revealed a man of sixty-four, a man whose life for nearly fifty years had been one long and often bitter struggle, a man who had felt and had aroused the extreme passions of hatred and of scorn, who had acted as a gadfly to the whole of his country, stinging her up from torpid indifference and comfortable iniquity, or, again, like a knight-at-arms, charging full tilt and almost alone into the very thick of those heavy battalions on whose side the Prince of Darkness always stands, inspiring even cowards to follow him in the conflict, smiting the dark hosts of ignorance, prejudice, and greed, putting down the mighty from their seat, denouncing the most popular of superstitions, releasing the prisoner and the captive, proclaiming mercy to the subjugated, incurring every form of personal loss and personal obloquy, and in the end raising the cry of victory in nearly every cause for which he had striven. No one could have supposed it unless he had known that the simple figure whom we were burying was Massingham, greatest of English editors, and among the greatest of our writers.

I do not know or care what may be said against him by those vulgar and insensitive papers and politicians with whom he waged incessant warfare. "What recks it them? What need they? They are sped." But the great papers, even those that seldom agreed with him, like the *Times*, the *Observer*, the *Westminster*, and, I can have no doubt, the

Spectator in tomorrow's issue, give him the praise due to a gallant, sincere, and unflinching opponent. For though he was himself the most generous of men, generosity in journalism has not quitted the world with him. His power of attraction was equally proved by the crowd of distinguished but very diverse men and women gathered around his grave. Of course nearly all of us were there who had served under him for the sixteen years when he as editor made the London *Nation* a unique influence for righteousness in the country; but there were many besides who could have agreed little with his views on national or social policy—some Liberal statesmen and journalists, still stiffly upholding the well-worn Liberal standards of last century; some ancient Socialists equally left behind by the rushing stream of time; and especially one noticed conspicuous writers whose interest in the daily world of politics is seldom expressed, and some clerical figures, prophetic of deeply religious change. All great journalists touch life at many points, but of Massingham it may be said that whatever he touched he adorned. Unless, indeed, I may say of him what I should wish to be written on my own tombstone: "From whatever he touched, he stripped the adornment." For his passionate sincerity and reckless disregard of the commonplace did strip the adornment from all the blazoned display of wealth, ambition, "glories of war," and "empire."

Of course, he was often mistaken—more often in his estimate of men than of policies. When first I served under him he was violently supporting the cause of Greece against the Red Sultan and his persecutions in Crete and Asia Minor. He might almost be said to have made the war that ended in such disaster in 1897—a disaster that anyone serving, like myself, on the Greek side must have foreseen. But the mistake on Massingham's part was a noble one. Even more noble was his condemnation of the Boer War, which drove him from his great position as editor of the *Daily Chronicle* in 1899, though I suppose there is hardly an Englishman who would not now admit he was right. Similar unpopularity he incurred by his efforts to bring the Great War to an end on decently negotiated terms which would have saved thousands of young lives and have avoided the present wretched chaos of Europe. His subsequent failure to persuade our British Coalition and the French politicians to conclude a just and honorable peace was, I think, the failure that broke his heart. As a patriot, he felt that the Peace of Versailles involved our country in the deepest shame, and, as a human being, he foresaw with horror the hideous dangers to which it exposed the European races. His mistakes in the estimate of men were more difficult to understand. He was always looking round for some conspicuous figure great enough and noble enough to lead the party of advance in England. At one time he fixed upon Lord Rosebery, at another upon Mr. Winston Churchill, at another upon Mr. Lloyd George, and yet again upon Lord Robert Cecil. In all such hopes he failed, and failed disastrously. In every case, except perhaps the last, he was impelled to turn with vehement disapproval against the man whom he had helped to power.

It was characteristic that he usually adopted a fine cause just at the time when it was most unpopular. So, for instance, it was with woman suffrage. In the stormy but attractive period of its earlier days, when everyone was fighting for or against it, he did not appear much interested, and he seldom allowed me to write on it in the *Nation;* I suppose for fear of my false reputation for violence. But when the war had almost put the suffrage out of sight, and nothing but scorn or indifference was to be gained by advocating it, then he came forward as its champion, encouraging the ranks till victory was ours. If it be said, on the contrary, that he joined the Labor Party only when it was on the point of rising to power, one must remember that he joined only after long struggle and defeated hopes of animating the old Liberal Party with something of his spirit and sincerity. Only in despair of finding a spark of fresh spirit or a touch of genuine sincerity in the established Liberal leaders did he incline to seek those qualities in a party that was at least progressive and full of hope. It must also be remembered that this inclination to Labor was the main cause of his exclusion from the editorship of the *Nation,* which he alone had created and to which he alone gave its peculiar and far-reaching influence.

And now he is gone—the great man so generous, so kindly, so alive to all beauty, so fiercely passionate. I cannot yet realize the loss to the country or to myself. With brief intervals I served him for nearly thirty years. For at least twenty of those years I wrote regularly for his papers whenever I was in England and not engaged (often for him too) at the front of some war, rebellion, or struggle for liberty. There was always a certain shyness between us, partly because he was editor and I only one of the staff; partly also because we were both typical Englishmen, and no Englishman may express admiration often, or affection ever. But till last week there he was, and I could always say to myself: "Thank God, there is one man who will fight for the noble and honorable and unpopular cause whatever happens!" But now he is gone, and his departure has left the world colder and more exposed to the devastations of the commonplace.

Lossiemouth

By FRANK H. SIMONDS

LOSSIEMOUTH, so the invaluable gazetteer testifies, fronts Moray Frith, looks out hopefully upon the portentous German Ocean. There the inconsiderable Lossie, coming north out of the Highlands, falls into the sea. Inconspicuous, when the gazetteer was last printed, Lossiemouth now advances two claims upon future editions, for here something more than half a century ago, in good Victorian days, was born the Right Honorable J. Ramsay MacDonald; here, too, henceforth and forever memorable therefore, is the single golf club between John o'Groats and Land's End where the Prime Minister of Britain may not play.

That the prophet is not without honor save in his own country is an old truism, but that the Prime Minister should not be without golf save in his home town, that again is something, and thereby hangs a tale, significant now from one end of the United Kingdom to the other; not without challenge indeed from one extremity to the other of that Empire on which the descending sun never quite sets.

To understand the fact one must travel in thought backward into the darkness which was the World War, to that moment when all Britain was authentically shaken, its eyes fixed upon Flanders and Picardy battlefields. At

that precise hour, the Battle of the Somme still in progress, J. Ramsay MacDonald, member of the House of Commons and of the Lossiemouth Golf Club, Royal, Scotch, Caledonian, the details do not signify, rising in his place in Westminster, gave voice to words calculated, so it was then held, to depress the gallant Briton and encourage the unspeakable Hun.

These words being communicated swiftly to Lossiemouth, where the speaker was known chiefly as a silent man devoted to an unobtrusive but neither unsound nor unenthusiastic golf, had immediate, enduring consequences, for forthwith in special meeting assembled the Lossiemouth Golf Club unanimously and highly resolved that the said J. Ramsay MacDonald was henceforth and forever expelled from the Lossiemouth links, precincts, lands, premises, and buildings whatsoever, forbidden access thereto now and always. Said resolution having been thus adopted, was entered upon the permanent records, evidence that, in the hour of national trial, the Lossiemouth Golf Club had not hesitated to perform its duty, had not failed to do its bit.

The same being in due course of time further published abroad, came promptly to the ready ear of aroused patriotism. Lossiemouth proudly divided world interest with Ypres, Salonica, even Verdun; India, Ireland, Canada, Australia, islands and continents all around the seven seas murmured its name. The comet of a summer night, trailing its glory as it sped, such was Lossiemouth, then, ere the northern fog shut down and blotted it out not unkindly but inexorably.

As for the now Right Honorable J. Ramsay MacDonald, what he thought he did not say. His feelings, bitter or unresentful, are unrecorded; then as now he was a silent, dour, rather sad-faced man, deepwater somehow suggested by himself, deeper perhaps than the noble Lossie. What he did, on the other hand, is noted. Now and again on the sand dunes, with his faithful golf bag, he might have been seen swinging his clubs, practicing his stroke, preserving his form, not moved to abandon golf, nor for that matter Lossiemouth, not roused to violent resentment—nothing of the sort, obviously a patient man, patient even for a golfer.

Consider now the odd consequence of the passing of time. From 1916 we travel rapidly to 1924 when certain events having taken place in the British Islands, and these having produced certain results in the House of Commons, the Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin has the honor, according to tradition, to be received by George, Emperor and King, Defender of the Faith, etc. Being thus received, he duly mentions the name of J. Ramsay MacDonald. Thereupon, His Gracious Majesty having summoned the said MacDonald is pleased to lay upon him an august command, and the said MacDonald having departed returns again, kisses Majesty's hand, and is, authentically, His Majesty's Prime Minister.

Following which events the *Court Gazette* becomes singularly vocal on the subject of the same J. Ramsay MacDonald, notes that he has been honored by being invited to dine with the King and Queen, that the Prince of Wales, heir apparent, has lunched in Downing Street with the same Right Honorable J. Ramsay MacDonald and one Ishbel MacDonald, herself not quite unknown in Lossiemouth, companion of her father perhaps on the lonesome golf experiments after the great day of the expulsion.

See then what has arrived. Britannia, that kind-hearted if slightly apoplectic lady, apt to go off in fit of temper but never vindictive, has taken J. Ramsay MacDonald to her forgiving and ample bosom. Gracious Majesty, Emperor and King, has signified his august reconciliation. Bygones have become bygones from one extremity to the other of the United Kingdom, all is forgiven, blotted out, is as if it never were—with a single exception. Notable exception however, for still unrescinded stands the resolution of the Lossiemouth Golf Club: Be it resolved, henceforth and forever said J. Ramsay MacDonald be expelled.

The Mountain, the whole British mountain, has obviously come to MacDonald, which being the case, what—I ask you, Lossiemouth asks—what shall the Lossiemouth Golf Club do? The world is upside down; all fixed and immovable pivots have begun to maneuver uncontrollably. What, indeed—the real question after all—what shall all Lossiemouths in these Kingdoms, in Europe, in the world do? It is a grave question, my masters.

Can you not see those governors of that golf club now wrestling with this problem? Can you not see them as they set out to martial music this time eight years ago and now suddenly self discovered, music, procession, everything gone up a different street, marching now in an opposite direction to a different tune?

Not one Lossiemouth, but Lossiemouth symbolical of all Lossiemouths in this mad world, are they not also struggling manfully with this same problem? Struggling, be assured, not without honest effort, deep pangs, poignant bewilderment, for mark you, from a man's sins he may escape easily; divine and human forgiveness are not difficult to obtain. But from his good deeds, patriotic performances, acts and resolutions done with indelible ink when the blood is hot, man may not easily escape when the world has gone cold again.

Which fact being true, devastatingly true, shall we not extend to Lossiemouth, all Lossiemouths one and indivisible, foreign and domestic, wherever found, that sympathy which misfortune always commands; wish for them, too, that peace which surpasseth human understanding and all war-time expectation?

Lines to a Dead Lady

By LAWRENCE LEE

They say that when I come again to look
For you, on some sweet summer afternoon,
I'll find your chair, your cup, and silver spoon
Neglected by your unread open book.
They say that should I call to you, then lay
Myself upon the cool green sweep of grass
Beneath your window sill, you would not pass
Downstairs to me in your unhurried way.
They talk forever, telling what will be
No more. But words are meaningless to me,
For I am sure that you will come once more
With blue-gold days—and smiling as before—
To read and talk between the cups of tea
Your white, swift-moving, shapely hands will pour.

Instructive New Hampshire

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

COMING down now from the general to the particular, and descending from the vague prospect of a whole nation to a sharper view of a single State, let us in the midst of instructive New Hampshire proceed to see what we shall see.

New Hampshire is Yankee and it is also French-Canadian and Scotch-Irish and Irish. It lives on farms and also in factories. One of its congressmen is a Republican. The other is a Democrat. The Governor is a Democrat. The majority of voters at the polls, when nature takes its course untroubled by novel issues, is undoubtedly Republican. The two United States senators are Republicans. The Democratic Governor became Governor two years ago largely through a novel industrial issue. There had been strikes in textile mills. There was an industrial demand by employees in textile mills for a forty-eight-hour week for women and children. This industrial demand became a political issue. What was sought by a strike began to be sought by a law. This issue the present Democratic Governor embraced and it contributed largely to making him Governor.

Thus in this nook of Northern Republican Yankeeland the struggle between labor and capital helped to turn the obdurate Republicans out and helped to put the modernistic Democrats in. It happened only two years ago. Nationally the Democrats hope accordingly that New Hampshire may go Democratic presidentially this year.

At that point we come to one more maddening illustration of the fact that the national politics of this country is only partly national, and is partly—and largely—a fortuitous assemblage of local peculiarities and waywardnesses and accidents, puzzling national analysis and defying national prophecy.

Governor Brown, Democrat, in the session of the State Legislature following upon his advent into office, did not succeed in enacting a forty-eight-hour law. Some of his enemies accuse him of having deliberately postponed a definitive settlement of the issue involved in order to maintain it intact for fruitful use politically in the next ensuing campaign. The Senate in the State Legislature was Republican. The claim was made that a forty-eight-hour week in textile mills in New Hampshire would make it virtually impossible for New Hampshire textiles to compete with textiles from the child-exploiting South. Republicans in the legislature proposed a "fact-finding commission" to study this claim and to make a statistical, scientific report upon it. Governor Brown's Democratic supporters in the legislature killed this proposal. The Republicans in the Senate thereupon killed the forty-eight-hour bill.

Thus the issue survived into this year. It on the whole favored the Democrats strongly. If the Governor had maneuvered to postpone the settlement of the issue, his subtlety was obscure to the public eye. What stood forth clearly was that Democrats had favored a forty-eight-hour law and Republicans had frustrated its passage. The chances for Democratic national success in New Hampshire this year seemed large.

Then Al Smith, John Winant, and Robert Marion La Follette started in to shrink them.

The New Hampshire delegation to the New York Democratic National Convention came back to New Hampshire bearing with it many seeds of religious and racial strife. A distinguished New Hampshire delegate—Ray Stevens—had been willing to vote for Walsh of Montana as nominee for President but had shown scant enthusiasm for Smith. The powerful Irish in the New Hampshire Democracy gave him no credit for his support of Walsh and marked him down and out for his failure to give support to Smith. A rift began to appear between Yankee Democrat and Irish Democrat in New Hampshire. It was widened by the thought that Governor Brown, a Yankee, had sometimes in his appointments been more appreciative of the French Canadians than of the Irish.

The Democracy of New Hampshire began to have internal pains. Simultaneously Republicanism in New Hampshire began to have yearnings toward progressivism. Robert Bass of Peterborough, ex-Governor, ex-Rooseveltian, inveterate antagonist of United States Senator George Moses (whose name of Moses betokens a desire not to pass beyond Jordan into the troublous and dubious Promised Land but to tarry and die this side of it in the safe and sane and sure and sensible and humorous vales of Moab), bestirred himself in his upland home and, along with other progressives, fell in behind one John Winant of Concord.

This is a young man—a very young man—with a sensitive and ascetic countenance picturing a character that might find a congenial habitation in a cell among monks of some particularly unworldly and contemplative order. He was a distinguished fighting aviator during the war. He was an "ace." He led a squadron, and always led it—at the peak of it.

Returning, and being religious, and having been a warrior, and having been an academic scholar and teacher, he became very successful in commerce. He also believed in urgent international activity for preventing war, for making war impossible. He also believed in the forty-eight-hour law for women and children in textile mills. He also wished to be Governor and went to people's offices and dropped his overcoat on the floor and walked absent-mindedly up and down over it while he told them that he wished to be Governor in order to establish the forty-eight-hour law, which they did not want.

A multitude of them supported him and supported what he wanted against what they themselves wanted. The young warriors of the State supported him. The old progressives of the State supported him. Numerous conservatives supported him because he was he. At thirty-four he won the Republican nomination for Governor against a most formidable and attractive rival, Frank Knox, publisher of New Hampshire's leading newspaper, the Manchester *Union*. In him New Hampshire Republicanism suddenly acquired a local leader in whom his followers see a spirituality which goes beyond progressivism but which includes it. The poor, the weak, the suffering, the struggling, who are

to be put upon their own feet and made to walk—these are supposed to be the main objects of John Winant's thought, and the thought is supposed to find its title to sincerity in the amazing shy purity of his features and in the amazing bold frankness of his ambitions.

He is a worse speaker than Calvin Coolidge. This writer heard him speak. He spoke some eighty words. He had prepared them carefully. He got through some fifty of them without notes. Then for the last thirty he had to refer to pieces of paper twice. He sat down amid applause.

So the apparition of John Winant in New Hampshire Republicanism suddenly balances the Democratic progressivism of Governor Brown. Meanwhile, finally, certain wage-earners—and certain Irish—in considerable numbers—intend firmly to vote for Robert Marion La Follette. They mostly are Democrats. Some of them will vote for La Follette for President and Winant for Governor. Thus La Follette and Winant and Al Smith (all, in their varying manners, progressives) have shrunk the Democratic chances in this State and have swollen the chances of victory and "vindication" for Calvin Coolidge.

The analysts of the November election will need to travel forty-eight States subsequently to know what it means.

Workers' Education in the United States

By A. J. MUSTE

At the convention of the American Federation of Labor in Portland, Oregon, in October, 1923, the subject that attracted most attention, next to the sensational expulsion of the Communist delegate Dunne, was workers' education. Spencer Miller, Jr., secretary of the Workers' Education Bureau of America, estimates that during the past season there were 25,000 men and women in this country in attendance upon classes under working-class auspices. Sixty per cent of the American Federation of Labor is in organizations that have affiliated themselves with the Workers' Education Bureau.

All this is encouraging to friends of the infant movement. They are not, however, deceived by it. They are aware that only a small beginning has been made; that the mass of trade-union leaders and members have as yet no genuine interest in workers' education, at least not such as induces them to put money into it; that a city labor college may flourish mightily one year, and the following year practically die out; that the whole movement is in an experimental stage, and that little effort has as yet been made to check up in scientific fashion on the results.

It would seem that the most valuable thing to do at this stage is to state some of the problems and issues that are emerging in connection with the work, as to which data require to be collected and analyzed.

For one thing, there is the question of control. Shall the various workers' education enterprises be definitely controlled by working-class organizations—trade unions, political parties, cooperative societies—or shall they be intrusted to the extension departments of public-school systems, colleges and universities, and private groups of non-working-class composition? In a number of instances institutions or groups such as are here mentioned have evinced a disposition to "offer their services" to the unions under conditions that would imply turning over the workers' education movement, or important parts of it, to them. In the main the labor movement has taken the position that while it does not wish to supplant existing educational institutions, the control of the schools and classes that are to train not only the intelligence but the spirit of the officers and members of the unions (or other workers' organizations) must be in the hands of these unions themselves; and that the labor movement is quite capable of controlling the educational instruments which it is forging for itself. The Workers' Education Bureau admits to affiliation only enterprises definitely controlled by trade unions or cooperative societies. An offer recently made to it by an outside group to carry on teacher training for workers' classes was not accepted, and the policy laid down that such training should be carried on under the auspices of the labor movement, which would welcome the assistance of all individuals desiring to work with it.

It will be easier as time goes on to hew a straight line in this matter of control, because of the position being taken on another subject closely bound up with it, that of financing. In a considerable number of cases workers' classes avail themselves of public-school or church buildings where this does not involve any control over policy or freedom of teaching. In no instance known to the writer has any money "with a string tied to it" been accepted by any workers' educational enterprise. The extension department of the University of California, carrying on adult education among trade-union members, last year sought affiliation with the Workers' Education Bureau, but it was refused. Subsequently the university handed over the $10,000 annual appropriation for this work to a committee, three-fifths of whom were trade-union representatives. This committee then turned around and engaged as director the man who had previously worked under university direction. The reorganized enterprise has been granted affiliation with the W. E. B. However, the great majority of workers' schools and classes are being wholly financed by local unions, central labor unions, or internationals, supplemented perhaps by a small fee from students; and the general disposition on the part of trade unionists is to continue this independent and self-respecting method of financing. The time must come when regular dues are levied for educational purposes as well as for more conventional trade-union activities.

Who are to be reached by workers' education efforts and how are they to be approached and served? On the one hand, there are organizations that lay emphasis upon what is termed "mass education." The effort is made to get the mass of the workers out to great inspirational meetings at which recognized musical artists provide entertainment, plays are given—possibly by workers' dramatic groups—mass singing is developed, and lectures are given or debates staged that serve to place before the masses in popular language the significant issues confronting the particular union or the workers in general. As part of such a program speakers may be sent to local meetings to give educational and inspirational talks.

On the other hand, there are the instances where a comparatively small number are brought together to pursue intensive study of trade-union problems, to receive training for specific tasks such as organizing or secretarial work, serious study on the part of the students being required. Such a class is that to which the Executive Board members of Local 25, United Textile Workers of Philadelphia, have belonged for several years. They have studied the problems of the shops and the branch of the textile industry in which they are working, and on the basis of their studies have submitted and argued wage and other demands before employers' associations. A similar type of work is carried on in a resident institution such as Brookwood Labor College.

In addition there are a very considerable number of enterprises carried on chiefly by international unions or city central bodies where the classes (in economics, labor problems, psychology, literature; these last usually the best attended) are composed of a somewhat heterogeneous assortment of individuals who for various reasons have some interest in the subject taught; where the lecture method usually obtains, opportunity for asking questions and a certain amount of discussion being provided; but where the students do not put in a great deal of study and such benefit as they derive is general rather than specific preparation for trade-union tasks.

The first type of education mentioned, "mass education," is a job that all important social groups, such as churches, engage in. What may justly be criticized is that the technique of such "mass education" has not been well developed as yet by the labor movement and that sometimes it is mistaken for what it is not and regarded as a substitute for the training of officers and active members in the concrete details of their duties. In particular nothing to speak of has been done in a field that offers, to my mind, golden possibilities, that of training officers to preside at shop and local meetings.

Little criticism is offered of the intensive training next referred to, save in so far as here also the technique still requires much development; but of course such training reaches only the few. The most serious questioning at this moment has to do with the classes of the third type. There are certain exceptions, but in the main it is these classes that show astonishing ups and downs from year to year. It is asserted that they are neither "mass education" nor calculated to give intensive technical training, and that consequently they provide only a very mild and vague "culture" to a pseudo-intelligentsia of the trade unions.

Still another matter calling forth no little discussion is that of the aim of workers' education. There are some, it has been said, who "want the workers to be given culture and a background that will enable them to think for themselves," while others "want the workers trained in the science of overthrowing the present industrial order and in building a new order in which the working class shall rule." Others would criticize both these statements. They would hold that "culture" is a vague and misleading term in this connection, that those who stand for it are in danger of attacking the worker's problem at its circumference rather than its center, of trying to impart to the worker an appreciation of Plato, Browning, and the Venus de Milo which he in the mass is not interested in and could not benefit by. They would hold, on the other hand, that whatever may be the correctness or value of the second of the above statements as a generalization, its outlook does not fit American conditions and it is not of much help in solving the concrete problems of workers' education. They would put it that workers' education should aim to train members and officers of the unions and other workers' organizations to meet their problems and tasks as members of the organized working class more intelligently and efficiently. They would have the workers' education movement conceive of itself as an instrument being shaped by the trade unions for their own purposes, would have the movement take its place inside the trade unions, and say: Here are the unions with a standard of living to maintain or achieve, with hours of labor to be shortened, with strikes to be fought, with negotiations to be conducted, with an open-shop campaign or company unions to combat, with millions of dollars to expend, with injunctions and court decisions to fight, with problems and responsibilities in the field of more efficient production or of politics, and so on, and here are the members and officers of these organizations—now what can be done to enable these people more efficiently to handle those jobs? They would say that workers' education is not a brand-new thing dropped out of heaven or graciously bestowed upon the trade unions a few years ago by some college professor; on the contrary, unions have carried on educational work, by meetings and their press for example, ever since there were unions; the educational movement is becoming larger and more complex now simply because the unions have larger and more complex tasks to perform; and the educational work must in like fashion continue to develop as the situation confronting the organized workers unfolds. Incidentally, the propounders of this statement of the case would vigorously deny that such an aim is "narrow"; they hold that only that man is "cultured" who knows his place in society and can in some measure fill it, and that unto him all other things shall be added as a vital part of his being and not an extraneous trimming.

The first organized attempt to deal with the extremely important problem of teaching methods in workers' classes was undertaken by the American Federation of Teachers, which during the past winter called a conference on the subject at Brookwood. Among the subjects emphasized at this conference were the psychological approach to social, economic, and political problems; the further development of the technique of group discussion with a view, for one thing, to securing the important and significant contributions that students can make out of their working-class experience and not permitting classes to be "star" performances by teachers; and the development of a curriculum which would not consist of subjects or courses to be taught by various teachers in well-nigh complete detachment from each other, but of social situations taken up one after another, various teachers sitting in at classes and contributing expert knowledge on various phases of the one living, concrete situation under discussion.

The workers' education movement in America is in its infancy; it has as yet accomplished little; it is in many ways amateurish. But it is not smug and self-satisfied; it is not set and hardened; it is trying hard to improve upon itself; it is fluid, vital, dynamic. The interest on the part of the labor movement is still small, but genuine and on the increase. When the infant American labor movement in the thirties of the last century became interested

in the problem of education, it did much for the establishment of our public-school system which, for all that it has been wrested to a considerable extent from its original purpose, has been one of the mightiest forces in our life. Now that American labor is again taking up the problem of education, who knows but it will make another epoch-making contribution?

Departure

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Warsaw, August 20

THROUGH the ill-lit streets we rumbled in our tight little *Droschken*. In passing one could see the shadowy outline of the tall monument of Adam Mickiewicz, the Polish national poet. In a well-known passage of his best-known work he had saluted the Jew as a brother. It is a very sore point with the Poles. He, too, is in the shadow, like his monument. . . . We crossed the Vistula—river of blood and tears. They have thrown corpses into it for centuries. For a time its West Prussian banks were at peace. Today there is no telling when that historic pastime will begin again as the river flows through the Polish corridor past Danzig into the Baltic Sea. . . .

Dim tree-tops stir in the cool wind. We take a rather roundabout way. One of the bridges was blown up during the war. The cobble-stones become more and more jagged. At last we stop. Our *Droschken* join a large semi-circle of others. . . . We plunge into a dark, streaming crowd. Jews, all Jews. Long caftans and caps; modern clothes out of little shops. Not only old men in caftans but boys and youngsters. No very long ear-locks here. Some concession is made to modernity in the city. The beards are long, however, and but for some red Judas physiognomy here and there, the faces, especially of the old and older men, have a grave and noble beauty. Thus Rembrandt saw them; thus they are today. The women are less definitely marked in character. Only here and there are glimpses of shapely profiles.

It is not an orderly crowd. But its disorder is quite without violence. Some passion stirs it, however, some impulse that lifts it above its workaday self. Are these the people who walk the Warsaw streets so quietly, so sadly? Are these the old men of the Ghetto streets, these the haggling slatterns of a thousand shops, these the caftaned boys who rather hug the walls when the sun shines?

They throng toward the platform of the railroad station. Most of them in vain. Only those who have tickets are admitted. This is not an unreasonable regulation. But for it all the half-million Jews in Warsaw would be here tonight. Intellectually they are disunited. There are parties and parties. Nevertheless they would be here tonight. Assimilationism of any kind is dead here—dead forever. The Poles have taken good care of that. The nine-hundred-year-old sharing of earth and sun and bread and vicissitude and fighting against a common enemy and oppressor can count no more. The Poles have seen to it; they see to it daily and hourly. So what are parties, opinions, divisions? All Jewish Warsaw is here in body or in spirit tonight. Two hundred people are being entrained on their way to Constanza, where they take ship, on their way out of bondage, on their way to *Eretz Jisroel*—the land of the fathers. . . .

The blue-coated Polish policemen with their long swords are impassive. Impassive and a little surly. Their duty tonight rather disgusts them. They are accustomed to inspiring fear, at least a nervous shrinking. Tonight, despite their authority, which cannot be denied, they simply do not exist. The spirit of the crowd has risen above them. . . .

We have tickets, of course, and are under competent guidance. But we, too, are sent with calculated rudeness from one gate to another. . . . At last we are on the platform, in the midst of an even intenser crowd—a crowd whose faces are a little pale under the dim lights. Pale but uplifted. For here are the people who are actually going and here are their fathers and mothers, their brothers and sisters, who will probably never see them again, but who are glad to give them up out of the darkness into the light and out of degradation to spiritual erectness. If they themselves cannot see Jerusalem, it is well that these others may; if they must await the pogroms to come, it is well that so many are saved.

So many. So few. This thing that we are witnessing is a weekly occurrence. About two hundred people leave each week. But in the files of the Palestine Office you see that there are ten thousand applications a week. Why are there so few out of so many? That is a story I cannot tell today. . . .

The train stands beside the platform and the leader from the Palestine Office is busy getting his people on board. He accompanies them to the Rumanian border, sees to it that they are not cheated nor delayed through passport or visa chicaneries, nor suffer violence nor robbery. At the border another leader takes his place, who accompanies and protects the group to its final destination. This is a fact of the deepest significance. . . .

Our Warsaw leader is a model of quiet efficiency. In half an hour he has his people in their proper compartments. No bundles must be lost and no children misplaced. For only one-third of today's group consists of young men and women, of *Chaluzim*, or pioneers. The rest are families who have the necessary minimum of capital which entitles them to go to Palestine. The heads of the families are carpenters, locksmiths, expert workmen in the building trades. They are more than that. They are idealists and, in a sense, scholars. For they are all speakers of Hebrew, in addition to Polish and Yiddish, and they have all liberated their minds from the restraints and inhibitions of the current orthodoxy and have seen an unheard-of vision and had the hardihood to break through a thousand shackles, overcome a thousand difficulties on their way to this tremendous adventure. . . .

We leave the ladies of our party tucked in a safe corner and Dr. Korngruen of the Palestine Office and I make our way through the crowd and go into one packed compartment after another to speak to those who are going. The third-class compartments are barren and comfortless and the long journey, followed by the steerage passage on the emigrant ship, is in itself enough to appal the Western mind. And these emigrants are not the Ellis Island type. Here are no fugitives. Let that be made as clear as possible. We speak to men and to women and touch the heads of children. These people will suffer on the trip, and the hardships of the land to which they are going will be real hardships to them. But they are sustained by what is within; they are sustained by the thought that their children will not be the helots of barbarians. . . .

A single carriage of first-class compartments heads the

train. The doors are still open, and outside of them stand the Polish officers who are to occupy the compartments. They try to keep their faces expressionless. But as they stand there or walk up and down trailing their long swords you get from them an indefinable moral atmosphere. They are contemptuous and yet amazed. Something here does not fit in with their calculations. Something. . . . What is it? It is this, that the outcasts and the hunted and the oppressed that are here have undergone a profound change. They are as powerless physically as ever. Morally they are no longer so. For from the middle of the train flutters a little flag of blue and white—a flag that represents no guns or battalions or frontiers or force or fraud, a flag that represents no aspiration after power, only a hope, only an act of spiritual self-recollection. But that is enough. The flag is there. And with the flag the song. And slowly, a little hoarsely at first, then with rising energy and fervor, the crowd sings the "Hetikvah," the song of that hope, of that aspiration. . . .

The Polish officers enter their compartments; the doors of the other compartments are closed too. Against the panes of the windows, close to the panes, are the faces of our people—men and women and little children. The faces on the platform, silently turned to those others, are strained but calm and self-controlled. From an open compartment-window a young *Chaluz* is quietly saying a few words in Hebrew to those who must remain behind in *Galuth*, in the terrible *Galuth* of Poland. But there is no sentimentality, no excess of feeling. The hour is too tremendous for that. Two thousand years are gone, are swept away. "This year here," the fathers have said for generations and generations, "this year here, next year in Jeruschelayim!" That next year has come. . . . Slowly the train pulls out of the dim station. A single sob is heard from a woman on the platform. Then no more. Only the strains of the "Hetikvah," only the restrained melody of the song of hope, and here and there a final word of both farewell and salutation, the best word, the only word—*Shalom*, which means peace.

Young America

By FRANCES BRADLEY

Mountain Shad

"NO, they air not what yer mout call hefty chillen, but they don' come of hefty stock," looking from her husband's to her own angular, spare-built body. "I reckon they tromps the meat off'n ther bones on these mountings. 'Pears like all o' wee'uns air mighty lean. The cattle hain't nothin' but a rack o' bones an' the hawgs air so flat yer kin see right through ther slats. The chickens air all wings an' legs, an' even the sheep bleats right pitiful like when yer shears 'em an' fin's nothing' but a roll o' wool. Yet fer all o' thet, we air right stout. I reckon we air tough like the pine an' balsam an' hickory what grows hyarabouts." Seizing a branch of leaves from the chimney corner, she shooed from the room a long-legged dominecker that came stalking through the door, waving his gay wattles as he scuttled out of reach.

"How much milk do the chillen drink? Wall thet's easy answered fer they don' git none. We hev beef cattle but thar's no pasture in these parts an' we turns 'em out ter graze, so they don' give no milk ter speak on. Our chillen don' seem ter keer much about it no how. They air jes natu'ally born hearty an, time they air a month or so ole, they wants a taste o' everything I eats. O' co'se they pulls on me till they air a year or so ole, sometimes mo'n thet," with a sheepish glance at her husband, "but when they gits ready, they weans therselves, an' then they air through with milk.

"I haint never hed 'em weighed. Seems like chillen don' go by weight like hawgs an' cattle. But I reckon ef they war ailin', we'd hyar from 'em. They're never what yer mout call down sick sence John Junior hyar war a baby. He hed a risin' in his haid an' hit busted an' run outen his ye'r. He air right hard o' hearin' on his lef' side, but hit don' run no mo' an' 'cep' fer growin' pains he don' never complain o' nothin'.

"I fergot, Ruby hyar hev allus been kin' o' phthisicy. She hev big kernels in her neck an' she wheezes with every damp spell o' weather. Some say she hev got scrofulo, but hit air a mark. When I war 'thet way' with her I hed ter set up with a ole aunt o' mine who war a dyin', an' this chile war born with a wheezin' an' rattlin' jest like the death rattle in my aunt's throat.

"O' co'se ther teeth could be better, but they gits them from ther poppy an' mommy, but I reckon ez long ez they don' complain, an' they eats hearty ez pigs the whole endurin' day, they haint very bad off. We won' pester the doctors none yit awhile."

"Have you plenty of fruit and vegetables?" persisted the inquirer.

"Wall, we hev apples, an' the woods air full o' berries and grapes in season. Ez fer vegetables, these mountings air too steep ter plant, an' thar's not room between 'em fer a crap. We hev roas'n' ye'rs an' peas an' beans an' I tries ter hev a patch o' cabbage an' turnip greens. Sech ez hit is, they hev a plenty, but what they likes mos'ly air hawg an' hominy an' surrup an' coffee."

The Salamander

"Yaas'm, we had 'em all weighed an' medgered endurin' o' the war. The doctor an' nurse said they wuz powerful little fer ther age, but we didn't need ter be tol' that. They said the chillen mus' have milk an' eggs an' fruit an' vegetables, but they didn't say how we wuz ter git 'em. An they mus' have ther tonsils tuk out an' ther teeth fixed an' what not, but never mentioned who wuz a goin' ter pay the bill. I never said nothin' but I could a tol' 'em it wuz chillin' what tuk the meat offen ther bones, an' takin' so much medicine what ruint ther teeth.

"O' co'se we had sickness at the cotton mill befo' we come ter the lumber camp, but we wusn't sick the whole endurin' time. Fust off we had the flu when everybody wuz down with it. Then we all come down with measles, mammy an' pappy, my two married brothers an' ther famblies, an' Homer an' Homer Junior an' me, thirteen all at oncet. The mill doctor an' nurse tuk keer on us but they didn't aim fer us ter lay off later. Seemed like they wouldn't believe that

it ruins a man ter go back ter work in less'n six months arter havin' measles, but it sho fixed po' pappy. We had ter live, so somebody jes natu'ally had ter work. Pappy said he'd take a chance on it, so him an' Lettie an' me got jobs an' lef' Ruthie an' the men folks ter min' the chillen. Pappy wuz too ole fer a mill han' so he worked outside, an' the white glarey san', it jes' about blinded him.

"Soon ez the six months wuz up we pulled out an' come hyar. We knowed in reason there wouldn't be much schoolin' in a lumber camp, but we 'lowed ef we could git away from sech a passle o' chillen, our'n wouldn't be ketchin' everything from devilment ter measles. But we sho jumped from the fryin' pan into the fire. The rainy season struck camp jes about time we did, an' I never seed sech a sight. The lan' lies low an' the water jes' natu'ally caint run off so it back up, an' this whole camp wuz under water. O' co'se ther wuzn't no work fer nobody. They lef' the tents an' shacks an' piled us into freight cars an' carried us ter higher groun'. Thar we staid till the water went down. We wuz packed in like sardines an' the sun wuz powerful hot, an' yer never seed so many snakes an' turtles, or heered so many frogs a bellerin' every night like bulls. Then hyar come the skeeters an' gnats an' flies, an' the chillen already had the itch among 'em, so the po' little critters looked like they had the measles ergin an' had been runnin' in the briar patch ter boot.

"No screens ner nets could hol' them skeeters, an' twuzn't no time till we all come down with chills an' fever. The company doctor poured quinine down us till the chillen could eat it outen ther han' like sugar, but I wuz too fur erlong with Jimmie hyar ter be takin' quinine, an' I reckon I tried twenty-five diff'ent kin's o' medicine. The man at the commissary said he had sol' $2,000 wuth o' chill tonic in six months, an' some o' that money come outen our pocket. It'd a bought a right smart o' milk an' eggs fer our chillen.

"We buys Eagle Bran' fer coffee but we jes' cain't give 'em milk ter drink. O' co'se we lives outen paper bags an' tin cans but it sho ain't cos we likes it. Ef anybody thinks they kin have cows an' chickens an' gyardens in a mill town or a lumber camp, let 'em try it oncet.

"I knows my chillen is skinny, but they is all I got, an' I'm a doin' the bes' I kin. Nobody cain't do no mo'."

Scipio Africanus

"Lawd no, chile, we ain't got no cow ner chickens, an' nothin' but dis piece o' house ter kiver our haids, an' hit don' kiver 'em lessn de sun is shinin'," and a genial smile disclosed the brilliant white teeth, thick lips, and satiny skin of the genuine African.

Pinning a lone, buttonless garment over the glistening nakedness of her first-born, and wiping with the corner of her apron the greasy face and hands of her second-born, she sent them out in the road to play, calling after them: "Min' what I tol' yer 'bout dat ditch." Picking up the latest addition to the family, she proffered the time-honored solace to a whimpering baby and explained: "We sho hez a time wid dese chillen. Tain't no place fer 'em ter play but in de road an' de road means de ditch what sluices de fiel'. Dey jes natu'ally cain't keep outen dat water an' hits not fitten ter play in. De bottom is so sof' an' slippy dat when dey falls in dey hez ter be pulled out, an' dey not gwine ter be satisfied till one on 'em gits drownded."

"Why ain't we got a yard? Why, cos de boss man ain't sesso. Eve'thing in sight b'longs ter him. When he say 'come,' we comes, an' when he say 'go,' we goes. He 'lows niggers is so triflin' dese days dat dey burns up the fence rails an' de cow an' chicken houses fas'er'n he kin build 'em, an' hit sho is de truf wid some on 'em. We kin keep geese fer dey cleans de grass outen de fiel', good ez a choppin' han', but dawgs an' hawgs an' cows an' chickens an' sech—no, mam, not on dis place," emphatically. "Co'se some boss mans is diff'ent, but in dese parts ef a man raises rice or cotton, hits rice or cotton plumb ter de fron' do' an' de back." She laid the sleeping child, full to overflowing, in the midst of a feather bed and covered him with a limp, soiled piece of mosquito netting.

"What does de chillen eat? Why bread an' meat. De boss man runs a commissary whar yer kin git flour an' meal an' white belly an' coffee, an' sorghum in season, ef yer hez de price."

"That may do for you and your husband, but children need fresh food."

"Well, dey hez fresh po'k ev'y hawg killin' time, 'bout Christmas; an' whenever de groun' is water soaked an' not fitten ter work, we goes afishin' an' brings in a nice mess o' cat or perch or brim. Dey sho fries good."

"But no greens or fruit?"

"Lawd, lady, we ain't used ter dem fixin's. My chillens eats what dey kin git, an' fer ez I kin see, dey gits along all right. O' co'se dey hez de ague an' summer complaint. Seem lak dey jes cain't git th'u de summer widout dat, an' hit las'es plumb till col' weather. Two o' my babies died dat-a-way. Sence den, Scip Junior w'ars a cricket's nes' an' Pearl Virginia a bunch o' dawg tushes, an' Eph hyar hez de ye'r bones of a rat in a little bag roun' his neck," displaying the treasured charm which protected the sleeping baby.

"Dey's good chillen ef I does say it, an' dey not hard haided nuther, even ef dey haids is long an' hangs over dey faces lak dey daddy's. Dey sho gits dat from Scip," laughing, "but I dunno whar dey gits dey holler chists an' pot bellies, less'n hits eatin' so much all de time. Dey eats all day an' I reckon dey'd eat all night ef I'd stay up an' feed 'em," handing out two slabs of corn pone and fat meat to the ebony specimens peering in hungrily at the door.

"Yaas'm, Eph is a right peart little feller but he's powerful slow about walkin'. I reckon dats on account o' his bow laigs. Some folks sez he's got rickets, but I reckon he's jes natu'ally lazy. Dey tells me ef yer drive a nail th'u de shell of a tarrypin an' rub de warm blood up an' down the back an' laigs of a rickety chile, he'll walk off ez bresh ez anybody. He's sho got ter walk ef he's ever gwine ter school."

"Have you a school near the plantation?"

"Well, hit's nigh when de roads is good, but hit seems a right smart piece when de creek backs up an' ev'ything is under water. I reckon Scip Junior'll be goin' nex' ye'r an' I hope he gits mo' schoolin' 'n his mammy an' daddy. We bof went ter school off an' on, but we plumb fergot eve'ything but how ter scribe our names. Eddication sho is a good thing fer dem dat hez it.

"Yaas'm, thank yer, mam, I'll do mer bes'. Good bye ter yer." Then—"You Scip an' Pearl Virginia, come in dis house 'fo' yer falls in dat ditch."

In the Driftway

FROM An Ardent Admirer, who is otherwise anonymous, the Drifter has just received the following communication, with the admirable sentiments with which he cannot but agree:

> Dear Sir: I know you as a friend of the poor and oppressed and I am therefore writing to ask you to do something for me. I am a poor man who has just had a vacation; not an extensive one, but just a little, innocent holiday in the course of which I never harmed a dumb beast or neglected to reward my fellow-man as requested from time to time. Now I have come back to work and I find work impossible. Man was not made for work. Nevertheless, I am compelled to seek my livelihood and have nothing to look forward to in the future except another vacation followed by another resumption of toil. What I would like you to do is to write your Congressman, if you can remember who he is, asking him to introduce suitable legislation abolishing either vacations or work. I know, dear Sir, that you have Influence; I know you never work yourself and are therefore not troubled with my problem; I know, if you will, that you have both leisure and power to Do Something. What will It BE? I am hopefully yours.

* * * * *

THE Drifter cannot but be flattered by the suggestion that he has so much authority, but he assures his correspondent that he attained to his present state of emancipation from toil by hard labor; every man must learn for himself the secret. Still, he remembers well the days, long ago, when he, too, returned to duty after idleness. He remembers the falling feeling in the region of his midriff as the familiar scenes once more thrust themselves on his eyes; he remembers going around in a sort of daze, doing old tasks, until in a few hours he found it impossible to believe that he had ever been absent from them. There are, of course, persons who pretend that they are foaming with eagerness to get back to their jobs. "Oh, yes," they say, "we had such a lovely time in Timbuctoo, but naturally we are simply dying to see our desk again because we have stored up such quantities of energy that only work will dispose of it properly." The Drifter scorns such hypocrisy. He agrees with his correspondent that man was not made for work, but would be much happier supporting himself and family on roots and berries under a tent of bramble branches.

* * * * *

FORTUNATELY there are two solutions of this perplexing problem. One is to work fourteen hours a day for forty years with no holiday whatever, after which a kind fate may have provided either rest from all labor in the earth or a competence to end one's days in peace. The other is to persuade some easily gulled person with ample means that you are working when you are merely doing what you like.

* * * * *

THE latter is the harder way, but on the whole the Drifter recommends it. There are persons so happy as to have discovered some such system early in life. They roam about the world or stay comfortably at home, according to their inclination, and each month their stipend arrives to keep away the danger of starvation and the necessity of a holiday.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

We Make Him Mad

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a subscriber and constant reader of *The Nation*, and it exasperates me and makes me mad every week, and always has. I have often wondered why, and but recently discovered the cause. It is because *The Nation* always, constantly, consistently, and exasperatingly stands for Jesus Christ and His gospel. When I was a little Sunday-school boy my teacher tried to make me love Jesus; but the best I could do was to respect Him. I did not like the company He kept—publicans and sinners and the exploited and unprivileged. They do not bathe often enough and they smell of dirty linen. I love wealth, prosperity, good clothes, good dinners, and respectability. *The Nation* is for the poor, the unprivileged, the exploited, the Negro, the I. W. W., and all that sort of thing. That is what exasperates me. But I suppose you can't help it. I am a Pharisee and a Federalist of the Alexander Hamilton and John Adams school. I adore this monarchical republic they founded where wealth and privilege is securely intrenched behind its Constitution and laws against the hungry and predatory masses.

I shall vote for Coolidge and the Republican Party as the party of predatory wealth and privilege. With Horace I cry: "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo."

I was in a furious revival service down in Maine one summer in a camp-meeting. The evangelist cried: "All who want to go to heaven stand up!" All stood except the storekeeper, Old Dudley. "O Brother Dudley, Brother Dudley! Don't you want to go to heaven?" You ought to have seen the look of scorn with which the old man looked around on the crowd and said: "Not in this yere crowd, thank you!"

CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

Santa Barbara, California, August 12

Progressive Latin-Americans

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The La Follette-Wheeler headquarters recently issued a statement to the effect that groups of American citizens of Latin-American birth had given assurances that naturalized Latin-Americans would vote the La Follette-Wheeler ticket. Unfortunately for the outcome of the election, the number of votes that might be obtained by La Follette, or by the three parties combined, from naturalized Latin-Americans could hardly exceed four figures in the whole country. The reason is that Latin-Americans seldom renounce allegiance to their fatherland or become citizens of a country which is not their own.

It is safe to assert that of all the Latin-Americans and Spaniards who immigrate into the United States only about 1 per cent become American citizens. The Spaniards are the most likely to change their nationality, next come the Cubans, perhaps, and last the Mexicans. In a Broadway play recently the sarcastic statement was made that "even the Mexicans think their country is wonderful," and, reasonably or not, this is an incontestable fact. This is true also of all the Indohispanic peoples. We do not believe in trading nationalities, just as we do not believe in trading religions. Mexicans are Roman Catholics as a rule, and in spite of the active propaganda of American missionaries they do not often become Protestants. When a Mexican ceases to be a Catholic it is to become a freethinker; if he ceases to be a Mexican it is to become a citizen of the world.

Notwithstanding the foregoing remarks, the Spanish-speaking vote of the United States—not naturalized, but native born—is important, particularly in the South and Southwest. These American citizens, sympathetic with their brothers south of the Rio Grande, with similar feelings and emotions, can express

their sentiments by the vote. They represent, furthermore, a force committed to all possible safeguards for the weak, checks upon the powerful, and to an effort toward peace and universal happiness.

We Mexicans may forgive but not forget the strenuous efforts of governments representing the two traditional parties to alienate from us the affection of the American masses and to make us hate the Americans, efforts which have been fruitless perhaps because they were against the law of nature. Deep i the heart of the common people is the feeling that men who toil for humanity are bound together in a common struggle for truth, comfort, and beauty.

If Senator La Follette had no record and were a newcomer in the arena, he would have the sympathies of the Indo-hispanic races in recognition of his bravery, prompted by a common defensive instinct against political machines and associated interests that have proved a menace to us. But the brilliant career of La Follette as Congressman, Governor, and Senator, particularly during the last decade, has won from us enduring admiration and respect. We, too, want to see the American banner true to its original purpose of freedom and love.

New York, September 15 J. M. BEJARANO

"Swashbuckling"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Once again having been grieved and surprised at finding in the pages of the treasured *Nation* the word "swashbuckling," one of my pet aversions, I am constrained to remind you that the true function of the swashbuckler is not to buckle his swash, but to swash his buckler. The word "swashbuckling" is therefore plainly to be seen as a misbegotten enormity.

"Swashbucklering"—yes, by all means, if one wants an adjective, but, pray, leave "swashbuckling" to the feature writers of the plute press who are much addicted to the word.

New York, September 7 ROBERT H. EDWARDS

Europe at Peace!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps the following note escaped the vigilance of the press correspondents. It appeared in the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung*.

A few weeks ago several of the less conservative European newspapers published the testimony of the Hungarian adjutant, Danics, who was sentenced in Budapest to four weeks' arrest for conduct unbecoming an officer. The charge against Danics was that he blinded one man and smashed another's leg. This all happened, so the adjutant averred, in carrying out duties assigned to him. Part of the adjutant's testimony follows:

> To hang fifty men, to dig fifty graves—I ask you, gentlemen, to place yourselves in my position! When the dirty commune was beaten, I was ordered to hang the dirty communists. So, in Szegedin, I strung up fifty of the bums. From there we went to Komorn, for the dirty bums tried to start something there. Colonel Pronay commanded me to hang anyone who showed himself unpatriotic. In Komorn we drank a lot of wine, and on the way home we met several citizens of the town. They were carrying on unpatriotic conversations, and so we beat them up and then went back to the barracks.
>
> Altogether there were twenty-four men in my detachment, and they all had a hand in hanging the communists. Suddenly someone appeared—I believe the military patrol. I didn't think they were soldiers, and we started to club them out of the saloon. We were drunk, for four of us had just finished fourteen liters of wine. . . . Yes, sir, we had to drink on this job or our nerves would have given way. Put yourselves in my place, gentlemen; I defended the fatherland against these dirty bums. . . . My nerves are all shot to hell. . . . Three months it took—I shoveled graves for every one I hanged. . . . To hang fifty men, to dig fifty graves. . . . A feller's got to do a lot of tall drinking on such a job.

Peace, so I believe, has been *declared* in Europe!

Vienna, July 9 JEROME LACHENBRUCH

The Alien's Dilemma

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the past few months my attention has been directed to the matter of citizenship for aliens.

I find that a large number of applicants, in every way desirable as prospective citizens, are denied citizenship on the expressed ground of the wife's presence in a foreign country. In many cases the judges tell the applicants: "Your citizen papers will be granted as soon as your wife resides with you in this country." When the applicant, however, takes steps to bring his wife to this country, he is confronted by the immigration bureau's policy of not admitting wives of immigrants unless the latter are American citizens!

The result is anomalous. Citizenship is refused because of the wife's non-emigration to the country, and permission to emigrate is denied because of the man's non-citizenship!

I would be extremely thankful to any reader or government official if he or she would enlighten me in this matter so that I may be in a position to give counsel to the scores of applicants who come to me for assistance.

New York, June 24 LEON A. MALKIEL

Is the Bar Association K.K.K.?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of this communication happens to be one of your subscribers who is white, Gentile, and Protestant; who believes the Ku Klux Klan is perhaps the most insidious and dangerous organization today in America; who is convinced that Negroes, Jews, and Catholics are entitled to their political rights under our Constitution equally with our citizens who are not Negroes, Jews, or Catholics.

Now that august society, the American Bar Association, posing as the semi-official national representative of what the Constitution of the United States really means, never inquires of a lawyer applying for membership whether he be Jew or Gentile, whether he be Protestant, Catholic, or agnostic; and this of course is entirely in order and as it should be. But the men in control of the American Bar Association do insist that the applicant state his color; and if he be a decent, honest Negro lawyer (I happen to know quite a number) he is *not* allowed to join.

Now I ask you in all earnestness if the American Bar Association is not logically 33 1/3 per cent Ku Klux Klan?

Or is it a mere social club?

If it be the latter, all right to exclude colored lawyers of course; but let it cease to pose as an oracle of American citizenship. And let it cease to urge closer and more friendly relations with our fellow-nationals in the West Indies and South America. A very large proportion of the learned and honest lawyers in those countries show more or less color.

Washington, July 26 NILDO

Another Dominant Female

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Vaerting forgot an authority at least as reliable as Herodotus and some of the others quoted in that article. Among the Jiggses, where the woman is dominant, the female, according to McManus, has almost twice the bulk and stature of the male.

New Preston, Conn., September 12 ROBERT L. WOLF

Books

Upton Sinclair Scores Again

The Goslings, A Study of the American Schools. By Upton Sinclair. Pasadena, California: Upton Sinclair. Cloth, $2; paper, $1.

UPTON SINCLAIR has a simply appalling appetite for scandal and an incomparable ability for getting it before his readers in an interesting fashion. His world is an old building which, though outwardly strong, is inwardly rotten and ready to collapse. So Mr. Sinclair with a lantern and some tools sneaks in and taps the timbers, knocks off the disguising plaster, and then publishes his findings to the world. The light he flashes into the dark recesses he investigates is not a steady white beam, but luridly and terribly red. And he works at headlong speed.

"The purpose of this book," he writes, "is to show how the invisible government of big business which controls the rest of America has taken over the charge of your children" in the public schools. The pattern into which the matter falls is essentially that of "The Goose-Step"; there is a great deal of melodrama. The matter is also essentially the same, as is indicated by such chapter headings as The Spy System, Lies for Children, Schools of Mammon, Boston in Bondage, Poison Pictures, Schools of Steel, The Country Geese, etc. The criticisms which may be leveled against that book may be leveled against this: (1) Mr. Sinclair is overnaive in his interpretations of the motives of authorities and fails to attribute enough importance to the force of association in the formation of conservative opinions, and he fails to acknowledge that there are honest conservatives as well as honest radicals. (2) He fails to make clear that the purpose of education is not to make Sinclairian radicals. (3) He recognizes that "the classroom teachers are the ones we must depend upon if education is to be improved," but he fails to emphasize that most teachers are honest supporters of the *status quo* and that teachers dissatisfied with the accepted ideas are as rare as dissatisfied Rotarians.

Yet if he fails to emphasize the limitations of teachers, he knows what they are, for he passingly summarizes them thus: "The present status of the American school-teacher is that of a wage slave, an employee of the school board and the superintendent; it is not the status of a free citizen, nor of a professional expert." This summary is beyond cavil. No other group which is at least potentially professional submits to such absurd and snooping regulation of its private conduct. It is no accident that most school-teachers are excessively nervous, because sex-starvation is forced upon them, male and female. The intolerable dulness of the conversation of the teacher outside of school hours, the constant harking back to professional concerns, and usually the most petty of those concerns, is simply the result of the stifling of all spirit of intellectual adventure. Vast numbers of school-teachers live in daily fear of losing their jobs, and the women in particular, in proportion to the number of years they have taught, are willing to make concessions to outrageous demands because of the difficulty of transferring to other less regulated work. As Sinclair notes, when conditions become too bad only the least adventurous remain. The objection that teachers have no professional standards is easy to make, but how to remedy the situation presents difficulties. Many teachers are such with the help of God and their A. B.'s, others teach a year or two after college graduation to "discover" themselves, and others through sheer incompetence in other fields become teachers to justify Bernard Shaw: "Those who can, do; those who cannot, teach." The only remedies adopted thus far to raise professional standards are as bad as the evils. The requirement of courses in silly methods, given by lordly nincompoops, in no way raises competency. Some of the finest teachers are, methodologically speaking, inferior, and some of the worst have endless methodology. What seems to be needed is some way of excluding from the teaching group those who are not interested in instructing youths, or who have no intellectual enthusiasms.

Sinclair looks to unions to remedy many of these conditions:

> In general, what I say is that school-teachers of the United States should have their professional organizations, and should run these organizations; they should establish professional standards, setting down not merely their rights, but also their duties; they should hold their members to these duties, and should maintain these rights against all comers, including superintendents and school boards. I say that teachers should do this, not merely for their own welfare, but for the welfare of the schools; I say that it is necessary both for the schools and for the children that teachers should cease to be rabbits, and should become self-respecting and alert citizens.

This is his important constructive suggestion. It would be a source of satisfaction to me if I could honestly say that I expect teachers to do this very shortly, and that Utopia is around the corner. But a mournfully realistic habit of mind makes me turn to this study as being a truthful portrait of the teacher, past, present, and future:

> The teacher is a "lady" in 95 per cent of cases—and in the other 5 per cent the teacher is a "gentleman." The teacher belongs to the white-collared class and receives a monthly salary—never the degrading weekly stipend known as "wages."

It is sad but true that teachers are snobs, fools, hypocrites, incredibly stupid as to their interests, what you will; but some do arouse themselves from coma, as Mr. Sinclair records. They are, as remarked before, rare. I suspect that school-teachers belong to the class of people who support the social system they work in no matter what it may be, and that if Mr. Sinclair's Utopia were realized they would no more sabotage that system than they do the present one.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

What Is Sex?

The Mechanism and Physiology of Sex Determination. By Richard Goldschmidt. Translated by William J. Dakin. George H. Doran Company. $6.

THE insistent demands of their experiments are usually so exhausting that biological investigators seldom consider the possibility of giving comprehensible explanations of the bearing of their seemingly pointless findings. Scientific language grows more and more complicated with each new finding; for new ideas, like new wine, are unsafe in old conveyors. Hence the results of the experiments are embalmed in the strict accuracy of terms technically defined.

Goldschmidt's present book is a notable exception; in the midst of his creative life he fits together his own results and the related bits of truth from all corners of the earth into a set of mature deductions—a strictly scientific purpose. At the same time he has invited general readers to enter along with the specialists. He gives the necessary elementary introductions; he keeps the main points clear of the multitudinous details; he defines his terms. The result is not a complete Open Sesame to his subject, but it is a half-opened door through which the adventurous uninitiated may slip into a new world.

One does not get far into this book without realizing how much broader is the meaning of the word sex to a biologist than to others; how utterly different are his sex problems from those of the layman. Popularly, sex and sex problems refer to sexual desire and mating in man. Biologically, mating is an incidental matter; the great emphasis is upon processes that precede mating—the formation of the sex cells, the relation of their color bodies (chromosomes) to maleness and femaleness and to heredity, the mechanics of sex determination, the physiology of sexual development, the meaning of individuals that have structures of both sexes at once. Indeed the analysis of such problems has gone so far that Goldschmidt considers the

essential purpose of sex independent of mating and reproduction. For instance, in the Paramecium or slipper animalcule the usual method of reproduction is for one animal simply to divide itself into two equal parts by a central constriction; at times a sort of mating takes place in which two individuals are fused, and after an elaborate reorganization within each one, there occurs a mutual exchange of certain substances. After separating, the rate of subsequent divisions is increased. Except for the greater independence of mating and reproduction, this closely parallels the sexual processes in higher animals, in which the formation of the sex cells involves a similar elaborate reorganization of the cell contents. Now it has been found that mating is not at all necessary, as these animalcules have been prevented from uniting for thousands of generations without influencing the division rate or the vigor of the race. At intervals the generations follow more slowly; at such times it was discovered that the animals were undergoing the same complete reorganization that previously had been observed only at the time of mating. Here then is a case in which mating may be completely eliminated and the internal reorganization will alone accomplish the same effect upon reproduction. Worn-out material, toxic substances accumulate after a certain number of generations; these must be eliminated if the race is to continue; this elimination is what the reorganization accomplishes, and is the essential sex process.

The case of the Paramecium illustrates Goldschmidt's conception that all the varied manifestations of sex which are found throughout the animal kingdom are the outcome of the periodic need of a thorough spring house-cleaning, making it possible for generation to follow generation to the end of time. Sex, to a biologist, instead of being scented with shame or obscenity, is recognized as life's method of winning immortality.

The study of sex reaches into all branches of biology. Indeed the most important advances that Goldschmidt describes have come from putting side by side results obtained from diverse and at one time isolated fields. For instance the mechanism that accounts for the normal distribution of sex to the offspring has been revealed by combining the conclusions from breeding experiments on Mendelian heredity with those from the microscopic study of cells. The correlation of the microscopic studies and the breeding work has shown that the determiners of Mendelian characters are distributed to the germ cells by means of structures within the nuclei of the cells (the chromosomes); further it has been found that in most animals half the reproductive cells in one sex contain an odd chromosome. Now it is concluded that the mechanism for the distribution of the chromosomes in the formation of the germ cells is that by which both typical Mendelian characters and sex are normally distributed to the offspring. The sex of an individual is primarily determined at the time of fertilization by the number of chromosomes brought together by the egg and sperm.

Goldschmidt's own investigations have been concerned particularly with the intersexual types produced when certain species of moth are crossed. His findings have led to the formation of a theory that sex is determined by the quantitative relations of two basic substances in the chromosomes, one substance determining maleness and the other femaleness. In normal cases the presence or absence of the odd chromosome shifts the balance of these substances so that one or the other has complete control. In rare cases the relation of the odd chromosome to the others is not adjusted so as to swing the course of development all the way to one side or the other, and the individual starting out as one sex may switch over at some stage and continue development as the other sex. In this way all degrees of intermediate sexual characters were found, from males that looked almost completely female to females that looked male.

The chapter on man illustrates vividly the service that has been rendered by the detailed experimental study of animals that in themselves have no human significance; for here it is shown that the data from man, by themselves, have contributed little more than general support to the present biological understanding of sex. In man, as in most lower animals, sex control—the power to make a given individual develop as a male or as a female—is a thing of the future.

E. Carleton MacDowell

America's Foremost Composer

The Boyhood of Edward MacDowell. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

MISS BROWN adds to our knowledge of MacDowell's boyhood. She does not add much, but that is not her fault, for as she says the record is meager, supplied by the recollections of Dr. Charles MacDowell, cousin and early playmate of the composer, and by Mrs. MacDowell's memory of her husband's conversation. A good deal of the first half of the book, it must be confessed, is supplied also by fancy and embroidery, and it is not always clear to the reader whether Miss Brown is reporting an episode verbatim as MacDowell told it to his wife, or whether she is reconstructing the scene and the conversation out of her own head. This perplexity is increased by the style of the book, the diluted and disposed-to-be-helpful manner used in some stories for children. There is no statement that Miss Brown intended it for children; on the contrary, she says that the story of this boyhood "should have significance in helping to interpret the quality of the music of our first great American composer." The adult reader, however, finds a good deal of this sort of thing, as on page 3:

> Now, if you should happen to take the right train out-of-the-world; and if you should find your proper way to a certain hill-crest, when you had reached the station among young mountains; and if you did not get lost in the winding paths of the mysterious wood of which I have been telling—you might come suddenly upon this cabin perched high and apparently empty. You would certainly be tempted to climb up on the platform and look about. And you would probably try the latch of the little bark door. But it would be locked. Then, I am sure, however polite you are, you could not help peeping in at the latticed window, hung with cobwebs outside—(for the spiders are curious, too). You would flatten your nose against the glass and stare, long and eagerly, into the dim interior, trying to make out what was there. And if you did not know what I am going to tell you in this book, I am sure you would be surprised and puzzled and you would whisper:
>
> "Surely, at last I have found the home of the fairies? This cannot be real. It must be the house of a fairy-tale. Look! I can almost see the story. Hush! I can almost hear it in faint music!"

This reference to the famous log-cabin at the composer's home, and many other passages in the book, would suggest that Miss Brown's inspiration and the subject she really has at heart is Peterborough, pervaded and dedicated by his memory, and generously converted by Mrs. MacDowell into a summer colony for creative artists. This unique institution, too little known and appreciated as yet by the American people, is one of the beautiful things that came to us from MacDowell's life; we are not likely to hear too much of it, and we are grateful to Miss Brown for the fine account of it at the end of her book. But no connection is established between the composer's boyhood and Peterborough, any more than between his boyhood and his music. He was a normal boy, who liked sports and the outdoors, and preferred the country to the city. There have been many like him—except for the genius, and in his case, as always, genius is not to be explained.

The reader is tempted to make a guess as to how this book suggested itself to Miss Brown, and why its theme seems to be something other than MacDowell's boyhood. At Peterborough she felt the strong influence of his charming personality, and reverently handled, she tells us, the very books that he loved as

a child, some of them with pictures that he had colored. These, and the drawings in his sketch-book, were enough in those surroundings to evoke the image of a fortunate childhood, such as we ought to be told of. But when it came to transferring the image to paper, with the stimulating environment of Peterborough withdrawn, the story proved too brief. Miss Brown then went on to sketch the entire life of the composer, bringing most of her book under its title by the thesis that MacDowell always remained a boy at heart. This thesis seems misleading, except as all genius keeps something of childhood in it. MacDowell's reputation as a musician suffers as yet from the fact that though most people know his little things, like the "Wild Rose," few know his big achievements—the orchestral works, the sonatas, the brilliant Second Concerto, the best of the songs—on which his reputation as a master rests. His memory will be cherished very inadequately if we are to think of him as a man with the heart of a boy; true as that account may be, he had also a fine and highly trained mind, and in his personality was felt first of all the magic of varied and truly mature culture. The present reviewer sat in some of his classes at Columbia, and recalls that even in the university environment MacDowell was distinguished by the range of his intellectual background and by his cosmopolitan sense of what was going on in the world. Something of this MacDowell Miss Brown indicates in the last chapters of her book, where she describes his life at Peterborough, and where, as it seems, she has got back to her real theme.

MacDowell's life was singularly beautiful, and the charm of it is in Miss Brown's pages. But the legend of so big a man should be complete, and sentimentality should be kept out of it.

JOHN ERSKINE

Trivia

Fancies Versus Fads. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

Solomon in All His Glory. By Robert Lynd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

MODERNISTS and quidnuncs both owe Mr. G. K. Chesterton a constantly increasing debt of gratitude. He has taught the former that sharp sayings can be made to cut both ways; the latter the ancient strategy that the best defense is an offensive. The rest of us he diverts by his constant high spirits and by a continuous performance of stylistic calisthenics which would soon reduce a less ample and facile essayist to catabolic disaster, and a sad, quiet acquiescence in prohibition and Methodism. Fortunately, neither Mr. Chesterton's pen nor his spirit shows signs of wavering, and from certain sly, jocular references in his new collection of essays, "Fancies Versus Fads," we may happily infer that his shadow is not growing less.

These "notes," "sketches," "visions," "idle journalistic jottings," or "frivolous essays," as Mr. Chesterton in graceful self-depreciation variously calls the contents of his volume, "concern all sorts of things from lady barristers to cave-men, and from psychoanalysis to free verse." Yet there is unity in their variety. Here, all under one tent, we have almost a complete collection of Chesterton's antipathies. He is opposed to free verse, Madame Montessori, anything denominated "modern," "movements," prohibition, simplicity, complexity, reform, eugenics, educational theorists, the simple life, vegetarianism, liberated women, and "Darwinism"—to catalogue just a few of the topics upon which Chesterton alights with devastating effect.

In an essay on Milton and Merry England Mr. Chesterton gives an invaluable little autobiographical note. "My first impulse to write, and almost my first impulse to think, was a revolt of disgust with the decadents and the aesthetic pessimism of the nineties."

The green carnation has long since faded. Now, Mr. Chesterton writes his intellectual autobiography in a tasteful script formed of the corpses of slain faddists and philistines. Chesterton does not speak with the voice or passion of a Carlyle. But he sometimes cries out in Carlyleian accents, and with a gusto which approximates passion, against the Time-Spirit, against a regimented morality, a vulgar democracy, a timorous intelligentsia, and the slavery imposed upon the great masses of men by an industrial society and the Nonconformist Conscience.

Even the most devoted Tory must deplore Chesterton's too great fondness for the proof by analogy—most vivid, but most dangerous of all polemical methods. Too often the analogy is sheer fantasy, ingenious but inconclusive, and so leaves him who gets slapped safe and comfortable in his preconceptions. Yet we must always grant this of the Chestertonian method of balancing two lunacies: that more often than not he makes apparent in a clear, cold light the central point of sanity. So let us cherish Mr. Chesterton. He is our one perfect specimen of the reactionary militant. He has a positive genius for being unfashionable; that's why he is so fashionable.

The exigencies of modern literary journalism have furnished Mr. Robert Lynd with his opportunity. Mr. Lynd is one of the younger British literary lions. He writes with grace and amenity, and a scope nicely adjusted to stringent space allotments and the insistent demand for vivacity and contemporaneousness. "Solomon in All His Glory" does not quite live up to the promise of an earlier volume, "Books and Authors." Mr. Lynd is more engaging when he is communicating his literary enthusiasms than as a guide to the picturesque in London's town life, or as a votary of Nature, or as the mellow commentator watching human traffic from his ivory tower.

The book contains no better sentence than this: "There is no doubt that it is becoming in an ever greater degree the tendency of newspapers to pay attention to poets who eat tulips." There you have Lynd's verve, his quaint turn of thought, his idiomatic prose style. Life is an urbane comedy of manners for the townsman-essayist, and the most urbane, the most comic, the most mannered element in his book is, as it must be, his own personality. There are twenty-seven sketches in the volume. Each is a sort of "silver screen" upon which is projected a one-reel drama, travelogue, or educational film, with Mr. Lynd always the protagonist, whether the play be Wild Life in London, Youth, Travel Talk, Beggars, or The Chocolate Bus.

GERALD HEWES CARSON

A Rebel and a Leader

The Last of the Heretics. By Algernon S. Crapsey. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

HERE is the story of a boy who would not go to school. Here is a youth, called lazy and good-for-nothing, who drifted from city to city in search of a mission in life. But, here also, with humor and pathos, is the story of the dogged singleness of purpose and eloquent and intellectual brilliance with which that mission was fulfilled.

Here is seen the power of heredity to make environment. Algernon Sidney Crapsey was the youngest of a large and evidently rather free and headstrong family. His mother was a daughter of that Senator Morris of Ohio who denounced the evil of slavery and the compromises of Henry Clay in the Senate at a time when an Abolitionist was a social and economic heretic. At the age of six Algernon Crapsey was literally driven to school and through one entire term he refused to learn his letters. Whippings and pleadings at home and at school failed to shake his determination, and when at the age of eleven he rebelliously left school and announced that he had a job his family gave up in despair and let him go his own way. Thereafter he drifted from job to the army and from the army to one makeshift job after another, apparently getting nowhere. But eventually his wide reading, his constant study of preachers and actors, and the "Grey Man" of his boyhood filled his mind until, like an overcharged cloud, he exploded and sought the work for which, by heredity, he was fitted.

With little or no formal religious training, after exposure to the warping filth of army camp and low-class business talk, this boy became one man in his time who lived the Sermon on the Mount so far as the modern world permitted. And with hardly a smattering of formal education before his twenties, he became not only an educated gentleman but a wise thinker, a great orator, and an able writer.

Here, too, is sincerity with its power to attract all sorts of people to a man who is willing to proclaim the truth and live for the things of the spirit. The book is full of the stories of men and women who loved Algernon Crapsey like a son. They might not understand what he was trying to do with his life, but they loved him for what he was—a truth-teller and a truth-seeker—whose highest ambition was to be a follower in the footsteps of Jesus. And when in later life it seemed as if the whole world had beaten a path to his door, the explanation lay in him: Here was a man who had literally followed his Master's bidding: fed the hungry, comforted the afflicted, loved his neighbor as himself.

CLARENCE R. LONG

Books in Brief

Apes and Angels. By Richard Connell. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.

The device Maupassant employed and Bojer (in "The Power of a Lie") developed, of moving inevitably from an apparently trifling incident or casual remark to its tragic consequence, Mr. Connell turns to deft irony in the best of his stories of "apes playing angels, and remembering their halos while forgetting their tails." "Light tragedies," he calls the group, and they are most successful on the thin ice of humor that preserves his irony from bathos; he cannot quite convince us of the pathetic reality of his denouements. Without being imitative, Mr. Connell summons up memories: Fielding's burlesque of "Pamela," for instance, has its parallel with transposed sexes in the present travesty on the innocent country girl who comes to the city to be ruined. In a few of the tales, "accident" brings on the desired conclusion, but any accident is justifiable that helps produce the satirical picture of modern advertising efficiency in Son of a Sloganeer. The opening sentence of this story—"Mr. Bowser thumbed a buzzer"—is insidiously comic in its portentousness, and epitomizes the method by which the author keeps us chuckling through the volume.

Speculations. Essays on Humanism and the Philosophy of Art. By T. E. Hulme. Edited by Herbert Read. With a Frontispiece and Foreword by Jacob Epstein. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

A posthumous collection of papers on the philosophy of religion and art by a young Englishman who was killed in the war. He has hitherto been known to most Americans only through the five poems in free verse which Ezra Pound published in 1915 and which are reprinted here in an appendix. Although he considered himself an amateur in speculation, he was positive, original, and acute; and it would be difficult to say how much was lost to thought when he died at Nieuport in 1917. He had laid plans for a number of volumes which should develop the theory explicit in the present fragments—the theory that religion, ethics, and art have undergone a steady degradation since the Renaissance. The Renaissance, by rejecting absolutes (God) and embracing relatives (nature), created "that bastard, personality," and inaugurated a debauch which in philosophy means humanism, in ethics optimism or perfectionism, in art romanticism, vitalism, individualism. Hulme was in no sense orthodox; he did not ask for a literal return to the Middle Ages. But he hoped for the return of something corresponding to the doctrine of original sin—something, that is, which takes into account the essential futility of existence, the total inadequacy of nature, the permanent imperfection of man, and the definite reality of absolutes. His most fruitful speculations perhaps were in the field of art, where he championed those geometrical, abstract modes in modern sculpture, painting, and poetry which it seemed to him grew out of a sense in certain artists that nature, being insufficient and corrupt, needed to have imposed upon it the rigid forms of pure intellect. The graceful curves of nature flow nowhere; straight lines run to God. On so much evidence Hulme might be suspected of piety and despair. Instead, he was hard, sardonic, and pugnacious; his convictions grew out of free observation, his impatience was that of a true philosopher. He perfectly explains the sculpture of Epstein, and his pages on poetry throw much light on Maxwell Bodenheim, to take an American example—a poet who has entered the lists against sensuality and romance, fighting them with abstract diction and strictly intelligent metaphor. In the present volume historians of twentieth-century art may find the clearest and strongest expression of the spirit out of which it significantly came.

The Fabulous Forties. By Meade Minnigerode. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

An attempt to make the Early Victorian era amusing for us by collecting and annotating original data to show the comedy of Victorian manners. Mr. Minnigerode's contemporary material is not collected from state papers. Rather, he bends his search toward "forgotten plays and unremembered books, bright silks and satins, twinkling candelabra and vanished splendors." And so he does up the history and politics of the times, the domestic life, the New York stage, the books, the society, and the decade's great romantic climax—the Gold Rush of '49. Mr. Minnigerode has written with the vivacity his title demands, and succeeded in the not-too-difficult task of making an age other than our own look absurd.

The Outsider. Adapted by Joan Sutherland from the play of that name by Dorothy Brandon. Brentano's. $2.

A novel fabricated from the past season's play and filled with an abundant claptrap. The action depends largely upon a wondrous mechanical contrivance of vaudevillesque mysteriousness. The invention triumphs with a sensational flourish, the beloved loves with a gratifying timeliness, and the underdog inventor is admitted to the highest professional honors of the land. In short, fortune smiles—vacuously.

Cheat-the-Boys. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

Aside from the variation in the industrial backgrounds of his tales, Mr. Phillpotts's novels are drawing precariously close to a set pattern. The apple-and-cider culture of the Devonshire orchards in this case provides a setting rather more juicy than the narrative.

Drama

A Problem

A CRITIC who went home after the first act of "Conscience" (Belmont Theater) would deserve to be forgiven, and yet he would miss some very genuine drama of which the beginning of the evening's proceedings gave not the slightest promise. When the curtain rises upon a lonely Alaskan hut swept by paper snow and reveals a very tiresome madman who summons ghosts from behind a black curtain that he may deliver to them vague harangues about the social system in general, the combination of melodramatic nonsense and intellectual pretentiousness suggests nothing so much as a feature film which has unfortunately learned to talk. One gathers that the hero is suffering from an undigested mass of doubtful metaphysics and also that he has done something which he is sorry for; but one wishes to be rid of him as soon as possible.

Yet when the action cuts back two years and concerns itself

with some very real events in a very real American household it is immediately obvious that the author, instead of being, as might have been reasonably supposed, a scenario writer out of a job, is rather a dramatist capable of observation as shrewd, homely, and pertinent as the material of his first act was pretentious and vague. Moreover, as the piece proceeds the marvel grows, for in his story of a radical workman and his discontented wife he has seized upon a perfectly concrete example of the eternal conflict between man the visionary and woman the passionate conserver of the tangible values of home. He has not been kinder to this girl of limited intelligence and vulgar desires than justice demands; he has not hesitated to reveal the ignorance and the baseness which help to make her up; and yet withal he has made it abundantly clear why she clung with such passion to the bits of instalment-plan furniture which represent the sole triumph of her constructive instinct and why she rebelled against her husband, who seemed to her to be merely throwing himself away when he engaged in agitations and strikes which did nothing tangible except lose jobs for himself and his friends. The man is sustained by visionary enthusiasm, but she knows only that homes are broken up and life robbed of the cheap pleasures which alone she can enjoy; the result is an inevitable conflict for which no one is to blame and which is hence the very essence of drama. Somewhere the author has seen such a girl and seen her clearly enough to distinguish the conflicting elements which make her up. He has seen that womanly instinct to cling above all else to her own which makes her, even in her conflicts with her husband, the representative of a great and noble force; but he has seen also the streaks of vulgar selfishness which make her mean, and he has set both these things down. Yet after bringing his story to a definite conclusion he is capable of adding a wholly unnecessary fourth act in which he can relapse, literally and figuratively, into the world of paper snow and send his hero "out into the storm" to die in the most approved movie manner.

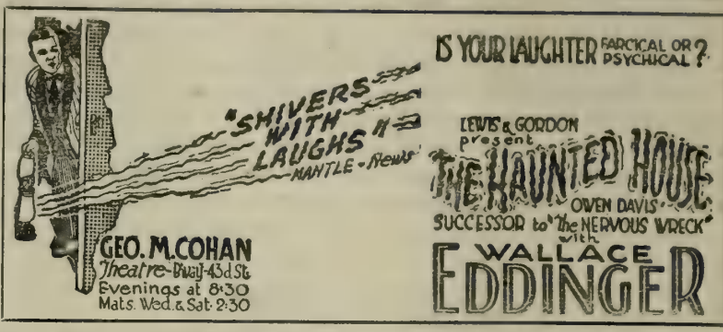
Hardly less interesting than the problem which the play has wished to present is the problem which it unconsciously raises: How is it possible that a man capable of the telling realism of the two middle acts can burden them with a first scene which seems calculated to drive spectators from the theater and with a fourth which does as much as it can to destroy the effect of what has gone before? These scenes are so utterly unnecessary as to suggest the possibility that they were merely tacked on to fill the time which a drama is conventionally supposed to occupy, but there are indications that such is not the case and that instead the author is suffering from a strange delusion as to the value of his work. In the first place these appendages are not apologetically called Prologue and Epilogue as they might have been, but appear instead as full acts, while the real play is paradoxically denominated an Interlude. Moreover the whole is not given some title which would suggest the real theme, but is called "Conscience"—as though the author had originally intended some vaguely bombastic story of a man driven to solitude and suicide by remorse, but had stumbled, half by accident, upon a real drama while casting about for an interlude to explain his play. Surely no stranger example of the author's proverbial lack of self-criticism can be found on the stage, but, fortunately, the problem is easily solved for the spectator. He can go late and come away early, yet still spend a more profitable evening than the average theater affords. Incidentally, Lillian Foster takes excellent advantage of her opportunity to make of the girl a figure at once mean and pitiful.

"Schemers" (Bayes Theater), which consists of a play within a play, is a completely abortive effort to demonstrate the wrongs which theatrical producers suffer at the hands of the critic. In the play the latter unanimously damn the piece which is presented for their approval, but damn it with such sufficient reason that, contrary to the author's intention, they are completely justified in the eyes of the spectator.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LECTURES and AMUSEMENTS

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
"WHAT PRICE GLORY"
A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.


"SHIVERS WITH LAUGHS" MANTLE - News
GEO. M. COHAN Theatre-Bway-43d St.
Evenings at 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
IS YOUR LAUGHTER FARCICAL OR PSYCHICAL?
LEWIS & GORDON present
THE HAUNTED HOUSE
OWEN DAVIS' SUCCESSOR to "The NERVOUS WRECK"
with
WALLACE EDDINGER

RAND SCHOOL
7 East 15th Street
Write for Bulletin

Courses beginning
Sept. 30, 7 P. M....Alex. A. Goldenweiser "Anthropology," "Psychoanalysis"
Oct. 2, 8:30 P. M.....Margaret Daniels "Elements of Psychology"
Oct. 3, 8:30 P. M.....Leo Saidla "Main Currents in Recent Literature"
Later Lecturers
Scott Nearing, Clarence Darrow, Langdon-Davies

SIX LECTURES
SIDNEY BRADSHAW FAY, A.B., Ph.D.
Professor of European History at Smith College
"THE CAUSES OF THE WORLD WAR"
Community Church Auditorium, Park Avenue and 34th St.
Tuesday Eves., Oct. 21, 28; Nov. 11, 18, 25; Dec. 2, at 8:15
Course tickets, $3.50, can be secured at the office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single admission, 85 cents.

Great DEBATE of the Campaign!
SHOULD A CLASS-CONSCIOUS SOCIALIST OR WORKER VOTE FOR LA FOLLETTE?
SCOTT NEARING says No!
Foremost Socialist Spokesman
vs. MEYER LONDON says Yes!
First Socialist Congressman and Labor Attorney
Chairman: NORMAN HAPGOOD
Sunday Afternoon, October 5, at 3 P. M.
Central Opera House, 67th Street and 3rd Avenue
Tickets, $1.10 (incl. war tax)

EXTRAORDINARY LECTURE!
"WHY TROTZKY HATES MacDONALD"
A frank exposition of the differences between the principles, aims and methods of the Labor Party of England and the Communist Party of Soviet Russia
by John Langdon-Davies
Journalist, Oxford Lecturer.
Labor Party Candidate for Parliament.
(First appearance in this country)
Sunday Afternoon, October 19, 3 P. M.
Cooper Union, 4th Avenue and 8th Street
Tickets 75c. (plus war tax)

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 5th Ave., N. Y., Tel. Longacre 10434-10435
N. B. TO OUT-OF-TOWNERS: *If you desire a stenographic report of the above events, send us your name, stating which interest you.*

International Relations Section

The Trade Union Congress, 1924

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, September 9

THE Hull Congress was at least a great improvement upon the preceding congress at Plymouth. If it failed to show any genuinely creative spirit, at any rate there was completely lacking that temper of faction and discord which made Plymouth perhaps the most lamentable congress in recent years. And several forward steps were taken which, if small, may yet be ultimately significant. Above all, the Trade Union Council was given powers which, wisely used, may, for the first time, enable it effectively to coordinate the activity of the unions. Henceforth it is obligatory upon them to supply the council with information about their activities; and it will be able to intervene in disputes without being compelled to wait for an invitation. It cannot yet play the part of a general staff of labor; but I think most observers are coming to agree that there is much less unwillingness in the trade-union world to face the need of unity of command than there was a year ago. Secondly, and only less notable, was the universal adhesion to, and enthusiasm for, the Russian treaty. The tremendous campaign waged against it by the financial interests—a campaign unfortunately assisted, probably unwittingly, by the indiscretions of Mr. Snowden—has clearly been unable to divide the trade unions. They are sympathetic to Russia; they believe in the future of Russia; and they gave emphatic voice in their welcome to Tomski—the Russian fraternal delegate—to their conviction that the MacDonald Government must stand or fall by peace with Russia. Thirdly, there was a widespread sense among the delegates that though the Dawes Report must be accepted for the moment, it is only a phase in the economic reconstruction of Europe; that its dangers probably will be found to outweigh its advantages; and that the sooner the International Trade Union Movement prepares for its complete revision, the better it will be for the interests of the working class. A. J. Cook, the miners' secretary, secured the attention even of his own colleagues, when he declared that no political issue would be allowed to prevent the miners from putting their interests before those represented by the Dawes Report.

The hostility of the congress to the Communists was marked. All their resolutions were voted down; their speeches were listened to with reluctance and impatience. Especially noteworthy was the fact that overwhelming opposition compelled the withdrawal of a resolution in favor of independent working-class education. That was in fact an attempt to prevent the unions from supporting all such educational institutions as Ruskin College and the Workers' Educational Association, avowedly on the ground that their receipt of funds from non-union sources makes them "capitalist" in character. But the real purpose of the resolution was to confine trade-union support to the National Council of Labor Colleges, which is a rigidly Marxian movement. The absurdity of an attempt to describe a movement of which Mr. G. D. H. Cole is the leading figure as capitalist is too obvious to need analysis.

The congress revealed certain definite weaknesses which ought not to be passed over in silence. (1) It is too big to be effective. Debate is impossible on any subject in a real way. (2) The congress clearly tries to cover far too much ground. It would probably be a great improvement if all its hardy annuals were removed from its program and left to the Labor Party. It has not yet learned how to adjust itself to the new political importance labor has acquired. (3) There were few signs that any younger men are coming to the front to take the place of those leaders who are now in the Cabinet. The dominating figures in the congress, men like Purcell and Hicks, have all been well-known figures for twenty years. (4) The movement has still to face seriously the position of women in the trade-union world. The tendency is still to treat them as a handful of Cinderellas whose problems may be met by a resolution on which the congress need not spend too much time. (5) There is little effort to work a really effective program for the unions as a whole. The so-called charter has, doubtless, its value; but anyone with eyes to see must realize that there will be no real adequacy in the movement until it comes to grips with the problem of control in industry; and that means the united front which cannot be attained so long as the labor world is belittered with unnecessary unions.

I may perhaps add a word of disappointment at the effort of the fraternal delegates from America. Beyond an interesting reference to your labor banks, they confined themselves to a feeble echo of Mr. Gompers's worst pronouncements. And I do urge upon Americans a ten years' close season upon jokes about prohibition. The best of English labor is intensely interested in that experiment. If reference is to be made to it, let it at least be made in a spirit of critical understanding.

The Palestine Problem

WHAT follows is reprinted from the London *Nation* of August 30:

It is perhaps as well that, apart from an anthropological exegesis of the racial divergencies between the Jews of Palestine and those of Central Europe by Colonel Williams, Palestine affairs escaped the attention of the House of Commons during the recent debate on the Middle East estimates. Otherwise Mr. Thomas might have been tempted to take advantage of the "unholy alliance" between the official Opposition and the Labor front bench on the issue of Irak to assume the assent of the House to the giving of a British Government guaranty for a loan which the Palestine Government is anxious to float, but can only float on condition that subscribers are guaranteed against loss at the expense of the British taxpayer.

Fortunately this matter must come up for specific consideration, and it will not be out of place to discuss in advance its more salient features in order that the British taxpayer and his representatives may know exactly where they stand. As in the case of Irak, the Government is chary of supplying the full information essential to the proper understanding of the subject. The plea of "continuity of policy" is again produced to justify a regime which is open to serious criticism, but for which Conservative support can confidently be counted on. Again the Labor Government consents, at the bidding of a Colonial Office department, to stepfather a policy which is not only intrinsically unsound, cutting as it does across the sentiment of 90 per cent of the population affected, but has depended for its survival till now on radically unsound financial administration.

Broadly speaking, Palestine costs the British taxpayer £1,000,000 a year for the upkeep of military forces necessary

for the maintenance of the present (Zionist) regime in the face of overwhelming opposition. Apart from this, its annual revenue barely, on the most favorable showing, meets its annual expenditure—in point of fact, it substantially fails to meet it, as no provision has hitherto been made for the payment of interest and sinking-fund charges on its debt. The national debt of the country already amounts to £5,000,000 at a moderate estimate, and it now seeks a loan of £3,000,000, partly to repay about £2,000,000 of that debt, and partly to finance a grandiose harbor scheme at Haifa, which will cost about £1,000,000. On the completion of the loan transaction the national debt will amount to £6,000,000, involving an annual charge of £300,000 on the local revenues.

The Haifa harbor scheme would be sound enough for a country which could afford the luxury of anticipating a future, perhaps remote, demand for modern shipping facilities. Palestine is not such a country, and under present conditions Haifa's development will be Jaffa's doom. Jaffa will be ruined if such a scheme materializes, but it is necessary for the Palestine Government to hold out the bait of some large development work to justify application for a loan. The bulk of the loan is, of course, essential to the continuance of the present regime, which to the extent of £1,583,000 has been financed by advances made by the Crown Agents without parliamentary authority. The Crown Agents now require the money to regularize an irregular transaction, and, if it cannot be found, Palestine will, to all intents and purposes, be bankrupt. It might be urged that the British taxpayer is only being asked to guarantee a loan of £3,000,000 in order to secure repayment of the sum already advanced, but this is not really so, seeing that refusal of a guaranty must result in a drastic revision of our policy with a possible saving of £1,000,000 a year over an indefinite period.

The rest of the present national debt of Palestine is made up as follows: £2,190,000 owed to this country in respect of railways, telegraphs, and other works handed over to the Palestine Government at a low valuation on the termination of the military occupation in July, 1920; £640,000 due in respect of the last four years to the Ottoman Public Debt Council, and payable in twenty equal annuities; an unknown sum, not less than £300,000, due to the same council on account of special revenues collected during the military occupation—this claim is disputed, though to all appearances legally valid, as the revenues were collected by the military authorities under the Turkish law; a further unknown sum, probably £150,000, due to the Hejaz Railway administration on account of a special stamp tax allocated by Turkish law to the service of the railway; and other minor sums, together with interest on the sums above mentioned in respect of the past four years.

The financial situation of Palestine scarcely justifies the demand for further financial support. It is true that against the capital debt there are assets—railways, buildings, etc.—but these assets are not readily realizable. Their value is in ratio to the stability and prosperity of the country, which are themselves at the mercy of the political situation. The only solid asset is the presence of a military force at a cost of £1,000,000 a year to the British taxpayer, as long as he consents to keep it there and pay for it. Every financial commitment accepted by him lengthens the duration of this liability. It is time, therefore, for him to take stock of the situation, to judge of its prospects of stability, and, if not satisfied, to weigh the advantages and disadvantages to himself of the present position, and of any feasible modification of a regime which imposes an obligation on him in the interests of others.

The political situation is the key to the problem. The Balfour Declaration of November, 1917, laid down the broad lines of British policy in respect of Palestine. That declaration has been reaffirmed by each successive Government, including the present Labor Government. No sane person can desire its recall. For Jews and Arabs alike it represents a British promise on which there can be no going back. But a sound and reasonable regime safeguarding the rights and legitimate aspirations of all can be based on its terms without stretching them. It is true that extreme Zionists did, at the beginning, put on the declaration an interpretation it was incapable of bearing; but that phase is past beyond recall. It has left a legacy of suspicion and rancor which has been held officially to necessitate direct British administration with a strong bias in favor of Zionism. We cannot trust the Arabs to be fair to the Jews after their early experiences. The sooner that phase passes the better for all concerned, for the ideal of a Jewish National Home in Palestine is doomed by the continuance of a regime calculated to irritate and exasperate the Arabs beyond endurance.

Mr. Churchill and his successors have not been blind to this fact. But they have shrunk from facing it squarely. As in India and in Egypt, half-hearted concessions have been offered to the Arabs, who will only accept the genuine article. Barring the possibility of a Fascist reaction in British Eastern policy, they will get it, but, if they get it by their own efforts, the Jews will suffer as the Armenians are suffering for former European support in Turkey. We should try to avoid such a climax by being reasonable with the Arabs.

We recognize in principle that a democratic, constitutional regime in Palestine is the ideal to be aimed at. We have offered to set up a legislative council consisting of Arabs, Christians, and Jews, roughly in proportion to their respective numerical importance, but we have stripped that offer of reality by insisting on the inclusion in the council of a sufficient number of British officials to control its operations absolutely. The official members would, of course, vote solid under the High Commissioner's direction, and, combining with the Jews, they would outvote the Arabs and the Christians. A 90 per cent majority of the population can scarcely be expected to accept the position of a minority in the council. The deadlock leaves us with the continuance of Crown Colony government and a deadweight of popular hostility into the bargain.

It is unnecessary to discuss whether a Zionist High Commissioner can be absolutely impartial. The Arabs do not think so—nor do the Jews, who would not go to Palestine unless assured of a potential administrative majority. It is a pity that the High Commissioner is a Zionist and that other Zionists hold high positions in the Government, while Arabs do not. That defect should be rectified as soon as possible, but the obvious solution of the problem is to set up a purely representative council—as in Irak—and to stand by in our mandatory capacity to prevent oppression of minorities by the majority. That is our proper function. It would cost us less than the present regime. Above all, it would give the Jews a reasonable chance of realizing their legitimate aspirations. But they must relinquish the idea of Zionist domination in Palestine or even of a Jewish *imperium in imperio*, and we must not encourage such dreams.

Contributors to This Issue

HENRY WOOD NEVINSON was on the staff of the London *Nation* from its beginning in 1907 until Mr. Massingham's resignation in 1923.

FRANK H. SIMONDS is the author of a "History of the World War."

A. J. MUSTE is the head of Brookwood, the trade-union college at Katonah, New York.

FRANCES BRADLEY is the director of the Child Welfare Division of the Montana State Board of Health.

C. HARTLEY GRATTON is in charge of the department of English at Urbana University School.

E. CARLETON MACDOWELL is a research geneticist for the Carnegie Institute at Cold Spring Harbor, New York.

JOHN ERSKINE is a professor in Columbia University.

HAROLD J. LASKI is a lecturer in the London School of Economics.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1924 No. 3092

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 347
EDITORIALS:
Get Out the Issues! 350
Seven Million Dollars for Peace 351
Shed a Tear for the Klan 351
Officers or Gentlemen? 352
TED JR. By William Hard 353
CANADA'S PUBLICLY OWNED ELECTRICAL POWER. By Harry W. Laidler 354
LOOKING ON. By Art Young 356
THE GREASED WHEELS OF DIPLOMACY. By Louis Fischer 357
THE CHINESE STUDENT MIND. By Pearl S. Buck 358
A REPORTER'S MIRROR. By W. G. Clugston 361
LA FOLLETTE. By William Ellery Leonard 363
"THE BIG NOISE." By Blanche Goodman 363
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 364
CORRESPONDENCE 365
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
China, Russia, the Allies, and the Chinese Eastern Railway 368

FALL BOOK SECTION

TRUTH AND REALISM IN LITERATURE. By Maxwell Bodenheim ... 373
ICELAND'S NEW BIRTH. By Elizabeth Knowlton 374
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. By Henry Seidel Canby 375
GIFTS. By May Williams Ward 376
BOOKS:
Emily Dickinson. By Genevieve Taggard 376
Wilsoniana. By Harry Elmer Barnes 378
Mr. Forster Looks at India. By Edwin Muir 379
This Most Momentous Period. By Lewis S. Gannett 380
Bitter Mirth. By Joseph Wood Krutch 382
Mystic and Rationalist. By Henry Raymond Mussey 382
Bruno and Others. By Irwin Edman 384
The Springfield *Republican*. By Oswald Garrison Villard 386
Almost White and Black. By Konrad Bercovici 386
Spoon River, Illinois. By Mark Van Doren 388
Back to Rome. By Tenney Frank 388
Greek Vases. By Gisela M. A. Richter 390
Handel. By Henrietta Straus 390
Books in Brief 392
DRAMA:
Hopwood versus Vajda 393
SOME NOTABLE FALL BOOKS 396

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
Managing Editor Literary Editor
ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager
Contributing Editors
ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS
ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

IF THE REPUBLICANS really wish to keep the Washington scandals out of the campaign they are giving small evidence of that desire. Within a week the Department of Justice dropped a group of indictments against Remus, the "king of the bootleggers" who recently made a statement in behalf of Harry Daugherty; Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who acted as a sort of office-boy in carrying the oil-lease papers about Washington for signature, was nominated—under Old Guard pressure—as the Republican candidate for governor of New York State; and President Coolidge, Secretary Wilbur, and Assistant Secretary Roosevelt have all approved the plan to promote Rear Admiral Robison, the key man in the navy involved in the transfer of the naval-oil lands to Doheny and Sinclair. Robison was jumped to his present position as chief of the bureau of engineers when Secretary Denby gave him that important post; now official favoritism marks him out for another leap over his peers, despite the fact that his public record in recent months reveals nothing except his complicity in the Doheny transaction. He admitted on the witness-stand that he learned all he knew of the leases from the Dohenys, and that he pushed the lease-transfer plan despite opposition from Admiral Griffin and others. If the Administration wanted to convict itself of complicity in the oil scandal it could hardly have adopted more effective methods.

THE MAGIC OF THE ROOSEVELT NAME is not likely to carry the rough rider's son into the governorship of New York State. This country has never taken kindly to inheritance in politics, and the parallelism between the careers of the two colonels which carried Theodore, Jr., into a Washington position above his powers is likely to come to a sudden end. "Al" Smith will win again. But "Al's" own election may serve as a check to his career. He did not want to run; he could earn more money in private life, and his own political ambitions would have been better served by a national speaking tour than by a home-State campaign. New York knows "Al" already, and has proved its affection at the ballot-box. But this time Governor Smith is accepting more than the nomination for governor. He becomes the running-mate of Mr. Morgan's attorney. That will not help him in politics, and it ought not to. "Al" Smith has a very different record from John W. Davis; his natural affiliation, barring the question of party regularity, would be with La Follette rather than with Davis. By supporting Davis in this campaign he is knifing the new-party movement which expresses in national politics the progressive attitude on public issues which is Governor Smith's chief pride at home. As Norman Thomas, Socialist and Farmer-Labor candidate for governor, puts it:

> Al Smith cannot and will not change the character of Tammany Hall or the Democratic Party. Tammany Hall and similar machines, despite the human qualities of some of their leaders or perhaps because of them, are the best instruments ever devised for keeping the people quiet with personal favors and small concessions while special privilege gets what it wants. . . . The test as to progressivism in this campaign is the attitude the voter takes to the creation of a new party.

CALIFORNIA'S SUPREME COURT has also done its bit to aid the La Follette campaign to curb one-man decisions by the courts. La Follette opponents besought the court to remove the names of the Independent electors from the ballots on the ground that electors were not "officials" within the meaning of the law, but mere messengers, and could not be nominated by petition. Three of the seven judges held the contention unjustified. Four accepted the technicality—and the Independent names are off. La Follette will appear on the California ballot only as a Socialist. Presumably the three judges were no less learned than the four, but, as Senator La Follette puts it, one man's twist of mind "nullifies the deliberately expressed will of the 50,000 voters" who signed La Follette-Wheeler petitions in California. "The decision," Senator Hiram Johnson believes, "is unjustified by the law, contrary to public policy, and of most harmful consequences. It is decisions such as this that undermine public confidence in the courts." Down in

Louisiana a public official similarly ruled the La Follette-Wheeler electors off the ballot. Some wag in the State La Follette headquarters, recalling the slogan "Ballots not bullets" indorsed by the American Legion for National Education Week, wires us as follows:

> Referring your issue October 1, page 323, slogan of American Legion "Ballots not bullets." We were denied today La Follette's and Wheeler's names on the ballot. Please ask American Legion to wire Secretary of State Baton Rouge the slogan "Ballots not bullets."
>
> (Signed) Louisiana La Follette Headquarters.

IN HIS THRUSTS at the Republicans John W. Davis sometimes makes a good point for Senator La Follette. He did so in Wilmington when discussing the powers of the Supreme Court. Mr. Davis is a corporation lawyer and as set on preserving the Supreme Court's powers, with all their abuses, as is a professional banker like Mr. Dawes. But for all that Mr. Davis is too well informed to stomach Mr. Dawes's twaddle, and at Wilmington he pointed out that the Republicans, having failed to inspire hope through promises, were trying to instil fear through hobgoblins:

> I detect, gentlemen, the bringing on the stage of a new "bogy-man." He is wearing a fur cap and a long, red robe, and across his breast his name is written in curious characters such as we rarely see in the United States, and they point to him and tell you "He is a Bolshevist"; and when his cap falls off and he lays down his red gown, you find that he is none other than our familiar friend, Senator "Bob" La Follette of Wisconsin.

The La Follette proposal to limit the Supreme Court was not nearly so drastic, Mr. Davis said, as Colonel Roosevelt's suggested recall of judicial decisions; the idea that the power of Congress should be superior to that of the Supreme Court originated not in Moscow but in much more familiar London. Mr. Davis might have added that the same theory holds also in conservative republics with written constitutions, like France and Switzerland, where we hear no outcries about the destruction of either property or personal liberty. Switzerland, which, like the United States, is a federal republic, specifically repudiated the American principle of judicial supremacy in writing its constitution. Its supreme court may overrule legislation passed by the cantons (corresponding to our States) but only a popular referendum can reverse laws passed by its national legislature.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if the election were thrown into the House? So many misconceptions seem to be current that we quote the language of the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, which determines the procedure:

> . . . The person having the greatest number of votes for President [in the Electoral College] shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest number, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President, whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice-President shall be the Vice-President if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice-President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. . . .

TRANSLATED INTO THE LANGUAGE OF 1924, this means that if neither Coolidge nor Davis nor La Follette obtains 266 electoral votes, a majority of the whole, the election must go to the House. Barring a "tidal wave" it now seems likely that no candidate will receive such a majority. The House could elect any one of the *three* leading candidates—but it votes by States, each State's representation casting one unit, and a majority, or twenty-five State votes, is necessary to a choice. At present five States have tied delegations in the House, twenty-two (including the La Follette Republicans of Wisconsin and the Non-partisans of North Dakota) are Republican, and twenty-one Democratic. Unless, therefore, a large number of representatives broke party lines, no candidate could obtain the requisite majority in the House, and the man chosen as Vice-President by the Senate would become acting President. The Senate could choose only from the *two* leading candidates. It seems certain that the progressive Republican Senators would vote for either Wheeler or Bryan in preference to Dawes, and that one of the two would accordingly be elected in the Senate. Either would be sure to give the leader of his ticket—Davis or La Follette—his choice of Cabinet positions, and to make him chief adviser of the Administration.

IS SECURITY a precondition of disarmament or is disarmament a precondition of security? France is the champion of security before everything else; Denmark upholds disarmament, and her Premier has announced the intention of disarming "to the skin." The *Journal des Débats*, one of Paris's oldest and most responsible papers, declares that Denmark thereby abandons her independent sovereignty and suggests that perhaps she should be excluded from the League of Nations. As one reads the speech of M. Munch, the Danish delegate at Geneva, it is difficult to understand the basis of such violent opposition. The *Manchester Guardian* gives a summary of the speech:

> It is the existence of great armies and navies that is the danger. Once these great armies and navies of great nations are set in motion it would be impossible to arrest them, whatever the morality of the matter or the sanctions may be. No guaranties would be of the slightest use. With little states a system of arbitration and guaranties may function well enough. In the case of a great Power, or of the allies of a great Power, it would be very difficult to prevent recourse to war. Disarmament is therefore the only way of attaining security, not vice versa.

This point of view need not have given annoyance. But M. Munch also suggested that the basis for reduction might be found in the disarmament clauses of the peace treaties imposed upon Germany and her allies. Austria was accorded an army of 30,000—about 5,000 per million inhabitants; Germany 100,000—or 5,000 per three million.

Why, suggests M. Munch, should not such terms be taken as a basis? The reason is perfectly clear. Germany's army would be half as large again as France's.

IMPOSSIBLE ECONOMIC HURDLES are already being erected over which Germany is expected to leap with the weighty Dawes scheme—if she can. England has restored the 26 per cent import duty on German goods; France has recently imposed a like duty, and it is reported that Belgium will follow her example; America's tariff wall remains firm. Home industries in all the Allied countries are being protected from German dumping with a vengeance. If Germany is to be hopelessly discouraged by a long and futile effort to find markets the result may be the same as if there never had been a Dawes Report. The Anglo-German trade parleys have broken down, and the forthcoming Franco-German economic accord may boil down to an exchange of French iron ore for German coal and coke. M. Louis Loucheur, a member of the French delegation to the Assembly of the League of Nations, who will probably be a member of the trade commission, makes a vague suggestion which might have important developments:

> Why not try to reach a common-sense adjustment of this situation? Arrange production and consumption on a rational plan and the allotment of materials will follow without difficulty. This is a task in which Geneva may play a role.

COLLEGE STUDENTS, no matter from what favored circumstances in life they may come, are capable of appreciating the laboring man's point of view once they are compelled personally to face his problems. Thus it has proved with the members of the 1924 Rochester Industrial Service Group, composed of students from nine Eastern colleges who spent the past summer as laborers and factory workers and at the close of their experience declared:

> Whereas in the past college men have been engaging in industry under strike conditions without adequate knowledge of the true causes of the strike, and
>
> Whereas such actions by college men have caused many strikes to be lost for the workers, whose cause was absolutely justified, and
>
> Whereas such action by college men disturbs the feeling of fellowship between the college man and his industrial brother, creating suspicion and mistrust and breaking the bond of common fellowship in the interest of which we are working to establish better industrial relations,
>
> Be it Resolved that we, the members of the Rochester Industrial Service Group of 1924, hereby openly sympathize with the worker in his struggle for the betterment of labor, affirm our belief in the inalienable right of the worker to strike, and denounce the acts of college men who have in the past been instrumental in breaking strikes, and condemn strike breaking as an utter disregard of the workers' necessary struggle for a decent livelihood.

IS $500 A DAY a fair fee for a lawyer to charge? Answer (from the lawyers): Yes. The Interstate Commerce Commission raised the question lately in passing upon the reorganization expenses of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad, for which $2,364,249 was asked, including $750,000 for counsel fees. Of course any number of worthy counselors appeared on behalf of the reorganization managers to assure the commission that $500 a day was a modest sum for the services of any good lawyer. Yet these same men, we venture to say, are crying to high heaven against the imposition of having to pay a skilled mechanic $10 or $12 a day, and are convinced that President Coolidge was right in vetoing the bill to increase postal employees' salaries. They are also sure that railroad rates cannot be reduced without ruining the companies. Meanwhile reorganizations and receiverships continue to be a favorite method of milking American industry to the enrichment of a few executives and lawyers. All too often after a company has been reorganized the stockholder may about as well throw away his certificates and the public must be prepared to shoulder indefinitely a vast overhead of extravagance, if not of near robbery.

THE IRONY of elaborate and expensive campaigns to preserve the nation's health while at the same time automobiles are allowed to run wild through our streets, taking an increasing toll of life each year, is pointed out by the Life Extension Institute. "It is certainly discouraging for those engaged in public health work and preventive medicine," says a recent bulletin, "to find that the automobile is more deadly than the typhoid bacillus and that it even kills more people than alcohol does directly." The following tabulation showing the number of deaths in 1921 from certain causes in the United States Registration Area (comprising at that time 82 per cent of the population) is given:

Influenza	10,193
Automobile accidents	*10,168*
Typhoid fever	8,007
Angina pectoris	8,031
Cirrhosis of the liver	6,598
Alcoholism	1,611

Both the speed of automobiles and the deaths from them have been increasing progressively year by year. The death-rate per 100,000 from automobile accidents shows the following trend in the United States Registration Area:

1900-1910	1911-1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922
1.0	3.9	7.3	9.0	9.3	9.4	10.4	11.5	12.5

"Perhaps," suggests the Life Extension Institute, "the time will come when the manufacture of high-speed automobiles for pleasure purposes will be forbidden by law."

A KNOWLEDGE OF LATIN may still be a rare thing, but the study of it is in no danger of disappearing. So at least we conclude from the general report of the Classical Investigation financed by Mr. Rockefeller's General Education Board. From it we learn that 940,000 American pupils, or about one-fourth of the total enrolment, are studying the language in secondary schools and that 40,000 are continuing their study in colleges. A smaller but still considerable number, about 27,000, are engaged with Greek. In view of the fact that, in spite of this tremendous thumbing of dictionaries and conjugating of verbs, it is rather rare to find a man not a professed scholar who can do much more than translate a motto, the attention which the committee has devoted to teaching methods would seem to be extremely wise. Latin does aid the mastery of English, and so do other admirable things; but after all the chief reason for studying it is in order to read the treasures which it locks up. Yet for years the attempt to give an actual working knowledge of the language has grown more and more half-hearted, and the average student still reaches desperately for his dictionary when confronted with even simple prose.

Get Out the Issues!

AN unusual nonpartisan movement has come into existence this year to "Get out the vote," as the slogan has it. Wholly distinct from the usual party appeal, the effort has the support of important organizations like the Federal Council of Churches and the League of Women Voters; of influential publications like *Collier's* and the *Literary Digest*. The leaders of the campaign have our respect; their motives are altogether praiseworthy. Yet we find ourselves quite without enthusiasm for the effort. Indeed we believe that it is on the wrong track.

The facts that have brought into existence this campaign to "Get out the vote" are beyond all question regrettable. In the last presidential election only 49 per cent of the qualified voters of the country actually cast ballots; only a minority of the electors took the trouble to go to the polls. Several facts crop out at once in explanation of this situation. Woman suffrage is one. It is well known that a multitude of women still take small interest in exercising their new right, although statistics are lacking to show how great a factor this is. Another reason for the small actual vote compared with the possible one lies in the total disfranchisement, despite the Constitution of the United States, of most of the Negroes in the South.

But neither of these explanations is sufficient. Neither, for instance, explains why there should have been a progressive falling off in the percentage of voters for the past quarter of a century. Woman suffrage did not affect any presidential election before that of 1920, while the Negroes of the South have suffered a fairly uniform disfranchisement since the seventies or eighties. Yet the Federal Council of Churches reports the following startling decline in the percentage of qualified voters going to the polls:

1896, 80 per cent.
1900, 73 per cent.
1908, 66 per cent.
1912, 62 per cent.
1920, 49 per cent.

Nor does a look at the figures by States give one any comfort. It is true that the percentages in the South are exceptionally low. In South Carolina, for instance, votes were cast in 1920 by only 8.5 per cent of the qualified voters; in Mississippi by 9.4 per cent; in Georgia by 10.5 per cent. Yet, turning to the North, one finds that in the native, white, Protestant State of Vermont (Calvin Coolidge's own birthplace) the percentage was only 45.2, while in Maine, another stronghold of old New Englandism, it was 46.9. Massachusetts came off but a little better, with 53.3 per cent, while the great Empire State showed 52.7 per cent. Even in the politically minded West the figures are disappointing. The percentage in California was 48.9. Colorado registered 56.1 per cent; Kansas, that stalwart believer in reform through legislation, showed 57.9 per cent. All these percentages, it should be emphasized, were in a presidential year, when interest is always at the peak. In the election of 1922 in Massachusetts the State officials were chosen by one-sixth of the electorate!

In the face of such a situation it is natural that the cry should go up: "Get out the vote!" The Federal Council of Churches is asking ministers everywhere to preach on the duty of voting. In New York City a proposal was even favored at a recent meeting of Republican clubs to disfranchise habitual non-voters. Now the privilege and right of voting is one that may properly receive emphasis at any time, but when it comes to compelling or even specially urging great masses of indifferent voters to go to the polls we believe that the result is likely to be harmful rather than otherwise. An unwilling or indifferent vote is a thoughtless one; it expresses no conviction or desire. The sponsors of the slogan "Get out the vote" have got the cart before the horse. The reason why Americans have been voting less and less in recent years is that there has been less and less to vote about. The deplorable figures marshaled by the Federal Council of Churches are striking confirmation of popular belief in the doctrine that *The Nation* has been preaching: that there has come to be no difference between the Republican and Democratic parties and that the vital issues before the country are dodged by both. We can hardly blame 51 per cent of the electorate in staying away from the polls in 1920, with a practical choice only between Harding and Cox. We advocated then a protest vote for one of the minority parties, but unfortunately the average American seems to lack the patience for that kind of political construction.

Happily the situation this year is different. At last the oneness of the two old parties, with their common straddling of the issues, has brought its inevitable consequence. The emergence of the Progressive Party not only gives the voter this year a chance to express himself on big, vital, critical issues, but it affords him the satisfaction of knowing that a ballot for La Follette and Wheeler is virtually sure to be effective, at least in throwing the election into Congress and thus compelling a new party alignment in the United States. It is such a new party alignment that the country needs, and whether one is a conservative or a radical he ought—if he believes in democracy—to welcome and work for a political re-formation which will give the people a chance to express themselves on fundamental issues. With that attained, there will be no need to urge voters to go to the polls.

It is this need for new party lines and issues that the backers of the campaign to "Get out the vote" ought to be concentrating upon. Conservatives ought to welcome a frank facing of the issues as keenly as liberals. Instead there is a determined effort in many quarters to cloud the situation by harping on the disadvantages of a "third party" in the American scheme of government. But even if our historic two-party system were the only workable arrangement, there would be no warrant whatever for supposing that the Progressive movement is, or is going to be, a "third party." There is no indication in the straw ballots that it has a smaller following than the Republicans and the Democrats, and if the significance of this campaign penetrates to the electorate, the death of either the Republican or the Democratic party, perhaps of one in some sections and of the other in other States, is foreordained.

The need of the hour is not to preach: "Get out the vote!" It is to demand: "Get out the issues!"

Seven Million Dollars for Peace

FOURTEEN years ago Andrew Carnegie, seventy-five years old and eager to find some means of making his wealth serve the world, created the ten-million dollar Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The income of $500,000 a year was to be spent in work for "the speedy abolition of international war." About seven million dollars have already been spent; but very little seems to have been accomplished toward hastening the end of international war. Where has the enormous sum of money gone?

Arthur Ruhl, in the October *Survey Graphic*, tells how the money has been frittered away. Under the guidance of a group of eminent, but also eminently cautious, men (the average age of the board of trustees is 67) it has published a long list of important and authoritative documents, subsidized technical international law journals, and arranged international scholarships. The division of economics and history is publishing a monumental 150-volume economic history of the war, written for the most part by gentlemen in the various countries who waged the war and highly approved of it. The division of international law has burrowed into Roman law and has refurbished the writings of Grotius, Pufendorf, Bynkershoek, and Balthazar Ayala. This division offered its services to our State Department during the war, and assisted in the task of getting ready for the Treaty of Versailles. The third division, of intercourse and education, under the aegis of Nicholas Murray Butler, had an excellent record prior to the war, and has disgraced itself since. It sent an international commission to report on the causes and conduct of the Balkan wars, an extremely important piece of work which, owing to the sudden outbreak of the Great War, never received the credit which it deserved. It translated Norman Angell's "Great Illusion" into seven languages, and distributed it widely. It sent President Eliot on a mission of good-will to China.

But when the war came the Endowment—Mr. Butler's division more than the others—"endeavored," to use its own words, "to contribute what it could by taking a clear and definite position in favor of the active and relentless prosecution of the war to final victory." It abandoned work for peace, or even for a reasonable peace when peace came. Its pamphlets lost their authority and became mere Creelish propaganda; it even republished ridiculous red-bearded "Bolshevist Portraits" from the highly spiced columns of Lord Northcliffe's London *Times*. It translated Mr. Butler's unimportant remarks into Spanish as part of a library of American literature. It contributed £10,000 to help repair Westminster Abbey, $107,000 to help rebuild the Louvain library, and $150,000 to construct a model public square, fully equipped with shower-baths and bowling alleys, in the commune of Fargniers, somewhere in France. So expensive were these pursuits that it dropped the excellent work which Mr. Duggan was doing to assist international relations clubs in the colleges; but somehow or other the Endowment found funds to purchase a fine old eighteenth-century hotel to use as its headquarters in Paris. "A large court," its year-book notes, "gives light and air to the spacious rooms decorated in the style of Louis XV. . . . The building contains fifty-five rooms, large and small. . . . There is a terrace on the roof with sanded paths and shrubs from which a superb view of Paris and the Seine may be obtained."

"The speedy abolition of international war"! Mr. Carnegie's purpose seems strangely remote from these kindly but insignificant expenditures. The report on the first year's work which said that "any result short of a large and valuable one may well be disappointing" sounds bitter and ironic today. Seven million dollars has been poured out—and there is no prospect that future millions will be better spent.

It is, of course, no easy task to find ways of making the Carnegie millions work effectively for the abolition of war. But where is the evidence that these gentlemen have been eager to explore such paths as lie open? Their reports sound rather like the work of timid souls whose chief passion was to find ways of spending money which would safeguard them from attack. There is no harm in providing shower-baths for French peasants, but surely there are more significant ways of hastening the abolition of war. The World Peace Foundation of Boston, to which Mr. Ginn left a million dollars with a similar hope, has used its money to promote interest in the League of Nations and the World Court. One may disagree with it, but one respects its enthusiasm and energy. The Carnegie millions have probably done little harm; but one can hardly say more for them.

There was a time when a neutral conference might have shortened the war. Instead Mr. Butler turned the money to the "active and relentless prosecution" of what in those humorless days was called "the war to end war." Today the money goes into Louis XV palaces, with sanded paths and shrubs on the roof. If the trustees had courage, they might set on foot such a study of the causes of the World War as was made of the Balkan Wars. They might undertake an international campaign in behalf of compulsory arbitration. They might . . . but what's the use? They have squandered seven million dollars on harmless trifles, and fourteen years hence, doubtless, a still older group of trustees will report another seven million spent as timidly and with as little vision.

Shed a Tear for the Klan

WHILE most good citizens are rejoicing in the decline of the poor old Ku Klux Klan, should not a few of us pause to let fall a tear of joy in memory of one service rendered by that mystic and invisible empire? Doubtless many weighty charges may properly be laid at the glate of its klavern; but one argument may be adduced in its favor before the record is closed—that it helped, in its unwitting way, to save America from falling into the hands of a dictatorial fascism.

The war years, from 1917 to 1919, filled the souls of our regimentalists, military, political, and industrial, with a great joy: America was under discipline! That fact they were to remember later—with its poignant recall of some few brief and fleeting moments of great beauty. The so-called "peace years," from 1919 to 1921, were years of the Great Fear: fear of Russia and the revolution; fear of the alien; fear of the workers and the labor unions; fear of ideas—to follow the analysis of our fears made by S. K. Ratcliffe in the *Hibbert Journal*. In the presence of the Great Fear it seemed possible to retain the Great Discipline of the war years; or failing that, to find a new regimentation for our national life. "America must be saved!"

Meanwhile arose before our eyes the Great Example. As early as 1918 Mussolini, who had once had ideas and

therefore knew the danger of them, began to organize the Fasci in Italy. He enrolled a million members, robed them in black shirts, gave them the symbol of ancient Rome, and early in 1922 was ready to declare war on all radicals and liberals—in the name of national discipline. "Democracy," said he, "has failed in Italy. This is the Day of the Dictatorship."

Many in America had the same great idea. "Constitutional Leagues" sprang up everywhere—offering by unconstitutional methods to uphold the Constitution. The Better America Federation wanted to fill all the jails on the West Coast; the National Security League waited the call on the East Coast. The desire to regulate other people's loyalties was well-nigh universal. Our attorneys general—Palmer and Daugherty both—specialized in Red Dangers.

Late in 1922 some heroic resident of heroic Boston organized the Sentinels of the Republic. Sentinels stand no nonsense. Yet for some reason, the "dictatorship" did not happen. The "great, ignorant mass" of the people went right on—as if the revolution were not at our doors. It seemed, at times, to some of our patriots, as if the country were scarcely worth saving!

Finally, in April, 1923, Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes, who had sworn fluently in Flanders and elsewhere, came to the rescue. By this time Mussolini had made himself impregnable in Rome. Dawes dallied not with "sentinels." Harking back to our own ancient times, he organized his "minute men," gave them white cockades for their hats, put obedience into their souls, order into their ranks, and dared the enemies of the country to "come out and show themselves." That was a great day—that twenty-sixth of April, 1923.

Why did the dictatorship never come? Partly, at least, because of the Ku Klux Klan. As early as 1920 it had begun to exploit the Great Fear, to capitalize the American desire for discipline, to develop the technique of regulating other people's affairs, devoting special attention to those great undisciplined groups, the Catholics, Jews, and Negroes. The Klan had provided for its members a magniloquent set of names and titles; had clothed them in the self-righteousness of a white, Nordic, and Protestant god, and had put white-hooded robes on them to keep that self-righteousness unspotted from the world; it had done the typically American thing of selling shares in the enterprise at ten dollars per. It was anciently supposed that the Kingdom of Heaven was without price; but for a share in this specially reserved Nordic heaven ten dollars seemed ridiculously low.

Thus the Klukers, two or three years ahead of all other would-be dictators, had introduced the dictatorship into private life without troubling to set up a visible government. They had skimmed the cream off the Great Fear, taken the profit out of the Great Discipline, irretrievably caricatured the Great Example. There was no chance for black shirts. Thousands of patriots were already parading in the nobler white robes, enforcing discipline by night, terrorizing communities, smashing the laws in the name of "The Law." No other performance could possibly compete with this in existence; no other fascism could win the limelight.

So, Gentle Reader, drop a tear of gratitude; the Klan took the cash, and beat all the other "sentinels" and "minute men" and extra-legal defenders of their own interpretations of America. For such service, real, if unintentional, who would deny the tribute of a tear?

Officers or Gentlemen?

PERHAPS—only perhaps—the ultimate absurdity in censorship has been reached. The Mayor of New York, upon receiving the other day a complaint from officers of the navy and the Marine Corps that a new and very successful play, "What Price Glory?", tended to bring ridicule and reproach upon the United States army, promptly invited a major general and a rear admiral to sit in judgment on the piece. To the obvious question raised by the *Evening World* and other papers—What right have the objects of a satire to pass upon the right of that satire to live, and in particular what necessity is there for generals and admirals to be called in as critics of literature?—Mr. Hylan replied with a beautiful piece of official logic: "Do you object to such a procedure? Would you go to a lawyer if your heart was bad; and would you go to a physician if you were anxious to ascertain whether you had deliberately libeled an honest citizen?" Of course not. Nor would you go to Ed Wynn and the Dolly Sisters with a request that they stand and review your army. You go to a physician if your heart is bad, and you go either to the critics or to the people if your play is said to be bad. In the present case both the critics and the people had pronounced the patient sound. The reviewers were clamorous in their praise, and as for the audiences—it is sufficient to say that the censors had to buy their seats from speculators.

Needless to record, the objections to "What Price Glory?" were not only irrelevant but childish. The scene of the play is a marine encampment in France, and the characters, both officers and men, are gloriously rough-spoken; incidentally they manifest greater interest in a French barkeeper's daughter than they do in the abstract principle of democracy or the autonomy of small states. The offended officials, who might be pardoned for their ignorance of the fact that anybody knows the army to be the source and center of picturesque swearing, but who must be aware that headlines were once full of Go-to-hell-Whittlesey and are now full of Hell-and-Maria Dawes, were pained to find "the words hell, Jesus, damn, etc., used continually"—though almost in the same breath they expressed their outrage because General Pershing's military police in Paris were called "Sunday-school boys" and the members of the intelligence division were called "damned Bible scholars." All this, together with the picture of uproar and confusion at the front which the play presented, the martial critics feared would stop recruiting. After seeing the performance, the rear admiral is reported to have said, "no mother would allow her son to enter army or marine life." Perhaps not; but what of the orphaned youths who might be won to this pell-mell, robust existence—surely a more attractive one than that to be found on any marine poster, where stiff, smiling boys in choke-collars stand on duty under remote, improbable palm trees?

After all, why is the military so sensitive? Is it afraid that there will never be another war, when laughter can be stopped by law and patriotism be summoned to sit on satire? For four loud years it had its innings. It strutted and bluffed until all but a few were frightened. Now can it not sink decently into its back seat?

It has long been known that soldiers have no sense of humor; must it be added that they do not even know where they belong?

Ted Jr.

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

Merits

HE is extremely industrious. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy he has worked almost without vacation. He is helped as a worker by the happy fact that he frequently, or perhaps habitually, eats no lunch. In place of lunch he can play a game of squash and return to his desk. He has given his job at Washington a high degree of steady, staunch service.

He is frank. He frankly enjoys public life. He does not pretend that he has to be coaxed into it. He does not say: "If my fellow-citizens insist—" He virtually says: "If my fellow-citizens will let me—" Feeling that way about it, he does not talk any other way. He is not mealy-mouthed.

Frankly and earnestly desiring to be a public man, he works as hard at politicianeering as he has worked at administering. He does not give politics the silly slight of taking it superciliously or casually. Since he wishes to be in public life, and since politics is the avenue to public life, he takes politics seriously and attentively. He is not that hazardous thing—a politician amateur. He is a professional.

He has ideas for which he is willing to do battle.

Disbelieving in the injunction which Attorney General Daugherty brought against the railroad shopcraft strikers in 1922, he opposed it in discussions inside the Cabinet and outside the Cabinet. He did not oppose it tentatively. He opposed it flatly and outrightly and completely.

Thinking that labor should have a higher status, he has not hesitated before audiences of employers to defend the claim made by certain organizations of labor to a voice in the management of industry.

Believing in free speech he has picked out boil-'em-in-oil Republican clubs as suitable arenas for addresses by him unreservedly in favor of free speech—of free speech really free and utterly untrammeled.

Detesting religious intolerance, he has sought audiences of Masons to listen to his denunciations of the Ku Klux Klan.

Finding that people who agree with him about labor and about free speech do not so much agree with him about national defense, he makes strong speeches to them in favor of national defense.

Finding that people who agree with him about national defense do not so much agree with him about labor and free speech, he harangues them in favor of labor and in favor of free speech with special delighted zeal.

While not ready to die for every idea that he holds, he is ready to do battle for certain of his ideas firmly and unremittingly.

Working within the Republican Party, he conceives it to be his task to choose points on which the Republican Party can be made more "liberal."

He brings to politics and to government a mind well disciplined and well stored. He reads. He studies.

Finally, he is cultivated. He reads *belles lettres* as well as economics and politics. He can quote Praed and Father Prout aptly. He has incessant humor of his own. He is not a mere political specialist without a background. He centers on politics from a quite spacious rounding of the humanities.

Faults

HE is gladiatorial. He likes to dazzle the populace with his sword-play. He likes to be crowned with olives and laurels and palms and all other growths with which crowning is done.

He will not often in public affairs do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame. He is extremely far from medieval Christian prayer for deserving being known and remaining unknown.

He has a pagan love of glory and of fame.

Along with patriotism, he has egoism. Along with an heroic disregard for the pains and penalties of the march toward fame, he has a demonic passion for the march.

Marching, he sometimes is too careless as to who they are that march with him.

He was careless about Albert B. Fall.

That Roosevelt would knowingly have hurt the navy by any harmful disposition of its oil supplies would seem to be a contradiction in terms. The word Roosevelt and the phrase national defense are identicalities. Even if it might be thought that Roosevelt would go over to the Treasury Department and steal a bar of gold bullion, it would remain unthinkable that he would knowingly hurt the navy or the army or the national guard or the boy scouts. Any part of national defense is dearer to Roosevelt than—I will not say his life; for that would be with him a small matter; but than—his ambition.

His fault in the naval oil-reserve matter was that he accepted a political and personal close acquaintanceship with Mr. Fall and did not watch Mr. Fall closely enough for possible scandals likely to be produced by Mr. Fall's notorious anti-conservationism.

Mr. Fall was an anti-Leaguer. So was Roosevelt. Mr. Fall had views of labor that led him to oppose the Daugherty injunction. So had Roosevelt. There were many links of congeniality between the old man and the young man. The young man marched on while the old man and Mr. Denby signed leases which, however technically defensible by certain sorts of oil experts, were clouded by circumstances which the young man should have penetrated.

The fault was a fault of excessive easiness in acquaintanceship. Senator Walsh of Montana acquitted Roosevelt of crime. Roosevelt is not charged with crime. He is charged with having missed an opportunity positively—and spectacularly—to defend the public domain on behalf of Rooseveltian unrelenting conservation. When he reflects that it might have been done spectacularly, he must indeed be repentant of his error and be minded never to repeat it.

He has to please the many. Between pleasing the many and pleasing the few, all moral considerations being equal, he will always twiddle his fingers at the few and turn to the "thumbs up" or "thumbs down" of the many.

Trustful friendship will depart from him with his youth. There will remain ambition, patriotic, egoistic, serving self, serving the state, meriting well of the republic, with merits crowned by the many.

Aristocrat and militarist they call him now. Gladiator and demagogue a different "they" will ultimately call him.

Canada's Publicly Owned Electrical Power

By HARRY W. LAIDLER

"GOOD morning, Judge." It is the *Hydro News* of July, 1924, Canada's tiniest monthly, speaking. The "judge" addressed is the citizen of Winnipeg. Winnipeg has a public electric-light plant and a private plant. The private plant has been hard pressed of late by its public competitor. Its promoters didn't like it and wrote a scathing rebuke, accusing the Hydro Commission of besmirching the fair name of Winnipeg, of hindering the city's growth. The *Hydro News*, official organ of the municipal plant, thus replies:

> "Unfair competition"—to supply current in your home at the lowest rate on the continent; "hurtful publicity"—to advertise in every corner of the earth that any private enterprise locating in Winnipeg is not at the mercy of the Power Monopoly, but is guaranteed a dependable abundance of electrical energy at the cheapest rates in North America; "Reactionary force that Hampers and Hinders"—to keep a system at highest efficiency, to increase its capacity fourfold, to lay by reserves of four millions of dollars out of earnings, to save citizens sixteen millions of dollars in rates, to build the first Central Heating Plant in Canada? Hurtful publicity? Reactionary force Hampering and Hindering?
>
> Citizens, *you are the judge.*

This reply gives in a nutshell the startling results of Winnipeg's experiment in the generation and distribution of hydro-electric power during the past dozen years. Until 1906 the citizens of Winnipeg had been paying about 20 cents per kilowatt hour for electricity for domestic lighting purposes. They felt that this was too much. They voted to build their own plant at the Point du Bois, some seventy miles from the city. No sooner had this decision been reached than down went the price charged by the private company one-half. It was announced: "The rates henceforth for domestic lighting will be ten cents per kilowatt hour."

This reduction shelves the municipal plant, thought the company, for good and all. But the people went ahead and built their plant. The plant was opened in 1911. Instead of ten cents the charge was 3½ cents per k.w.h. During the war everything in Winnipeg increased in price except electricity. Following the war, in 1922, the price was still further reduced, an average charge of one cent being made for electrical heating in the home. This made an average for lighting and heating of 2½ cents per k.w.h. As a result of this rate, and of an extraordinary promotion campaign, the municipal Power Commission of Winnipeg now supplies 7,000 electrical ranges in that city with heat, the average electrical cooking bill being but $2.82 net per month. Winnipeg has the proud reputation of harboring more electrical ranges than any other city in the world.

Nor have the low rates led to bankruptcy. By January, 1924, the citizens of Winnipeg had in their possession a plant costing $13,000,000, with a potentiality of 100,000 horse-power. The total reserves now approximate 25 per cent of the assets of $17,681,000 and are equivalent to one-third of the money invested in the property.

In addition there has been a revenue surplus of over $337,000. The plant pays its municipal taxes, while its contribution to the Pension Fund and the Workmen's Compensation Board exceeded, in 1923, $30,000. And throughout its career the commission has shown an initiative and enterprise in the development of all phases of its work which many sage economists attribute only to private profiteers.

But Winnipeg's experiment in public ownership of hydro-electric power plants is a mere bagatelle when compared with the stupendous development in Ontario, a development which includes within its scope some 360 cities and towns. During the closing years of the last century groups of citizens in various parts of Ontario woke up to the fact that the industrial and agricultural life of the province had a remarkable chance for development. That development, however, depended primarily on the province's ability to obtain an adequate supply of power at low cost. The province was without coal resources, but Niagara Falls was at its very doors. How best could hydro-electric energy be secured from the Niagara River and distributed to the people? The anthracite strike of 1902, which placed in jeopardy many of Canada's industries, brought this question to the forefront of public discussion. The following year seven municipalities appointed an investigating committee to make a survey of the entire situation. The committee reported in 1906, and in this same year the provincial fathers appointed the now famous Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario with unusual authority—with power to buy outright or hold shares in existing electric plants; power to acquire land, water privileges, and water-power machinery; power to generate and distribute electrical energy to the people of the province. But it did more than appoint a commission. It appointed as chairman of the commission the most active advocate of publicly owned hydro-electric power in Canada, a man of indomitable will and energy and of rare singleness of purpose—Adam, now Sir Adam Beck.

The commission began its career by supplying to thirteen municipalities a small initial load of less than 1,000 horse-power. It first purchased its electrical energy from one of the already existing private companies, the Ontario Power Company. By 1914 the small load of 1,000 horse-power had increased to 77,000, and by 1917 the commission found it necessary to make an outright purchase of the Ontario Power Company with its 160,000 horse-power, and subsequently (1920) of the Toronto Power Company with its plant of 125,000 horse-power—two of the three big power plants on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls.

These hydro-electric plants are within a stone's throw of Niagara Falls. The water, taken from the Niagara River above the falls, has a drop of somewhat over a hundred feet before reaching the turbines. The commission soon came to the conclusion that this did not make for the most effective use of the available water-power, as the total fall of the Niagara River from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario is more than 300 feet.

Sir Adam Beck and his coworkers thus set about the problem of utilizing the greatest possible amount of total fall and at the same time of supplying the demand which they felt would inevitably result in the not distant future. They built an intake structure above Niagara Falls at

Chippawa. For a distance of one and a half miles they deepened and widened the Welland River from Chippawa to Montrose. They then cut through a canal over eight miles to Queenston, excavating in so doing some seventeen million cubic feet of rock and earth, and lining the canal throughout with concrete. Then came the triangular forebay, into which the water rushed from the canal; the tubes, into which the forebay emptied, and the great turbines of the power house, 305 feet below, situated in the power house on the edge of the river at the bottom of the gorge. The Chippawa-Queenston development is the greatest single hydro-electric development in the world. Even its opponents are forced to pronounce it a "wonderful conception."

Since commencing operations the commission has also purchased no less than twenty water-powers, thirty hydraulic generating plants, and over sixty electrical distributing stations; operations which, when fully developed, will have a potentiality of 1,000,000 horse-power. The "hydro" cities which have come into partnership with the provincial commission have increased from a mere handful in 1906 to 360 in 1924, while the number of horse-power actually distributed to these cities has jumped from 1,000 to nearly 700,000. The property owned by the public is now valued at the colossal sum of $250,000,000. And still the operations of the commission and of the partner municipalities grow. Even now plans are being laid for the development of the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence River with its 800,000 potential horse-power.

The partnership plan between the provincial commission and the municipalities is a unique one. An Ontario city council decides to distribute electricity to its citizens. It writes to the commission. It asks that one of the commission's experts be sent to the town to estimate the cost of installing a local distributing system. The estimate is given. The municipality issues bonds to cover the cost of its local system, the bonds to be retired in twenty or thirty years, and contracts with the commission for the transmission of electricity at cost to the city limits.

The local distributing system is built under the supervision of the commission. The municipalities have complete control over the local distribution, charging a rate approved by the commission. The commission in turn has charge of the building of central plants and transmission lines to the borders of municipalities, and of securing the capital required for construction purposes from the Provincial Government. The charge made by the commission to the cities covers not only the actual expense involved in generating and transmitting electrical energy, but a sum for depreciation, for interest on its loans, and for a sinking fund for the retirement of its bonds. The enterprise is thus made to pay for itself without imposing a burden on the taxpayer. If, at the end of the year, it is found that the commission has charged the municipalities more than is necessary to pay the cost of operation, a refund is made to them.

Has this public enterprise made good? It has had its bitter opponents. A few years ago they were in control of the legislature. They appointed an investigating commission, known as the Gregory Commission. This body spent a half-million dollars sending their agents all over the province. On March 13, 1924, it made public a summary of its report. The summary began:

> The principle of public ownership of water-powers of the province and their development by the people, for the people is, in our opinion, fundamentally sound and should be maintained at all hazards in its full integrity. . . . That the organization of the commission is financially sound there is not a shadow of a doubt. The engineering department of the commission is made up of men of high professional qualifications as engineers, and as such they are serving the commission zealously and efficiently. The various plants of the commission are exceptionally well operated by them.

The Ontario undertaking has meant a saving of millions of dollars to the consumer. Sir Adam Beck maintained before the Public Ownership League Conference last year that it had already saved no less than $100,000,000 to the people of the province in reduced charges alone. The residence charge for lighting per k.w.h. in twelve of the large cities in the province varied in 1923 anywhere from 1.1 to 2.6 cents. The charge in Toronto, ninety miles from the falls, was 2.1 cents; in London, 132 miles away, 1.6 cents. In nine out of twelve of the chief cities electricity for domestic lighting purposes may be bought for less than two cents per k.w.h. Before the days of the "hydro," residents in these cities were paying anywhere from seven cents to twenty-five cents per k.w.h., over three times the present charge. In 1922 in only one city containing more than 1,000 consumers was the charge more than five cents. And yet the "hydro" municipalities were able in 1923 to set aside a surplus of over $1,000,000.

The advantages of "hydro" are not confined to the housewives in industrial centers. "Hydro" has been a real factor in lightening the burden on the farms. In an effort to bring electricity to the farmer, the Provincial Government has voted to pay 50 per cent of the cost of all construction of rural lines. On many a farm in Ontario one finds not only the housewife enjoying a new emancipation with her various electrical appliances, but the farmer easing his strenuous existence by means of electrical milking machines and cream separators and water pumps and churns, saws, threshers, etc. The monthly bill for the "lighter farm service" ranges between $6 and $8. In few of the farm communities where "hydro" has gone would a private corporation have ventured. There is no immediate money in it.

The Ontario development has brought into the hands of the people a great property valued at more than $250,000,000, a property which will have been fully paid for in the course of a generation, with little or no direct tax on the people. Over fifty municipalities have even now piled up surpluses equal to their capital obligations and are virtually out of debt. When the bonded debt in the cities is paid off, the charge for electricity can be further redueed.

The undertaking has been operated without the graft which almost inevitably attends the leasing or selling of public resources to private individuals. The recent investigating body gave high praise to the financial methods employed by the commission and failed to discover any evidence of dishonest dealings. The commission has shown unusual energy and imagination in its operations. Too great initiative, not too little, has been the chief charge against it.

The commission has made mistakes—mistakes in estimating costs of building plants, mistakes in the amount placed aside for the retirement of bonds, mistakes in the handling of labor and legislators; but, when all has been said and done, its work and that of its cooperating municipalities have demonstrated conclusively the great advantages of public over private ownership and administration of the sources and distribution of electrical energy.

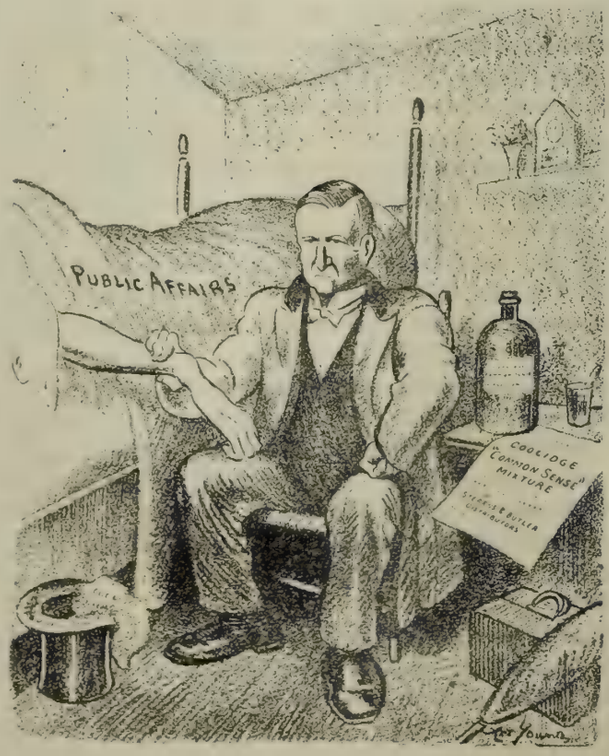
Looking On

by

Art Young

The Supreme Court's Back Yard

The Misfit



A Village Doctor

He gets a reputation for wisdom through seldom saying anything

The Greased Wheels of Diplomacy

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, August 26

CHERCHEZ LE PÉTROLE has become as universal and inevitable an explanation of the comedies and tragedies of international relations as *Cherchez la femme* is of human relations. The question of Japanese recognition of Russia, involving as it does a new alignment of political forces in the Far East, is purely a question of oil. Japan, fortunately, is quite cynical about the matter. Tokio statesmen make no hypocritical effort to clothe themselves in a mantle of high-sounding phrases. If you want peace on the Pacific and our recognition, they say to Moscow, you must give us the oil of Sakhalin.

Four countries and one private party are interested in Sakhalin oil: Russia, which owns the oil; Japan, which wants the oil; Harry F. Sinclair, who has a concession for it; Great Britain, which supports a rather flimsy pre-war claim of the Shell Company; and the United States.

Nippon troops occupied Northern Sakhalin (Southern Sakhalin was ceded to Japan as a result of the Russo-Japanese War) in July, 1920, on the pretext of the alleged Nikolaiev massacre. The occupation is a rather unsavory morsel for our State Department. Secretary Colby protested against it. On May 31, 1921, Mr. Hughes told the Mikado's Government that we could "neither now nor hereafter recognize as valid any claims and titles arising out of the present occupation and control." (Mr. Hughes does not restrict his diplomatic support to the Standard Oil Company.) This position Mr. Hughes made even more emphatic at the Washington Arms Conference. When Baron Sidehara said that "the military occupation of the Russian province of Sakhalin is only a temporary measure and will naturally come to an end as soon as a satisfactory settlement of the question shall have been arranged with an orderly Russian Government," Mr. Hughes went further:

> The American delegation [he said] has also noted the assurance of Japan by her authorized spokesman that it is her fixed and settled policy to respect the territorial integrity of Russia, and to observe the principle of non-intervention in the internal affairs of that country, as well as the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in every part of the Russian possessions. . . . The assurances are taken to mean that Japan does not seek . . . to set up an exclusive exploitation of the resources of Sakhalin.

Mr. Hughes's interest in the open door to oil resources has always been exceedingly keen. There is, of course, more than that to it. It is America's traditional policy to keep Japan out of Siberia, and Sakhalin is not only part of Siberia but it controls the entrance to the Amur River, which drains a large and rich section of Russia's Asiatic continent.

When Mr. Hughes returned from Europe this summer it was reported that he would devote much of his attention to the Far Eastern situation. The "Far Eastern situation" must mean to him China's recognition of Russia and Japan's threatening recognition of Russia. The secretary can attempt to throw a wrench into the workings of the one (for instance, by thwarting the joint Sino-Soviet operation of the Chinese Eastern Railway) and to prevent the other. But it is probably too late to effect the fate of the road, while as regards Japan he is between the devil and the deep sea. If he persuades Tokio to refuse Russia recognition he aids Japan in maintaining the occupation against which he himself has protested and which is not in America's interests; if he abstains from interfering he helps Soviet Russia, his *bête noire*, and contributes toward the isolation of the United States in the Far East. With China in an intense anti-America, anti-imperialist mood, with anti-Americanism growing in Japan, and with Russia under the anathema of our unrelenting Secretary of State, it would be small wonder indeed if both yellow nations were drawn more and more toward Russia. And in the ever-recurring friction between the United States and Japan, Russia, as a high official of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs recently said to me, would under present conditions maintain a benevolent attitude toward Japan. Mr. Hughes may be proud of his record in office: he has alienated China, Russia, and Japan.

But for oil, Japan would already have recognized Russia. All other disputed points have been settled. Japan has admitted that sooner or later it must leave Northern Sakhalin. And Russia is prepared to give Japan a concession for oil the moment the evacuation is completed. Oil is a life-or-death question for the Nipponese navy. The archipelago itself has no appreciable petroleum resources and Japan has been buying most of its supply in California. This, obviously, is an undesirable procedure. Recently Japanese agents put in an appearance in Persia, where they probably learned to their sorrow that the Anglo-Persian and Sinclair had preceded them, and in Rumania, where the Standard Oil will probably manage to fence them off. Sakhalin thus becomes Japan's best and almost only bet.

The military cliques in Tokio would gladly keep Sakhalin for themselves. But the pressure of their own people and the odium of the world plus what is more important—the desire to keep Russia as a friend—has reconciled them and their Government to modified ownership in the form of a concession granted by Moscow.

The details of this concession are now the only bar to Japanese evacuation of Sakhalin and to Japanese recognition of Russia. For Russia the problem is complicated by the presence of the Sinclair Oil Company. In January, 1923, the Soviet Government finally approved an oil-and-gas concession to the Sinclair company in Northern Sakhalin. It virtually gives Sinclair monopoly rights. Obviously, however, if Sinclair insists on the fulfilment of his contract he will get nothing, for should Karakhan say to Yoshizawa, the Japanese envoy in Peking, "We cannot give you a concession because all the oil has been promised to Sinclair," Yoshizawa would reply, "Let Sinclair come and get it. We shall not evacuate." Accordingly Moscow has proposed a tripartite arrangement between Russia, Sinclair, and Japan. This suggestion was first made public in a leading editorial in the *Izvestia*, the official organ of the Soviet Government. Mr. Veach, the vice-president, and Mason Day, the European representative of the Sinclair Oil, came to Moscow

several weeks ago to discuss this question with officials here. To be sure, these clever gentlemen tried to tell journalists that the editorial in the *Izvestia* did not express the views of the Government and that they knew nothing of a tripartite proposal, but I have it from a prominent member of the Foreign Office collegium that when Messrs. Veach and Day left the bolshevik capital several days ago they were fairly well satisfied that Sinclair would have to accept the proposal, especially since the Government has the right, according to the same official, to cancel the Sinclair concession on the ground that the company has not lived up to some of its technical requirements.

Meantime, Karakhan laid the tripartite proposal before Yoshizawa. Yoshizawa rejected it and presented a counter-proposal. Japan, he said, wants a monopoly concession for ninety-nine years. It will pay Russia 5 per cent of the oil produced. (Persia gets 16 per cent from the Anglo-Persian.) Moreover, and this is the most impossible of these impossible demands, Japan insists on the suspension in Sakhalin of Soviet labor laws. Russia, of course, flatly refused the offer, and Yoshizawa sent to Tokio for further instructions. This is the state of affairs today.

However, it is the general view here that a compromise agreement on the basis of the tripartite proposal will soon be effected and that de jure recognition will follow it. In fact, there is a suspicion in some quarters that Japan has already begun a slow and secret evacuation of Sakhalin. The Tokio Cabinet has nothing to gain from continued occupation but enmity in Russia and disfavor at home. Evacuate they must. They are committed to it. It remains only to haggle over the price. For a while Japan gambled on Russia's diplomatic position in Europe. Would the Anglo-Soviet conference fail? Would the Russo-German conflict end in disaster and humiliation for the Bolsheviks? Would Herriot rebuff Moscow? Japan would then be able to strike a better bargain on the Pacific. Accordingly Japan engaged in the well-known game of killing time. Yoshizawa has been commuting between Peking and Tokio. No sooner does Karakhan ask him a question than he runs to his capital "for instructions." And on one occasion he even went on an excursion to Sakhalin, ostensibly to discover whether evacuation was feasible. But the cards are apparently stacked against Japan, and the yellow statesmen may make haste in order to anticipate a further unfavorable turn of events. In every respect time is on the side of Russia.

Still, as Radich, the Croat leader, once said, militarists are always stupid and the worse their position grows the more stupid they become. Those in Tokio may protract the negotiations with Russia until cold weather makes evacuation impossible. Then the troops will have to remain until next spring. What useful purpose such tactics may serve it is difficult to imagine, for, at present, very little oil is being taken out of the island.

The Chinese Student Mind

By PEARL S. BUCK

IT is a common human failing to believe that the particular group of people upon whom one is voluntarily expending one's chief energies are necessarily the most interesting and worth-while folk in the world. I stand sometimes before one of my classes of ninety-odd Chinese college students and am almost convinced that they are a band of young Gideons. I seem to see unquenchable fires in their eyes and a determination in their young faces which warms my heart, cold after so many years of contact with Oriental habits of squeeze and face-saving. I find myself repeating that old Israelitish war-cry: "Surely the Lord and the sword of Gideon can do it."

Yet in saner moments I am quite well aware that to an unprejudiced Occidental eye these young men would appear rather a lack-luster group. They are seldom beautiful, physically, and they run to stoop shoulders and adenoids and a general tendency to snuffling colds in the head. They have a deplorable inclination to a complete blankness of mind and facial expression, especially when called upon to recite, and their English is at once pathetic and extremely delightful. Nevertheless, as I grow into something approaching a closer understanding of these young persons and others like them I begin to be more deeply convinced than ever of their essential importance in the scheme of things in China today, and through China to the world.

They are told so, often enough, in all conscience. Every great or near-great man from the West who is asked to lecture to them thunders forth that the students are the hope of China, and then goes on to hint tactfully or otherwise of his grave fears that the hope is but a weak reed unless, etc., etc. Well, they are the hope of China, of course. But it seems to me from where I sit in the gallery of our little college chapel that the set of their backs is rather drooping and their upturned faces a little anxious as they listen. I wonder if secretly they do not grow a little weary, sometimes, with the weight of this amorphous, floundering, old country forever being thrown upon their slender and inexperienced shoulders. Anyway, I wish these successful and famous men from the prosperous West would speak less often of poor, old China's faults and hopeless failures, and would send forth to these young people a more heartening message of courage for the future.

For the preeminent need of the Chinese student of this generation is encouragement.

Perhaps if the minds of these students could be dissected we should find that they could be classified into three fairly distinct stages of development: first, a complete bewilderment with the modern trend of affairs; second, a profound depression and pessimism; and third, a bitter determination to win somehow in the end and wrest at least a sort of order out of the chaos we call China.

I suppose a great many of them never get beyond the first stage. I am afraid to think how many, lest I be discouraged too, and give them all up and go to making my fortune somewhere. Anyway a lot of them. They get altogether bemazed in the sort of world in which they find themselves. Their rather slow minds are not able to digest or even grasp a tenth of the scintillating modern ideas presented to them at every turn; and after a brief period of struggle they subside into a quiescent state and become absorbed in the minuteness of daily living and pleasures. From then on they never more concern themselves with either the good or the evil of the times into which their country has fallen, except as such times affect their own

daily bowls of rice and the roof above their heads, and whether or not they can maintain their "face" by buying a silk gown at New Year.

Such as these are found everywhere; some are thin and ill-clad, contriving this way and that to get a better-paying job with a minimum of work attached, and stooping to anything. Others, having stooped more successfully, grow portly and bestial, and one may see their like on the streets in any Chinese city, waddling out of a handsomely carved gateway and then being propelled from the rear by a lackey into a chair or carriage or even an automobile. Their thick bodies are encased in heavy brocaded satins and exquisite furs, and their fat hands are soft and pulpy like unwholesome white spiders. "Their god is their stomach."

Here is the tragedy which every true teacher fears may befall him: that for a lifetime devoted to his high calling he will see in spite of himself only these empty husks of human beings for his harvest!

Perhaps no one, save those who have grown up in China and remember what China was and can perceive just how much of the old China is still here, can have any real conception of the difficulties which beset the students here just now. They are caught as helpless victims between the impact of two totally different civilizations. Their parents have taught them one set of values. They have been trained in the conservatism, obedience, and dependence of the old patriarchal system of family life. From birth it has been impressed upon them that they are Chinese and males and therefore invincibly superior. They have always been given special privileges as males, and have therefore received the best possible education, the best possible clothes and perquisites which the family finances could procure, and, in addition, anything else they could reasonably demand or unreasonably desire. They are imbued with the comfortable conviction that they are promising young citizens of the Middle Kingdom of the World.

Since it is a widespread belief and a fact, I think, that a modern education is advisable if one is to be in the financial game in China today, these young sprigs are sent to school, and they pour in hordes into any school that teaches English. Then comes the shock. They come with all the inheritance and training of calm, indolent, arrogant, and self-satisfied old China. Straightway there falls upon them a modern civilization which does not at all admire the old, and which is nervous, tense, energetic, and iconoclastic.

A thousand new and astounding ideas pull them every which way—ideas which are apparently quite irreconcilable with those with which their minds have been previously furnished. They are deluged with Bolshevism; not by their teachers, to be sure, but by all the insidious forces of the red flag working indefatigably in the schools here nowadays.

They hear, on the other hand, the missionary proclaiming his religion as the only hope for a degenerate China. Yet it seems to them almost impossible to find out what the essential principles of Christianity are, for they vary, apparently, with different schools of thought. Many of the students in mission institutions get a vague idea that all Westerners are Christians and that the Western countries are Edens of pure delight. Then, here in the port cities, they see those white people who live so besottedly that one hates to call them human beings for the sake of the rest of us. Or along comes the Great War and international jealousies and land-grabbing, and the student begins to see what spheres of influence really are, and indemnities and retributive measures and all the rest of it. He finds out that America, *even America*, is pouring morphine into China through Japan; and England, not to be left behind, is hastening with extra supplies of opium; and, after all, cigarettes are more successful than the Gospel. He is bewildered.

He who has always been taught the sacredness of family unity and the desirability of posterity hears for the first time that China, "this vast, fertile paradise," as one of my young students put it in his patriotic fervor, is actually overpopulated and that birth control is the only saving principle. He sees with bulging eyes the peculiar marital relationships of many visitors from the West, who to all appearances are educated, cultured, *accepted*. He becomes yet more bewildered. Indeed, the whole question of the relation of the sexes, the inevitable reaction against the old constrictions, the desire for a really workable code of morals and social contacts, is, of course, as commonly agitated here as in the most modern country of the West—perhaps more so—and is having no small part in the perplexities of the student consciousness in China at present. They realize that their own system of segregation and compulsory marriage is far from ideal. They dislike the idea of enforced polygamy.

"Oh, that American marriage law to be in China!" exclaims one young junior in his weekly theme. "That Chinese could only one wife! Thusly we could have a considerable family calmness in the Chinese home, because too many wifes makes a family eloquence."

Yet a week later he came to my office in trouble to find out if a statement of the divorce situation in the United States which he had seen in a paper was true. If so, then something was wrong there too. There was nothing to tell him but the truth, and he went away surprised and perplexed.

Again, to these students, fresh from the old-fashioned treatment of women in their homes, to whom the touch of a decent girl's hand has been impossible and unthought of—to these students comes the shock of the modern dance. It is rather disheartening that out of all the richness of our American life this debated thing, the modern dance, should be brought back by the returned students. I cannot pretend to judge whether or not dancing as it is done today is a profitable pastime in the West. I have been away far too many years for that. But I do know that it is desperately dangerous for these Chinese lads, who have not had the slightest experience of contact with the opposite sex to prepare them, and whose puzzled souls are balanced perilously enough as it is between the right and wrong of things.

Mah jong is probably neither better nor worse morally than a hundred other games, but it has always been associated with evil in China, at least. "A Chinese family who possesses a set of mah jong is considered questionable," declared a Chinese friend one day, an educated and cultured gentleman, who was as astonished as the callowest student over the recent craze among foreigners.

It is not to be marveled at, then, that among all these contradictory leaderships and ideas the credulous student is utterly befogged. And, as if that were not enough, he is administered Western education in solid and undiluted lumps. Foreign methods, foreign religion, foreign culture and customs are ladled out to him in a totally unadapted form. Said one of my pupils, quaintly, the other day: "So

far as I have heard, God has built His country in America for many years, but still American life is very indigestible to us. Why is this?"

Why, indeed! It will take more than the stoutest digestion, I fear, to accomplish the assimilation.

Each year I watch sorrowfully the mental and spiritual deaths. I meet their bodies sometimes, later, as plump money lenders or pompous magistrates; but we seldom recognize each other, for the lad I knew in each was not strong enough to live and it is too keen a pain to see only the earthy flesh left.

This is why I rejoice when out of the bewildered ones emerge a smaller group of those who are able to struggle through even to so discouraging a thing as pessimism. Healthy pessimism in the young sometimes results in a right-about-face and a new start.

It is certainly not to be disputed that the Chinese students today are deeply affected by a prevailingly pessimistic state of mind. With some this is expressed in an unwonted recklessness and indulgence in hitherto forbidden habits and pleasures and dissipations: a *carpe diem* sort of philosophy to which the young anywhere are especially prone. With others it has resulted in a wounded national pride and a sullen refusal to acknowledge or even see national or individual faults; and in some cases there is even a distinct anti-foreign feeling. With a blessed, chosen few it has resulted in a facing of facts and a wholesome humbling of spirit and a determination to get the best they can from the West and keep the best they have of their own.

There are, however, four distinct causes for this present attitude of pessimism.

Perhaps one primary cause has been the practical failure of the student movement in China. That this movement was a spiritual success is not to be denied. It was the supreme moment in many a student's life when he could and did rise to the height of denouncing the greed and sinister deeds of his government. Pathetic children they were, futilely crying and righteously indignant against those who should have been their leaders and protectors; kin to those other children who fought eagerly and trustfully to make the world safe for democracy and died for it. Both failed. It was a modern Children's Crusade.

Practically, the students failed to change government policies in the slightest degree, and they seem to have laid down their weapons. Nothing shows this more clearly than the utter silence with which they have met the news of the last disgraceful presidential election. I heard only one remark. "With $10,000,000 he bought this one chair. Now he fears no man."

It is the silence of despair.

A second reason for this attitude of pessimism, however, may be their apparent lack of ability to persevere in any line of action in attacking their problems. This is partly youth and partly an inherent racial characteristic. They tend too much to starting off with firecrackers, speech-making, and a high-sounding name, and then impetus seems to be dissipated and the attention drawn off to other things. Possibly it is a lack of deep-seated convictions. They do certainly tend to lack convictions. One seldom sees the fiery vocational enthusiasms such as Western students have, where a boy *will* be a doctor or engineer or what not against tremendous odds and at the cost of heroic efforts. Here they seem to choose most often from expediency and convenience, and I have known an annual chemistry fee of six dollars to be the deciding factor in whether or not a boy would be a teacher or a doctor. The small margin on which they live is partly responsible for this, of course.

Whatever the cause, they are incorrigible promoters. They are forever starting agricultural societies and mutual improvement societies and temperance societies and anti-Japanese societies and dozens of others. Most of these die of general inanition, and then are reorganized with more firecrackers and speeches into something else. Magazines have sprouted up like weeds all over the country—radical magazines, so-called scientific magazines, literary magazines, short-story magazines—a fascinating kaleidoscopic mirror of student mind and thought. These magazines continue with great fervor for a short time and then they are no more. Three months seems to be the average life-time, with an occasional belated and tottering fourth issue. Again, part of it is youth; part of it is lack of sufficient technical knowledge; part of it is natural lack of stick-to-itiveness.

A third cause for this pessimism is the fact that many of these young men are just beginning to fathom the real depths to which their country has fallen. They have inherited from their ancestors the firm and unconsciously arrogant belief in the natural superiority of China. She has always been the Middle Kingdom, or, as the old sages had it, "the yolk of the egg round which the other nations cluster as the white." They have had a pride, and a rightful pride, in China's civilization, in her history, and in her achievements. But doubts are beginning to come. There are other large countries richer and more prosperous. There are other civilizations which seem to have had more desirable and practical results; other religions, even, which seem to have produced a more general honesty and morality. Evidently the rest of the world does not seem to regard China as the yolk of the egg at all, and on examination she really does not seem to be.

More alarming to them than this is a realization that they do not seem to be able to produce the honest and able leaders which they need so sorely—leaders who can withstand the temptations of political life.

"Why do you not take a government position and show the people what a really honest official should be and do?" I asked a fine young Chinese graduate from Oberlin, who is marking time as a teacher in a small private school.

He hesitated a moment, then looked at me squarely, and replied: "Honestly, I am afraid of myself. There would be so many places where I could enrich myself privately that I would rather not subject myself to the temptation."

I respected him for his frankness, and yet sighed to know his statement was true. Love of money and power or "face," as it is called, is a universal temptation, all too seldom withstood. The continued graft and dishonest government, the lack of any trustworthy leaders is pricking the bubble of their self-conceit. They are beginning to ask: Is China not capable, then, of producing men?

Alas, perhaps the strongest cause for the deep-seated pessimism abroad among them is the discovery, especially since the war, of how very imperfect those countries are which they had hoped to use as models. Before the war there was at least no visible breakdown of civilization. The war, however, and the conditions continuing since, have made them realize sadly that even in those countries whence came the science and the technical skill they

admire so much, and where Christianity has been so long, even there people are wrestling as bitterly as they themselves with much the same sort of unsolved problems. And these young people are thrown back upon themselves again, "sheep having no shepherd."

No one knows, except one who has it to do, how unspeakably difficult it is, since the war, for an Occidental to stand before these Orientals as a teacher. Of course the only way out of it is to confess our failures frankly, pointing out the reasons for them with a friendly warning to others in like situations, and to hold up our ideals as high as ever, struggling along as human beings, without the West posing as competent to be a leader in any way. It is the only possible road to self-respect or the respect of the Far East.

Taking out all these, then—the hopelessly bewildered, the hopelessly pessimistic and cynical, the reactionaries, all those who pass through the schools and colleges and cannot stand under the terrible truths of modern knowledge and times—there remain still the golden few. These are the real hope of China. They are bewildered, yes, but not lost; pessimistic, but not unto death. They have been able to keep hold of a burning determination to serve their country righteously, at all costs. Out of them will come one day a Lincoln who shall set his people free.

"Oh, if you can teach us this term, teach us something to make us hopeful!" cried a young woman in one of my classes in the large government college here.

It is the wistful cry of youth; a heartbreaking cry to those who hear it, for who has a right to hope if youth has not? And we who come from that West which has done so much to take away their hopefulness must give it back again in a courage strong enough for life as it must be lived in China today.

There is only one way in which we can give back courage to them, and that is by a renewed fellow-feeling and brotherhood. This can be expressed only in a more complete understanding, both individual and national, of China's present difficulties and a greater patience with her as she works out, slowly and painfully, her own salvation. I do believe that in this people there lie potentialities of power and spiritual leadership which, if rightly allowed to develop themselves, will as time goes on help to lift the world along.

A Reporter's Mirror

By W. G. CLUGSTON

WHY is the American newspaper more widely read than ever before in its history, yet more generally abused? Is something *radically* wrong with journalism of the present day? Many who give thought to the matter believe there is.

A high percentage of the newspapers that survive steadily grow stronger in a financial way and usually keep increasing their circulation totals, but politically not one of them is as powerful as the average newspaper once was. Although the "public press" is still supreme in the matter of making campaign issues and giving the people public questions to growl about, newspapers are not as potent today as they once were in making public men—in electing to office the candidates they support, and to obscurity the candidates they oppose. And it can hardly be denied that the newspapers are growing in disfavor among the labor groups and certain classes of farmers. Also, there are many lawyers, doctors, and educators, and even some writers, who freely and sometimes loudly express their lack of faith in the public press. So certainly there must be some ground for criticism and for investigation, even if nothing is fundamentally wrong.

I asked the managing editor of a well-known Middle-western newspaper the question: "What is wrong with American journalism?" He answered immediately: "If you mean the American newspaper, I would say there is too much scrambling for circulation and too much attention to policy, without enough attention to giving the news."

I asked a cub reporter on a paper that has a daily circulation of nearly 200,000 the same question. His reply was: "Those who buy them have been taught to believe newspapers are maintained to give the truth about the news as it happens, while those who make them have been taught to believe they are maintained to make money."

The charge Oscar Wilde made when he said that "journalism is unreadable and literature unread" hardly applies to the question as it is now being considered, because most of the criticism against the newspapers today is not that they are unreadable but that the news they contain is not reliable—not straight news. Newspaper owners usually employ writers who are capable of making their news readable; in fact, it is often the case that truth and accuracy are sacrificed for no other purpose than to make a news story readable.

A more pertinent criticism than that of Oscar Wilde was recently made by Henry Ford's weekly when the newspapers were being blamed for being parties to the morality scandals of the moving-picture colonies. Ford's paper brought in the following indictment:

> The most hopeless element in it all [the movie scandal] is that the newspapers know all this stuff beforehand, yet never lift a hand concerning it until it "breaks," as they say. And then they are tremendously indignant about it. But, of course, the newspapers, like the movies, are paying for this kind of betrayal. Public confidence in a newspaper is in direct ratio to its public service. The newspaper renders all kinds of propaganda service, but very few of them know what public service means.

Here we get at what I consider the worst barnacle on the belly of the octopus press: *propaganda.* Propaganda is the pack-horse used to carry most of the evils that get into the news and editorial columns—propaganda intended to warp the public mind so that a policy may be carried out, or an objective may be reached, which the owner of the paper, or the editor or reporter, may for any reason think worth while.

Our greatest national endeavors are to swing the public mind in certain directions—nationally, against Bolshevism and good booze and Senate investigations of corruption, and in favor of ship subsidies and the Mellon tax-plan and snake-doctor remedies for agricultural evils; locally, against municipal ownership of the electric-light plant and

in favor of a bulk bond issue for general improvements. As we had the stone age and the iron age, so now we have the *propaganda age*. Under our form of government, and in our present stage of civilization, you can put over anything you desire if you put enough of the right kind of propaganda behind it. And newspapers far excel pulpiteers, paid chamber-of-commerce agitators, and public speakers in putting over propaganda. They demonstrated this to a Creel's taste during the Great War.

There are many enterprises and issues which newspaper owners feel compelled to favor for public or personal or political reasons, and many others of which they disapprove and desire their readers to disapprove. Is it not natural that they should use their papers to convince their readers they are right? The matter of the honesty of these owners need not be considered, nor their high or low purposes. It is only a question of whether they are not, perhaps, biting their own bodies with poison fangs and thus paralyzing themselves when they permit their news columns to be converted from news channels into propaganda sloughs, as many do.

But, even if the owner of a newspaper does not go in for propaganda and makes every effort to keep his paper clean and close to the truth, there still are scores of ways in which propaganda can and does creep into the columns. Editors have their prejudices and pets; so have reporters, who are the real makers of newspapers—the real journalists. A large part of the blame that is being heaped upon newspapers should go to the reporters. Their sins are frequently scarlet, even when they are employed by honest publishers who do not try to put policy and propaganda in the place of truth.

With few exceptions the ranks of reporters are made up of two classes: those who stay with their jobs of reporting because these jobs give them a chance to associate with successful business men without being successful; and those who having failed to become literary successes stay with reporting because writing news is the next best thing they can do when unable to earn their "ham and" by writing and selling literature.

The best reporters of the first class usually are leeches or grafters; those of the second class usually are sourheads and cynics. Most generally it is the reporter of the first class who "gets on" and becomes a "star" writer. The cynics usually drift into desk jobs and socialism, becoming copy-readers, rewrite men, or headline writers.

The "star reporters" naturally get the big assignments —they write about the matters that are of most general interest and most vital importance to the masses of readers. They are thrown with influential, successful men, and usually they are admitted with all privileges of membership and brotherhood into the Rotary clubs, the chambers of commerce, the booster clubs—and sometimes the country clubs. In these they have all the pleasures a successful business man enjoys without having any of his worries. There they make their friends—often real friends. And the keenest of the successful business men court their acquaintance, pat them on the back, treat them as equals in every way, and, in return for giving them the privilege of their associations, work them for publicity for their projects, propaganda for their particular grafts, and free advertising for themselves.

Sometimes these reporters handle publicity jobs as a sideline, using their papers to put over their publicity. A few newspaper owners even encourage this, as it enables them to keep good men working for smaller wages than they otherwise would demand. However, owners and editors often are not to blame for rewarding and favoring the reporters who make friends with the representatives of powerful interests that are intent upon warping the public mind to serve their selfish purposes. These are the reporters who sell themselves to the owners and editors by selling themselves to the men with whom their jobs throw them—men whom the editors and owners regard highly who go to considerable pains to praise and boost friendly reporters. The other reporters simply do not sell themselves in this way, and as a result they do not get on in the business scramble; they may write better stories, but they do not press agent the right friends and they do not know how to get the right friends to press agent them to their bosses.

A great many of those who criticize the newspapers go on the theory that those who make the newspapers—those who write the news—are artists, or should be artists. I have tried to point out that this is not the case—barring the rare exceptions; that those who do most of the writing for newspapers are average mortals who are divided into two distinct types or classes. Those whose ideal is to ape and hang to successful busines men are more satisfied with life and put more enthusiasm into their work. As naturally follows, they are more successful newspaper men. Those of the other class are dissatisfied because they cannot do what they want to do and look upon newspaper work with disgust.

Of course, there must be something of the artist about every man who writes. There must be a pronounced desire to create, which overpowers the more general desire of men to acquire wealth. But, in reporting, there is the situation that Bernard Shaw describes in his general discussion of the professions:

> You have the man to whom his profession is only the means of making himself and his family comfortable and prosperous; . . . and you have the man who sacrifices everything and everybody, himself included, to the perfection of his work—to the passion for efficiency which is the true master-passion of the artist.

And when one of this latter class gets into the profession of reporting—one willing to make the sacrifices of a true artist—about the first sacrifice he makes is that of his job. He leaves the field and loses his chance of becoming a *star* reporter rather than leave his art and lose his soul, as he would have to do to get on with the Lions, the Kiwanians, and the Rotarians.

John Macy, in his able essay on Journalism, undertakes to show that most of the positive corruption of the newspapers comes from the struggle between the employing class and the wage-earning class through the fact that the employing class controls the advertising patronage of the newspapers and thus controls the politics and the news columns. Many times this may be true—too many times. But I cannot agree with this theory entirely because I have known newspapers not controlled by advertisers—newspapers whose owners were just as anxious to give the laboring class a square deal as to give a square deal to the business interests—yet almost as much propaganda for the business interests and against the interests of the common people got into these newspapers as into the papers policy-controlled in the interest of special groups.

Why was this? It was simply because of conditions confronting those assigned to report and write the news.

Much of the criticism of labor unions against reporters and newspapers should, if we could put every chip where it belongs, be lodged against those who represent the labor unions and come in contact with the reporters. When a reporter goes to write news about a struggle in which representatives of big corporations and representatives of labor unions are pitted against each other, nine times out of ten the labor-union representatives are to blame when their side gets the worst of it in the news. The average representative of a labor union looks upon a reporter with suspicion and takes pains to let the reporter know it. He does nothing to build up a friendship with the "news hound," and often he assumes an attitude that makes it unpleasant for a reporter to be in his presence. Not so the representative of the corporations. He goes out of his way to make friends with the reporter. He makes the reporter believe he considers him both honest and fair; he cultivates a close friendship and often goes to great lengths to show the reporter that he is ready to perform the offices of a real friend. He confers favors upon the reporter that mean something to him, financially or otherwise. Or he makes the reporter glad to be in his company —makes him feel that they are equals, often makes him feel they are equals above the common herd.

Most reporters, being very human, naturally lean their likes toward those who do the most to make their paths smooth and easy and pleasant—and they, sometimes unconsciously, make their news stories lean toward such persons. The fault does not lie so much with the reporters, or the representatives of the corporations; it seems to me that it lies mostly with the representatives of the labor unions in that they are not smart enough to know how "to work" the reporters. But if, on the other hand, they were keen enough to know how to do this, it is most likely they would not for long remain representatives of the laboring men. They would be grabbed up and put to work representing the corporations.

On the whole, when I compare American journalism with other American institutions, I am not so sure there is anything so *very wrong* with the way it functions among the other mechanical contraptions of our civilization. There are evils connected with it; often they dominate it. But, all in all, I believe American journalism is on a higher plane than many other American institutions.

Certainly I am convinced it is on a higher plane than American politics, and that those who labor as newspaper men have higher ideals and more honor and a greater regard for the truth than those who labor in politics, local, State, or national. I am not sure but that our journalism is more free from the evils of propaganda than American churches. The average newspaper ranks higher in my estimation than the average college or university.

The only way I know to improve American journalism is to improve humanity. When readers will no longer allow their judgment to be warped, the newspapers will quit trying to propagandize them.

It is disheartening to have to admit that the masses show they prefer the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *American Magazine* to such high-class publications as the *American Mercury*, *The Nation*, the *Century*, the *Dial*, and the *New Republic*. It is discouraging to recount that the *Appeal to Reason* has gone out of existence while the Kansas City *Star* grows fat in all its alleged iniquities. It is a blot on America that Frank Harris has been sent back to Europe improperly honored and unappreciated while Frank Crane becomes more popular and more prominent on every news-stand and bookshelf. There is no glory to the nation in the fact that Editor Harding was placed in the President's chair and Upton Sinclair on the blacklist of newspapers. But the people usually get what they want and what their intelligence entitles them to receive. And they get stung on a lot of things worse than they do on the newspapers they buy.

La Follette

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

(From "The Lynching Bee and Other Poems," 1920)

In the Valley of Decision,
Down the Road of Things-that-are,
You gave to us a vision,
You appointed us a star,
And through Cities of Derision
We followed you from far.

On the Hills beyond To-morrow,
On the Road of Things-to-do,
With that strength of hand we borrow
As we borrow soul from you,
We know not sloth nor sorrow
And will build your vision true.

"The Big Noise"

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

ORIGINALLY, it was the name given him by his political opponents. But oddly, it had been seized upon by his admirers and used as a term of rough endearment, thus confounding his enemies and driving them to seek something less adaptable to the hail-fellow-well-met spirit.

He had been a leading figure in the town for so long, had identified himself with it in so many ways, that it seemed almost as though the place did not exist apart from him. The local newspapers adored him. His voice was heard on the Living Wage, Religious Education in the Public Schools, Pure Food Laws, Our Foreign Policy, Child Labor, and the Evils of the Boss System. Apparently, his motto was: "I care not who makes the laws of this town, so that I make its speeches." And make them he did. It was his boast that he was accessible at all hours to whatever delegation or individual might call upon him for his views. He delighted in referring to himself as "the man with the open house and the open mind." Now and then he hit upon a happy phrase that was repeated with relish by the press, and bandied about by his admirers for days thereafter. An enemy once growlingly commented: "He talks so much that he can't help but say something good *once* in a while."

He had a wife and children. The children had made homes or careers for themselves elsewhere. His wife, a little, tired-looking woman, gave her days over to domestic affairs. Her individuality was swallowed up in the blare of her husband's trumpetings, as the sound of a tuning-fork is eclipsed by the noise of a megaphone.

She formed no outside ties. First there were the children to look after. Then as they grew up, there was the Big Noise's career. It was Cocteau who said: "There is a house, a lamp, a plate of soup, a fire, wine, and pipes at the back of every important work of art." Cocteau might have added, "and guest rooms." Meals were constantly in either a state of preparation or consumption, and beds were kept in readiness for expected—and unexpected—visitors. The Big Noise paid tribute now and then to his wife's indefatigable labors, referring to her with elephantine jocularity as "my boss," and lauding her domestic abilities in flowery phrases. It made good copy. Sometimes when a camera was pointed at him as he stood on the lawn talking with a group of his constituents, he would hold up a forbidding hand and shout: "Wait a minute and I'll fetch mother!"

No one ever dreamed of asking her opinion on the living wage or woman's suffrage. And yet people who knew her before her marriage recalled her as a gay, vivacious girl, a girl not without a certain forcefulness of her own.

And now the Big Noise lay dead.

Through one of those fantastic tricks the gods sometimes devise for their playthings he had met his end. A reunion of war veterans was being held, and he, along with the governor and one or two other notables, rode in uniform at the head of the parade. He had paused a moment, a commanding figure upon the curveting bay he bestrode, to adjust some part of the saddle. He did not notice a megaphone attached to the telegraph pole beside which he had reined in his horse. There was a sudden lull in the band music. As he bent forward, a raucous yell came through the horn! "What's the matter with the Big Noise? *He's all right!*" The horse gave a leap forward. Over went its rider to the paved street, striking his head upon the curbstone. Death was instantaneous.

The news would have to be broken gradually to his wife, they said. She was visiting a daughter in a nearby town. There was a new grandchild (it was only at such times that she left home) and this made things doubly hard. They wired her that he had been suddenly taken ill.

Some friends went down the road, half way, to meet her and prepare her as gently as possible. She made no outcry. She merely sat and looked at them with a slightly dazed air as if she did not understand them. They whispered pityingly behind her back to one another: "The shock has stupefied her, poor thing!"

And so she came home—to a home strangely, unaccustomedly still.

The porches, the hallway, and all the rooms on the lower floor were filled with people. But they sat awe-stricken, dumb, drawing back and bowing their heads respectfully as the widow of their dead leader passed up the stairway and into the room where he lay.

"She wishes to be alone with him," they whispered, and a few close friends, fearing the inevitable outburst of grief, waited upon the stairs with anxious faces.

She closed the door firmly behind her and walked to the bedside. They had swathed the back of his head in some dark stuff, so that the injury was in no way visible. His face unmarred by the fall, his body full and firm, he lay there, with lips slightly parted. One could almost have sworn that he breathed lightly.

She stood beside him, her face a mask. Time passed and still she stood. Any moment, perhaps, he might rise, and looking at her firmly, his brow creasing, his dominant index-finger flung out in familiar gesture, he might call out in that orotund bass of his: "Americans! Shall we relinquish the ideals for which our forefathers . . . ?"

The midrib of a feather protruded from the pillow beneath his head. She drew it forth cautiously, glancing about like a frightened bird, and placed it upon his lips. It lay there quiet, its fronds unstirred . . .

A great roaring seemed suddenly to have ceased.

Timidly she looked about.

And slowly, gradually, as when the east is tinged with dawn, a strange, new smile crept into her face. For, out of that silence, scarcely discernible at first, then more and more insistent, came a soft, rustling chorus of little voices through her mind . . . a sound for so long swallowed up in that greater, all-engulfing one . . . the sound of her own thoughts. . . .

When they came into the room with obtrusive kindness to lead her away, they found her standing motionless beside the bed. "You must take some food," they told her. "You must keep up your strength."

Unprotesting, she permitted them to lead her out of the room, casting no look backward at the bed and the burden it held. Calmly she greeted the friends downstairs, then seated herself in a rocker, conversing with this one and that.

They waited in vain for that sudden, wild outburst. . . .

They said finally that the shock of grief had turned her mind. . . .

In the Driftway

HUNDREDS of thousands of soldiers are afoot in China, yet there is little real fighting. The Chinese, alone among the great peoples of the world, have never permitted themselves to be swept away by the current tides of war. Physical courage is not to them the supreme form of valor. They have not, like the Western peoples, a vast body of tradition which sets the martial above all other virtues, nor do they see any reason to kill people who differ from themselves. The peculiar flavor of Chinese poetry is in part due to this maturity of mind. "The glorious accident that an English scholar of Chinese in our own generation [Arthur Waley] is also an artist," as the *Manchester Guardian* puts it, has made it possible for us to catch something of the essence of this Chinese genius which has been closed to previous Western generations.

* * * * *

JUDGED by our Western standards Po Chui's famous Old Man with the Broken Arm was a detestable coward. But for eleven hundred years this story of the old man with hair white as the new snow, who was glad that in his youth he had broken his arm with a stone rather than go to war, has been told and retold in China:

> One limb destroyed—whole body safe!
> But even now on winter nights when the wind and rain blow
> From evening on till day's dawn I cannot sleep for pain.
> Not sleeping for pain
> Is a small thing to bear,
> Compared with the joy of being alive when all the rest are dead.

In what other country could a poet choose such a hero?

HALF a millennium before the birth of Christ Lao-tsze coined the Chinese proverb: "The best soldiers do not fight." Lao-tsze was already, at that relatively early date, inveighing against the rush and bustle of modern life. The note echoes down the centuries. A full thousand years ago To'ao Sung wrote:

The hills and rivers of the lowland country
You have made your battleground.
How do you suppose the people who live there
Will procure firewood and hay?

Do not let me hear you talking together
About titles and promotions;
For a single general's reputation
Is made out of ten thousand corpses.

And in the days when William the Conqueror was blustering through England, Su Tung-p'o was writing verses which seem to us the ultra-modern product of super-sophistication:

Families, when a child is born,
Want it to be intelligent.
I, through intelligence,
Having wrecked my whole life,
Only hope the baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid.
Then he will crown a tranquil life
By becoming a cabinet minister.

* * * * *

THE Western nations, with their blind belief that in industrialism and forced labor lies the only real progress, have upset the old China; their conflicts, their absorption in railroads and coal mines, their eagerness to exploit, the greed of their arms manufacturers, lie behind the mammoth civil war now waging. But perhaps, in the three thousand years of China's civilization, there is something which can rise superior even to this last imitation of Occidental "progress." Before even the Norsemen discovered America Yuan Chieh gave the title Civilization to this ironic poem:

To the southeast—three thousand leagues—
The Yan and Hsiang form into a mighty lake.
Above the lake are deep mountain valleys,
And men dwelling whose hearts are without guile.
Gay like children, they swarm to the tops of the trees;
And run to the water to catch bream and trout.
Their pleasures are the same as those of beasts and birds;
They put no restraint either on body or mind.
Far I have wandered throughout the Nine Lands;
Wherever I went such manners had disappeared.
I find myself standing and wondering, perplexed,
Whether saints and sages have really done us any good.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Toward Moral Shipwreck

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to ask the author of Changes in Sex Relations whether she would insist on any sort of permanence for the irregular sex-relationships which she so evidently approves? Would not a succession of such unions lead to promiscuity and the progressive degradation of the female, not to speak of the male? I am of the opinion that the reading of Elsie Clews Parsons's paper would tend toward the wrecking of the lives of many. I have known actual cases of moral shipwreck and disintegration to result from the perusal by young people of novels by high-minded doctrinaire authors who felt it to be their duty to spread "ethical" teaching of the character of that included in New Morals for Old. Improvement in sexual relations will not be found in the disregard of marriage or in temporary substitutes for marriage but in its reform.

Kingston, Pennsylvania, May 12 ALBERT L. WHITTAKER

Does Mr. Mencken Know?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: H. L. Mencken in his article The Sex Uproar seemed to swerve from his accustomed logical course. In an effort to maintain his satirical bachelor identity, he obscured the truth—that is, if there is a truth in this involved subject which *The Nation's* current series is making so much more involved.

Mr. Mencken's statements concerning man's attitude toward sex are but half true; they make too little of his predatory nature. Man does treat the matter "jocosely," dismisses the thing "lightly," and reduces it to a "recreation." Yet it is not accurate to construct from this fact the principle that, in marked contradistinction to woman, his interest ends here. As life goes, whether he will admit it or not, the talk of man is still very much like that which Mlle de Maupin heard when she masqueraded as a man; like the conversation of Kipling's men "after the women have left the room." Left to himself, he will inevitably refer somehow to sex; and the reference will receive immediate attention whether it be through a toast, an anecdote, a formal speech, or intimate disclosures concerning reconnoitering and accomplishment.

It is true that man "craves the approbation of his fellowman"; yet this approbation is not the end of all of his ambitions. For with men in general there is always the lurking hope that approbation and subsequent success will bring ultimate sex reward.

Mr. Mencken states that "all that is worth knowing about sex can be taught an intelligent boy of sixteen in two hours." Surely the subject is not so simple as this when considered, as it must be, from the standpoint of one individual and another. Would that the heroes of "Maurice Guest" and "Of Human Bondage" might here testify! Would that Emma Bovary and Anna Karenina could come forward!

In *The Nation* July 9 Isabel Leavenworth says in Virtue and Women:

"Sex experiences, like other experiences, can be judged of only on the basis which they play in the creative drama of the individual soul. There are as many possibilities for successful (and we take the liberty of adding "unsuccessful") sex life as there are men and women in the world."

New York, July 19 BERNARD SOBE

What Is Jealousy?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The articles on Changing Moral Standards which have been appearing in *The Nation* are timely and thought-provoking. All of them thus far, however, with the possible exception of the contribution of Mrs. Gilman, have failed to take account of one of the most troublesome elements in the relationship in question: the problem of jealousy.

What is the definite character of the jealousy a person in love experiences when the object of his adoration spurns his love and marries another person? Is this jealousy common to all people or is it true of only some? Is there any connection between this jealousy and the point Mrs. Gilman brings out—that "love literature" deals almost exclusively with the love for one woman, not for many women? If this factor of jealousy is deep seated in man, would it or would it not interfere

with greater freedom of the marriage relationship? Perhaps the feeling of jealousy is due to the institution of the marriage of fidelity and possession? Perhaps the substitution in the place of this institution of the freedom and "naturalness" advocated by Bertrand Russell would do away with the feeling of jealousy?

Dorchester, Massachusetts, July 7 CHARLES ANGOFF

A Critic of La Follette

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: General Dawes calls Senator La Follette "the master demagogue." He is wrong. That sad distinction yet belongs to Mr. Bryan, whose vain gift has made him the Old Man of the Sea to the Democratic Party. Yet there is sufficient truth in the Dawes statement to impart plausibility. Permit me to indicate but one example.

The Senator is against the "monopolies." How would he put them out of business? First, what are the monopolies? If you leave out of consideration the beneficial monopolies like the telephone, gas and electric, street and interurban transportation, and other corporations, which are "natural," and which are, generally speaking, under the supervision of the States in which they operate, then you have left great corporations like the American Woolen Company, the National Sugar Refining Company, etc., whose operations directly affect the economy of every individual. (To call the Standard Oil Company a monopoly, as many do, is absurd.)

Well, the Senator could put the real monopolies out of business by establishing either free trade or a very low tariff. You yourself, my dear sir, covered this point but you did it in such a casual manner as to arouse an ambiguous smile. In the most incidental fashion you spoke about the tariff being extirpated root and branch. That would unquestionably bring about the greatest economic revolution in the past fifty years. But that would be the real way to put the monopolies out of business.

Now, my point is this: Senator La Follette is *not* a free trader, or anything approaching one. He is not distinguished for any important utterance he has ever made on the protective tariff. Any one of fifty Democrats in Washington excels him in this all-important respect. There is nothing in the index to lead one to expect that, if elected, Senator La Follette *would or could* have enacted a tariff measure that would radically affect the situation—while everyone knows that the Democratic Party would certainly proceed at once to greatly reduce the schedules.

Therefore, for the Senator and his heterogeneous collection of discontents to talk about doing away with monopolies without intelligently and constructively discussing the tariff situation is *demagoguery*.

Brooklyn, September 12 WM. TAYLOR

Why Wasn't I Born a Judge?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Four years ago I bought a farm in Connecticut, fifty miles from the big town. The house is a mile from the nearest telephone line, but it stands on a main road and the agent said: "Oh, yes, you'll get a telephone without any trouble at all." I went down to consult the district telephone manager. "Yes," he agreed, "we'll build a line. Of course you'll have to pay the cost of construction." He figured on an envelope. "It will come to five hundred and fifty dollars." "But," I demurred, "people up our way tell me that a few years ago you went around begging them to let you build a line to their doors." "Yes," admitted he, "but times have changed."

I went home and sat down to think in happy isolation from the world. But there lie disadvantages as well as advantages in the lack of a telephone, particularly if you are a writer whose bread is baked or burned by the moods of New York editors. The next year our telephoneless state became so exasperating that again I sent a Macedonian cry to the district manager. He was a jolly fellow, that manager. He came up to the farm, pulled four eight-inch trout out of our brook, grinned, said construction costs had gone up, and quoted us a price of six hundred and fifty. Heigho! Six hundred and fifty. I had enlisted two other subscribers on the route, but though both agreed to take the phone, neither cared to contribute to the cost of construction. I had nothing with which to combat the jolly manager's insistence that all rural service in the State was unprofitable, yet it seemed a bit hard that I alone should be asked to build a line that would immediately become the perpetual possession of the telephone company, for the benefit of all present and future residents of that mile or so of road. But after all it was an academic problem, purely. I hadn't any six hundred and fifty. My wife and I went back to our happy exasperated duitude.

Then one day some months ago a friend advised: "Go and see Judge K. He'll tell you how to get a phone." I went. "Why, yes," said the judge, "I think you can get a phone easily, if you do as I did. Some years ago an independent telephone company applied for a license in the State. This company here testified before the legislative committee and before the Public Utilities Commission that there was no need of a second telephone concern in the State because it was prepared to serve all residents of the State on an absolutely equal basis. A year or so ago I bought a house a mile from the end of the phone line. The company wanted five hundred dollars to give me service. I answered: 'Now, gentlemen, the time has come to make good on that testimony of yours.' Well," the judge laughed, "the very next day the construction gang was on the job. My phone didn't cost me a cent. Go ahead, write the general manager, cite my case. You'll get your telephone."

I did. I cited that judge's case in full, adding that I, representative of a profession equally illustrious, hoped for treatment equally just. The general manager sent down a special engineer, who looked me over, did some figuring, and said that in a few days the company would send a report. I waited for it, in growing excitement. It came. I tore it open with trembling hand. Ah! As a special concession to an eminent but isolated author, the company would bring a talking wire to my door for—exactly six hundred dollars.

Why wasn't I born a judge?

Westport, Connecticut, July 27 WEBB WALDRON

Contributors to This Issue

HARRY W. LAIDLER is the author of "Public Ownership Here and Abroad" and other volumes.

LOUIS FISCHER is *The Nation's* correspondent in Russia.

PEARL S. BUCK teaches in the University of Nanking.

W. G. CLUGSTON is the Kansas correspondent of the Kansas City *Journal*.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM is well known as poet, novelist, and critic.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY is editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD is an editor of the *Measure*.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is a lecturer in the New School for Social Research.

EDWIN MUIR is an English poet and critic.

IRWIN EDMAN teaches philosophy at Columbia University.

TENNEY FRANK, professor of Latin at Johns Hopkins University, is at present conducting the American School of Classical Studies at Rome.

JOSEF HOFMANN AT HIS STEINWAY

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

From under those miraculous hands a Chopin Nocturne ripples in delicate, lacy perfection. A Liszt Rhapsody becomes a thing of glamour and passion. A shadowy theme from Debussy assumes delectable contours, gleams with cool, floating light. Here speaks the immortal genius of great composers. And here, also, under the touch of a master pianist, speaks the glorious voice of a great instrument—the Steinway. Long ago Hofmann chose the Steinway as the one perfect medium for his art. Rachmaninoff knows how exquisitely it interprets a subtle nuance or a profound emotion. Paderewski knows how magnificently it responds to his imperious demands. Levitzki, Cortot, Grainger—these are but a few of the celebrated pianists who, if only sincerely artistic motives are involved, invariably choose the Steinway.

To meet the requirements and acoustic conditions of every home, the Steinway is made in numerous styles and sizes. Each embodies all the Steinway principles and ideals. And each returns to those who buy it, not only unending pleasure and delight, but the definite gift of permanence. You need never buy another piano.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. *Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up*

Plus transportation

Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall
109 East Fourteenth Street, New York

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

International Relations Section

China, Russia, the Allies, and the Chinese Eastern Railway

BEHIND the present civil war in China lies, among other problems, that of control of the Chinese Eastern Railway, which is not only an invaluable short cut from Chita to Vladivostok, saving the long roundabout all-Russian route which follows the Amur River, but forms the closest link between Europe and Port Arthur and Peking. This railroad also is the key to the intrigue, in which almost all the Great Powers took part, which sought to forestall Chinese recognition of Russia on May 31, 1924; and it played a part in the Washington Arms Conference. The Russian and Chinese governments insist that the railroad concerns them alone, but France, Japan, and the United States have asserted an interest in its fate. The American interest is, however, dictated rather by hostility to Soviet Russia than by the history of the road. We print below the text of the Russo-Chinese treaty, together with the important annex concerning the railroad. To understand the latter the history of the road may be summarized as follows:

Following the defeat of China by Japan in 1895 Russia assumed a more active interest in China. She arranged China's first foreign loan in 1895, and obtained French capital for the foundation, under Russian charter, of the Russo-Chinese, later Russo-Asiatic, Bank, in August, 1896. (A promise of a concession for the Chinese Eastern Railway had probably been made in a secret anti-Japanese treaty negotiated by Li Hung Chang at the coronation of the Czar in May, 1896, and on September 8 a contract for its construction was signed with the Russo-Asiatic Bank.) Article I of this agreement specifically provided that "the shares of the [Chinese Eastern Railway] company can be acquired only by Chinese or Russian subjects." The railroad was built, and prospered. The bank held all the stock and the Russian Government all the bonds.

After the soviet revolution, however, other Powers assumed an active interest in the railway. The Chinese-Japanese secret military agreement of May 16, 1918, provided for the transportation of Japanese troops over the road. The United States had sent a railway mission to Siberia during the Kerensky regime. At the time of the Czecho-Slovak uprising in Russia the Allied governments approved a Japanese-American agreement, dated January 9, 1919, which provided for administration of the Chinese Eastern Railway by an interallied board headed by Mr. John F. Stevens, an American. During this regime the railway bought certain supplies, on credit, in the United States. It is the existence of this debt which gave Mr. Hughes his excuse for attempting to interfere with the Chinese-Russian agreement regarding the railway—although the supplies were purchased for the use of the Allied troops and the railroad has not even yet been paid for its service in transporting the Allied troops. The French Government has excused its interference on the ground of the interest of the French stockholders in the Russo-Asiatic Bank, despite Article I of the agreement with that bank, which was obviously intended to prevent just such international complications.

Following the period of interallied control the Chinese Government, by an agreement with the bank dated October 2, 1920, announced its intention to assume provisionally the administration of the railway. The provisional period was to end when an agreement was reached with the Russian Government. Such an agreement was reached in the supplementary agreement printed below. The railway, however, is in the hands of the war lord of Manchuria, Chang Tso-lin, not of the Government dominated by Wu Pei-fu with which the Soviet Government made its treaty. Thus far Chang has refused to recognize the new treaty, and he is now actually at war with the Peking Government. Recent newspaper dispatches report, rather vaguely, that Chang, Japan, and Soviet Russia have come to an agreement. If that be true Chang has presumably accepted some such terms as those outlined in the documents printed below, reprinted, in the main, from the Peking *Daily News* for June 18.

AGREEMENT ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF QUESTIONS AT ISSUE BETWEEN THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA AND THE UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS.

The Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, desiring to reestablish normal relations with each other, have agreed to conclude an agreement on general principles for the settlement of the questions between the two countries, and have to that end named as their Plenipotentiaries, that is to say:

His Excellency the President of the Republic of China: Vi Kyuin Wellington Koo,

The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics: Lev Mikhailovich Karakhan,

Who, having communicated to each other their respective full powers, found to be in good and due form, have agreed upon the following articles:

ARTICLE I. Immediately upon the signing of the present agreement the normal diplomatic and consular relations between the two contracting parties shall be reestablished.

The Government of the Republic of China agrees to take the necessary steps to transfer to the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics the Legation and Consular buildings formerly belonging to the Czarist Government.

ART. II. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to hold, within one month after the signing of the present agreement, a conference which shall conclude and carry out detailed arrangements relative to the questions in accordance with the principles as provided in the following articles.

Such detailed arrangements shall be completed as soon as possible and, in any case, not later than six months from the date of the opening of the conference as provided in the preceding paragraph.

ART. III. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to annul at the conference as provided in the preceding article all conventions, treaties, agreements, protocols, contracts, etc., concluded between the Government of China and the Czarist Government and to replace them with new treaties, agreements, etc., on the basis of equality, reciprocity, and justice, as well as the spirit of the declarations of the Soviet Government of the years of 1919 and 1920.

ART. IV. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, in accordance with its policy and declarations of 1919 and 1920, declares that all treaties, agreements, etc., concluded between the former Czarist Government and any third party or parties affecting the sovereign rights or interests of China, are null and void.

The governments of both contracting parties declare that in future neither Government will conclude any treaties or agreements which prejudice the sovereign rights or interests of either contracting party.

ART. V. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist

Republics recognizes that Outer Mongolia is an integral part of the Republic of China and respects China's sovereign rights therein.

The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics declares that as soon as the questions for the withdrawal of all the troops of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics from Outer Mongolia, namely, as to the time-limit of the withdrawal of such troops and the measures to be adopted in the interests of the safety of the frontiers, are agreed upon at the conference as provided in Article II of the present agreement, it will effect the complete withdrawal of all the troops of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics from Outer Mongolia.

ART. VI. The governments of the two contracting parties mutually pledge themselves not to permit, within their respective territories, the existence and/or activities of any organizations or groups whose aim is to struggle by acts of violence against the governments of either contracting party.

The governments of the two contracting parties further pledge themselves not to engage in propaganda directed against the political and social systems of either contracting party.

ART. VII. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to redemarcate their national boundaries at the conference as provided in Article II of the present agreement, and pending such redemarcation, to maintain the present boundaries.

ART. VIII. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to regulate at the aforementioned conference the questions relating to the navigation of rivers, lakes, and other bodies of water which are common to their respective frontiers, on the basis of equality and reciprocity.

ART. IX. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to settle at the aforementioned conference the question of the Chinese Eastern Railway in conformity with the principles as hereinafter provided:

1. The governments of the two contracting parties declare that the Chinese Eastern Railway is a purely commercial enterprise.

The governments of the two contracting parties mutually declare that with the exception of matters pertaining to the business operations which are under the direct control of the Chinese Eastern Railway all other matters affecting the rights of the national and local governments of the Republic of China, such as judicial matters, matters relating to civil administration, military administration, police, municipal government, taxation, and landed property (with the exception of lands required by the said railway) shall be administered by the Chinese authorities.

2. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to the redemption by the Government of the Republic of China, with Chinese capital, of the Chinese Eastern Railway, as well as all appurtenant properties, and to the transfer to China of all shares and bonds of the said railway.

3. The governments of the two contracting parties shall settle at the conference as provided in Article II of the present agreement, the amount and conditions governing the redemption as well as the procedure for the transfer of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

4. The Government of the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to be responsible for the entire claims of the shareholders, bondholders, and creditors of the Chinese Eastern Railway incurred prior to the revolution of March 9, 1917.

5. The governments of the two contracting parties mutually agree that the future of the Chinese Eastern Railway shall be determined by the Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics to the exclusion of any third party or parties.

6. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to draw up an arrangement for the provisional management of the Chinese Eastern Railway pending the settlement of the question as provided under section (3) of the present article.

7. Until the various questions relating to the Chinese East-

The Pioneer Shipping Firm for

RELIEF SHIPMENTS

That these should be continued see THE NATION Wednesday, September 24th.

"WILL GERMANY LIVE AGAIN"

Best Quality and Prompt Service Guaranteed
No Extra Charge for Deliveries Occupied Zone
Cable Orders Promptly Executed
Price List Gladly Sent Upon Request
Make Up Your Own Assortment

Following Is a Small Part of Our Price List

$10.00 M B F $10.00

MUTTER'S BESTER FREUND

24½ lbs.	Wheat Flour, Gold Medal	10 lbs.	Best Premier Farina
5 "	Best Lard	1 "	Cocoa
5 "	Roasted Coffee in tins	10 "	Granulated Sugar
1 "	Ceylon Perri Walla Tea	5 tins	Borden's Condensed Milk
10 "	North Carolina Rice	5 "	Borden's Evaporated Milk

$5.00 HANSA $5.00

11 lbs. Flour, Gold Medal	5 pkgs. Macaroni, 9 ozs. each	3 lbs. Rice
2 " Roasted Coffee in tins	5 lbs. Sugar	14-oz. tins Condensed Milk
	1 " Cocoa	2 lbs. Crisco

FLOUR—Washburn Crosby Gold Medal 110 lbs. net	**$6.00**
MILK—Condensed, 48 tins U. S. Standard	8.00
MILK—Condensed, 24 tins U. S. Standard	4.25
MILK—Evaporated, 48 tins U. S. Standard	7.00
MILK—Evaporated, 24 tins U. S. Standard	3.75
SUGAR—Finest American granulated, 100 lbs. net	9.50
COFFEE—Roasted, 5 lbs. net in tins	2.75
HAM—15 lbs.	7.00
LARD—10 lbs. net in tins	2.75
BACON—20 lbs. net	6.00
BUTTER—10 lbs. net	6.00
POTATOES—110 lbs. net	3.50
COAL—Per ton of 2205 lbs.	**15.00**

$20.00 OUR OLD HAPAG $20.00

24½ lbs. Flour, Gold Medal	5 lbs. Roasted Coffee in tins	2 lbs. Crisco, 1 lb. tins
10 lbs. Rice	1 lb. Cocoa	5 lbs. Lard
10 lbs. Sugar	1 pkg. Tea	5 lbs. Double Smoked Breakfast Bacon
5 lbs. Farina	6 tins Condensed Milk	5 lbs. Cervelat Wurst
5 lbs. Dried Fruits	6 tins Evaporated Milk	2 tins Corned Beef
	1 qt. Salad Oil	50 Bouillon Cubes

Self-Packed Packages Forwarded Weekly
Upon Request Will Call for Same in New York City
30 Years' Shipping Experience with the
Hamburg-American Line in New York

American Merchants Shipping & Forwarding Co., Inc.
H. von Schuckmann C. E. W. Schelling
147 4. Ave., corner 14th Street Central Savings Bank Bldg.
New York, N. Y.

HAMBURG OFFICE: Kl. Rosenstr. 16, ecke Moenckebergstr.

ern Railway are settled at the conference as provided in Article II of the present agreement, the rights of the two governments arising out of the contract of August 27/September 8, 1896, for the construction and operation of the Chinese Eastern Railway which do not conflict with the present agreement and the agreement for the provisional management of the said railway and which do not prejudice China's rights of sovereignty shall be maintained.

ART. X. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to renounce the special rights and privileges relating to all concessions in any part of China acquired by the Czarist Government under various conventions, treaties, agreements, etc.

ART. XI. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to renounce the Russian portion of the Boxer indemnity.

ART. XII. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to relinquish the rights of extraterritoriality and consular jurisdiction.

ART. XIII. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to draw up simultaneously with the conclusion of a commercial treaty at the conference as provided in Article II of the present agreement a customs tariff for the two contracting parties in accordance with the principles of equality and reciprocity.

ART. XIV. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to discuss at the aforementioned conference the questions relating to the claims for the compensation of losses.

ART. XV. The present agreement shall come into effect from the date of signature.

In witness whereof the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed the present agreement in duplicate in the English language and have affixed thereto their seals.

Done at Peking, this thirty-first day of the fifth month of the thirteenth year of the Republic of China, May 31, 1924.

(Seal) V. K. WELLINGTON KOO
(Seal) L. M. KARAKHAN

AGREEMENT FOR THE PROVISIONAL MANAGEMENT OF THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY

The Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics mutually recognizing that, inasmuch as the Chinese Eastern Railway was built with capital furnished by the Russian Government and constructed entirely within Chinese territory the said railway is a purely commercial enterprise and that, excepting for matters appertaining to its own business operations, all other matters which affect the rights of the Chinese national and local governments shall be administered by the Chinese authorities, have agreed to conclude an agreement for the provisional management of the railway with a view to carrying on jointly the management of the said railway until its final settlement at the conference as provided in Article II of the agreement on general principles for the settlement of the questions between the Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics of May 31, 1924, and have to that end named as their Plenipotentiaries, that is to say:

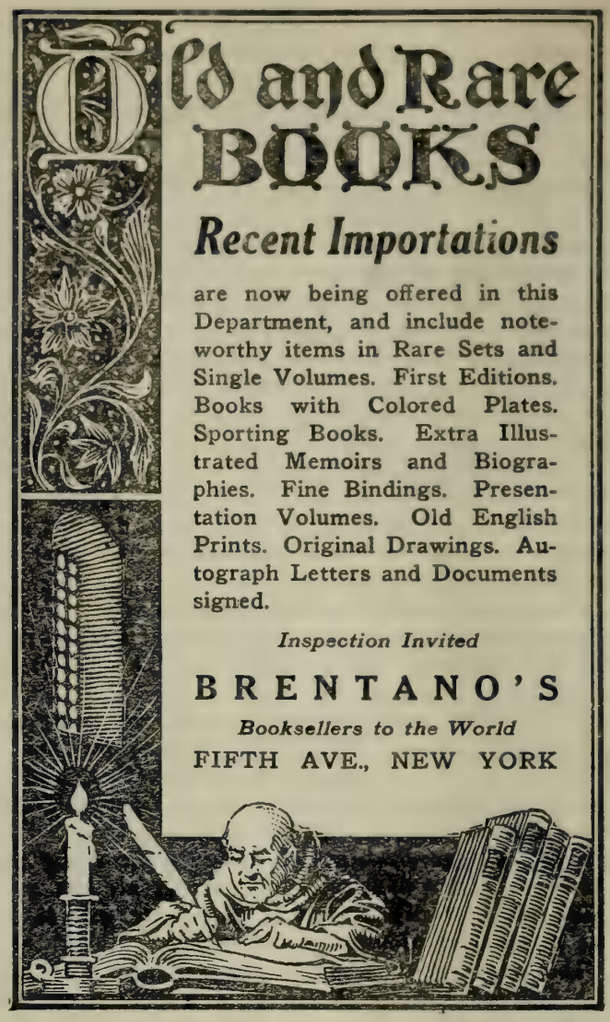
His Excellency the President of the Republic of China: Vi Kyuin Wellington Koo,

The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics: Lev Mikhailovich Karakhan.

Who, having communicated to each other their respective full powers, found to be in good and due form, have agreed upon the following articles:

ARTICLE I. The Railway shall establish, for discussion and decision of all matters relative to the Chinese Eastern Railway, a board of directors to be composed of ten persons, of whom five shall be appointed by the Government of the Republic of China and five by the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

The Government of the Chinese Republic shall appoint one


Old and Rare
BOOKS
Recent Importations
are now being offered in this Department, and include noteworthy items in Rare Sets and Single Volumes. First Editions. Books with Colored Plates. Sporting Books. Extra Illustrated Memoirs and Biographies. Fine Bindings. Presentation Volumes. Old English Prints. Original Drawings. Autograph Letters and Documents signed.
Inspection Invited
BRENTANO'S
Booksellers to the World
FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

PROSPECT HILL APARTMENTS
41st STREET AND PROSPECT PLACE
100% Co-operative
ON the highest point in midtown New York; ground floor on a level with sixth floor in Washington Square district; within 10 minutes' walk of Grand Central Station. Decorations of apartments and fixtures included in the sales price. Apartments wil consist of 2 to 4 rooms or larger combinations. Fireplaces, chemical refrigeration, incinerators, etc. Occupancy Spring of 1925. References required. Send for complete plans.
HAMILTON, ISELIN & CO.
SELLING AGENTS
385 Madison Avenue, Murray Hill 7660

BERMUDA
8-9-12-15 Day Tours and longer, including all necessary expenses costing $88 and up, according to length of tour.
HAVANA
8 Day Tour, $135. 10 Day Tour, $140. 15 Day Tour, $150.
(Longer Tours.) Complete descriptive literature, etc.
UNIVERSAL-LEHRENKRAUSS TRAVEL AGENCY
Efficient Travel Service Since 1878.
Officially appointed agents for all Trans-Atlantic, Trans-Pacific, Lake and River Lines.
Travelers' Checks, Letters of Credit, Foreign Money, Baggage Insured and Transferred.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
359 Fulton Street, Opposite Borough Hall
Telephone: Triangle 7000.

of the Chinese directors as chairman of the board of directors, and he shall also be the director general.

The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (U.S.S.R.) shall appoint one of the Russian directors as vice-chairman of the board of directors, and he shall also be the assistant director general.

Seven persons shall constitute a quorum, and at least six must vote upon a measure before it shall take effect.

In the absence of the director general or of the assistant director general their respective governments have the right to name a director general, who shall be one of the Chinese directors, and an associate director general, who shall be one of the Russian directors, ad interim.

ART. II. The railroad shall form a supervisory council, composed of five persons, two of whom shall be Chinese, one appointed by the Government of the Chinese Republic, and three Russian, appointed by the Government of the U. S. S. R. The chairman of this council shall be elected from the Chinese members.

ART. III. The railroad shall have a manager who shall be a citizen of the U. S. S. R., and two assistant managers one of whom shall be a citizen of the Chinese Republic and one of the U. S. S. R. These officials shall be appointed by the board of directors, and such nominations shall be confirmed by the respective governments. The rights and duties of the director and of the assistant director shall be defined by the board of directors.

ART. IV. The chiefs and assistant chiefs of the various services of the railroad shall be nominated by the board of directors. If the chief of any service is a citizen of the Chinese Republic the assistant chief of that service shall be a citizen of the U. S. S. R.; and if the chief be a citizen of the U. S. S. R., the assistant chief shall be a citizen of the Chinese Republic.

ART. V. The distribution of offices in the various services of the railroad shall be based upon the principle of equal representation of citizens of the Chinese Republic and of the U. S. S. R.

ART. VI. With the exception of the rate schedule and the budget, which will be drawn up as provided in Article 7 of the present agreement, matters upon which the board of directors cannot agree shall be submitted to arbitration by the governments of the two contracting parties.

ART. VII. The board of directors shall submit the rate schedules and the budget to meetings attended by the members of the board of directors and the members of the supervisory council.

ART. VIII. The net profits of the railway shall be retained by the board of directors and shall not be utilized until the railway question is definitively settled.

ART. IX. The board of directors shall, as soon as possible, revise the statutes of the Chinese Eastern Railway approved December 4, 1896, by the Imperial Government of China, taking as a basis the present agreement and the agreement establishing general principles for the settlement of questions at issue, signed on May 31, 1924, by the Government of the Chinese Republic and the Government of the U. S. S. R., not later than six months after the formation of the board of directors. These statutes shall remain in force until modified, unless they contradict the agreement establishing general principles for the settlement of questions at issue, or unless they prejudice the sovereign rights of China.

ART. X. The present agreement shall become invalid when the question of the Chinese Eastern Railway shall be definitively settled as stipulated in Article 2 of the agreement establishing general principles for the settlement of questions at issue between the Chinese Government and the Government of the U. S. S. R., concluded May 31, 1924.

ART. XI. The present agreement goes into effect from the date of its signature.

Done at Peking, this thirty-first day of the fifth month of the thirteenth year of the Chinese Republic, May 31, 1924.

La Follette's Record

A few hundred copies of the reprint of Arthur Warner's three articles on La Follette's Record are still available.

Readers who would like to help along the Progressive Campaign could do nothing more effective than to buy a dozen copies and mail them to their intelligent but still unconvinced friends.

Single copies, 10 cents
12 copies, $1.00
100 copies, 5.00

Free with a new subscription, if you mention it.

MARX'S CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE has now for the first time been published in cloth binding: in the same volume is the COMMUNIST MANIFESTO by Marx and Engels. Both are invaluable historical documents. Price 60c. postpaid. Ask for book catalog.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

THE COLLAPSE OF CENTRAL EUROPE
A brilliant discussion of the military, economic and moral breakdown of the last year of war in Germany.
By DR. KARL F. NOWAK. Price, $8.00. E. P. Dutton & Co.

WHAT LA FOLLETTE'S STATE IS DOING
Latest and Most Authentic Book
On
What's Going On in Wisconsin
A Value Hand-Book For La Follette Campaign Workers
Price $2.50, postpaid
Order through your bookseller, or by mail of Batavia Times Press, Batavia, N. Y. For descriptive circulars, address Chester C. Platt, 119 W. Main St., Madison, Wis.

accept nothing but
Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store
3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c.
Midol
for HEADACHE

Keeping the Telephone Alive

Americans have learned to depend on the telephone, in fair weather or in foul, for the usual affairs of the day or for the dire emergency in the dead of night. Its continuous service is taken as a matter of course.

The marvel of it is that the millions of thread-like wires are kept alive and ready to vibrate at one's slightest breath. A few drops of water in a cable, a faulty connection in the wire maze of a switchboard, a violent sleet, rain or wind storm or the mere falling of a branch will often jeopardize the service.

Every channel for the speech currents must be kept electrically intact. The task is as endless as housekeeping. Inspection of apparatus, equipment and all parts of the plant is going on all the time. Wire chiefs at "test boards" locate trouble on the wires though miles away. Repairmen, the "trouble hunters," are at work constantly wherever they are needed in city streets, country roads or in the seldom-trodden trails of the wilderness.

Providing telephone service for this great nation is a huge undertaking. To keep this vast mechanism always electrically alive and dependable is the unending task of tens of thousands of skillful men and women in every state in the Union.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

WANTED

WORKERS to sell La Follette-Wheeler Campaign Bonds. Call at once at La Follette-Wheeler Headquarters, Room 1002, 25 W. 43rd Street, New York City.

BOOKS ON THE EAST

The only shop in America specializing in books on all Oriental subjects—Travel, History, Languages, Philosophy and Religion, Art in all its phases including Ceramics, and Oriental Rugs, Mythology, Folklore, etc., etc. Send for catalogues mentioning the subject or country that interests you.

ORIENTALIA, Inc.

32 West 58th St. New York

"NIGHT"

by Harold Brainerd Hersey

Just published, containing forty-four erotic poems with forty-four corresponding illustrations by Elliott Dold. *Privately printed from type and the type then distributed.* Price $3.00. "Eugenics," Box 77, Sta. G, New York.

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!

We hold an enormous stock. Second-hand and New, all subjects. On approval. Also Rare Books. Catalogues free, mention interests. Commissions executed. FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England.

German Books, Etchings
W. BEYER
213 West 43rd Street, New York City

HOFFMANN SCHOOL

for Individual Development

386 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City

DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL

Rebecca Hoffmann, Director
Dr. Nathan Peyser, Educational Director

Children 4-10 years Bus Service

NEW YORK BRANCH
ELIZABETH DUNCAN SCHOOL
CARNEGIE HALL, STUDIO 61
DANCING CLASSES FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS—
AFTERNOONS AND EVENINGS

"A corner of old Russia in New York"—
THE RUSSIAN INN
33 West 37th St., 'phone Fitzroy 6567
LUNCHEON TEA DINNER SUPPER
Unique After Theatre Entertainment
Music and Singers

WOMAN with medical education, who has held executive positions in public health and social work, would like position caring for a family of motherless children, where a liberal point of view would be an asset and a salary paid commensurate with the responsibiilty. Familiar with all details of care of children and of housekeeping. Box 243, care THE NATION.

REFINED FAMILY desires intelligent young man to occupy room, modern conveniences, $20 per month. On E. 11th St. between 2nd and 3rd Aves. Phone Lexington 10493.

Dignified, Exclusive Profession not overrun with competitors. Crowded with opportunity for money-making and big fees. $5000 to $10,000 incomes attained by experts. Easy to master under our correspondence methods. Credentials awarded. We assist students and graduates in getting started and developing their businesses. Established 1916. Write for information; it will open your eyes. Do it today! You'll never regret it!

American Landscape School 200 Newark, N. Y.

Fall Book Section

Truth and Realism in Literature

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

MOST realistic novels are failures primarily because reality itself is an effective raconteur only when the tale is being physically lived and spoken by people in houses, streets, alleys, and farms. If you have ever witnessed a spontaneous, long-drawn-out, bloody fist-fight or a scene of dramatic greed between two men or the hysteria of a jilted woman or any of the salient climaxes of reality, you have been forced to admit to yourself the impossibility of adequately and fairly describing these happenings. When the incident is related, the reciter must do something else besides furnishing his own detailed version of the plot, words, and appearances. His eye is at best a notoriously defective camera and his ears are unreliable drums pawned to a host of dishonest inaccuracies (the dishonesty may be unconscious, but it is always present to a moderate extent). When he retells the occurrence, the more "real" he strives to make his story the more he will succeed only in disputing and beclouding this precious "reality." His dialogues will never be quite faithful, and his descriptions will always suffer from missing touches of verisimilitude; his recounting of action and motive will be to some extent stunted and set awry by the fixed designs of his prejudice.

A literary creator should regard the words and actions of men and women as nothing more than a luring taunt to his virtues as a dangerous, persuasive, and unfair liar—as a first shove to his distorting intentions. He must be able to daze certain men into accepting his version as a veracious one by the vigorous skill of his conscious or unconscious misrepresentations, and to force other men to retorts and disagreements which will seem angrily impotent when compared to his own words, or lure these men to an unwilling silence. He must look upon creation as the egotistic, unscrupulous branding of himself upon human beings and episodes whose essence is a thousand confused faces, neither of them one whit more plausible than the other. He enters a distraught, elusively vicious, and criss-crossed realm—life—and changes it to the world in which, directly or by inference, he would like to live, or to the ruins by means of which his ego brings distinctness to its dream of solitary disdain. He may create the illusion of truth for other human beings whose inward needs and perceptions are roughly aligned with his, but this must never be his conscious and ruling motive. If it is, he will be disarranging the scene at hand, under the impression that he is disclosing it untouched, and his individuality will become a weakened drudge, hypocritically and evasively marring human beings and their drama, with the air of a just bystander.

For these reasons, many of the realistic novels of our day seem to be the sheerest of "fictions" in comparison to the work of other writers whose prose is patently imaginative, highly colored, and filled with deliberate exaggerations. The imaginative, impressionistic approach, when it is well-executed and not carried out by some tyro, can convey the air of a new or formerly submerged reality which most people were not quick-witted enough to discover, while the "realistic" truth-portrayer, with his homely, carefully natural, homespun array of everyday words and clothings, gives you nothing but the secretly dishonest conversation between a stenographer, a rewrite man, and the victim of their conference.

For instance, the novels of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, often over five hundred pages long, appear to be false and stereotyped when compared to the more subtly compact work of brilliant, young English writers such as Virginia Woolfe and Dorothy Richardson, and one of the reasons is that Lawrence attempts to reproduce laboriously all of the details of his scenes and every slightest word which his characters might have uttered in actual life, while the two women creators use more suggestive and imaginative methods. The following quotation from "Women in Love," by Lawrence, is an illustration of the above-mentioned point:

> "No," she said, "I think that the appeal to patriotism is a mistake. It is like one house of business rivaling another house of business."
>
> "Well, you can hardly say that, can you?" exclaimed Gerald, who had a real passion for discussion. "You couldn't call a race a business concern, could you?—and nationality roughly corresponds to race I think. I think it is meant to."
>
> There was a moment's pause. Gerald and Hermione were always strangely but politely and evenly inimical.
>
> "Do you think race corresponds with nationality?" she asked musingly with expressionless indecision.
>
> Birkin knew she was waiting for him to participate. And dutifully he spoke up.
>
> "I think Gerald is right—race is the essential element in nationality in Europe at least," he said.

The discussion, started thus, goes on without a break through five pages, and the relation between nationality, patriotism, and race is flogged into a score of "Ma, what does this mean?" questions and "It means that a circle is round, Willie" retorts, as though the participants were tussling with a marvelous obtuseness and had not solved the simplest meanings of earthly divisions and procedures. In his eagerness to reproduce a conversation between talkative, educated, middle-class people, without discarding a single word or finger-flourish, Lawrence created nothing but an unconscious, clumsy, redundant caricature of the original men and women. No human beings on earth could ever talk quite as stupidly and verbosely as his characters do, yet his individuals are unreal precisely because he is intent upon truthfully and painstakingly portraying them. He retails their conversations and actions without restraint or imagination, and the souls of his creatures become lost in a welter of verbiage and detailed descriptions; his accounts are usually darkly inflated retailings of sexual lust, or feebly dogmatic discussions on every conceivable subject, from nationality to horse-shoeing, although his aims were entirely different. If you are prone to accept the surface motives and guises of human beings, his arrangements will charm you with their "fidelity" to life, but otherwise you will note scores of discrepancies and avoidances and awkward contortions in the reports.

Creative writing, especially in novels, is after all the ability to lie ferociously, delightfully, and with a canny fusion of under- and overstatements that refuse to place an implicit faith in the flat daylight world of facts and averages. The word "sophistry" was made by this sluggish, daylight land to refute the onslaughts of its most prominent and brilliant enemies.

Iceland's New Birth

By ELIZABETH KNOWLTON

WHEN at last, after days of plunging northward through a wild gray sea, I saw on the horizon the gleaming snow-peaks of Iceland, I felt I had reached the land beyond the rim of the world. That impression was only strengthened by my first sight of Reykjavik, Iceland's capital, a bleak little town of 18,000 inhabitants, with white cement government and business buildings, and brightly painted dwelling houses, all huddled cheerlessly together on a black and treeless lava plain. This frontier settlement is, however, not only the home of a thousand-year-old civilization but the center today of an important literary and artistic movement, a movement that is already making interesting contributions to European culture.

The growth of the movement began with Iceland's struggle for political freedom more than a century ago. A group of young enthusiasts of the 1840's, the Fjolnir, helped arouse the national artistic consciousness, and started to purify the Icelandic language and the Icelandic thought from Danish influence. Then in the latter part of the nineteenth century writers and poets appeared whose work embodied the new-old dreams of an Icelandic national art. Now within the last few years, almost coincident with Iceland's final political triumph in the constitution of 1918, there has come a glorious flaming of native talent. The work of the young Icelandic writers, poets, and artists is rousing interest and enthusiasm over all Northern Europe, and the little island is on her way to winning back at least a part of the position of preeminence which she held in Viking days, when she was the artistic center of the Scandinavian world.

The Sagas and Eddas were all written by Icelanders, and no Norse court eight centuries ago was complete without its Icelandic bard, while on the island itself the general culture was so high that every man was a poet, and the biting lampoon was often used as a weapon of combat. Through the centuries the common people have loved and cherished their literary past; the sagas have been the popular reading in farmhouses during the long, dark winter, and contests in making *rimur*, a complicated Icelandic verse-form, have always been a favorite amusement. An artistic movement grows naturally among such a people, and it finds everyone, merchant or politician, farmer or fisherman, equally interested in its productions. The leading poets today sell faster than American best-sellers. The paintings of the modern artists hang in every well-to-do home. The new drama is presented by amateur companies, even in the tiny fishing villages of the North. The Icelandic Government also takes a paternal interest in those men whose work shows definite promise, giving them money and buying their paintings and statues for public buildings.

There seems to be, however, no definite fixed group of writers and artists at work in Reykjavik. The Icelander is even today an individualist and a wanderer. One writer has perhaps just returned from America, another from Scotland; a third is on a visit from Copenhagen. Any day a painter may pick up his canvases and sail south across the sea to study or exhibit, and many of the younger men have borrowed a leaf from their Viking ancestors and deliberately invaded another land to conquer it for Iceland. There is now a small colony of them in Copenhagen, where they try out their productions on a larger audience than their native country with its population of less than 100,000 can supply. They write their dramas and novels in both Icelandic and Danish, and it often happens that plays are seen by audiences in Copenhagen long before they reach their native land.

But everything produced anywhere by the Icelandic genius bears the unmistakable mark of its origin. Icelanders cannot escape their distinctive heritage. Most of their prose takes us physically to their barren native country. All of it leads us into a new bleak country of the soul. It is a place of strong passions, deep and repressed, that finally reveal themselves in violent acts, of complex souls tormented in the dark, a place of threatening fate and of terrible natural forces that wait to do its will, of cold and darkness, blizzard and earthquake, gaping chasms and raging torrents. Behind all the clear intellectualized realism of their manner, one feels a great vitality and a powerful primitive force in which their work is rooted and by which it is nourished.

Their poetry is equally grim and characteristic. Of the form of Icelandic verse it is hard for the outsider to speak, for its greatest beauties are peculiarly untranslatable. It is extremely complicated, having rhyme, rhythm, and alliteration, and the Icelandic words have a great many old Norse associations and overtones of meaning. The subject matter is supplied by the Icelandic country: the swans that float on the lonely lakes, the ravens that fly croaking across the lava plains, the aurora that fills the Northern skies with portent, the terror of the winter storms. The weird creatures of old folk-tales also appear, trolls and mountain gnomes, dwarfs and demons. Iceland's poetry shows the same fresh vitality and the same harsh, bold method of treatment as its prose. The old saying "Every Icelander is a poet" has always been true, even when the other arts were dead, and it is doubly true today.

Modern Icelandic painting, though less widely known, is almost equally interesting. There are in Reykjavik a number of young artists painting native landscapes and scenes from peasant life. They are not dominated by any special ism, and the work of the best is beautiful and satisfying.

I had the opportunity, during my stay in Reykjavik, of meeting several of the prominent figures of the Icelandic renaissance. One of the most important and interesting of these is Einar Hjorleifsson Kvaran. Kvaran, "Iceland's greatest master of prose fiction since the saga age" and one of the official candidates for the last Nobel prize, is the dean of Icelandic letters today. Back in the eighties he was one of the first to break away from a slavish imitation of Denmark and to give his genius to the development of the new national literature. He is now a kindly, dignified old man, with a personality that triumphs over careless clothes and plain surroundings. When I visited him he was living some miles away from the capital, on a lonely farmstead on a lava plain stretching down to the sea, but he expected soon to move back into town in order to take part in political affairs. He is still active in literary work, and has in recent years begun a thorough study of spiritualism. Kvaran has become a classic in his lifetime, having outlived most of his great contemporaries.

Another of the big men of the earlier period is Indridi Einarsson, the father of the modern Icelandic theater, who

first in the drama, as Kvaran in the novel, reasserted Iceland's right to a literary existence. Einarsson is a sturdy, white-haired figure, with the broad cheekbones of the Norseman and the gentle, dreamy expression of the scholar, the translator into his native tongue of many of the works of Shakespeare, as well as the author of several important original plays, founded on Icelandic history and folk-legends. Einarsson has given his lifetime to building up the Icelandic theater. It is thanks chiefly to him that Reykjavik has for years had a repertory company, which gives Icelandic plays twice a week during the winter. It will soon become a real national theater, suitably housed in a fine building to be paid for by an amusement tax collected through the government.

Of the new writers the very greatest was probably Johan Sigurjonsson, who died recently while still in his thirties. He left behind him a most remarkable series of plays, the best known of which, "Eyvind of the Hills," the story of an early Icelandic outlaw, has already been produced in four European countries and in America. Although most of the younger men are now in Copenhagen, I met in Reykjavik Kamban, who had brought a Danish moving-picture company to Iceland to film his play, "Hadda-Padda." Gudmundur Kamban was first brought into prominence by the enthusiastic support of Georg Brandes, the Danish critic, who has welcomed and praised the work of most of the Icelandic group. Kamban himself is a young man of poise and self-confidence. He hopes some day to make moving pictures out of the finest of the sagas.

Aesgrimur Jonsson, the greatest of the Icelandic painters, proved to be as little as possible like the popular conception of an artist—a plain, unassuming little man, with reddish hair and a square Scandinavian face. "Only a native can paint Iceland," he declares, and during every year he spends many weeks entirely alone in the high mountains and uninhabited wastes. His work is always recognizable because of his remarkable success in reproducing the strange luminous effect of the landscape of Iceland in sunlight, where the air seems almost to shine of itself, and the snow mountains and rocky plains and waters of that bare country are clothed in color.

Before I left Reykjavik I visited the museum of the sculptor, Einar Jonsson, a strange bleak building of his own design, erected for him by the Government, on the plain outside the city. Here I found put in actual tangible form that strong and vital imaginative force, that new vision, which is Iceland's gift to the world. Sculpture in Iceland today is practically a one-man job, but of all the figures of the Icelandic renaissance Jonsson is perhaps the most widely known. Although he is one of the younger men he has already a European reputation and has even exhibited in the United States. In Fairmount Park in Philadelphia there now stands his statue of Thorfinnur Karlsefni, the Icelander who ten centuries ago was the first settler on the American continent. Jonsson's work is typical of the new Icelandic spirit in art. It is different, it is expressive, it is crowded and overcrowded with ideas and with emotion. It is a definite rebellion against the classic, an assertion of belief in an art peculiarly for the Nordic peoples; and a conscious groping for a form, a method, and a content which shall express—as the classic sculpture expressed the simplicity and purity of the Greek ideal—that thoughtful, tormented, grim beauty which is the distinctive conception of the Northern races.

Henry Seidel Canby[1]

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE subject of this sketch has been accused of common sense and credited with good judgment. If he possesses them, which is by no means certain, they are defensive qualities engendered in the attempt to protect himself against a constant inner conflict. Canby is a Quaker by inherited temperament, an Epicurean by taste and desire. His ancestors wore plain clothing for the soul's sake, but bought expensive books and admirable furniture. Spiritually he resembles them.

The essence of Quakerism is of course the Inner Light. But that explains nothing. The Quaker temperament is more important than the Quaker theology. Such a temperament is obsessed by the need of meditation, even in the midst of a most active life. Where other men live by the impulse of the moment, or rest upon principle, or ask reasons only, the essential Quaker is consciously or subconsciously, no matter which, seeking to be in accord with his universe. It may be crepuscular beauty or the flash of swallows' wings; and indeed even the primitive Quakers, so notoriously insensitive to art, were respondent to natural beauty. It may be a thrill of ethical impulse or spiritual aspiration stirring in discord or worldliness. This irrepressible desire gives the true Quaker an ever-ready sympathy and a tolerance of strange circumstance. For who can tell by formula (so they said in seventeenth-century meeting houses) where God may not be manifest!

Canby is possessed of this intense desire to be in accord with the human spirit as it moves darkly, but like most congenital Protestants he blends it with the reformer's desire to make others as Quaker as himself. This led him into the teaching of literature and kept him at it for twenty years, and is the cause and motive of his present concern with editing a journal whose duty is to propagate sound criticism. If he had been a purer spirit he would have long since let meditation shape his career and produced better books, or, in happier accord with nature and the complex of wills that surrounded him, no books at all. He came to New England from his native Delaware at the tender age of eighteen. That saved him from the comfortable inertia of the spirit which has made good Republicans and honest capitalists of so many descendants of the old stock, but infected him with zeal, the bacteria of Puritanism, from which complete recovery is rare.

The search for the Inner Light teaches caution. Its destination is illimitable, the ways diverse, deception easy, satisfaction impossible except by complete accord. The old Quakers grew rich almost necessarily, for their caution in the dangerous by-paths of the world made them prosperous even when they were not successful. And Canby, by his inheritance as well as by his desire, has been cautious in enthusiasm and condemnation. This makes for good judgment, but hinders the development of ideas, the formation of a school, the forming of a program. His program, indeed, he could never formulate; for the wish to reconcile incompatibles and find a harmony in a world that may be dualistic or chaotic is an aspiration, not a

[1] This is the seventh in a series of articles by American critics on themselves. Heywood Broun, Ludwig Lewisohn, H. L. Mencken, Carl Van Doren, Llewellyn Jones, and Harry Hansen have appeared; E. W. Howe, John Macy, and others are to follow.

program; and success would be an emotion rather than a theory. But so it is with all good Quakers.

It is doubtful, however, whether Canby would have turned, for good or ill, to literature, if it had not been for an almost violent Epicureanism, drawn from Heaven knows where, but clouding as well as enriching what might have been a serene life as a lawyer or scientist whose concern for the Inner Light began and ended at home. He grew up, like so many of his generation, in a world where family life was rich and outward experience of beauty and adventure rare and thin. The desires for both which another age or another environment would have readily satisfied were checked by circumstance and inhibited by the native caution of the Quaker, which taught self-control and the discharge of immediate duty as the first defense against worldliness. They defended only too well; kept the spirit cool and contemplative, but the senses overcharged with desire for active employment. The university in those days was half Puritan, half barbarous. Europe turned the key and literature, painting, and architecture opened the door. Nevertheless, Canby manifests today all the symptoms of an inhibited nature seeking with a belated youthfulness for miscellaneous sensation as well as harmonious accord.

The search for the Inner Light and the desire for experience of joy, beauty, excitement are not always, or often, consistent. That is the inner conflict which increases the native caution of such a Quaker, and induces a restlessness where there should be calm. Has such a temperament anything to contribute to literary criticism? Canby would answer, yes, if the desire for experience once satisfied allows the mind to reflect and create in the peace that follows achievement. Such a consummation is difficult, for there is always one more experience to be encountered. Therefore Canby's position as a critic and writer cannot yet be summed up without overestimate of an influence making for tolerant and sympathetic judgment which may quickly pass, or injustice to a literary effort which is only under way and may or may not go further. But that Canby is a Quaker in criticism, in conduct, in philosophy, and in everything but the formal sectarianism of that religious society he would have to admit, or be unable either to explain or to justify his erratic course through the professions and the intellectual responsibilities he has somewhat too blithely assumed.

Gifts

By MAY WILLIAMS WARD

I have had lovers and would-be lovers.
  One brought burning lips;
One, a restlessness such as hovers
  Over ships;
One brought a whirlwind of merrymaking;
  One, his first-born song—
(For a little I might have been his for the taking,
  Not for long.)
So many disturbing gifts—even the singing—
  And not a giver guessed
I shall be won by a lover bringing
  Only rest. . . .

Books

Emily Dickinson

The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson. By Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson. With an introduction by her niece Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

BECAUSE it is the familiar fate of most rare spirits and great innovators to be foolishly misvalued, one should not be surprised, having found in her poetry a most astonishing Emily Dickinson, to turn through the first half of her "Life and Letters"—that is, the Life, by her niece—and find only a mundane reproduction along family lines. Where are the bold and capricious and impassioned colors that lie so marvelously beside the nun-like gray and spiritual azure of her nature? Not here. This is the supreme irony of the book: Emily's family still has her under lock and key; so far as such devices are powerful at all, they are still, forty years after her death, the chief concern of this single surviving Dickinson. Reticence, good taste, Amherst sensibilities—all the forces that stifled and warped the living girl are here again, silencing the events of her life and destroying her letters, as perfect in many instances as her poems. I have merely to refer the reader to the 1894 edition of the letters and certain passages in the later chapters of this volume to illustrate Mme Bianchi's shortcomings. As to the maltreatment of the poetry in the past, let anyone compare the facsimile reproduction of Renunciation in "Poems: Second Series" with the printed version, in that series edited at the request of her sister Lavinia by Higginson and Todd. In every instance this freshest of spring water has had to come through the filter of common and cloudy minds.

Such outrageous tampering with the facts in the life of a nearly inexplicable woman, and with her priceless writings, cannot, however, be the only significance—serious as it is—of the publication of this book. For those who do not know the real Emily there remain her letters and certain significant incidents in the narrative to send them flying toward discovery.

Although the total story, as told in black and white, is not particularly illuminating, a wealth of detail remains for any one who cares to write his own spiritual biography of Emily. Like Margaret Fuller, the woman of action in that narrow and remote society, Emily, the artist and ascetic, clearly had a father. Again like Margaret, at an early age she calls herself a Whig and suggests that she would like to vote and read politics. We discover that she lived by Keats for sensuous richness, by Browning for outspoken zest (calling "Men and Women" a "broad book"); cherishing the extravagance and waggery of Dickens, and brooding over the fortunes of Elizabeth Barrett, George Eliot, and Emily Brontë, her far-away kin.

Of the central drama of her life, from which came such fragments as

> So we must keep apart,
> You there, I here,
> With just the door ajar
> That oceans are,
> And prayer,
> And that pale sustenance,
> Despair!

we have very little, but for imagination enough. The truth of the story here has recently been disputed by a family friend who insists that the real tale is neither so conventionally noble nor so simple. From the present book we gather that the man Emily Dickinson loved was a minister in Philadelphia who begged her to run away with him and, when she refused, took his wife and child to the Pacific coast, dying there many years later. God and death, throughout Emily's whole passionate utterance, take on a new meaning when remembered with these facts.

She rebelled against drab morality and theology—she rebelled against death and loss and anguish—but death and God became in the end the symbols of her fulfilment.

Putting poems, letters, and life side by side, another much-suppressed clue emerges. God and father are evidently closely linked, and the recluse and unmarried spinster daughter of a rich man had a significant economic problem when seen by the light of

> Twice have I stood a beggar
> Before the door of God!
> ▪ ▪ ▪
> Burglar, banker, father,
> I am poor once more!

But you will not get to the bottom of Emily Dickinson even in the letters. Here our difficulty is not the niece, but the great original herself. The letters, like the poems, suggest a depth quite beyond any plummet except that of another such spirit. Certainly Emily had her beginnings and many of her conclusions in human and natural dilemmas; and some of these are herein shown. Within herself she performed miracles—that hardest and slowest miracle, chiefly, of self-mastery and self-expression.

Two emotions seem to do battle back and forth: there is the constant triumphant note of her victorious self, and, struggling with that, a less obtrusive anguish and rebellion, always spoken in language too cryptic to trouble those about her. Most poignant of all is this line to a child too young to understand—written curiously enough to the Martha Dickinson who edits the present volume: "Dear Mattie: Be sure to live in vain, dear. I wish I had. Emily."

As to explaining the artist, there is no explanation. How such a woman could write The Railway Train:

> I like to see it lap the miles,
> And lick the valleys up,
> And stop to feed itself at tanks;
> And then, prodigious, step
>
> Around a pile of mountains,
> And, supercilious, peer
> In shanties by the sides of roads;
> And then a quarry pare
>
> To fit its sides, and crawl between,
> Complaining all the while
> In horrid, hooting stanza;
> Then chase itself down hill
>
> And neigh like Boanerges;
> Then, punctual as a star,
> Stop—docile and omnipotent—
> At its own stable door.

a few years after the first of these whistled into Amherst, and in doing so, write perhaps the only poem, for all our conscientious attempts, that makes art of the machine age—this puzzle, besides many subtler ones, we shall not solve.

Nor shall we discover here the secret of her strange technical power, unless in the stray remark that Emily was something of a musician. Her verse, which is to our whang-bang school poor technique, accomplishes the most miraculous sound-flutings; her assonance-rhyme, like her thought, is a tone that opens in the central atom of feeling, outward. Her images, magnificent, tempered, utterly her own, make her the only genuine Imagist.

In the collected work we are face to face with a startling personality and one of unusually diverse qualities. Emily's poems are played on plucked strings, on an instrument of great variety and range. Her scope is wide, and the tones are many—she finds infinite subtleties between the gaps of our crude scale—but there is only one method, the direct stroke of a bold hand. She had no bow as has Edna Millay, who by one long sweep gives us a lyric line of marvelous power. This inability to link words endlessly with gathering speed has kept Emily from having an understanding audience. Her gift is static—"to scalp the naked soul" by an instant's sound and image.

However they may outdo her in cumulative melody, Emily surpasses our contemporaries, Edna Millay and Elinor Wylie, in the simple matter of range. From this silver bliss:

> I taste a liquor never brewed,
> From tankards scooped in pearl;
> Not all the vats upon the Rhine
> Yield such an alcohol!
>
> Inebriate of air am I,
> And debauchee of dew,
> Reeling, through endless summer days,
> From inns of molten blue.
>
> When landlords turn the drunken bee
> Out of the foxglove's door,
> When butterflies renounce their drams,
> I shall but drink the more!
>
> Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
> And saints to windows run,
> To see the little tippler
> Leaning against the sun!

she runs the clear half-notes downward to:

> The heart asks pleasure first,
> And then, excuse from pain;
> And then, those little anodynes
> That deaden suffering;
>
> And then, to go to sleep;
> And then if it should be
> The will of its Inquisitor,
> The liberty to die.

Two poems on death, numbered in this collection XX and XXII, stand alone, I think, in the whole world's literature. No other poet has said what is herein said. The nearest approach would be the utterance of a Shakespearean woman with Hamlet's soul. But perhaps the bleak and religious Emily has been overstressed at the expense of the capricious and nimble one. Papa Above! Regard a Mouse and

> Lightly stepped a yellow star
> To its lofty place,
> Loosed the Moon her silver hat
> From her lustral face.
> All the evening softly lit
> As an astral hall—
> "Father," I observed to Heaven,
> "You are punctual."

merely suggest the merry irreverence that runs like a stream, through light and shade, in her work.

We find the images—lightning "skipping like mice" and a snake "unbraiding like a whip-lash in the sun"—a wealth of homely memory and fancy. But we cherish above even these delights the utterance of the impalpable. "Pain has an element of blank" begins one poem. And again this:

> Elysium is as far as to
> The very nearest room,
> If in that room a friend await
> Felicity or doom.
>
> What fortitude the soul contains,
> That it can so endure
> The accent of a coming foot,
> The opening of a door!

Poor Emily who could not write like Lowell and Longfellow! She could not. She wrote in secret, for herself alone, and now we find her, in the company of the maddest and most stubbornly realistic men, Blake, Shakespeare, and Browning.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Wilsoniana

Woodrow Wilson: A Character Study. By Robert Edwards Annin. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

With Congress and Cabinet. By William C. Redfield. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.

MR. ANNIN'S analysis of the personality of Woodrow Wilson is one of the two serious works which thus far exist dealing with the whole career of the late ex-President. The author is a prominent business man engaged in export shipping, was a fellow-student with Mr. Wilson at Princeton, has been prominent in Princeton alumni affairs, was a close friend of the late Moses Taylor Pyne of the Princeton board of trustees, and has long been intimate with Dean Andrew F. West. These affiliations at once reveal him as a critic of Mr. Wilson, but his book is in no sense a diatribe. Wilson's superior qualities and more notable achievements are in the main set forth as clearly and generously as they are in the eulogistic biographies by Hale and Dodd. At the same time his weaknesses and failures are also given due space—this being the unique and novel aspect of the book.

Mr. Annin has not essayed to write a systematic biography. Rather he has utilized the more important facts in the successive stages of Wilson's personal, professional, and public career as the basis for an interpretation of the personality, aims, and methods of the man. While his psychology is of a non-academic and non-clinical "common-sense" variety, he gives evidence of no little subtlety and keenness in character analysis. The different chapters vary greatly in value. Those on the period up to 1914, and the last four, summarizing the more important alleged traits of Wilson's personality, are highly illuminating and suggestive and to a large degree convincing. Those dealing with the war period are disappointing and misleading because Mr. Annin apparently has not revised his views since 1917, and writes somewhat after the fashion of Mr. Roosevelt's "Shadow Lawn" speech of 1916.

Mr. Annin's treatment of the period of Wilson's life prior to his assumption of the presidency of Princeton is brief, but suffices to show that the traits which he manifested as chief executive were apparent in his student days and throughout his professorial career. As student and professor he was distinguished for casuistic acumen, readiness as a debater, rhetorical talent of a high order, impressive oratory, and a certain degree of intellectual audacity and originality, which were in no sense associated with notable doctrinal heterodoxy, profundity, or logical consistency. When he became president of Princeton these characteristics persisted, developed, and bore fruit. Mr. Annin concedes to Wilson a wise and progressive program of educational policy and vigorous devotion to its execution, but maintains that he was ambitious for more comprehensive and rapid changes than were possible, impatient of restraint or opposition, often inconsistent or illogical in the combination of different and in part mutually exclusive plans, unscrupulous in method, opportunist in attitude, domineering in leadership, and careless in fulfilment of promises and obligations. Most instructive of all, however, is Mr. Annin's contention that the Princeton presidency constituted the logical and adequate apprenticeship for the later position of chief executive of the country. From 1902 onward Wilson built up a personal political machine at Princeton in which he applied all the methods of executive and party leadership which made him so successful in 1913-14. The apparent sharp break in his life following 1910 was, then, but a transfer of his technique and endeavors to another related realm of human activity. He was no tyro in political methods when he assumed the governorship of New Jersey in 1911. As soon as opposition to his policies at Princeton became formidable he adopted a procedure which was sure to ruin his chances of success there but which would bring him into the public eye in spectacular fashion, namely, that of carrying his fight to the alumni throughout the Eastern United States and representing it (rather inaccurately) to be a struggle between plutocratic control and scholarly independence in higher education. His plan succeeded, and the nomination for Governor of New Jersey saved him from humiliation at Princeton.

As president of Princeton, Governor of New Jersey, President of the United States during his first term, War-President, and peace negotiator, Wilson started with brilliant success accompanied by much adulation, which begat a certain degree of dogmatism and arrogance and encouraged a willingness to give ubiquitous advice and guidance in all fields of human endeavor. When opposition arose he exhibited intolerance and impatience, but proved a courageous and persistent, if ruthless, fighter unless the battle seemed to be going against him. Up to the time of his final collapse fate invariably intervened to snatch him from defeat and degradation and place him where he could repeat the drama on a larger and more striking and impressive stage. The selection as president of Princeton came at a time when his somewhat striking qualities as a teacher were beginning to arouse less enthusiasm than formerly; the nomination for Governor saved him from abasement at Princeton; the nomination for President of the United States rescued him from oblivion in New Jersey; Mr. Hughes's folly during his visit to California in 1916 averted his retirement to private life in March, 1917; the declaration of war made him the rhetorical leader of the Allies and the most powerful figure on earth from 1917 to 1919. As peace negotiator he received the plaudits of Europe as has no other single person before or since, and these were able to drown out the echoes of his domestic repudiation in the congressional election of 1918. His "peace of justice" turned out to be one of the most oppressive peace treaties in history, yet his reputation might have been preserved but for the senior Senator from Massachusetts. Had the League of Nations been accepted by the United States it is highly probable that Wilson would have been its first president (though he may not have entertained any such ambition). In such an event it is an interesting, if futile, conjecture as to how he could have been saved, short of divine intervention and translation, when his forward-looking but rhetorical and metaphysical internationalism had been wrecked by the realistic nationalism and militarism of M. Poincaré.

The remaining demonstration of major interest in Mr. Annin's book is that of Wilson's inability to retain close personal friends in professional life, and his willingness to repudiate those who had served him faithfully, once their association with him had become a liability rather than an asset. Miss Thomas, Pyne, Smith, Harvey, McCombs, Bryan, House, Lansing, and Tumulty constitute an impressive necrological succession. While the book is to be taken *cum grano*, and should be constantly paralleled by the account in Professor Dodd's apologia, yet it is unquestionably the most searching and significant study which has thus far been made of the interesting personality of Woodrow Wilson. But we shall never attain any satisfactory definitive estimate of that baffling psyche until we have been more adequately oriented by better historical perspective, and have been able to obtain from acquaintances, physicians, and neurologists some credible and significant information as to his ancestry, youth, and physical and mental health.

It was a well-intentioned but simple-minded and colorless business man who served as Secretary of Commerce under Wilson. Taken as a whole Mr. Redfield's book seems hardly worthy of publication in such admirable format. It contains,

to be sure, interesting sidelights and observations on Washington affairs, but they touch only on matters that have been revealed more thoroughly in many earlier books. Mr. Redfield is eminently a person of the "Honest-to-God" variety; he could not have been an enthusiastic reader of the "Mirrors of Washington." His style is commonplace but his expression is direct and rendered concrete by many personal anecdotes, which are not, however, always relevant or illuminating. The dramatic high point in the book is his account of watching the second Mrs. Wilson climb through a window in the Bureau of Standards Building. In his account of his relations with the official family of the Wilson Administration there is little of value or novelty. His attitude toward President Wilson is sympathetic but reverential and adulatory. Of some significance is his reference to the President's statement to him: "Sometimes as I sit here I feel as if the whole American people were looking in the White House window. I hope they know I am trying to do the work well." His contributions to the official activities of the Cabinet as a group extended to protecting it from vulgar eavesdroppers at the Shoreham luncheons and to keeping Franklin K. Lane awake by poking him in the ribs with his elbows during cabinet meetings. Most readers will probably concede that the latter was a positive service to the cause of efficiency in American public life which by itself justified Mr. Redfield's attendance at cabinet meetings. Many characteristics of the author revealed by this book indicate that if he could also lay claim to a vote-getting legend he would have been the appropriate candidate to carry the Democratic banner against Mr. Coolidge in another Tweedledee versus Tweedledum campaign. HARRY ELMER BARNES

Mr. Forster Looks at India

A Passage to India. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. E. M. FORSTER stands apart from the main movements of present-day English literature. He has a striking lack of eagerness for doing the things which other writers do, a striking freedom from the mob instinct in a region where it is today strongest, among writers and artists. He is inclined toward the ironical school of which Mr. Lytton Strachey is the instructor, but he differs from Mr. Strachey's pupils in an important respect: they underline their inclination until they succeed in making it resemble Mr. Strachey's as closely as possible, but Mr. Forster lets his remain where it is, supported on itself. His work is a work of inclinations, adroitly balanced, and rarely slipping into the faux pas of a decision. With great tact he knows how to go half-way in any given direction, and his talent consists in knowing exactly where the half-way point is. This knowledge implies a great deal of experience in reserve behind it, and there is no doubt that that experience is real. Mr. Forster gives his reservations the weight of categories which everybody would be more intelligent by accepting; and no doubt they would, though Mr. Forster attaches too much importance to intelligence. He writes always as a man who knows better than any one else while not insisting on the fact. And he writes thus because he is, first, a capable man, and, secondly, a man of taste. He knows where he stands; he has found his place, and there is a note of assurance, accordingly, in all he says. But although his utterance is genuine as that of few of his contemporaries is, one doubts whether it is profound. The intellect is not exercised to its utmost in going half-way in all directions. Practical expedience, intelligence of a rare kind, may be shown in doing that; but hardly wisdom, not the passion for truth which animates great art. Mr. Forster does not possess these qualities; on the other hand, he has an intelligence of greater force and purity than that of any other imaginative writer today. That intelligence is a scrupulously truthful one; but

ABLE BOOKS

GHTON LIN CO.

Great Novels of Decade

Little h Girl

uglas Sedgwick

and truth tell- lix, the heroine, ting creature. I lmiration of the touch which once the typical e of her country me time an indi- n being."—**Dor- ield Fisher** in *ay Review of*

ven me the pro- easure. Close- nant, vivid, it is time a piece of ychological ex- ' — **Katharine rould.**

g perfection of ." — **Gamaliel**

important book l of the current ction."—*N. Y.*

POLITICS UNITED ATES

. **Haynes**

hardly be better campaign year."— *ews.* $3.50

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

Frederic L. Paxon

The first complete history of the American frontier from 1763 to 1893. A permanent contribution to American historical writing.

With maps. $6.00

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT

Sir W. F. Petrie

A companion book to "Social Life in Ancient Egypt"; a study of a most fascinating phase of Egyptian life. *Illus.* $2.00

THE FALL OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

Hendrick W. Van Loon

A new edition with delightful pen-and-ink illustrations by the author. *Illus.* $5.00

MEDIEVAL PEOPLE

Eileen Power

The life of the peasant and the middle classes described vividly and with profound knowledge. *Illus.* $2.00

INDIA: A Bird's-Eye View

Earl of Ronaldshay

A concise and authoritative survey of present-day India by the former Governor-General of Bengal. *Illus.* $5.00

PARTY BATTLES OF THE JACKSON PERIOD

Claude G. Bowers

A New Popular Edition of this brilliant biographical study called by Senator Beveridge "as fascinating as a novel of Dumas. $2.00

rs, please mention The Nation

Bitter Mirth

Rue with a Difference. By Charles Recht. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

MR. CHARLES RECHT is cultivating one of the most significant varieties of the new novel; in "Rue with a Difference" he has produced a book which, like the novels of Aldous Huxley, is absolutely of the present moment and takes its mood of spiritual perplexity from the atmosphere which the most typical representatives of modern intellectual movements are compelled to breathe. The plot, the setting, and the personages of such a novel may be any at all, but three things determine its nature: first, its central and only important character is the author himself; second, his attitude toward himself is half mockery, half despair; and third, its theme is the inability of the modern man to orient himself spiritually in the world which his intellect perceives. Casually the hero accepts, as all accept, the spiritual iconoclasm of science, and in the detachment of ordinary life he has learned to play with the cynical wisdom of biology and psychology which explain away the awe of emotional experience just as earlier science explained away the awe of conventional piety. Yet under the stress of an unexpected emotional crisis, knowledge is quite incapable of controlling his emotions or of justifying them to himself. In love he calls upon the illusion of man's grandeur and dignity to help him to accept his emotions, and faced with tragedy he calls upon illusion to dignify his suffering; but lyric flight is checked by the rationality which he has always cultivated, and in the world of metabolism and hormones, repressions and complexes, he finds no answer for his needs. He is feeling about love, for instance, as a troubadour felt, but he is thinking, perforce, as a clever young man of the twentieth century is compelled to feel. Try as he will the two halves of his soul will not coalesce and he cannot either feel as his intelligence tells him he should feel or think as his emotions would have him think, and thus he mocks his torn and divided soul but cannot hide his pain. He can neither inhibit the extravagance of romantic love nor believe that love to be other than a pestilential irrationality.

It makes little difference what incidents Mr. Recht has chosen to body forth this conflict. It happens that his hero is a writer of advertisements, that the circumstance which precipitates his problem is love for a girl quite worthless in herself but become unfortunately the symbol of his desire, and that the end of the story (for there is no solution) is murder and a trial by jury. These things are merely the accidents of the theme; its central problem is the problem so familiar in contemporary literature: How, as Mr. Recht ingeniously phrases it, shall Homer Saddletree, a well-educated inditer of prose poems in praise of balloon tires, wear the rue which an utterly impossible love affair has thrust upon him? Obviously not as some knight might have worn it, reverently trusting in the religious mystery of love, and obviously not as some psychiatrist, himself quite free from emotion, might suggest, merely as an interesting specimen of psychical botany—no, it must be worn with a difference and that difference must somehow express a tender emotional acceptance and a scornful intellectual rejection all at once. But that, unfortunately, is a very hard style indeed to catch.

There is a good deal that is still tentative in Mr. Recht's technique. He is not quite sure how he wants to conduct his story and the whole gives a patchy effect, with sections of narrative and sections of speculation in unfused contact. Moreover the murder is hardly convincing, though it is necessary as preparation for the trial scene, which is quite the most passionately felt part of the book; but he finds many and ingenious ways of giving the central problem concrete expression. When, for example, he translates the advice, given by a friend, to see his beloved as "a relative thing—a use—a method" into the admonition "Let your champagne go flat so that you can convince yourself that the bubbles are nothing but air," he has put into a phrase the whole problem, which is simply how to enjoy the magic wine of emotion in the full consciousness that it is intellectually reducible to a commonplace.

The present reviewer has heard calm people assert, not only that they found in anthropology, biology, or psychology nothing to disturb the tenor of their emotions but also that the whole thesis here discussed is nonsense and that no peculiarly modern disorganization of mind exists. He, however, prefers to take the testimony of much in contemporary letters and to assume that there does exist a widening gulf between current modes of thinking and current modes of feeling, that while science has approached existence from one angle, emotion and to some extent art have approached it from another and older angle, so that many people, at once sensitive and intelligent, do suffer from a sort of permanent split in the soul which prevents their achieving a stable and harmonious way of life. Somewhat analogous problems may have arisen before. Doubtless religious people accustomed to the cozy old cosmography experienced something remotely similar when astronomy shattered it and exposed them to the cold immensities of space which contained no sign of the heaven they had come to depend upon; though their problem no longer troubles us we have our own difficulties. The Elizabethan lover in the grip of irrational passion could accept the decree of the Implacable Aphrodite and retain his self-respect, but it is more humiliating to be compelled to bow down before a carefully catalogued psychosis. We instinctively feel, not only toward love but toward a whole series of phenomena like patriotism and morals, for example, in an old traditional manner, while we think about them in another—because new knowledge has come too rapidly to be emotionally assimilated. Mr. Recht's hero believes that his infatuation is a vulgar phenomenon which reason should dissipate, but he knows equally that his romantic love is a hard fact. How of these two things may he make a poem when he cannot even respect his own pain?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Mystic and Rationalist

Carlyle and Mill. By Emery Neff. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

TWO great and good men, brought together by common interests and hopes, cultivating for some years a warm friendship, gradually drawing apart as their differences more and more clearly revealed themselves, living the rest of their lives in keen and even bitter intellectual opposition, and dying at last unreconciled, neither having learned how to help the other in pursuit of a common end—such is Mr. Neff's picture of Carlyle and Mill, two outstanding figures in the first era of modern thinking in the industrial world. "Mill," says Mr. Neff, "had the ideas which were to mold the future, but endeavored to propagate them by the inefficient methods of eighteenth-century rationalism. Carlyle knew the best devices of present-day propaganda, but his ideas lagged in the feudal epoch."

United, he suggests, they might have helped England answer many of the questions which still divide her, even today. Both saw that the economic problem underlay the political. Both knew that the system of irresponsible private property and free competition was impoverishing the nation physically, intellectually, and morally, and was sowing seeds of class war. Sympathizing with the demand of the common people for suffrage as a means of taking government out of the hands of "fat, elderly gentlemen" incompetent to rule, both yet profoundly distrusted the wisdom of the uneducated masses, and would have persuaded them to depend on the judgment of men of conspicuous ability. Both had much the same vision of a more humane economic order influenced by ethical and aesthetic considerations. Both were consumed by a fiery zeal for practical activity in bettering the human lot. "The words Duty, Justice, Goodness, and Truth were for them like an awing glory, like the Uplifted Host."

Six distinguished men and women of letters have already announced their belief that THE NEW SPOON RIVER is a more important, a greater and more enduring volume of poetry and a truer commentary upon our life than the original Spoon River Anthology. It gives the changes which industry and immigration have wrought in Spoon River.

The New SPOON RIVER
by EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Regular Edition $2.50 *Limited Signed Edition $10.*

Ben Hecht's
HUMPTY DUMPTY
is his most vigorous presentation of the case of the individual against the many and the gods of the many; a high-hearted novel for the reader who likes his fiction charged with thought and graced with style. (October 25th.) $2.00

Waldo Frank's
CHALK FACE
is a mystery story that restores the thriller to literature. Over and above the physical mystery is a rarely and beautifully conceived psychological mystery—one of the most distinguished offerings of the season. (October 11th) $2.00

Henry James Forman's
SUDDEN WEALTH
is a timely novel in this day of conscience-stricken millionaires. It tells of the effects upon some ordinary human beings of an unexpected great inheritance. (October 11th) $2.00

George F. Hummel's
SUBSOIL
Author of "After All" (*10th edition*)
"It carries assurance that among us another novelist of serious mien and firm proportion is rising to his true height."—*N. Y. Evening Post.* $2.00

Bercovici's
ILIANA
Every one of the stories in this book was awarded three-star ranking by Mr. Edward J. O'Brien in his annual summary. "Bercovici is a superb story-teller. He is like one of his own gypsy wandering minstrels."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.00

Charles Recht's
RUE WITH A DIFFERENCE
"Lest it be thought that Mr. Recht's story lacks interest by reason of seriousness and social criticism, we hasten to add that it is unusually rich in fictional values."—*The New Republic.* $2.50

Two New Books by
DR. SIGMUND FREUD

"Both author and publisher have conferred upon the general public a great boon. They merit the thanks of all for a work which stimulates thought and research at the same time that it edifies."—*Eve. Post Literary Review.* $3.50

confute the report, carried in front page stories that Dr. Freud had renounced Psychoanalysis. They are extensions of psychoanalysis into New Realms of Human Consciousness. "BEYOND THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE" ($1.50) an investigation into human awareness of death, "GROUP PSYCHOLOGY AND THE ANALYSIS OF THE EGO" an application of Psychoanalysis to crowd instincts. $2.00

PRIMITIVE RELIGION
by Dr. Robert H. Lowie
Author of "Primitive Society"
(*5th edition*)

The Inheritance Of Acquired Characteristics
by Dr. Paul Kammerer
The book contains an exhaustive study and complete documentation of this important subject, and gives an account of Dr. Kammerer's revolutionary experiments which virtually offer laboratory proof of evolution. Illustrated. $4.50

THE POEMS OF VILLON
Translated by
John Heron Lepper
Not only is the new John Heron Lepper translation included—British critics regard it as the most successful rendering yet made—but the complete version as well of John Payne and versions of Swinburne, Symons, Rossetti and Pound. Published Oct. 25th. Definitive, Complete, Unabridged Edition. Limited to 1,000 copies. $6.00

IMAGINARY LIVES
by Marcel Schwob
"We have been enchanted by no such historical wizardry since we read Gobineau's 'Renaissance' and Merejkowski's 'Leonardo.' — William Rose Benét in *The Saturday Review of Literature.* "A unique and delicious book."—*N. Y. Evening Post.* $2.50

MOSES
by Lawrence Langner
"MOSES reveals in a superlative degree the qualities of Shaw's great historical comedies. I can think of no dramatist but Shaw who could have conceived and executed a play about Moses in this fashion." — Ernest Boyd in *N. Y. Sun.* $2.00

The Private Life of Louis XV
by Mouffle d'Angerville
This volume reveals Louis XV as a human being who showed true royal courage and dignity and who was forced into illicit amours by the frigidity and religiosity of his wife. Illustrated. $3.50

Japanese Fairy Tales
by Lafcadio Hearn
"All told, the book is a notable addition to juvenile literature—real literature."—*Springfield Republican.* "The pictures by Gertrude Kay faithfully follow the style of Japanese prints . . . a worthy addition to any library."—*Chicago Post.* $1.50

Sticks & Stones
by Lewis Mumford
Mr. Mumford, through the history of American architecture, tells us some extraordinary things about American social tendencies and American civilization. $2.50

Conversations In Ebury Street
by George Moore
is the first book by George Moore for general circulation in years. Its handsome format will be a consolation for those who could not afford it in the limited Carra Edition. $2.50

Among the Brahmins and Pariahs
by J. H. Sauter
This is a translation from the notable German work which English critics declare to be the best book on India in many years. $3.00

Have You Read These Fine Novels?
THE BACK OF THE BOOK, by Margaret Leech
WHO WOULD BE FREE, by Marian Spitzer
BE GOOD SWEET MAID, by Anthony Wharton Each $2.00
Write for the complete Fall Catalog.

BONI & LIVERIGHT GOOD BOOKS 61 WEST 48TH STREET NEW YORK, N.Y.

THAIS by ANATOLE FRANCE
is the latest volume in the
Modern Library

Another modern masterpiece joins its hundred-odd fellows in the Modern Library. THAIS is the most carefully wrought and profoundly imagined work of the great French writer. In limp binding, stained top, gold stamped, convenient pocket and library size, hand bound and printed on fine paper in clear good type. 95c.

Coming in October and November, an OUTLINE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS, Edited by J. S. Van Teslaare and PLAYS BY MOLIERE, Edited by Waldo Frank. Write for the illustrated, complete catalog.

With all these points of agreement, they were yet fatally divided by differences of temperament, which led them to increasing disagreement on particular measures, Carlyle tending more and more to trust the right-thinking hero-master with a sword, Mill inclining to wait on the slow, painful processes of education in a democracy. The same strife continues today, in the intellectual as in the political world. Perhaps it is true, as suggested, that no reconciliation is possible.

Mr. Neff's book is not essentially biography, and it contains little of biographical detail or personal gossip. Its author deals with Carlyle and Mill not as isolated literary phenomena but as "largely typical of the intellectual and spiritual history of the age of transition into our twentieth-century world." The agencies of transition were industrialism, democracy, and pure science. So Mr. Neff makes a rapid survey of the material, economic, and political changes of the early nineteenth century and the accompanying revolution of thought concerning social affairs, as represented in the writings of Bentham and the classical economists on the one hand and the replies of their opponents on the other. Probably no technical specialist will be entirely satisfied with every detail of the resulting picture; yet it is an encouraging sign of the times that a study in literature should concern itself so largely, not with matters of form or literary sources but with the conditions of living and thinking that give meaning to literature. In the development of science, the necessary process of analysis and specialization has run mad. To those who doggedly believe in the underlying unity of life and of human experience it is therefore cheering to note among our younger scholars multiplying indications of an attempt at the more difficult task of synthesis. If these writers do not always give tithe of mint and anise and cummin, perhaps they are no less obedient to the weightier matters of the law. The world stands much in need of their courage.

From the study of men like Carlyle and Mill one rises with a renewed sense of the continuity of human experience and thought, of the oldness and the freshness of real ideas. After all, Mill said everything that is to be said in behalf of liberalism in economics and politics. In fact, the half-century that has elapsed since his death has only given added point to most of his observations and warnings. Carlyle, too, thundering at the iniquities of laissez-faire and the cash nexus, and crying out for real leadership as the condition of anything better, might well be the voice of those bewildered hosts today caught in the grip of forces that they cannot control and crying aloud to their god: "Make us a king." To study understandingly, as Mr. Neff has done, two such thinkers as Carlyle and Mill in the setting of the life and thought of their time may well be to get valuable suggestions for the solution of the old problems that puzzle us still; for the thoughts of Carlyle and Mill, like those of Lao-tsze and Jesus, are as true now as the day they were uttered.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Bruno and Others

Modern Thinkers and Present Problems. By E. A. Singer. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

IN his preface Mr. Singer remarks: "The names that stand over these chapters might, if moments had names, be those of moments in each man's history." That sentence is an illuminating conception and the book a striking treatment of the history of philosophy. Mr. Singer recognizes and makes clear that a philosophy is a classic in the sense of being a characteristic and permanent mode of human thought given eternally persuasive and cogent expression. Neither Mr. Singer nor anyone else could in thirty pages do justice to the system or the subtleties of Bruno or Spinoza or Kant. He does not try to. He does not make the mistake of the silly summarist, dissecting the dead anatomy of a man's living thought. These are essays in the best and modest sense of that much-abused word and literary form. They catch the mood and essence of systems of thought; they reveal the psychological and social soil out of which they grew and the permanent savor of them for us.

A philosophy like a symphony has varied seductions for those who are charmed by its music, and no two readers would write the same program notes for a symphony of ideas which they in common love. Spinozists and Kantians will undoubtedly differ from Mr. Singer on points of emphasis or interpretation. But it is hard to see how anyone, standing aside from technical cavil or a special moral propaganda, could fail to be impressed with the relevant and cogent lucidity of each of these portraits of a classic mind.

Mr. Singer's book would be a healthy prescription to those who linger from ignorance or habit in the belief that ideas can be fruitfully studied apart from the time and temper of their propounders. Bruno may by main force be treated as a mere textbook label attached to a textbook analysis of a confused pantheistic system. That would not be the portrait of an idea but the analysis of an irrelevance. It is not Mr. Singer's method. Bruno assumes in these unpretentious pages more vital and apposite dimensions. He is made visible as a sensitive and passionately religious spirit stepping suddenly from the warmth of his Father's house into cheerless spaces of an infinitely empty universe. He is revealed as the monk wakened by knowledge to the chilling vision of a cosmos in which men and stars are alike mere motes in a purposeless infinity. His discovery of the endlessness of space and things ends for him the distinction between Heaven and earth and with that obliteration the whole Christian legend. And it is this same Bruno who removes God from Heaven and Heaven from sight only to fill the whole universe with God. Bruno, the renegade and philosophic skeptic, becomes Bruno the mystic, identifying the universe with God and life and his own flaming love. And he is made to stand out in this lucid delineation as an eternal type of the soul who flees, even in our own day, from dogma to seek in wider ways and find God at last in everything.

The chapter on Bruno seems to be Mr. Singer's best. Hardly less an achievement, however, is his essay on Spinoza. It is not a simple matter to convey in terms that will persuade and enlighten the layman a spiritual mood which finds its only adequate articulation in the mathematical metaphysics of Spinoza. Mr. Singer does convey that mood, and he does more to give the uninitiate an insight into the Spinozistic view and world than any other writer in English except Santayana. A reader can hardly miss the point or be altogether ignorant of the paraphernalia of Spinoza's thought after this short chapter. He will get from it the rigid deduction of all things and all thoughts from the initial proposition that God exists. He will follow Spinoza's geometric elaboration of a tight mechanistic universe. He will feel the grip of eternal necessity closing him in; he will discover the method of attaining freedom through reason. In it he will briefly find how the passionless objectivity of mind may be the technique toward a calm and saving passion, a love of that divine order which is through and through and by eternal necessity God.

Mr. Singer's treatments of Hume, Kant, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche follow familiar lines, but always with a just and humanistic emphasis that lifts them out of routine exposition. In the chapter on Hume he manages with a singular economy of letters and biographical material to paint a full-bodied portrait of this urbane, ironic, and clear-headed Scotchman who brought the open air of common sense into the stuffy confines of theological and metaphysical morals. His chapters on Schopenhauer and Nietzsche remain chiefly interesting for the sharp and true contrast he makes between these two men, the first with his preference for a peace of non-being to being unhappy; the second with his conqueror's ideal and its ruthless loneliness.

SELECTED PUBLICATIONS — FALL 1924

NON-VOTING

Causes and Methods of Control

By Charles E. Merriam and Harold F. Gosnell

Armchair speculation on the problem of non-voting has long been plentiful, but this is the first actual investigation of it; it throws new light on one of the greatest problems of democracy.

Cloth, $2.50; paper, $1.60; postage, 10c. extra

MANAGERIAL ACCOUNTING

By J. O. McKinsey

Based on the assumption that all business administrators should have a basic knowledge of accounting.

Vol. I, $4.00; postpaid, $4.15

PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS IN BUSINESS

By A. W. Kornhauser and F. A. Kingsbury

Deals with the application of tests to problems of business.

$1.90; postpaid, $2.00

OUR PHYSICAL WORLD

By Elliot R. Downing

Initiates the child into the mysteries of earth, air, and water.

$2.50 and $3.50; postage, 10c. extra

THE ELECTRON

By Robert A. Millikan

By the latest winner of the Nobel Prize in Physics. $1.75; postpaid, $1.85

GENERAL CYTOLOGY

Edited by E. V. Cowdry

A more comprehensive and authoritative presentation than has ever before been attained. $7.50; postpaid, $7.75

GERMANY IN TRANSITION

By Herbert Kraus

The author is professor of constitutional law in the University of Konigsberg, Germany.

$2.00; postpaid, $2.10

THE STABILIZATION OF EUROPE

By Charles de Visscher

The professor of international law at the University of Ghent, Belgium, delivered this second of three lectures on the Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation.

$2.00; postpaid, $2.10

THE OCCIDENT AND THE ORIENT

By Sir Valentine Chirol

The English lecturer in this group is an authority on the problems of the Near and Far East. All three of the lectures will be published in October. $2.00; postpaid, $2.10

THE NEW TESTAMENT

By Edgar J. Goodspeed

An American translation based on the many manuscripts now available to scholars.

$1.50 to $5.00; postage, 10c. extra

PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIAN LIVING

By Gerald B. Smith

Applied ethics for the individual as he finds himself a member of various groups in actual life.

$2.50; postpaid, $2.60

PRINCIPLES OF PREACHING

By Ozora S. Davis

Eight powerful sermons arranged for study, criticism, and analysis.

$2.50; postpaid, $2.60

THE PROJECT PRINCIPLE IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

By Erwin L. Shaver

A volume of theory and practice.

$2.75; postpaid, $2.85

A MANUAL OF STYLE

By the Staff of the University of Chicago Press

A completely revised edition defining good usage for any who deal with printed pages in the making.

$2.00; postpaid, $2.10

SOME CONTEMPORARY AMERICANS

The Personal Equation in Literature

By Percy Holmes Boynton

A series of brilliant and engaging essays, rich in personal reactions and written from a knowledge of our literary history equal to that of any American critic today. $2.00; postpaid, $2.10

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

5807 ELLIS AVENUE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

One must confess to finding least satisfaction in Mr. Singer's closing contemporary comments. There is nothing wrong, but there is likewise nothing new, in his chapters on Pragmatism and Progress. His chapter on Love and Loyalty in Royce does not, for at least one reader, do much to clear up the dull confusion of that earnest and meandering philosopher. The chapter entitled Prospect and Retrospect is curiously unstimulating after the bright pointedness of the history preceding. To say that Realty must be conceived of as something that man can make and mold and that the old ideals of Peace and War must be reconciled is hardly food for strong men or even for professors of philosophy. It must be either caution or sophistication that prevents Mr. Singer from arriving at or stating any more distinctive conclusions. Perhaps he realizes that the classic philosophies have exhausted the chief incommensurable attitudes toward life and destiny. He knows, perhaps, that conciliation between them is not really possible. In any case he remains a charmingly sensitive delineator of these classic vicissitudes of the modern spirit.

IRWIN EDMAN

The Springfield *Republican*

The Story of an Independent Newspaper. One Hundred Years of the Springfield Republican. By Richard Hooker. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THIS is a greatly needed and model newspaper history, compact, illuminating, and interesting, and written with all modesty. Coming as it does from the pen of the present managing owner, the fourth in line from the Samuel Bowles who founded it in 1824, it might easily and justly have been a panegyric upon the three Samuel Bowleses who established the newspaper, gave it its sterling character, and made it a model small-city journal. Mr. Hooker, with true Puritan self-control, has, if anything, subordinated the *Republican's* makers to the entity they created. For instance, he has dedicated his book to the third Samuel Bowles, but he has not conveyed to the average reader a true understanding of that exquisite and sensitive character whose soul vibrated in complete attune with the highest American ideals, who always subordinated his personality to his work. Though he gave endless attention to the smallest details of management that the *Republican* might face modern competition and yet survive, nothing could induce him to abate one jot of his principles, as nothing could induce Edwin Lawrence Godkin or the other great editors who put devotion to the national ideals above all else.

The story of the *Republican* is really that of this extraordinary Bowles family. None other that we know of in America has held one newspaper property for so long or managed it so ably. Colonel Harvey has declared that the second Samuel Bowles was the greatest editor in our history—Colonel Harvey himself being an alumnus of the *Republican*, whose long list of graduates to win distinction after leaving Springfield is proof positive that there can be no better school of journalism than a newspaper of this type. The Bowles family not only made a daily which was a great educational and inspirational force, but produced a journal that found subscribers in many States of the Union because of its sanity, its cleanliness, its ability, its principles. It is today the only great daily which maintains its weekly edition—long after those of the *Tribune* of Greeley and the *Evening Post* of Bryant and Godkin, once so nationally important, have passed away. The glorious thing about the *Republican* is that its owners have refused to compromise with yellow journalism. They have kept its admirable appearance, displaying the news well and journalistically but with dignity of type and expression, so that the *Republican* proves, as does the Kansas City *Star*, that dailies can pay though they remain conservative in dress and form.

Mr. Hooker has frankly set forth the mistakes as well as the successes of the *Republican*, but considering how great is the liability to error of the editor who must form his judgments quickly on the news of the day, the record of the century is remarkable indeed. The high-water mark of the *Republican* seems to the reviewer to have been the period of the Spanish war and of our Philippine aggression. Then the *Republican* spoke as if inspired and fought its losing battle with extraordinary ability and most correct vision as to what this break with our national ideals would cost us. Unfortunately, there came after the death of the third Samuel Bowles a letting down of editorial ideals. At least it is impossible to believe that if he had lived the *Republican* could have approved the draft of 1917 or been so deceived as to the truth about the war and the economic and imperialistic forces which dragged the United States into it against the wishes of the bulk of the people.

While one must regret this, there is still much to be grateful for in the fact that in its technique the Springfield *Republican* continues to rank with the Baltimore *Sun* and a few others as the best of our dailies. It remains an intellectual journal which the man of education may read with profit and pride, for it has not yet discarded its reasoning faculties or enthroned ignorance in the editorial sanctum. Nor has it decided that its sole function is to amuse. It remains a noble monument to the rapidly passing journalistic order which conceived of itself as a responsible profession instead of a purely money-making business.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Almost White and Black

The Fire in the Flint. By Walter F. White. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. WHITE has with this one novel struck deep into the problem which must agitate the United States for centuries to come—the problem of the colored race. As a story-teller he leaves little to be desired. He knows the colored race as only a colored man could know it. And he knows the attitude of the Southern white as only a Negro could know it. He is able to interpret the white man's attitude quite as well as the colored man's, all the time that his story tramps steadily ahead.

It is easy enough to be dispassionate when things do not concern very deeply. Mr. White could not be dispassionate in describing lynchings, murders, and persecutions of a people of the same blood as his. All through the novel one hears the voice of the new Negro—not the voice of the one who is trying to lead his people away from Egypt through the desert into the promised land but the voice of the one who cries: "I am here to stay. It is as much my country as it is yours. Your skies are my skies. Your land is my land. Your battles are my battles. Your laws are my laws. Your language is my language. And even a good deal of my color is your color. Why, then, do you treat me as if I were a different kind of animal?" Much blood has been shed to free the Negro from slavery. Now that he is free more will be shed to secure him the use of his freedom.

"The Fire in the Flint" is the story of Kenneth Harper, a young Negro physician who after having studied in the North and gained considerable experience in the war returns to his home town in the South to practice medicine. He is fully convinced that the dark days of the black man are over, that since Negroes have proved their abilities in the world of science and art they are to be treated as equal to their supposed superiors. He has dreams of becoming a great surgeon. Coming so recently from the North, he has the feeling that the Southern Negro walks around with a chip on his shoulder, and says as much to his brother, who thinks differently. But the Ku Klux is at work. Kenneth is rudely awakened to reality. His brother is killed, his sister's soul and body are murdered, his mother goes insane. Then Kenneth is filled with a rage that is best expressed in Mr. White's own words: "And if by raising one finger I could save the whole white race from destruction, and by not raising it I could send them all straight down to hell, I'd die before I raised it!"

Selections from the Harper Lists

By Gamaliel Bradford

Author of "Damaged Souls"

Bare Souls

"GAMALIEL BRADFORD reintroduces into modern literature a method of biography that is sincere, analytical, uncompromising and yet sympathetic," writes *William Lyon Phelps*. In this unusual book Mr. Bradford turns aside from the study of American historical figures to portray with his accustomed brilliance a group of the great writers of England and France. His subjects include Charles Lamb, Keats, Flaubert, Voltaire, Horace Walpole, Thomas Gray and Edward Fitzgerald. Under his magic touch they spring to life, not in a formal, chronological narrative, but in an intense, concentrated revelation of spiritual experience. $3.50

THE CAUSES OF INDUSTRIAL UNREST

By John A. Fitch

An analysis, by an expert on industrial problems, of the background, the point of view and the circumstances out of which the general labor struggle arises. $3.00

THE BLACK GOLCONDA The Romance of Petroleum

By Isaac F. Marcosson

"An arresting and revealing study"—as the *Boston Transcript* calls it—of the world oil industry, its dominating personalities and its international complications. $4.00

THE MYSTERY OF RELIGION

By Everett Dean Martin

Author of "The Behavior of Crowds"

"A wide reading of it would certainly ventilate American religious thought," remarks the *N. Y. Evening Post*, of this keen and unconventional study in social psychology. $3.00

HISTORY OF ART

By Elie Faure

Translated from the French by Walter Pach

This great history of civilization as expressed by art is now complete in English, from the drawings of the cave men to the modern expressionists. *With over eight hundred illustrations.*

Volume I. Ancient Art
Volume II. Mediaeval Art
Volume III. Renaissance Art
Volume IV. Modern Art
Each, $7.50

Fiction

R. F. D. No. 3

By Homer Croy

Author of "West of the Water Tower"

A stirring and beautiful story of a Missouri country girl and her reaction to the fate which stalks her through a crucial year of her life. $2.00

Julie Cane

By Harvey O'Higgins

Author of "From the Life" and "Some Distinguished Americans"

If H. G. Wells' Mr. Polly was a favorite of yours, you will find here a kindred soul. Mr. O'Higgins' story of an extraordinary life is a book you will read with satisfaction and remember with delight. $2.00

Talk

By Emanie N. Sachs

"You will be cheating yourself of some great reading if you miss 'Talk'," says *John V. A. Weaver*. Its wit and wisdom have made it one of the most discussed books of the season. $2.00

Poetry

Sunrise Trumpets

By Joseph Auslander

"Lyric poems—entirely unhackneyed and breath-takingly beautiful."—*Time*. $2.00

Atlas and Beyond

By Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

Poems full of the charm and mystery of far-off lands. $2.00

GYPSY FIRES IN AMERICA

By Irving Brown

Author of "Nights and Days on the Gypsy Trail"

"This is an epic. If Mr. Brown or anybody else could surpass it in warmth and passion and understanding, it would be a miracle," writes *Konrad Bercovici* in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. $3.00

LEVIATHAN

By William Bolitho

"Mr. Bolitho writes with the interpretative power of the imaginative historian. He has style—a sinewy strength, a swift capturing of color and line and movement, and at times a dramatic intensity that reminds one of Carlyle at his best."—*New York Times*. $2.00

DISTRESSING DIALOGUES

By Nancy Boyd

Preface by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Here they are at last! From "I Like Americans" to "Two Souls with but a Single Thought." With Edna St. Vincent Millay, "we take pleasure in recommending" the Complete Collected Works of Nancy Boyd—the literary treat of the season. $2.00

AT A VENTURE

By Charles A. Bennett

Illustrated by Clarence Day, Jr.

"An essayist of penetrating and captivating wit—an artist of facile genius. They have made, between them, one of the most thoroughly satisfying of recent books."—*Philadelphia North American*. $2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers Since 1817 **NEW YORK, N. Y.**

This is Kenneth's answer to a plea over the telephone to come and save a white woman from death. And yet a few minutes later the physician goes to the bed of the woman and ministers to her. The duties of a physician are above the feelings of the individual. He still is greatly tempted to let his patient die and so avenge all the ills the white race has heaped upon him. But again the physician wins over the emotions of the man, and he guides the white woman until he has seen her past the danger-point. Ku Kluxers are waiting outside. They are there to avenge an insult; they believe that a "nigger" is spending the night in the arms of a white woman. The patient at last becomes easier; Harper leaves the house to be lynched outside after a desperate struggle.

In such a mold Mr. White has poured all that he knows, all that he has observed in years, all that he has dreamed and all that he has experienced, interpreting everything with his own passion and leaving art to take care of itself. The result is a stirring novel, beautifully and passionately written, the exact like of which has never been seen in the United States. I am thankful to Mr. White that he has not tried to give also the "lighter side of Negro life." In the best creative work of the Negro now there is a certain Slavic tendency, self-searching, analytical; this is revealed superbly here. "The Fire in the Flint" may be but the first of Mr. White's novels of Negro life, and more should follow from the pens of others in the interest of a better understanding between the white race and the black —the almost white and the almost black.

KONRAD BERCOVICI

Spoon River, Illinois

The New Spoon River. By Edgar Lee Masters. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

MR. MASTERS seems to feel not so much that he has written a new anthology of Spoon River as that he has written the anthology of a new Spoon River. For times have changed. The old village, once so fascinating in its isolation and decay, has been sucked into the whirlpool of Chicago, which now can almost claim it as a suburb. Wires hum over its head, and chimneys smoke; money has come in, and much that is usually comprehended under the term Middle Western has gone out. As anyone may read upon the epitaph of Jeremiah Howell:

> In old Spoon River we rode our horses
> Hunting ducks by the lake or river;
> Now they are chasing the anise bag
> Over the hills and down the hollows.
> We used to walk and we used to work,
> Now it's golf at the country club,
> And polo ponies instead of racing.
> This was a place of simple delights:
> We read old books, and talked of evenings,
> And rode to the country in our buggies.
> Now it's the magazine and the movie,
> And flivvers as thick as summer flies.

The observer's concern, Mr. Masters seems to say, is no longer with the grotesque and often hideous little private tragedies of a provincial people; it is with the grotesque and almost uniformly hideous tragedy of human life anywhere.

So that while Mr. Masters has set his scene where it was set before, and has relied as before upon the dramatic device of the epitaph, he has not been at so much pains as he was in his masterpiece to communicate the local spiritual savor of a community which he knew so well because he had looked at it so long. In the interest of universal truth he has encouraged a tendency in himself which he all but controlled in 1915—the tendency to unload his general ideas upon the reader. Dozens of his characters begin by speaking for themselves and end by speaking for their creator; dozens never begin at all. This is unfortunate, since Mr. Masters is worth a vast deal more to the world as an artist than he is as a preacher. And it is particularly unfortunate in view of the fact that his ethical ideas are admirable, his enthusiasms valiant and sound. Here he is, the same unkillable radical in life and love that he always was—an arch-lover of passion and beauty, a worshiper of Dionysos and Apollo at the same time that he is a stout defender of the simple Christ, a man intoxicated by the words Republic, Liberty, Honesty, and Friend, a hater of hypocrisy, a caustic enemy of cant. Yet here also, and altogether too much of the time, he is the baldest sort of sermonizer—the sort whom with another text he spends his time despising. The result is a book decidedly inferior to "The Spoon River Anthology," a book comparatively deficient in drama, in irony, in fun, a book less universal in value—the paradox is familiar—than its truly provincial predecessor. It flames with no lyric like that now famous one of Anne Rutledge's; it will raise little or no laughter like that which still is the lot of Walter Simmons and Petit the Poet.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the new anthology is without virtue. Bad or good, it manages to be continuously interesting; its energy, as nearly always with Mr. Masters, is unbounded. There is wealth in the episodes, there is zest in their telling, and plainly there is still unusual hitting power in the poet's blunt free verse. And upon at least one page, under the name Howard Lamson, may be found a set of gnomic verses which are beautiful because their riches are confined within a well-pondered lyric form:

> Ice cannot shiver in the cold,
> Nor stones shrink from the lapping flame.
> Eyes that are sealed no more have tears;
> Ears that are stopped hear nothing ill;
> Hearts turned to silt are strange to pain;
> Tongues that are dumb report no loss;
> Hands stiffened, well may idle be;
> No sigh is from a breathless breast.
> Beauty may fade, but closed eyes see not;
> Sorrow may wail, but stopped ears hear not;
> Work is, but folded hands need work not;
> Nothing to say is for dumb tongues.
> The rolling earth rolls on and on
> With trees and stones and winding streams—
> My dream is what the hill-side dreams!

MARK VAN DOREN

Back to Rome

Roman Politics. By Frank Frost Abbott. Marshall Jones Company. $1.50.

Aspects of the Study of Roman History. By Thomas Spencer Jerome. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

MR. ABBOTT'S contribution to the series Our Debt to Greece and Rome is a brief but fascinating volume on Roman politics. Mr. Abbott has long been known as our foremost authority on Roman political institutions. On the subjects of practical politics and of the social basis of Rome's political behavior he has contributed many essays to many volumes. His knowledge of Roman folk-psychology has the depth that results from a thorough study of the whole literature and not alone of the historical sources, a fact that reveals itself in all his judgments.

The book, to be sure, does not precisely represent what one might expect from the serial title, for if one looks to find, for instance, just what suggestions our constitution-makers may have borrowed indirectly from Polybius's analysis of the Roman constitution, one is disappointed. But few of us are really interested in mere questions of debit and credit. In state-building as in art and literature borrowings that produce vital results are used with such creative power that the question of source matters little, and other borrowings so shame the user that his work is hardly worth recording. Mr. Abbott has fortunately chosen rather to illustrate the course of Roman politics by reference to ours, and to indicate how the Roman people, so like

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

are able to present here only a partial listing of their publications of the season. The Scribner Fall List is one which touches every field of literature, notably biography, science, letters, art, religion, and fiction. A complete announcement will be sent on request.

From the jacket of

The Dark Cloud

By Thomas Boyd

The author of "Through the Wheat" has written a chronicle of adventure on the St. Lawrence and Mississippi rivers in the brave and picturesque days of the eighteen-fifties. $2.00

For October Publication

Mary Rose — *A play*

By Sir James Barrie

Boards, $1.00; *leather*, $1.75

The Faith of a Liberal

By Nicholas Murray Butler

About $2.00

Dogs and Men

By Mary Ansell

The men come out rather the worse for the comparison in this charming study of dogs. $1.50

Just Published

The Diary of a Dude Wrangler

By Struthers Burt

Struthers Burt

Some score of years ago the author of "The Interpreter's House" went to the West. His aim was to find some way of making a living that would free him from the necessity of writing for money. Eventually he became a "dude wrangler" and this fascinating and often beautiful book is hung upon the narrative of his own career in this strange new profession of breaking in the Eastern tenderfoot. $3.00

Cowboys North and South — *By Will James*

The cowboy's story at its best, told by a cowboy in cowboy language, and illustrated with the author's drawings. $3.50

Greater France in Africa

By Prof. Wm. M. Sloane

A survey of French colonial policy. $3.00

Arthur Train's THE NEEDLE'S EYE

The success of His Children's Children has prepared an enormous public for work of importance and high interest from Arthur Train. And yet this novel sets a new standard for its author, for it is a splendid achievement, an extraordinary advance even over its predecessor.

Now on sale at all bookstores—$2.00

John Galsworthy's THE WHITE MONKEY

Merely to say that this story of the lives of young people of today reintroduces several of the characters of "The Forsyte Saga" is enough to make thousands of readers look forward to it with the keenest anticipation. As a novel it is, however, quite independent of Mr. Galsworthy's great opus. *Published October 24.* $2.00

Just Published

Memoirs of an Editor — *By E. P. Mitchell*

By the man who put his impress upon the editorial page of the old *New York Sun*. $4.50

Letters from Theodore Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt Cowles, 1870—1918

Illustrated. $2.50

These letters to Theodore Roosevelt's older sister have the charm of the "Letters to His Children".

Racial Realities in Europe — *By Lothrop Stoddard*

The author of "The Rising Tide of Color" surveys Europe from a wholly new viewpoint. $3.00

The Character of Races — *By Ellsworth Huntington*

A deeply interesting study of the effect of environment on the racial character of man. $6.00

For Early Publication

A Popular History of American Invention — 2 Vols. $10.00

A fascinating narrative and a treasury of information. Edited by Waldemar Kaempffert.

Points of View — *By Stuart P. Sherman*

Spirited and witty discussion of the vital literary topics of the generation. $2.00

Impressions of Great Naturalists

By Henry Fairfield Osborn

Friendship and intimate knowledge warm and inform these biographies and studies. $2.50

The Genius of Style — *By W. C. Brownell*

The first book to appear in years from the pen of the distinguished critic. $2.00

the Anglo-Saxon Americans in temper, in mental endowments, in social ideals, and in political capacity, experimented—sometimes imprudently, but always open-mindedly and practically—with every device of government, ranging from strong centralization to trustful democracy and back again, and how in so doing they came to try most of the nostrums that have ever been tested in our own government. With few words wasted he gives the stage-setting for their attempts at oligarchic rule, at representative government, at the employment of the "recall," of pure democracy, of "fascist" militarism, of paternalistic and laissez-faire government of subjects, and, with illuminating parallels from modern instances, indicates how each experiment worked out. He similarly analyzes the forces that struggled for domination and weighs the relative influences of noble families, of capital, of the agrarian element and of the populace, and in particular of the foreign peoples that attained citizenship at Rome. Though one does not study history in order to acquire precise models for political action, it is true that a sound knowledge of how people are likely to behave in the political group is practically apposite, and this is the kind of information that this little volume affords.

Mr. Jerome's volume is of a wholly different character. Some of the essays, as for instance The Senate and the Caesars and The Tyranny of Tiberius, purport to be attempts at historical analysis, but one finds, seasoned with shrewd obiter dicta, a mass of temperamental impressions based upon second-hand sources. Most of the other essays, e.g., The Credibility of Testimony, The Use of Invective, and Moralists as Historical Sources, in so far as they do not repeat a twice-told tale, are permeated with an interest in morbid psychology and with Freudian interpretations that give them a bizarre turn. We simply do not know enough about the personality of Tacitus, for instance, to justify even a small fraction of the judgments pronounced upon him in this book.

TENNEY FRANK

Greek Vases

A Handbook of Greek Black-figured Vases, with a Chapter on the Red-figured Southern Italian Vases. By Joseph Clark Hoppin. Paris: Librairie Ancienne, Edouard Champion. 200 frcs.

MR. HOPPIN'S "Handbook of Red-figured Vases," which appeared in 1919, has been such a boon to archaeologists that the appearance of his "Handbook of Black-figured Vases" will be greeted with joy. Archaeological research is always complicated by the numberless references to be looked up, often in obscure publications; and anything that lightens that labor is of inestimable service. Mr. Hoppin's handbooks, giving lists and bibliographies of vases which are either signed by or attributed to ancient potters and decorators, with illustrations of the signed specimens, and M. Pottier's "Corpus Vasorum," which aims at illustrating every Greek vase in existence, therefore are not only intrinsically valuable contributions to archaeology but will have far-reaching consequences in facilitating and stimulating research. Fortunately, the position of Mr. Hoppin and M. Pottier as archaeologists is such that a high standard is assured.

The paintings on black-figured Athenian vases have both the attraction and the limitations of archaic Greek art. We find in them the spontaneity and vivacity of youth, but not yet the grandeur which Greek art reaches just before and during its maturity; for by then the red-figured technique had ousted the earlier style. But in their charm and gaiety and decorative quality they are full of suggestion today. So that Mr. Hoppin's profusely illustrated volume should have a wide as well as a specialized appeal.

An important difference is noticeable between this handbook and the earlier one on the red-figured vases. In the former were included both artists who actually signed their work and artists whose names were unknown but whose work was recognizable on a number of vases, and who could therefore be recreated by the mere invention of a name. Many scholars have of late been devoting their time to this engrossing task of discovering the great (and small) personalities in Athenian vase painting; foremost among whom has been J. D. Beazley of Oxford. Research in vase painting has thereby acquired a totally new interest; the differentiation of styles and the assignment of works to their masters have become as important and as intricate tasks as they are in Renaissance painting. In the field of the black-figured vases this work has hardly begun. We have the masters who signed, and these Mr. Hoppin has presented to us in his new book. The nameless ones have not yet been recreated or rebaptized, except sporadically. And Mr. Hoppin, who was among the first to recognize the importance of stylistic attributions in his former handbook, has wisely confined himself in this one to our present limited knowledge. It may be hoped that Mr. Beazley, who has built so well the foundation of the stylistic study of the red-figured vases in his book on "Vases in America," will some day do the same thing for the black-figured pottery.

In order to produce a book comprehensively Greek rather than exclusively Athenian, Mr. Hoppin has not confined himself to the Attic vases, but has included pots signed by southern Italian masters (Asteas, Lasimos, and Python) and by the early Boeotians and Corinthians. An appendix giving illustrations of some of the red-figured vases which could not be embodied in the former handbook is most welcome. The collection of all this material is an onerous task. In obtaining the mass of photographs needed Mr. Hoppin spared no pains; and on the whole private owners, museum curators, and friends appear to have been generous and helpful—with a few exceptions which are very properly recorded! In the matter of good judgment, one of the chief requisites in a reference book of this type, Mr. Hoppin has also well acquitted himself. Only the rhyton in the Louvre signed by Kleomenes looks queer in this splendid company and should not have been included; at least not without some expression of doubt as to its authenticity.

GISELA M. A. RICHTER

Handel

George Frederick Handel. His Personality and His Times. By Newman Flower. Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

IN these days, when America is being so overwhelmingly "discovered" by European musicians, this new biography of Handel should have a peculiar interest aside from its musical value. For no other great composer ever adopted so absolutely a country that was so foreign to his own in language, customs, and ideals as did Handel when he gave his allegiance to England. He identified himself so completely with the people of his adoption, and did so much to rescue and glorify music in England, even to the extent of setting some of his finest music to English texts, that England not only pensioned him during his lifetime but paid him her highest tribute when he died—burial in Westminster Abbey. She has, indeed, cherished his memory and his music ever since, though during his lifetime he apparently rested uneasily on her bosom, being alternately exalted and decried. Mr. Flower worships Handel as a man as well as a musician. And he goes to no little pains to emphasize the courage and greatness with which Handel overcame such handicaps as an austere and restrained home life, the somewhat natural misunderstanding and opposition of a commercially minded and autocratic father with no ear for music, and the fickleness of an eighteenth-century public. Over all of these things, however, one can sympathize but hardly weep, for in the end his father was forced to capitulate and Handel won instant artistic and financial appreciation wherever he went. As for his ups and downs, they were those of any man who devotes the greater part of his life, as Handel did, to operatic composing and producing. He seems to have had an

AMERICA: THE GREAT ADVENTURE

GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP

I believe this to be one of the best books I have ever published. A vivid, interesting, picturesque yet sound one volume history of America. A book for every boy and girl, woman and man. Beautifully illustrated with four 4-color plates and seventeen black and white drawings by Philip Von Saltza. Octavo $4.00

BALISAND

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

"The years have perfected Mr. Hergesheimer's art. He has written nothing more impressive than this realistic novel of the romantic past in Virginia. A rich, a rare, a beautiful book."—Ellen Glasgow in *The Saturday Review.* $2.50

Materia Critica

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

"A volume packed with ideas, information and illuminating expressions of Mr. Nathan's philosophy of art and life. An urbane, civilized attitude toward all manifestations of dramatic art, from burlesque to the Moscow Art Theatre, from Charlie Chaplin to Eleonore Duse."—Ernest Boyd in *The New York Sun.* $2.50

THE FIRE IN THE FLINT

WALTER F. WHITE

A remarkable novel by a Negro that is rousing wide and excited comment, as a thrilling story, as an artistic piece of work and as an extremely significant picture.

Laurence Stallings in the New York World:
"His case is so fiery a one of truth. Few novels have been needed more."

Sinclair Lewis:
"It seems probable that 'The Fire in the Flint' and 'A Passage to India' will prove much the most important books of this autumn. Of the highest significance."

Carl Van Doren, Norman Angell, Zona Gale, Dorothy Canfield are a few of the strong supporters of this important book.

At All Bookshops $2.50

NAPOLEON

ÉLIE FAURE

Author of *The History of Art*

Havelock Ellis in *The Dance of Life* wrote: "Some may think this the most remarkable book on the subject they have ever come across. For to Faure Napoleon is a great lyric artist." $3.00

Edmund Burke

JOHN MORLEY, O.M.

The only available edition of an important and well known work. It consists of seven hundred and fifty copies only, designed by Bruce Rogers, the greatest printer of our age, and printed under his supervision. $10.00

The Lord of the Sea

M. P. SHIEL

With a Long Introduction by Carl Van Vechten

Romance at its purplest by the man whom Hugh Walpole calls "probably the best *romantic* novelist now writing in English." $2.50

ALFRED A. KNOPF

730 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Just Published!

BLOCKADE AND SEA POWER

By

MAURICE PARMELEE, PH.D.

Chairman of the Allied Rationing Committee During the World War

The author's close contact with the British Foreign Office gave him unusual opportunities to witness the workings of the Blockade as a potent international weapon.

"In its conclusion," says Dr. Parmelee, "this book is a protest against nationalism, navalism, and militarism, and a slight essay towards the attainment of the supreme goal of the political evolution of mankind—the World State."

$3 at your booksellers. By mail $3.15

THOS. Y. CROWELL CO. : NEW YORK

The DISCOVERY *of* INTELLIGENCE

By Joseph Kinmont Hart

THIS book, written for the general reader, tells the story of the long battle between folkways on the one side and free thinking and acting on the other, with special reference to education. It is an uncommonly stimulating volume which should appeal to every alert reader who is, or thinks he is, or would like to be a practitioner of independent thinking and acting. Before Socrates all people lived by habits and customs—folkways; since Socrates an increasing number have conducted their lives somewhat independently of folkways, though they have had to fight a great deal to do it. Folkways are still extremely powerful in the field of education; this book explains why they are and why they shouldn't be.

Illustrated. Price $4.00

The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue New York City

uncanny faculty for feeling popular needs, though he did fail once or twice in this, and sometimes his music itself was at fault. Naturally he suffered from the intrigues of enemies and the caprices and vanities of singers, for politics and the arts were closely allied in those days, and the pernicious "star" system in opera was already in vogue. But when one considers the dull routine of Bach's existence, the "Sturm und Drang" of Beethoven's, the harassing poverty of Mozart's and Schubert's, Handel seems to have had a pretty good time, on the whole, and to have received what would have been considered substantial material rewards even today. That he never acknowledged defeat is an admirable characteristic, but scarcely enough to make him a hero par excellence. And it is because Mr. Flower is continually telling us of Handel's virtues that he fails in part of his purpose, which is to give us the personality of Handel. The rare quotations from Handel himself, revealing a very human touch of temper or of humor, are the only saving leaven in a monumental lump of perfection.

However, Mr. Flower has made some valuable corrections and additions regarding the general biography of Handel. For instance, he has smashed the long-cherished myths as to the authorship of the libretto for "The Messiah," the origins of the "Water Music," of the "Harmonious Blacksmith," and even the house where Handel was born. He gives some very interesting pictures of operatic conditions in Germany, Italy, and England, and more or less kaleidoscopic views of one of the richest and most fascinating periods in European art and politics. He dwells, too lightly, perhaps, on the friendship of Pope for Handel, and the enmity of Addison and Steele; on the disastrous if temporary effect that the success of the "Beggar's Opera" had upon the fortunes of Handel, and the political intrigues of the Crown Prince Frederick against his royal father. The book contains some hitherto unpublished photographs of Handel.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Books in Brief

Yea and Nay. A Series of Lectures and Counter Lectures given at the London School of Economics in and of the Hospitals of London. Brentano's. $2.

They do these things well in England; there is an audience which appreciates cleverness undiluted by too much moral earnestness. When the London hospitals needed money, instead of naming a bankers' committee they mobilized the intellectuals; and the public paid the price. Mr. Wells and E. B. Osborn debated the Teaching of History, and Rebecca West and Sheila Kaye-Smith faintly disagreed on the Sex Novel. G. K. Chesterton denounced the newspapers, and Lady Astor presided when the Oxford and Cambridge Unions sent their best to debate: That Education is the Curse of the Country. It was all over in an hour—just tea-time. It would be entertaining to try it in America—but would it work in a country accustomed to dive into the subway when Englishmen saunter off for tea?

Three Problem Children. Narratives from the Case Records of a Child Guidance Clinic. Publication No. 2, Joint Committee on Methods of Preventing Delinquency. 50 East Forty-second Street, New York.

Problem children are those who do not get on in their own little world of home, school, and playmates. The cause may be within the body or the mind of the child himself, in some untoward circumstance in which he has been placed, or, more probably, in a complicated interaction of the two. In this volume an organization which is doing pioneer work in its field of salvaging such children has taken the trouble to write out its clinical records for a popular audience. There is the story of Mildred, who at eleven was in Grade 1A and labeled feeble-minded; a single year of kindly, understanding treatment gave her seven promotions and brought her up to her comrades of the same age. There were Sidney, a truant, and Kenneth, who

BEST BOOKS

GONE NATIVE

A Novel
by
"Asterisk"
Author of
ISLES OF ILLUSION

A powerful and intensely thrilling discussion of the evil of miscegenation written in realistic and vivid style by the anonymous author whose

ISLES OF ILLUSION

was considered the most startling book ever written on the South Sea Islands.

GONE NATIVE

A Novel
by
"Asterisk"
Author of
ISLES OF ILLUSION

A striking picture of the evil result—physical, mental and moral—of an attempt at married life between a European and a native woman in the South Seas.

GONE NATIVE

A Novel
by
"Asterisk"
Author of
ISLES OF ILLUSION

A STORY THAT IS AS EXCITING AND READABLE AS IT IS WELL WRITTEN AND AUTHENTIC. LIFE IN THE PRIMITIVE STRIPPED OF THE VENEER OF CIVILIZATION. ROMANCE COUPLED WITH REALITY AND PENNED WITH THE HAND OF GENIUS.

At all Bookstores, $2.00 net

SMALL, MAYNARD AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

had been in trouble ever since he was put on probation after his gang robbed the corner grocery. In their cases also the label was not as simple as that slapped on by home and school. The record of the wheels within wheels which had to be set in motion to restore these three children to a fair measure of healthy and happy living scores a black mark against the educational systems which lay behind their failures, and presents in readably concrete form the varied scientific and social resources brought to children by this new type of work.

Public Health in the United States. By Harry H. Moore. Harper and Brothers. $4.

What Dr. Haven Emerson characterizes as "one of the most enlightened movements of the past century," the swing of public interest toward not merely the avoidance of disease but the achievement of positive health, has rolled up a record of fact, experiment, and observation so voluminous and so scattered as to elude all but the specialist. Mr. Moore has brought together in one fat volume an array of material on the present status of the public-health movement in this country and its more important historical antecedents which would be overwhelming were it not for an especially serviceable arrangement of chapters, notes, index, and numerous appendices and an admirable series of illustrative graphs. His avowed aim—to provide an outline with statistical data which may be useful to lay members of health committees, to students in high schools, colleges, and schools of social work, and to administrative officers of government, as well as to persons engaged professionally in public health work—necessarily calls for a detail and explicitness of treatment to which many of the dramatic values of this social frontier are sacrificed; but there is insured at the same time an armentarium hitherto lacking for those who are interested in observing or participating in its advance.

Christianity and the State. By S. Parkes Cadman. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Mr. Cadman develops the familiar thesis that patriotism is not enough, but that Christianity ought to be. He brings to his subject wide reading and an immense number of words, but he scarcely visualizes, and certainly does not illuminate, the deep problems at issue. The result is one of those books that have no special reason for existence unless it be the reputation of the author as a popular preacher. Unfortunately the pulpit has ceased to be a place whence light may be expected to shine full either upon the church or upon the state.

Drama

Hopwood versus Vajda

IMPORTED theatrical fluff, like French eiderdown, seems at once lighter and warmer than the native product, and since two current farces offer excellent material for an inquiry the reason might be worth the seeking. In the Age of Innocence it used to be thought enough to say that those across the water dared be naughtier than we, but now that our own playwrights have kicked over the traces that explanation is no longer adequate and it is evident that Mr. Hopwood would, thanks to his inner self, still be Mr. Hopwood even if he were writing for Vienna itself. Both "The Best People" (Lyceum Theater), which he produced in conjunction with David Gray, and "Grounds for Divorce" (Empire Theater), imported from the Hungarian of Ernest Vajda, are excellent entertainments, but the one, for all its foreign influence, remains as essentially American as the other is essentially European.

The truth would seem to be that though we Americans are perfectly capable of alternating sophistication and sentiment, naughtiness and charm, we are still too moral to fuse them into

McBRIDE BOOKS

To be Published October 15th

STRAWS & PRAYER-BOOKS

By James Branch Cabell

"Straws and Prayer-Books" is a companion volume to "Beyond Life," and admirers of that sagacious and witty book will find here the same qualities: wisdom and irony, malice, and a candor that is at times perturbing. It may be described as an autobiography of the mind: the story, not of the incidents of a man's life, but of the adventures of his imagination. Readers will find it the most personal as well as one of the most diverting of the Cabell books—one which has not its like in literature. $2.50 net.

THE LIFE STORY OF AN UGLY DUCKLING *By Marie Dressler*

There have been many autobiographies of stage folk but surely none like this, the life story of the best-beloved of American comediennes, creator of the immortal *Tillie.* The book is informal, humorous, written in a highly colloquial style, and presents a candid and engaging picture of one of the most interesting personalities of our time. Illustrated. $3 net.

BUSHRANGERS *By Charles J. Finger*

Mr. Finger, whose *Highwayman* was one of the most beguiling books of last year, here conjures up the figures of half a dozen robust adventurers of the last century, whose exploits are still a legend in parts of Australia and South America. Here are Popjoy, the sailorman, who lived an exile and a prisoner and died a hero; Beresford of the slums, who swaggered as a gentleman through the Australian bush; and Captain Moonlight, parson and thief, who came to grief in a little matter connected with the purchase of a yacht. It is a fascinating book Mr. Finger has given us, peopled with rascals and cutthroats and told with the hearty swing that the material demands. With eight illustrations in color from wood blocks, by Paul Honoré. $3 net.

PAULUS FY *By Helene Mullins and Marie Gallegher*

Not like other books! Now ready in its first edition. $2.00 net.

THE JUDGE:

A Play in Four Acts

By Maxim Gorky

Mr. Gorky's latest play, *The Judge,* which its author regards as the best of his dramatic writings. In an introduction written especially for this edition, Mr. Gorky discusses modern drama and explains in detail his theories of play-writing. Boards. $1.50 net.

FROM THE HIDDEN WAY

By James Branch Cabell

A new edition of Mr. Cabell's poems, uniform with his other works. $2.50 net.

WHEN ISRAEL IS KING

By Jean and Jerome Tharaud

A study of the Jewish Problem in Hungary, by the foremost European writers upon this subject. $2.00 net.

THE HOUSE OF HATE

By Rita Wellman

A fascinating novel of life in modern Florence, centering about a woman in whom love and an even more powerful passion struggle for supremacy. Drura Hellerman is a distinct achievement in portraiture, and the drama of her fortunes is told with admirable subtlety. $2.00 net.

THE VALLEY OF EYES UNSEEN

By Gilbert Collins

Far-off China and the mysterious hinterland of Thibet are the scenes of this exciting tale in which yellow men and white struggle for the treasure preserved by an unknown race. $2.00 net.

THE THING IN THE WOODS

By Harper Williams

A tale of ghosts that walked, of men found dead with the mark of no known creature upon their throats, of women who screamed at twilight, and of a silver bullet which finally found its mark. $2.00 net.

At all bookstores. In ordering by mail add 6 per cent. for postage.

Robert M. McBride & Co., Publishers, New York

one, and yet it is exactly this fusion which farce after the continental model demands. A simple people, we are willing to admit that a joke is a joke and may indeed be forgiven considerable breadth, but a serious matter is a serious matter, and love, marriage, and morality are decidedly serious matters. We have no objection to the comic-strip view of domestic life or even in our revues, for example, to broadly comic treatment of marital infidelity provided that it is distinctly understood that laughter alone is intended; but we have to know where we stand and we are decidedly uncomfortable on that middle ground where the foreigner loves to place himself and where, all human frailties freely admitted, there is still room for sentiment and charm. We can laugh, for example, with loud guffaws at the spectacle of the unfaithful wife and the deceived husband, and we can, if given the cue, thrill to the drama of remorse and the fresh-turned page, but we cannot generate the atmosphere of Schnitzler nor make of such a situation an idyl of frail and foolish humanity.

Some, thanking God, will reply that I have said no more than that with us the boundaries of morality have not been obliterated, others merely that we are not quite civilized; but be that as it may, the continental farce does demand just this breaking down of boundaries or this completer civilization. Its manners and its morals are exclusively those of what is called the great world but it assumes that complete worldliness does not preclude a certain charm. A nation composed like ours of people who relish equally and in separate compartments of their being the smoking-room story and the saccharine drama furnishes no soil from which the most sophisticated sort of comedy can grow, but when the comedy of sex dissociates itself from nastiness and mingles with sentiment that soil will be prepared. At present sexual attractiveness is either broadly comic or dramatically terrible; it is never frankly recognized as the basis of charm.

Mr. Vajda has, even in farce, the courage of his convictions, but Mr. Hopwood has not. The latter, it is true, can look with a tolerant eye upon frivolity. He can write gorgeous lines redolent of his milieu like the one given his flapper in the present piece when she squelches a pretentious mother with a "Now, mother, don't you try to ritz me, I've seen you with your hair down"; but though he can find his comedy in such an atmosphere he must go elsewhere for his sentiment and send frivolous youth to a serious-minded chorus girl and a noble chauffeur to learn true love and find the happy end. Mr. Vajda, on the other hand, has no need to go outside the ranks of wealth and sophistication. For him, true continental that he is, the divorced wife can be sent back into the arms of her erring husband. She need not, like Mr. Hopwood's heroine, retire to a farm to learn sentiment, for she can continue to be her own impudent self and yet not fail to be delicious.

Vajda is no naughtier than Hopwood. It is merely that, in Hungary, sophistication is old enough to accept itself but that here it casts its eye apologetically in the direction of bourgeois standards. It happens that "The Best People" is completely innocuous, but its author is capable of approaching something very near the smoking-room in the incidents of his plays and something very near the saccharine drama in their moral background, while Vajda could not, I am sure, come within a long distance of either.

The two farces under discussion are almost equally amusing, but "Grounds for Divorce" has the additional advantage of having with it Miss Ina Claire, our foremost expounder of that light charm which is not inconsistent with the most complete sophistication. The dramas of the week have not been distinguished. At the Princess Theater "My Son" calls upon the atmosphere of the Massachusetts coast to freshen up a none too novel theme and succeeds fairly well. At the Vanderbilt Theater "Lazybones" reveals Mr. Owen Davis aiming, apparently, at nothing higher than "a good show" and hitting the mark pretty accurately.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The New School
for Social Research

PURPOSE: To seek an unbiased understanding of the existing order, its genesis, growth and present working, as well as of those circumstances which are making for its revision.

Registration begins September 29
School Year begins October 6

JOHN B. WATSON—Behavior Psychology.
Thursday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS—Mental Hygiene.
Monday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

DOUGLAS A. THOM—Habit Training in Children.
Friday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

BERNARD GLUECK—Mental Hygiene Problems of Childhood.
Thursday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

HARRY A. OVERSTREET—The Technique of Influencing Human Behavior.
Tuesday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN—Introduction to Social Psychology.
Wednesday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

WILLIAM I. THOMAS—Personality Development.
Friday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

HORACE M. KALLEN—Beauty and Use.
Monday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

A. A. GOLDENWEISER—Theories of Evolution and Progress from Herbert Spencer to Bertrand Russell.
Monday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

DAVID FRIDAY—Principles of Political Economy.
Wednesday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

LEO WOLMAN—The Labor Movement in the National Life.
Monday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

FREDERICK R. MACAULAY — Statistical Method.
Thursday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

JOSEPH K. HART—Theory and Practice in "New Schools."
Friday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

STARK YOUNG—The Art of the Theatre.
Tuesday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

H. W. L. DANA—Twentieth Century Literature.
Friday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

Tuition for each course of eighteen lectures, $20.

Write for catalogue to

465 West 23d Street **New York City**

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

"WHAT PRICE GLORY"

A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings

PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.

IS YOUR LAUGHTER FARCICAL OR PSYCHICAL?

LEWIS & GORDON present THE HAUNTED HOUSE

OWEN DAVIS' SUCCESSOR to "The NERVOUS WRECK"

WALLACE EDDINGER

GEO. M. COHAN Theatre-Broadway at 43d St. Evenings at 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

SIX LECTURES SIDNEY BRADSHAW FAY, A.B., Ph.D.
Professor of European History at Smith College

"THE CAUSES OF THE WORLD WAR"

Community Church Auditorium, Park Avenue and 34th St.

Tuesday Eves., Oct. 21, 28; Nov. 11, 18, 25; Dec. 2, at 8:15

Course tickets, $3.50, can be secured at the office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single admission, 85 cents.

The New School for Social Research
announces six lectures by

JULIAN S. HUXLEY
of Oxford University

SOME ASPECTS OF EVOLUTIONARY BIOLOGY

Wednesdays and Fridays, October 8-24, 5:20-6:50 P. M.

Single tickets, $1.50 Course tickets, $5.00

465 West 23rd Street, New York City

THIS SUNDAY! THIS SUNDAY!

Great DEBATE of the Campaign!

SHOULD A CLASS-CONSCIOUS SOCIALIST OR WORKER VOTE FOR LA FOLLETTE?

SCOTT NEARING says No! Foremost Socialist Spokesman

vs. MEYER LONDON says Yes!

First Socialist Congressman and Labor Attorney

Chairman: NORMAN HAPGOOD

Sunday Afternoon, October 5, at 3 P. M.

Central Opera House, 67th Street and 3rd Avenue

Tickets, $1.10 (incl. war tax)

EXTRAORDINARY LECTURE!

"WHY TROTZKY HATES MacDONALD"

A frank exposition of the differences between the principles, aims and methods of the Labor Party of England and the Communist Party of Soviet Russia

by **John Langdon-Davies**

Journalist, Oxford Lecturer.

Labor Party Candidate for Parliament.

(First appearance in this country)

Sunday Afternoon, October 19, 3 P. M.

Cooper Union, 4th Avenue and 8th St

Tickets 75c. (plus war tax)

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 5th Ave. Tel. Longacre 10434-10435

The DEBATE of the CENTURY!

Is CAPITAL PUNISHMENT a Wise Public Policy?

Clarence S. DARROW says NO!

Famous Chicago Attorney in the Leopold-Loeb Case

VERSUS

Judge Alfred J. TALLEY says YES!

N. Y. Court of General Sessions

Chairman to be announced.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 26, 3 P. M.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE 34th St., W. of 8th Ave.

Tickets $1.65, $2.20, $2.75, $3.30, $4.40.

On sale at all branches Tyson's and McBride's Ticket Agencies, or at the offices and by mail from

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Avenue Longacre 10434-10435

Provincetown Playhouse—Greenwich Village Theatre

Subscription Season

$11.00, *incl. tax*, 5 bills $11.00, *incl. tax*, 5 bills Orchestra

$16.50, opening nights $8.25, *incl. tax*, 5 bills Balcony

$20.00, *incl. tax*, 10 bills, 5 at Provincetown Playhouse, 5 at Greenwich Village Theatre.

At the Provincetown
The Great God Brown, by Eugene O'Neill; The Crime in the Whistler Room, by Edmund Wilson; The Colonnade, by Stark Young; Beyond, by Walter Hasenclever; Love for Love, by William Congreve.

At the Greenwich
Desire Under the Elms, by Eugene O'Neill; The Saint, by Stark Young; The Last Night of Don Juan, by Edmond Rostand; Much Ado About Nothing, by William Shakespeare; The Brothers Karamazoff, by Jacques Copeau.

RAND SCHOOL

7 East 15th Street

Write for Bulletin

Courses beginning

Sept. 30, 7 P. M....**Alex. A. Goldenweiser**
"Anthropology," "Psychoanalysis"

Oct. 2, 8:30 P. M.....**Margaret Daniels**
"Elements of Psychology"

Oct. 3, 8:30 P. M.....**Leo Saidla**
"Main Currents in Recent Literature"

Later Lecturers

Scott Nearing, Clarence Darrow, Langdon-Davies

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL. 239 E. 14th Street New York City.

"A Symposium on Modern Literature"

1. "French Literature," Prof. H. W. L. DANA

Saturdays, 8:30 p. m. October 11—November 8

October 11: "Rabelais."

Admission, 50c. Course, $1.50

The DEBATE of the SEASON!

SHOULD LITERATURE BE CENSORED?

JOHN S. SUMNER
Secretary, New York Society for Suppression of Vice

versus

ERNEST BOYD
Noted International Author and Critic

Chairman: CLIFFORD SMYTH
Editor, International Book Review.

SUBJECT:

RESOLVED: That limitations upon the contents of books and magazines as defined in proposed legislation would be detrimental to the advancement of American literature.

Mr. BOYD, Affirmative Mr. SUMNER, Negative

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1924, AT 8:30 P. M.

TOWN HALL,

W. 42nd St., between Sixth Ave. and Broadway

Tickets $1.10, 1.65, 2.20, 2.75, 3.30 (war tax inc.)

On sale at Brentano's, Macy's Book Dept. and Wanamaker's Book Dept., and at the offices of or by mail from

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Ave. Tel. Longacre 10434-5

Some Notable Fall Books

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS

Adnesse, J. F. H. and Others. Life of Casanova from 1774-1798. N. L. Brown. $2.

Bade, William. Life and Letters of John Muir. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. $7.50.

Ballard, Colin B. Napoleon—an Outline. Appleton. $5.

Barry, David S. Forty Years in Washington. Little, Brown. $3.50.

Bazalgette, Leon. Henry Thoreau: Bachelor of Nature. Harcourt, Brace. $4 (?).

Belloc, Hilaire. Marie Antoinette. Putnam. $5.

Bradley, William Aspenwall, tr. The Journal of Louis Hemon. Macmillan.

Broke, Lord Willoughby de. The Passing Years, Reminiscences of. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

Brown, L. H. Leconte de Lisle. Columbia University. $2.50.

Browne, W. R. Altgeld of Illinois. Huebsch. $3.

Calkins, Earnest Elmo. Louder, Please! the Autobiography of a Deaf Man. Atlantic Monthly Press. $2.50.

Chapiro, Joseph. Talks with Gerhart Hauptmann. Dial Press. $3.

Chittick, V. L. O. Thomas Chandier Haliburton, "Sam Slick." Columbia University.

Cooper, James Fenimore. Correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper. Yale University. 2 vols. $7.50.

Crapsey, Algernon S. The Last of the Heretics. Knopf. $3.50.

Cronwright-Schreiner, S. C. The Life of Olive Schreiner. Little, Brown. $5.

d'Angelo, Pascal. A Son of Italy. Macmillan.

d'Angerville, Mouffle. The Private Life of Louis XV. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

de Castellane, Boni. My Memoirs. Knopf. $5.

Dennis, Charles H. Eugene Field's Creative Years. Doubleday, Page. $4.

Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan. Memories and Adventures. Little, Brown. $4.50.

Edgett, Edwin Francis. Edward Loomis Davenport. Brimmer. $5.

Ellis, Havelock. Casanova. Luce. $2.

Faure, E. Napoleon. Knopf. $3.50.

Goldring, Douglas. James Elroy Flecker. Seltzer. $2.

Gompers, Samuel. Seventy Years of Life and Labor. Dutton.

Gorky, Maxim. Fragments from the Diary. McBride. $5.

Gosse, Edmund. The Life of William Congreve. Scribner. $2.50 (?).

Graham. R. B. Cunningham-. Hernando De Soto. Dial Press. $2.50.

Greig, James, ed. The Farington Diary. 1804-06. 3 vols. $7.50.

Hammond, J. W. Charles Proteus Steinmetz; a Biography. Century. $4.

Herzen, Alexander. My Past and Thoughts, the Memoirs Of. Knopf. 2 vols. Each $2.

Hickey, William. Memoirs; v. IV. Knopf. $5.

Hinckley, Edyth. Mazzini, the Story of a Great Italian. Putnam. $6.

Howe, M. A. de Wolfe. Barrett Wendell and His Letters. Atlantic Monthly Press. $4.50.

Huddleston, Sisley. Poincaré; a Biographical Portrait. Little, Brown. $2.50.

Huneker, James Gibbons. Intimate Letters Of. Boni and Liveright. $7.

Lawrence, David. The True Story of Woodrow Wilson. Doran. $2.50.

Liptzin, S. Shelley in Germany. Columbia University. $1.90.

Loisy, Alfred. My Duel with the Vatican. Dutton.

Lowell, Amy. John Keats. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. $10.

Machen, Arthur. The London Adventure. Knopf. $2.

AMONG LIPPINCOTT BOOKS OF THE FALL

The Literary Tid-Bit of the Season

In some it has aroused violent denunciation—in others, the highest praise. It is the book all America and all Europe will read this year. Eight printings required to satisfy the demand here and abroad.

UNCENSORED RECOLLECTIONS. ANONYMOUS

"This is about the most entertaining volume of intimate memoirs the reviewer has read for many seasons. For piquant and racy revelation of character and incident revolving around the eccentricities, pleasures and vices of the great and near-great of the last half of the Victorian period, the anonymous author is to be highly commended. He knew everybody in his time and knew what they did and where they did it. Interminable gossip about personalities of international notoriety and fame, gossip and banter that are fascinating and thrilling to encounter, run through the volume like the swift flow of a swollen stream. This is a most absorbing volume and one could go on quoting indefinitely from its glamorous, unconventional pages."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune.* Octavo. 340 Pages. $4.50

EVERLASTING LIFE. By WILLIAM W. KEEN, M.D.

A comforting faith; a satisfying belief. It will help to bring order out of chaos in modern Christian thinking. Support and consolation on a question which more than any other has troubled the hearts of men. $1.00

OUR FAITH IN EDUCATION. By HENRY SUZZALLO, President, University of Washington

"The little book is vibrant with the finest kind of spirit and breathes the warmest faith in the beneficent function of our school system in the successful working out of our democratic philosophy."—*Times Book Review.* $1.25

LIPPINCOTT'S SOCIOLOGICAL SERIES

Books that apply scientific methods to social thought
Edited by Edward Cary Hayes, University of Illinois

CRIMINOLOGY. By EDWIN H. SUTHERLAND

An analysis of criminality in the light of recent developments in the science of human behavior. Tentative price $3.50

RACES, NATIONS AND CLASSES By HERBERT A. MILLER

The psychology of dominion and freedom. Tentative price $2.00

THE SOCIOLOGY OF REVOLUTION. By P. SOROKIN

A sociological analysis of Revolution, in the light of the Russian Revolution especially. Tentative price $2.00

POLITICAL ACTION. By SEBA ELDRIDGE

A naturalistic interpretation of the Labor Movement in relation to the state. $2.00

POPULATION PROBLEMS. By EDWARD B. REUTER

An enlightening book on the facts of population here and abroad. $2.00

SOCIAL WORK IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY By STUART A. QUEEN

The first study of social work in historical perspective. $2.00

Fiction for Fall Evenings

LOUIS BECKE'S

Famous South Sea Tales Now Published in a Uniform Edition

PACIFIC TALES

Strangely true stories of the days when "bluff-bowed old wave-punchers plunged their clumsy hulls into the rolling swell of the Pacific carrying their 'trade' of knives, axes, guns, bad rum and good tobacco, instead of, as now, white umbrellas, paper boots and shoes, German sewing machines and fancy prints." $2.00

BY REEF AND PALM AND THE EBBING OF THE TIDE

Still stranger romances of island life—the loves of white men and brown women, often cynical and brutal, sometimes exquisitely tender and pathetic. $2.00

RODMAN THE BOATSTEERER

Tales of mutiny on whaler and pearl ship, of savage peace and war, of human nature, white and brown, in the old beach-combing days in the Pacific, "when every white man lived like a prince and died in his boots from a bullet or a spear." $2.00

HELEN ADAIR

There is a mystery about Helen Adair, dark, silent, hauntingly beautiful, a girl of obvious refinement and education—yet confessing in open court to a criminal charge. An unusual romance of loyalty and daring in the rescue of political prisoners from the old Convict Colony of New South Wales $2.00

HARBOTTLE. By JOHN HARGRAVE

"A book of more than passing interest. Indeed, it is not too much to call it a novel of great importance, as an expression of the spirit of the times. Many of the episodes are dramatic, and all are realistic. Mr. Hargrave owes much to H. G. Wells, but his thought is his own, though its great significance lies in the fact that it is also an up-to-date expression of the chief idea at work in 'The Mind of the Race.'"—*Saturday Review, New York City.* $2.00

At all Bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

LONDON PHILADELPHIA MONTREAL

McRae, Milton A. Forty Years of Newspaperdom. Brentano's. $3.

Mégroz, R. L. Walter de la Mare: a Biographical and Critical Study. Doran. $2.50.

Melville, Lewis. Lady Suffolk and Her Circle. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

Melville, Lewis. Nell Gwyn. Doran. $7.50.

Mitchell, E. P. Memoirs of an Editor. Scribner. $4.50.

Moses, Montrose J., and Gerson, Virginia. Clyde Fitch and His Letters. Little, Brown. $4.

Moskowitz, Henry. Alfred E. Smith; an American Career. Seltzer. $2.50.

Paine, Ralph D. Joshua Barney; a Forgotten Hero of Blue Water. Century. $4.

Paleologue, Maurice. An Ambassador's Memoirs. Doran. 3 vols. Each $7.50.

Rickword, Edgell. Rimbaud, the Boy and the Poet. Knopf. $3.50.

Schwob, Marcel. Imaginary Lives. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Seitz, Don C. Joseph Pulitzer—His Life and Letters. Simon and Schuster. $5.

Shaw, George Bernard and Henderson, Archibald. Table Talk of G. B. S. Harper. $1.50 (?).

Shorter, Clement K. C. K. S., an Autobiography. Doran. $3.50.

Steuart, John A. Robert Louis Stevenson: a Critical Biography. Little, Brown. 2 vols. $8.

Strachey, St. Loe. The River of Life. Putnam.

Thomas, Lowell. With Lawrence in Arabia. Century. $4.

Tolstoi, Leon. The Truth About My Father. Appleton. $2.

Tooker, L. Frank. The Joys and Tribulations of an Editor. Century. $4.

White, Dorothy V. The Groombridge Diary. Oxford University. $4.20.

White, William Allen. Woodrow Wilson, the Man, His Time and His Task. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

White, William Hale. Letters to Three Friends. Oxford University. $3.50.

Wise, Stephen S. Thirty Years' Battle in the Ministry; an Autobiography. Brentano's. $4.

Woodforde, James. The Diary of a Country Parson. Oxford University. $4.20.

Zedlitz-Trutzschler, Robert. Twelve Years at the German Imperial Court. Doran. $5.

DRAMA

Benavente, Jacinto. The School of Princesses and Other Plays. Scribner. $2.50.

Brown, Alice. Charles Lamb, a Play in Five Acts. Macmillan.

Dickinson, Thomas H. Playwrights of the New American Theater. Macmillan.

Eaton, W. P. Actors' Heritage. Atlantic. $4.

Ervine, St. John. The Organized Theater; a Plea in Civics. Macmillan. $1.75.

Hamilton, Clayton. Conversations on Contemporary Drama. Macmillan.

Hughes, Hatcher. Hell-Bent for Heaven. Harper. $1.50 (?).

Jourdain, Eleanor F. The Drama in Europe, in Theory and Practice. Holt. $2.25.

Koch, Frederick H., ed. Carolina Folk Plays. Second Series. Holt. $2 (?).

Krutch, J. W. Comedy and Conscience After the Restoration. Columbia University.

Langner, Lawrence. Moses. Boni and Liveright. $2.

McEvoy. J. P. The Potters. Reilly and Lee. $1.50.

Morgan, A. E. Tendencies of Modern English Drama. Scribner. $3.

Sinclair, Upton. Singing Jailbirds. A Drama in Four Acts. Upton Sinclair.

Wiener, Leo. The Contemporary Drama of Russia. Little, Brown. $2.50.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CLEOPATRA
By Arthur Weigall
A biography of the famous queen in which the "Serpent of the Nile" becomes not a serpent at all but a true wife, mother and lover. A comprehensive account of her life and influence upon History. Illustrated $5.00

MARIE ANTOINETTE
By Hilaire Belloc
"Hilaire Belloc sensed to the fullest the brilliance, the pathos, the tragedy of this queen's life—decidedly historical but never does fact intrude with dry abruption—it is throughout vivid, colorful, living."—Marian G. Sharp. Illustrated $5.00

GALAPAGOS: WORLD'S END
By William Beebe
Giant tortoises, marine lizards and strange creatures never before seen are pictured by the distinguished naturalist in his account of his famous expedition. Gorgeously illustrated with over 100 pictures in color and black and white. $9.00

PEARLS AND SAVAGES
By Captain Frank Hurley
With this intrepid explorer you plunge deep into the savage heart of Guinea, among pygmies, head hunters and primitive survivors of the stone age. Illustrated with ninety magnificent full-page photographs of savage life. $7.50

VOYAGING
By Rockwell Kent
"Voyaging Southward from the Strait of Magellan." With pen and picture one of America's greatest artists describes his explorations. Illustrated with a collection of his finest drawings. $7.50

THE FABULOUS FORTIES
By Meade Minnigerode
America of the early forties, ingenuous, high spirited, when New York was young—when pigs roamed the streets and excitable citizens voted in Astor place—is pictured in this delightful volume. Illustrated with fine old prints. $3.50

ENCHANTED AISLES
By Alexander Woollcott
"Intriguing title, wonderful book, full of charming, amusing tales of the theatre, also short sketches of writers and musicians: and all written by a man with a world of understanding and humor."—Madge Kennedy. $2.50

THE GOLDEN BED
By Wallace Irwin
A gorgeous love story of a Southern beauty and a "poor white" by the author of "Lew Tyler's Wives," perhaps the most highly and universally applauded novel of the season. "Masterly," says the *Times*. "It will take high rank among America's literary creations." $2.00

THE UNCERTAIN FEAST
By Solita Solano
A story of stark realism in which a ruthless, dominating business man fights his way to financial success and fails utterly in his love conflict with a subtly determined woman. $2.00

REDEMPTION
By Beckles Willson
A story of the character moulding years of a young Canadian. Problems of college, the stage, suffrage, immigration, and racial feuds find their place in this story. $2.00

At all Booksellers

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

2 West 45th Street NEW YORK

ECONOMICS, INDUSTRY, POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY

Atkins, Willard E. and Lasswell, Harold. Labor Attitudes and Problems. Prentice-Hall. $5.

Baker, Ray Stannard and Dodd, William E. The Educational, Literary and Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson: College and State, 1875-1913. Harper. 2 vols. $7 (?).

Burns, C. Delisle. A Short History of International Intercourse. Oxford University. $1.75.

Enfield, R. R. Agricultural Crisis, 1920-23. Longmans, Green. $3.50.

Fitch, John A. The Causes of Industrial Unrest. Harper. $3 (?).

Florence, P. Sargeant. Economics of Fatigue and Unrest and the Efficiency of Labor in English and American Industry. Holt. $5 (?).

Iconoclast. England's Labour Rulers. Seltzer. $1.50.

Jusserand, Jules J. School for Ambassadors. Putnam.

Levine, Louis. The Garment Workers. Huebsch. $5.

Luce, Robert. Legislative Assemblies. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

MacDonald, J. Ramsay. Socialism, Critical and Constructive. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

Mathews, J. M. American State Government. Appleton. $3.75.

Morley, Felix. Unemployment Relief in Great Britain. (Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essay on Economics.) Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Moulton, H. G. The Reparation Plan. McGraw-Hill. $2.50.

Robinson, Edgar E. Evolution of American Political Parties. Harcourt, Brace. $4 (?).

Root, Elihu. Men and Politics. Harvard University. $3.

Small, Albion W. Origins of Sociology. University of Chicago.

Stoddard, Lothrop. Racial Realities in Europe. Scribner. $3.

Trotsky, Leon. Problems of Life. Doran. $4.

Villari, Luigi. The Awakening of Italy: the Fascista Regeneration. Doran. $2.50.

Wallace, William Kay. The Passing of Politics. Macmillan.

Wedgwood, Josiah. Essays and Adventures of a Labor M. P. Huebsch. $3 (?).

ESSAYS, CRITICISM

Aldington, Richard. Literary Studies and Reviews. Dial Press. $2.50.

Bahr, Hermann. Expressionism. A. and C. Boni. $5.

Baldwin, C. S. Ancient Rhetoric and Poetic. Macmillan. $2.10.

Baring, Maurice. Punch and Judy and Other Essays. Doubleday, Page. $2.50.

Boyd, Ernest. Portraits: Real and Imaginary. McBride. $1.25.

Boynton, Percy Holmes. Some Contemporary Americans. University of Chicago. $2.

Bradford, G. Bare Souls. Harper. $3 (?).

Brennecke, Jr., Ernest. Thomas Hardy's Universe. Small, Maynard. $3.

Brownell, W. C. The Genius of Style. Scribner. $2.

Cabell, James Branch. Straws and Prayerbooks. McBride. $2.50.

Canby, Henry S. Definitions: Second Series. Harcourt, Brace. $2 (?).

Chekhov, Anton. Letters on the Short Story, the Drama and Other Literary Topics. Minton, Balch. $4.

Ellis, Havelock. Impressions and Comments: Third Series. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

Elton, Oliver. A Sheaf of Papers. Small, Maynard. $3.

Firkins, Oscar W. William Dean Howells. Harvard University.

Hearn, Lafcadio. American Miscellanies. Dodd, Mead. 2 vols. $6.

Hewett-Thayer, Harvey W. The Modern German Novel. Marshall Jones. $2.50.

Hewlett, Maurice. Last Essays. Scribner. $2.50.

Holliday, Robert Cortes. Literary Lanes and Other Byways. Doran. $2.50.

Huddleston, Sisley. Those Europeans. Putnam. $2.50.

Iijima, Ikuzo. Langland and Chaucer. Four Seas. $3.

A Course of Study in Music Understanding

Second year—Now ready

From Song to Symphony

By Daniel Gregory Mason

Price, $1.50 net

Adopted by The National Federation of Music Clubs

Authoritative ***Concise*** ***Readable***

This new manual of music appreciation leads the student step by step from folksong to the modern symphony. It presupposes an understanding of the subjects so luminously treated in Prof. Gehrkens' *Fundamentals.*

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY,
178-179 Tremont St., BOSTON 10

Chas. H. Ditson & Co., 8-10-12 East 34th St., New York

Order of your local dealer

THE LAND OF JOURNEYS' ENDING

By Mary Austin

A BOOK of the strangest, most romantic and interesting part of our land. No tourist-book, but that of a dweller, a student, a lover—one who has found the reason, the rhythm, the memories and the soul of this land of many peoples' journeys' ending. Indian, Spanish, Anglo-Saxon came and each brought something. Mrs. Austin knows well the historic and cultural gift of each, and perhaps no one has so sanely, truly and knowledgeably interpreted the Indian of the Southwest. Her book is liberally illustrated and has been supplied with a glossary of Spanish terms.

Illustrated. Price $4.00

The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue New York City

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

Kaun, Alexander. Leonid Andreyev, a Critical Study. Huebsch. $3.50.
Lalou, René. Contemporary French Literature; 1870-1924. Knopf. $3.50.
Macy, John. The Story of the World's Literature. Boni and Liveright. $5.
Marr, George S. The Periodical Essayists of the 18th Century. Appleton. $2.50.
Maude, Aylmer. Tolstoy on Art. Small, Maynard. $4 (?).
Mencken, H. L. Prejudices; Fourth Series. Knopf. $2.50.
Moore, George. Conversations in Ebury Street. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.
Nathan, George Jean. Materia Critica. Knopf. $2.50.
Neilson, Francis. The Desire for Change. Huebsch. $1.50.
Newman, Ernest. Wagner as Man and Artist. Knopf. $5.
Newman, Frances. Genius and the Short Story. Huebsch. $2.50 (?).
Noyes, Alfred. Aspects of Modern Poetry. Stokes. $2.50 (?).
Phelps, William Lyon. As I Like It. Second Series. Scribner. $2.
Robinson, David M. Sappho. (Our Debt to Greece and Rome ser.) Marshall Jones. $1.50.
Rosenfeld, Paul. Men Seen. Dial Press. $2.25.
Rusk, Ralph L. The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier. Columbia University Press. 2 vols.
Russell, Bertrand and Others. Our Changing Morality. A. and C. Boni. $3.
Saurat, Denis. Blake and Milton. Dial Press. $2.
Saurat, Denis. Milton, the Man and the Thinker. Dial Press. $4.
Selincourt, Basil de. Walt Whitman: a Critical Study. Small, Maynard. $4.
Sherman, Stuart P. My Dear Cornelia. Atlantic Monthy Press. $2.50.
Sherman, Stuart P. Points of View. Scribner. $2.
Walpole, Hugh. Anthony Trollope. Doran. $2.50.

FICTION

Ades, Albert. The Naked King. A. and C. Boni.
Anderson, Sherwood. A Story Teller's Story. Huebsch. $3 (?).
Arlen, Michael. The Green Hat. Doran. $2.50.
Armstrong, Martin. The Bazaar and Other Stories. Knopf. $2.50.
Ashmun, Margaret. The Lake. Macmillan. $2.
Baroja, P. Red Dawn. Knopf. $2.50.
Bennett, Arnold. Elsie and the Child and Other Stories. Doran. $2.50.
Benson, E. F. David Blaize of King's. Doran. $2.
Benson, Stella. Pipers and a Dancer. Macmillan. $2.
Beresford, J. D. Unity. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
Bibesco, Princess. Isvor. Stokes. $2.50.
Bojer, Johan. A Pilgrimage. Century. $1.75.
Bolitho, William. Leviathan. Harper. $2 (?).
Borden, M. Three Pilgrims and a Tinker. Knopf. $2.50 .
Bouverie, Katherine Pleydell. January. Boni and Liveright. $2.
Bowen, Elizabeth, Encounters. Boni and Liveright. $2.
Burke, Kenneth. The White Oxen. A. and C. Boni. $2.50.
Burke, Thomas. The Wind and the Rain. Doran. $2.
Burt, Struthers. The Diary of a Dude-Wrangler. Scribner. $3.
Byrne, Donn. Blind Raftery. Century. $1.25.
Cannan, Gilbert. The House of Prophecy. Seltzer. $2.
Cohen, Octavus Roy. Sunclouds. Dodd, Mead. $2.
Conrad, Joseph and Ford, Ford Madox. The Nature of a Crime. Doubleday, Page. $2.50.
Croy, Homer. R. F. D. No. 3. Harper. $2 (?).
De la Mare, Walter. Ding Dong Dell. Knopf. $2.50.
Dial, Stories from the. Dial Press. $2.50.
Dreiser, Theodore. An American Tragedy. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

New Books From Beacon Hill

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY present below some outstanding new books, selected from a list of publications of which we are rather proud. Detailed descriptions of all our new books will be found in our complete "Fall Announcement." Write for your free copy.

Memories and Adventures
By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
The fascinating life story of the creator of Sherlock Holmes, which Arthur Bartlett Maurice, famous critic, says "should be one of the most stimulating books of the decade." $4.50

The Truth at Last
By Charles Hawtrey *Edited by Somerset Maugham*
Amusing, frankly self-revealing memoirs of a famous English actor, well remembered in America for his tours in "A message from Mars" and "The Man from Blankley's." $5.00

The Passionate Quest
By E. Phillips Oppenheim
An engrossing novel of present-day London, in which this famous novelist, for once, makes the central figure, instead of a man, a girl who craves happiness. $2.00

To-Morrow and To-Morrow
By Stephen McKenna
A realistic, vital story of post-war England and particularly of its inner political circles, in which some of the famous characters of "Sonia" make their last appearance. $2.00

Sixty Years of American Humor
Edited by Joseph Lewis French
A prose anthology, by the editor of "The Pioneer West,t" containing selections from the best humorous writers of the past sixty years, from Artemus Ward to Sam Hellman. $2.50

The Inn of Discontent and Other Fantastic Plays **By Percival Wilde**
This volume contains five one-act plays, "The Inn of Discontent," "Lady of Dreams," "Ashes of Romance," "The Luck-Piece" and "Nocturne," by the foremost American author in this field of the drama. $1.50

Seamen All **By E. Keble Chatterton**
A series of true stories of adventures at sea, from the days of the Barbary Pirates down to the World War. The book is full of action and may be recommended to any one who cares for the sea. $3.00

The Contemporary Drama of Russia
By Leo Wiener
A new and provocative consideration of relative values in the present-day Russian drama, by the Professor of Slavic Languages and Literature at Harvard University. $2.50

Cargoes for Crusoes **By Grant Overton**
The best volume on books and authors of the year—containing biographical and critical discussions of leading authors and their books. Published jointly by Little, Brown, Doran and Appleton and sold for less than manufacturing cost. 50 cents

These books are for sale at all booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, Publishers
34 Beacon Street, Boston

Farjeon, Joseph Jefferson. The Master Criminal. Dial Press. $2.
Farrere, Claude. Thomas the Lambkin. Dutton. $2.50.
Finger, Charles J. Bushrangers. McBride. $3.
Firbank, Ronald. The Flower Beneath the Foot. Brentano's. $2.
Flandrau, Grace H. Entranced. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Fletcher, J. S. The Time Worn Town. Knopf. $2.
Ford, Ford Madox. Some Do Not. Seltzer. $2.
Forster, E. M. A Passage to India. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Galsworthy, John. The White Monkey. Scribner. $2.
George, W. L. The Triumph of Gallio. Harper. $2.
Georgian Stories of 1924. Putnam. $2.50.
Hackett, Francis. That Nice Young Couple. Boni and Liveright. $2.
Hamsun, Knut. Segelfoss Town. Knopf. $2.50.
Hecht, Ben. Humpty Dumpty. Boni and Liveright. $2.
Hergesheimer, J. Balisand. Knopf. $2.
Hichens, Robert. After the Verdict. Doran. $2.
Hummel, George F. Subsoil. Boni and Liveright. $2.
Husband, Joseph. Citadel. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
Huxley, Aldous. Young Archimedes and Other Sketches. Doran. $2.
Irons, Ion. Simples. Seltzer. $2.
Irwin, Margaret E. F. Who Will Remember? Seltzer. $2.
Johnston, Mary. The Slave Ship. Little, Brown. $2.
Lagerlöf, Selma. Marbacka. Doubleday, Page. $2.50.
Lawrence, D. H., and Skinner, M. L. The Boy in the Bush. Seltzer. $2.50.
Lewis, Edwin Herbert. Brunel: Historical Romance. Hyman-McGee. $2.
MacFadyen, Virginia. Windows Facing West. A. and C. Boni. $2.
McKenna, Stephen. To-morrow and To-morrow. Little, Brown. $2.
Mackenzie, Compton. The Heavenly Ladder. Doran. $2.50.
Mann, Thomas. Death in Venice. Knopf. $2.50.
Mansfield, Katherine. The Little Girl. Knopf. $2.50.
Marshall, Archibald. Anthony Dare's Progress. Dodd, Mead. $2.
Maxwell, W. B. Elain at the Gate. Doubleday, Page. $2.
Merrel, Concordia. Miss Pilgrim's Progress. Seltzer. $2.
Merz, Charles. Centerville, U. S. A. Century. $2.
Mitchison, Naomi. When the Bough Breaks. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Morand, Paul. Closed All Night. Seltzer. $2.
O'Higgins, Harvey. Julie Cane. Harper. $2 (?).
Peterkin, Julia E. Green Thursday. Knopf. $2.
Phillpotts, Eden. Redcliff. Macmillan. $2.50.
Powys, Llewelyn. Black Laughter. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Powys, Theodore Francis. Mark Only. Knopf. $2.50.
Pryce, Richard. The Romance of Jane West. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
Recht, Charles. Rue with a Difference. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.
Rolland, Romain. The Soul Enchanted; vol. 1, Annette and Sylvie; vol. 2, Summer. Holt. Each $2.50 (?).
Sachs, Emanie N. Talk. Harper. $2 (?).
Samms, A. L. As It Happened. Hyman-McGee. $1.75.
Scott, Evelyn. The Golden Door. Seltzer. $2.
Sedgwick, Anne Douglas. The Little French Girl. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
Simons, H. Black Uniform. Hyman-McGee. $2.
Sinclair, May. Arnold Waterlow; a Life. Macmillan. $2.50.
Spitzer, Marian. Who Would Be Free. Boni and Liveright. $2.
Stallings, Laurence. Plumes. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Starrett, Vincent. The Surprising Adventures of Jimmie Lavender. Hyman-McGee. $2.
Watts, Mary S. Fabric of the Loom. Macmillan.
White, Walter F. The Fire in the Flint. Knopf. $2.50.
Woodward, W. E. Lottery. Harper. $2 (?).

FINE ARTS

Andreyev, Leonid. Roerich, a Monograph of a Great Artist. Brentano's. $30.
Ashton, Leigh. An Introduction to the Study of Chinese Sculpture. Scribner. $15.
Beardsley, Aubrey. The Uncollected Works of. Dodd, Mead. $12.50.
Borenius, Tancred. Four Early Italian Engravers. Medici Society. $5.
Breasted, James. Oriental Forerunners of Byzantine Painting. University of Chicago. $4.
Briggs, Martin. Muhammadan Architecture in Egypt and Palestine. Oxford University. $28.
Hambidge, Jay. The Parthenon and Other Greek Temples: Their Dynamic Symmetry. Yale University. $6.
Hind, C. Lewis. Landscape Painting; v. I, From Giotto to Turner; v. 2, From Turner to the Present Day. Scribner. Each $8.50.
Hutton, Edward. The Sienese School of Painting in the National Gallery. Medici Society. $3.50.
Jackson, J. American Colonial Architecture. McKay. $2.
Jourdain, M. English Decoration and Furniture, 1500-1600. Scribner. $25.
Kelly, J. Frederick. Early Domestic Architecture of Connecticut. Yale University. $15 (?).
Kent, Rockwell. Voyaging Southward from the Strait of Magellan. Putnam. $7.50.
Klingsor, Tristan. Cézanne. Dodd, Mead. $1.75.
Landowska, Wanda. Music of the Past. Knopf. $2.50.
Leipnik, F. L. A History of French Etching. Dodd, Mead. $12.50.
McCormick, Harriet Hammond. Landscape Art Past and Present. Scribner. $20.
Marriott, Charles. Modern English Architecture. Scribner. $7.50.
Mumford, Lewis. Sticks and Stones. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.
Nevill, Ralph. Old English Sporting Prints and Their History. C. E. Lauriat. $18.
Pach, Walter. The Masters of Modern Art. Huebsch. $3.50 (?).
Robinson, Charles N. Old Naval Prints, Their Artists and Engravers. C. E. Lauriat. $18.
Reutter. Architecture of India. Brentano's. $35.
Siren, Osvald. Chinese Sculpture from the Fifth to the Fourteenth Century. Scribner. Three vols. $75.

HISTORY

Adams, Randolph Greenfield. A History of the Foreign Policy of the United States. Macmillan.
Andrews, Charles M. The Colonial Background of the American Revolution. Yale University.
Bowden, Witt. Industrial Society in England toward the End of the 18th Century. Macmillan.
Coate, Mary. Social Life in Stuart England. Appleton. $2 (?)
Diehl, Charles. A History of the Byzantine Empire. Princeton University.
Duchesne, Louis. Early History of the Christian Church; v. 3. The Fifth Century. Longmans, Green. $6.
Ewart, John S. The Roots and Causes of the War: 1914-1918. Doran. 2 v. $12.50.
Halévy, Elie. History of the English People of the 19th Century. Harcourt, Brace. $7.50 (?)
Harvey, G. E. History of Burma. Longmans, Green. $7 (?).
Haverfield, F. The Roman Occupation of Britain. Oxford University. $6.
Hudson, William Henry. The Story of the Renaissance. Holt. $2.50.
Huizinga, J. The Waning of the Middle Ages. Longmans, Green. $5.40.
Krapp, G. P. America, the Great Adventure. Knopf. $4.
Lawrence, D. H. Movements in European History. Seltzer. $2.50 (?).

Lord, Robert Howard. Origins of the War of 1870. Harvard University. $3.50.
Nevins, A. American States During and After the Revolution. Macmillan. $4.
Oman, Sir Charles. The Art of War in the Middle Ages, A.D. 378-1485. Houghton Mifflin. Two vols. $12.50.
Pease, Theodore Calvin. The Story of Illinois. McClurg. $2.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Boyd, Nancy. Distressing Dialogues. Harper. $2 (?).
Filene, Edward A. The Way Out. Doubleday, Page. $2.50.
Gaines, Francis Pendleton. The Southern Plantation. Columbia University.
Gruening, Ernest, ed. These United States: Second Series. Boni and Liveright. $3.
Hooker, Richard. The Story of an Independent Newspaper: The Springfield Republican. Macmillan. $2.

PHILOSOPHY, PSYCHOLOGY, RELIGION, ANTHROPOLOGY

Alexander, Hartley. Ghost Masks from Amerindian Myths. Dutton.
Alexander, Hartley B. Nature and Human Nature. Open Court. $3.
Bagger, Eugene S. Psycho-Graphology. Putnam. $1.75.
Baudouin, Charles and Lestchinsky, A. The Inner Discipline. Holt. $2 (?).
Bentley, Madison. The Field of Psychology. Appleton. $3.50.
Burnham, William H. The Normal Mind. Appleton. $3.50.
Croce, Benedetto. The Conduct of Life. Harcourt, Brace. $2.25 (?).
Dawson, M. M. The Ethics of Socrates. Putnam. $3.
Dewey, John. Experience and Nature. (The Paul Carus Foundation Lectures.) Open Court. $3.
Driesch, Hans. The Crisis in Psychology. Princeton University.
Follett, M. P. Creative Experience. Longmans, Green. $3.
Freud, S. Beyond the Pleasure Principle. Boni and Liveright. $1.50.
Freud, Sigmund. Group Psychology and the Psychology of the Ego. Boni and Liveright. $2.
Giddings, Franklin H. The Scientific Study of Human Society. University of North Carolina.
Gregory, J. C. The Nature of Laughter. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.
Harrison, Jane Ellen. Mythology. Marshall Jones. $1.50.
Jesse, F. Tennyson. Murder and Its Motives. Knopf. $3.
Jones, Rufus, M. Fundamental Ends of Life: What Men Want. Macmillan. $1.50 (?).
Le Bon, Gustave. The World Unbalanced. Longmans, Green. $3.50.
Luckenbill, D. D. Annals of Sennacherib. University of Chicago. $4.
Lutoslawski, Wincenty. The World of Souls. Dial Press. $3.50.
MacCurdy, George Grant. Human Origins. Appleton. 2 vols. $10.
Martin, Everitt Dean. Psychology, What It Has to Teach You About Yourself and the World You Live In. People's Institute. $3.
Mathews, Shailer, ed. Contributions of Science to Religion. Appleton. $3.
Morgan, John J. B. The Psychology of the Unadjusted School Child. Macmillan. $2.
Oldham, J. H. Christianity and the Race Problem. Doran. $1.75.
Rivers, W. H. R. Psychology and Ethnology. (International Library of Psychology.) Harcourt, Brace. $3.75 (?).
Rivers, W. H. R. Social Organization. Knopf. $4.
Roth, Leon. Spinoza, Descartes and Maimonides. Oxford University. $2.50.
Rowe, Henry K. The History of Religion in the United States. Macmillan. $1.75.
Sullivan, W. C. Crime and Insanity. Longmans, Green. $4.20.
Taylor, Alfred Edward. Platonism (Our Debt to Greece and Rome ser.) Marshall Field. $1.50.
Watts, A. Abnormal Psychology and Education. Appleton. $2.
Wile, Ira S. The Challenge of Childhood. Seltzer. $2.50.

POETRY

Braithwaite, W. S. Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1924. Brimmer. $3.
Cabell, James Branch. From the Hidden Way. $2.50.
Campbell, Roy. The Flaming Terrapin. Dial Press. $2.
Conkling, G. H. Ship's Log. Knopf. $2.
Cox, J. H. Folk-Songs of the South. Harvard University. $6.
Crane, Nathalia. The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems. Seltzer. $1.50.
Cumberland, Gerald. Rosalys and Other Poems. Hyman-McGee. $1.50.
D., H. Heliodora. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
Davies, W. H. Secrets. Harcourt, Brace. $1.50.
Edman, Irwin. Poems. Simon & Schuster. $1.50.
Farrar, John. The Middle Twenties. Doran. $1.50.
Felshin, Simon. Poems for the New Age. Seltzer. $1.
Guiterman, Arthur. A Poet's Proverbs. Dutton.
Masters, Edgar Lee. The New Spoon River. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.
Moore, T. Surge. Judas: an Epic Poem. Hyman-McGee. $2.
Ransom, John Crowe. Chills and Fever. Knopf. $1.50.
Sapir, Edward and Barbeau, Marius. Folk Songs of French Canada. Yale University. $2.50 (?).
Symons, Arthur. Love's Cruelty. A. and C. Boni. $1.75.
Van Doren, Mark. Spring Thunder and Other Poems. Seltzer. $1.50.

SCIENCE

Barker, J. Ellis. Cancer. Dutton. $3.
Berthoud, Alfred. New Theories of Matter and the Atom. Macmillan. $3.50.
Cohen, Morris R. Reason and Nature: the Significance of Scientific Method. Harcourt. $3 (?).
Haskins, C. H. Studies in the History of Mediaeval Science. Harvard University. $6.
Kammerer, Paul. The Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics. Boni and Liveright. $4.50.
Slosson, Edwin E., ed. Keeping up with Science. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

TRAVEL, NATURE, DESCRIPTION

Austin, Mary. The Land of Journey's Ending. Century. $4.
Baring-Gould, S. The Riviera. Brentano's. $2.50.
Beaver, W. N. Unexplored New Guinea. Lippincott. $6.
Bercovici, Konrad. Around the World in New York. Century. $5.
Bumpus, T. Francis. Ancient London Churches. Stokes. $4.50.
Derennes, C. The Life of the Bat. Harper. $4.
Ferenczy, Arpad. The Ants of Timothy Thummel. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Forman, Henry James. Grecian Italy. Boni and Liveright. $4.50.
Franck, Harry A. Glimpses of Japan and Formosa. Century. $3.
Massingham, H. J. In Praise of England. Dutton.
Maxwell, G. S. Authors' Thames. Brentano's. $4.50.
Noice, Harold. With Stefansson in the Arctic. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
Osborn, Henry Fairfield. Impressions of Great Naturalists. Scribner. $2.50 (?).
Wade, B. E. Ventures of an Ant. Rand-McNally. $1.50.

New books of ALBERT & CHARLES BONI New York

BLACK CAMEOS
by R. Emmet Kennedy

25 stories of rural negro life, interspersed with the words and music of 18 spirituals. A book which will take its place alongside of the Uncle Remus stories. Illustrated by Ed. L. Tinker. ($2.50 net)

A NAKED KING
by Albert Ades
(Co-author of Goha the Fool)

Flesh as a bait against spirit draws man's deepest emotions to the surface and renders A NAKED KING profoundly stirring. This book, really a study of the psychology of genius, will confirm the reputation of Ades, whose previous work was acclaimed in seven countries as a masterpiece and which E. M. Forster called: "Perhaps one of the great books of all time." ($2.00 net)

LOVERS of literature (and that includes, we think, every reader of The Nation) will hail with joy our plans for the further development of THE AMERICAN LIBRARY, under the editorship of John Macy, Robert Morss Lovett, Van Wyck Brooks, and Albert Jay Nock. COLUMBUS' JOURNAL was published first and was an instantaneous hit. In the complete works of MELVILLE (edited by Weaver) are Israel Potter *and* Redburn. Moby Dick *and* Pierre *will follow shortly; AMBROSE BIERCE also has two:* Can Such Things Be *and* In the Midst of Life; *ARTEMUS WARD, HENRY JAMES, and GEORGE ADE will be represented this Fall. The editors will welcome your suggestions and advice in this project, and we shall be glad to send you a complete catalog on request.*

THE WHITE OXEN
by Kenneth Burke

We have never before had the privilege of publishing a first book of which we could say in such confidence, this book marks the entry into the field of American literature of an author of the first rank. ($2.50 net)

ST. ANTHONY AND OTHER STORIES
by Guy De Maupassant
Translated by LAFCADIO HEARN

Lafcadio Hearn's translations of De Maupassant are masterpieces in their own right. They have the quality of great English prose and yet keep the spirit and meaning of the original. The stories translated were selected by Hearn as De Maupassant's most typical. ($2.00 net)

JIM TULLY

jumped his first blind baggage at twelve, with the twin fears of the orphanage and reform school urging his steps. Then for twenty years he was a derelict of the roads. From Calgary to Chihuahua his red head, his quick fists and the song on his lips were known. He tells his true story in

BEGGARS OF LIFE

[A Hobo Autobiography]

Tully maintains that the true story of the hobo has never been told. Other tramps, like Jack London, have sentimentalized and some have been simply writers on a holiday. Tully was a professional hobo with the soul of a poet, and he has compounded his book of the bitter fear which every hobo has, not only of hunger and the natural elements, but of organized Society. A stirring book, whose realism is softened only by Tully's humor and whimsicality. ($3.00 net)

YOUNG MISCHIEF AND THE PERFECT PAIR
by Hugh de Selincourt

A new novel by the author of "One Little Boy." ($2.00 net)

ON BOARD THE MORNING STAR
by Pierre Mac Orlan

A pirate story, illustrated by Daragnes. ($2.50 net)

FIVE TALES
by Emilie Verhaeren

Illustrated by Masereel. ($2.50 net)

THE VIZETELLY TRANSLATION OF EMILE ZOLA

Zola, first of the French realists, has been pitifully represented up to now by adequate translations available in America. The Vizetelly edition is recognized as the definitive translation. We take pleasure in announcing its complete publication in twelve volumes. The first two, to be issued early in November, are THE DRAM SHOP (L'Assommoir) and GERMINAL. Price $2.00 *net each.*

OUR CHANGING MORALITY
by Bertrand Russell, Floyd Dell, Elsie Clews Parsons, etc.

In spite of protest our younger generation continues unheedful of the older maxims of morality. To what end? These and other questions are answered in this symposium which has been appearing in *The Nation.* ($3.00 net)

WINDOWS FACING WEST
by Virginia MacFadyen

A biography of a beautiful and successful mistress. ($2.00 net)

Publishers of The American Library

39 West 8th Street

and other books for Civilized Americans

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1924 No. 3093

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 403
EDITORIALS:
"Ain't Goin' to Study War No More"? 406
Government Ownership to the Fore 407
Catching Up with Shaw 407
"Eats" 408
BE BRISK WITH BABBITT. By Sinclair Lewis 409
THE PRAIRIES CATCHING FIRE. By Oswald Garrison Villard 412
DAWES: FIRST AID TO SWINDLERS. By David E. Lilienthal 414
NICARAGUA PECKING THE SHELL. By William Hard 416
DIRECTIONS FOR BURIAL. By William A. Norris 417
A SCHOOL FOR WORKERS' CHILDREN. By Devere Allen 417
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 418
CORRESPONDENCE 419
BOOKS:
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 420
The Agricultural Crisis. By Rexford Tugwell 420
Goethe Intime. By Kuno Francke 421
Good Reporting. By Robert Emmet MacAlarney 422
By-Products of Espionage. By Harry Hansen 422
Books in Brief 423
DRAMA:
Mimicry and Realism. By Joseph Wood Krutch 423
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
China and Germany Settle Up 426
Divorces and Suicides in Germany 428

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

Managing Editor Literary Editor

ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager

Contributing Editors

ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS

ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50 and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THE STORY OF MR. DAWES and Mr. Lorimer, told elsewhere in this issue, has furnished two fascinating sidelights, one on journalism, one on politics. Donald Richberg exposed the Dawes record in the *New Republic* for July 9. Somewhat tardily, the *Independent* of Boston came to Mr. Dawes's assistance. It invited a gentleman whom it described as "John Barton Payne, chairman of the American Red Cross, formerly chairman of the Shipping Board, and later Secretary of the Interior in Mr. Wilson's Cabinet," to reply. It did not mention the fact that Mr. Payne was also the paid attorney for Mr. Dawes and his bank in the litigation over their deal with Lorimer. Mr. Payne, however, in his statement, frankly revealed his relation to the case, although the rest of his article is a hodgepodge of shockingly misleading statements. So much for journalism. As for politics, Mr. Payne, after reading Mr. Richberg's article, wrote to the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, warning him not to make "the mistake of adopting or pressing this matter as a criticism of General Dawes, whose conduct from beginning to end was in the highest sense admirable." And the Democratic Party, from that day to this, has, so far as we have heard, breathed no reflection upon Mr. Dawes's illegal practices as a banker. The solidarity of the two old parties in defense of bankers' interests as opposed to the public interest could hardly be made clearer. The *Independent* has served the public, if unwittingly, in helping to make it clear.

THE FIRE AND BRIMSTONE vice-presidential candidate of the Republican Party is through. For a few weeks his swagger and braggadocio captivated a certain number, but from now on Mr. Dawes will lose votes for his ticket every day. Indeed, if the Democratic Party were not in a conspiracy of silence to protect Mr. Dawes's reputation, his presence on the Republican ticket might be made the final and convincing argument for its defeat. Certainly if the facts in regard to Mr. Dawes's participation in the Lorimer bank swindle could be got before even 50 per cent of the electorate they ought to swing the election against Coolidge and his braggart partner. Of course Senator Brookhart's demand that Mr. Dawes quit the Republican ticket will not be realized, but it will have a wholesome effect in leading voters to do so. Senator Brookhart says:

> Charles G. Dawes has wrecked the Republican campaign, and especially in the Northwest. . . . His sulphuretted-hydrogen bank record, as established by the Supreme Court of Illinois the day he was nominated, renders him unfit for the public service, and he should be removed as the candidate for his party as Denby and Daugherty were removed from office. . . . The claim that he was ignorant of the import of his act and only regarded it as a friendly favor adds color to the general claim that his own advertised financial ability is only a bluff and that he acts as the agent of international banking powers. The further defense that all bankers are doing the same thing is resented even by the bankers themselves.

THE ONE AMUSING NOTE in this drab story of financial crookedness is Mr. Dawes's defense—or rather his bland refusal to make one. "I will not debate my character with any man," is his answer to this unanswerable episode. We don't blame him—he hasn't a leg to stand on. From his military experience he has evidently absorbed the truth that

> He who fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day.

Besides it has long been the custom for both Republicans and Democrats to dodge all issues of any consequence. Why should Mr. Dawes make an exception to the rule? His moral character—condemned by the highest court in his State—is the one point of supreme interest to the voter. So naturally, running true to old-party form, Mr. Dawes dodges it. Mr. Davis did likewise in regard to the one point of most consequence in his candidacy—his corporation-law practice and its probable effect upon his sympathies and his point of view. He announced magnificently that he would not discuss the subject. And Mr. Coolidge, playing still safer, carefully refrains from expressing himself on almost every question in regard to which the public might possibly be interested.

SECRETARY MELLON too has joined the Nothing-to-say Club. When the New York *World* and John W. Davis charged that the American Aluminum Company, in which the Mellon family predominate, was a price-fixing monopoly benefiting by exceptional tariff protection, Mr.

Mellon vigorously retorted that "no monopoly in the aluminum trade exists." He cited a variety of figures to show that the tariff had not raised aluminum prices, adding, however, that "If the tariff had not been in effect the 35,000 people in the aluminum industry would be without jobs or they would have to work for lower wages." That was characteristic—to claim, all in one breath, that the tariff had not raised prices, and if it had not the industry would have been ruined. The *World* shot a few holes in Mr. Mellon's defense at once; within a week the Federal Trade Commission issued a digest of a report on the cost of household utensils prepared in response to a congressional resolution in 1921. This report charges the Mellon aluminum companies with several forms of price discrimination, price-fixing, and "various practices forbidden by a judicial decree under the Sherman Act." "The Aluminum Company of America," the commission stated, "has a practically complete monopoly of the production of aluminum in the United States." That statement was in fact moderate. That Mellon-controlled company produced in 1923 four-fifths of the entire world production of bauxite, the ore from which aluminum is made. Mr. Mellon wilted. The New York *Sun*, an Administration organ, reported his retreat in these dignified words:

> Secretary Mellon will have no further statement to make at this time. He announced today that he expected a formal answer would be made at the proper time by the aluminum company. Meanwhile he will not engage in controversy.

Naturally not.

WILLIAM HARD is *The Nation's* Washington correspondent, and *The Nation* is proud of him. *The Nation* is glad to print what he says even when it sharply disagrees with him. Last week we printed William Hard's friendly assessment of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. We think that Hard still labors a bit under the mystic memories of the days when he and little Theodore's father were making the old *Metropolitan Magazine* memorable. Young Theodore may be as charming as Bill Hard says, and may be able to quote Praed and Father Prout, but he certainly showed no ability to quote anybody intelligently on the conduct of the Navy Department. He approved the leasing of the naval oil reserves, he told the Senate committee, but he did not know Teapot Dome from the Elk Hills Reserve; he "could not recall" what geologists advised the leasing, although he thought he had acted on the advice of geologists; he did not know what oil had been leased or for how long. He had just done what he was told to do. He had never even read the leases which destroyed his father's conservation policy; he was just too stupid or too lazy to find out what was going on. When Albert Fall asked him to, he sent marines to Teapot Dome to drive out the poachers whom Harry Sinclair did not dare drive out—for fear his doubtful leases would come before the courts. Ted, Jr., meant no harm; he did not know what it was all about; he just served as office-boy for wiser politicians. Such a man should be left at home, where he will have plenty of time to be charming.

A LAWYERS' COMMITTEE has been organized in New York City to support the candidacy of John W. Davis. In a circular letter to lawyers it says:

> The problems which confront the country in this particular campaign demand a vote for Mr. Davis. The formidable third-party movement is no accident—with its open attack upon the courts and advocacy of dangerous economic experiments.

Who are these lawyers who regard as dangerous economic experiments the regulation of the oil industry, the telephone and telegraph industry, the money power, and banking imperialism in Central and South America, and the prevention of the use of the courts as strike-breaking agencies? The party politicians and office-holders on the committee, including the head of Tammany Hall, are hardly responsible for such a statement. Nor can it express the view of such a member of the committee as Mr. Samuel Untermyer, who has himself fought for a number of these "dangerous economic experiments." But on this Lawyers' Committee are also men of the same lawyers' stratum as Mr. Davis, serving the same kind of client as did Mr. Davis, sharing with him the princely fees paid by the money monopoly and big business.

CONSIDER THE CLIENTS of the leaders of this candid Lawyers' Committee. Among them are some of our most distinguished banking firms—J. P. Morgan & Company, of course; Blair & Company, and Dillon, Read & Company, at the forefront of the financing in Central and South America and the financing of power and light and traction companies; Goldman, Sachs and Company, Lehman Brothers, and Harris, Forbes and Company. Nor are the biggest banks far to seek—the First National Bank of New York, one of the "Big Four" in Wall Street; the Bankers Trust Company, in which are represented the Morgan and the Rockefeller interests; the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, the participant in financing of imperialism, of railroads, of public utilities, and of industrial trusts; the Central Union Trust Company of New York, one of the active instruments in the operations of powerful financial families and firms in the field of public utilities and railroads; the American Express Company, which is not only in the banking business but controls the great railway express company in the country. The attorneys for the most powerful families of the country, which reach out into every big industrial undertaking, are in the list—for Morgan, Rockefeller, Gould, Brady. But why should the lawyers for these bankers, thus espousing Mr. Davis, give Mr. Davis away?

GANDHI RECENTLY DECLARED that he was being defeated by the Swarajists and by the Mohammedans, because of their political wrangles and religious fighting. "To fight is vanity." Relative to the quarrels in the All-India Congress Committee between the Swarajists and the non-cooperators, Gandhi said recently:

> At present I am interested in three things only—Charka (native spinning), Hindu-Moslem unity, and removal of untouchability. Unless these three things are accomplished consistently with unity I shall consider that there is no place for me in the political life of the country. If these conditions are fulfilled and if No-Changers and Pro-changers, Moderates, Conventionists and all other parties unite, then only can I remain in political life; otherwise I shall retire and spin and meditate.

After the continued religious rioting at Delhi, Gandhi entered upon a twenty-one-days' fast as penance. America might not respond if Mr. Coolidge or even "Al" Smith started to fast as penance for a Ku Klux Klan riot. India,

however, was moved by Gandhi's act. A religious-unity conference was called. Both Moslems and Hindus pledged themselves to toleration on the vexed questions of cow slaughter and the right to play music near mosques. The conference established a Central Arbitration Board of fifteen members with Gandhi as chairman to settle similar disputes in the future. The Hindu Feast of Sacrifice which ended in bloodshed may yet mark a step toward that unity for which Gandhi is working so desperately.

IBN SAUD, CHIEF OF THE WAHABIS of Central Arabia, has forced Hussein, king of the Hejaz and commander of the Moslem holy places, to abdicate. But British imperial policy is sufficiently supple to meet such a blow at its prestige as the defeat of one king equipped and financed with British gold. Winston Churchill let the cat out of the bag when explaining the Arabian situation to the House of Commons in 1921. Ibn Saud, he said, had been in "a state of warfare, raid, and reprisal with King Hussein and with his neighbors generally"; nevertheless, Churchill had arranged for peace. The British Government would continue the subsidy of £60,000 a year which Ibn Saud had been receiving, and would in addition make him a lump-sum grant of £20,000! The ways of diplomacy are devious. When the Nationalist Turks drove the caliph out of Constantinople the British gave support to Hussein's claim upon the title of head of the Moslem world. And if Ibn Saud drives Hussein, the British puppet, out of Mecca, Mecca will still be ruled by a man heavily in Britain's debt.

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S GOVERNMENT seems, as we go to press, about to lose the last of its nine lives. It has trembled on the brink of destruction many times since, nine months ago, it began a precarious career. For Ramsay MacDonald has never had a majority behind him; Labor has not even been the largest party in Parliament, and the existence of the Labor Government has depended upon the lukewarm support of members of the other parties. In nine months MacDonald has done much for Europe, but the radicals within his own party have been disturbed by his absorption in Continental politics. The incident of the biscuit manufacturer and the motor car undoubtedly hurt him. Lloyd George has seized upon the incomplete Russian treaty as a useful electoral bogy, and the Tories are aroused because the Government dropped the case against a Communist arrested for inciting to mutiny. None of these, of course, is ground enough to explain the fall of a ministry. Ramsay MacDonald has achieved that pacification of Europe which the Tory and Liberal governments were unable to accomplish; France is ready to welcome Germany into the League; the tension of a year ago is relaxed. So the dogs of domestic politics are free to bark again.

EDWARD A. FILENE of Boston liked Mr. Bok's peace plan so well that he offered similar prizes in France, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy for the best answers to the question, "How can security and prosperity be restored in France, Germany, etc., and in Europe through international cooperation?" More than 15,000 plans were submitted. A comparison of the German and French winning plans shows many points of similarity—acceptance of the Dawes scheme, utilization of the League of Nations and an extension of its responsibility, recognition of the economic unity of Europe, and the necessity for control of raw materials. The French plan urges the formation of a League of European States in addition to the League of Nations; while the author of the German plan urges greater use of the Interparliamentary Union, an association of active or ex-members of national parliaments, in order to further the cause of international arbitration. The German plan damns the Treaty of Versailles as the root of all evil and then proceeds to quote from it some excellent suggestions which the Allies have ignored. One of the German prize-winners suggests that

> the other Powers do their part in opening their archives and thus provide a basis for an impartial discussion of the guilt question—a discussion whose outcome would have the very greatest importance in the moral evaluation of Germany among the nations."

THE DENIAL OF A NEW TRIAL to Sacco and Vanzetti by Judge Thayer was not unexpected and should not be too much of a disappointment to the believers in justice who patiently and devotedly have struggled for more than four years to save two probably innocent Italians from death. It was before Judge Thayer that the trial was held, and not a few of those present felt that the court showed a bias against the defendants which was at least partly responsible for the verdict of guilty. The probability of bias on Judge Thayer's part at the trial has been greatly strengthened by his refusal to reopen the case, for it seems impossible that any unprejudiced mind could calmly review the seance of hysteria and hate that was unfolded in his court in 1921 without feeling that it must have eventuated in a gross miscarriage of justice. Fortunately the fight is not lost. A demand for a new trial can and must be made to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. All honor is due to the little group that has so long stuck by these moneyless prisoners. The effort deserves all the moral and financial assistance which readers of *The Nation* can give.

WHENEVER THE PUBLIC hears of an expedition to recover treasure from the sea it pictures a vague and romantic—and probably unsuccessful—quest after the hidden wealth of Captain Kidd, or something equally fantastic. Few persons realize that most such expeditions are eminently practical; that raising sunken treasure from the deep is an established business with a technique as well developed as that applied to erecting a skyscraper or boring a tunnel. Thus the divers who have gone to the Virginia capes to salvage the gold from the Ward liner Merida—sunk in collision in 1911—are on no wild-goose chase; theirs is a business venture, although more speculative than most salvage operations because of the probable difficulty of finding the vessel. The World War brought a great revival in salvage, owing to the large number of vessels sunk by submarines or otherwise. The British Admiralty quietly salvaged nearly 500 ships, valued with their cargoes at £50,000,000, during the conflict. After the armistice it raised the Vindictive, which had been filled with cement and sunk in Ostend harbor to spoil it as a submarine base. But the Admiralty's greatest feat was the recovery of the treasure of the Laurentic, sunk by a submarine off the north coast of Ireland in 1917 in 120 feet of storm-tossed water. Work was interrupted again and again by rough weather, but after seven years £4,750,000 out of a total of £5,000,000 had been recovered.

"Ain't Goin' to Study War No More"?

THE League of Nations has at last buckled down seriously to its primary task. The Assembly of the League, in which the little nations as well as the great take part, has done what the Council, dominated by the Great Powers of the war-time Entente, had failed to do: It has forced a world move toward disarmament. It has taken action worthy of that oft-forgotten preamble to the League Covenant: "The High Contracting Parties, in order to promote international cooperation and to achieve international peace and security *by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war* . . . agree to this Covenant of the League of Nations."

Representatives of forty-seven nations submitted the protocol elaborated in the commissions of the League. Aristide Briand, six times premier of France, pledged the ratification of France, declaring that:

> The protocol framed by the League of Nations constitutes the most formidable obstacle to war ever devised by the human mind. If it is voted you, its framers and sponsors, will have the right to say you have installed peace in the world.

Since the Hague conferences no such serious effort toward peace has been made by the nations of the world, and the Geneva protocol is a glorious advance over the Hague conventions. It ought to be, with the World War intervening. And yet, with the fresh memory of that "war to end war" and of the peace that came so near to ending peace, the world must push beyond oratorical enthusism and analyze every fervent hope. It will not do to break the heart of the world again.

What is this "most formidable obstacle to war ever framed"? It is, first of all, not a treaty for disarmament; that is left to a conference to be called next June, if meanwhile three of the four Great Powers (Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan) permanently represented on the League Council and at least ten other Powers ratify the protocol. It is intended to be a treaty of security, making disarmament possible. The method of attaining that security is a compromise between the point of view represented at Geneva by Ramsay MacDonald and that represented by the French spokesmen. The Geneva protocol, while it begins with an agreement for compulsory arbitration, ends with a series of sanctions to be applied against a state which breaks the agreement. There lies the danger. The protocol is not merely a covenant to outlaw war; it is a covenant to outlaw any nation that resorts to war, and even, perhaps, an agreement to make war jointly against any such nation.

Agreement upon compulsory arbitration is a giant step forward along the path to world peace. It is a development of an historic policy of the Government of the United States. We accepted arbitration in days when the idea of international arbitration was young; we led in the struggle to establish effective international courts at the two Hague conferences; Elihu Root was chairman of the commission which drew up the first draft of the present World Court, providing for universal jurisdiction, for arbitration of all international disputes. That provision was rejected by the Council of the League, although it is the very cornerstone of any possible peace. That the League has now returned to it proves that even among diplomats progress is possible.

But this agreement among the members of the League not to have recourse to war against each other (except in case of resistance to immediate acts of aggression) must be studied with its context. It suffers, first of all, from the fundamental defect of the League—its own exclusions. Provision can be made for inclusion of Powers which, like the United States, remain outside of the League of their own free will; but what of Powers, like Germany and Soviet Russia, which have been deliberately excluded? The protocol provides an opportunity for them to sign, but "on the dotted line." No peace-pact can appeal to them unless they have a share in framing it.

A second difficulty has been over-advertised on its less important side. The Japanese delegation demanded that the protocol include some provision for discussion of disputes which the World Court might declare to be matters of purely domestic concern; and the final draft includes a provision permitting discussion of such questions before the Council of the League. The Japanese presumably had in mind the possibility of raising the question of immigration before an international forum, and that, in the present state of American opinion, would not be tolerated. The suggestion of such a possibility in connection with the League can only prejudice American opinion against the whole program—even against any arbitration agreement. Yet sooner or later American opinion will have to awaken from its provincialism. The world is not a series of hermetically sealed chambers. If Brazil, in a captious mood, were to refuse to send us coffee or rubber; or if European countries should dare make laws restricting the privileges of American business men, we should cease talking of "purely domestic affairs." Indeed, Mr. Hughes has shouted from the housetops his conviction that Mexican and Russian laws are as much his business and Mr. Doheny's as they are Trotzky's or Calles's.

To experienced European minds, indeed, the loophole allowed must seem, if anything, too small. The Italians would like to discuss the question of international allocation of raw materials. Even more pressing is the question of European boundaries. The protocol would seem to rivet upon Europe the chains cast in 1919. French statesmen are already glowingly proclaiming that it eternalizes the boundaries fixed by the treaties. Those boundaries may be an improvement upon the prewar frontiers; but some among them cannot be maintained forever. Jugoslavia holds a section of Macedonia which is predominantly Bulgarian in population; Italy holds the purely German South Tyrol; and Poland has an extended eastern frontier which even Polish statesmen admit in private must be revised. How shall opportunity be provided to correct those unrighteous frontiers?

If a Power refuses arbitration, or refuses to accept the decision, and makes war, it is defined as the aggressor and in that case a whole series of sanctions are set on foot against it. What these are the cabled summaries do not make clear. Even the New York *Times*, usually so invaluable for its complete texts of important documents, printed only a muddled summary of the protocol. Yet the question of these sanctions, demanded by the French, is all-important. If, as some dispatches hint, they militarize the heart of the peace pact, another great hope will go a-glimmering.

Some of us hoped that the United States would take the lead in another great disarmament conference. Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hughes, afraid of the political consequences, hesitated; and Geneva took the lead. The product of its effort is a compromise; it may include provisions impossible for the United States to accept. Yet if the text of this League protocol gives any serious hope of world peace the United States must agree to participate in the world disarmament conference, by whomever it may be called.

Government Ownership to the Fore

WHAT would the Republicans and Democrats do if they did not have the La Follette platform to berate? There is General Dawes, for instance. His speeches are devoted almost entirely to showing that the Progressive Supreme-Court and railroad planks stamp Senator La Follette as a Red of the deepest dye. Now Secretary Hoover has taken a hand and, ever a defender of the existing order, has come to the rescue of private ownership of railroads in a speech which must have cost the Republican campaign committee at least $30,000, since it was broadcast to the public from fourteen radio stations. There is no denying that he put his case as ably as we have seen it presented. At least it was one of the few really reasoned arguments which have come from the Republican camp since, early in this campaign, they suddenly found that Mr. La Follette had given them something else to do besides merely declaring that all is well in the world.

We are glad that Mr. Hoover was as effective as he was, because we welcome the pushing of this railroad issue to the front. We do not believe that it will hurt the La Follette cause in the long run, for where it will repel timid souls in the East who really believe, in their innocence, that if elected Robert La Follette would bring about government ownership on March 5, 1925, it will win votes in the West. More than that, this issue has come into our politics to stay; hence we rejoice that a serious discussion of it is under way. It is one of the fundamental proposals of the La Follette platform. Like *The Nation,* Senator La Follette has been slow to come to government ownership and has apparently done so only because of the conscientious belief that unless we take this bulwark of privilege complete victory will not be possible. In this connection we hear from reliable sources that shortly before his death Woodrow Wilson had become converted on this issue and that government ownership was to have been one of the planks in the platform he was drafting for presentation at the last Democratic convention.

We do not know, of course, precisely what won over Mr. Wilson, it may be the fact that Canada now owns more than 60 per cent of her railroads and will, if students of Canadian affairs are correct, own the rest of them within five years. Canada's experience ought certainly to convince the American public that our republic will not collapse over night should we decide to take over the railroads. The losses reported on the government railroads in Canada have been due primarily to overcapitalization and to other causes which are removable. There is already a marked improvement in the situation; and no effort is being made to turn the roads back to private ownership. In England, too, the drift is noticeably toward a more serious consideration of the government's relationship to transportation lines. If it be pointed out that England is a much smaller country than ours and that the railroad problem there is somewhat different, we are still of the opinion that our railroads can be taken over without the republic going to pieces through that inefficiency, that stilling of private energy and enterprise, and the creation of a railroad bureaucracy exerting undue influence upon our political life which Mr. Hoover so dreads.

Government ownership would bring grave problems with it—evils if one pleases; but we have come to our position after a deliberate weighing of those evils against the worse evils of the present system. We have a railroad bureaucracy now, influencing our public life—and we have no adequate check upon it. The "invisible empire" which Woodrow Wilson declared in 1912 was ruling us for the benefit of special interests has never been destroyed. It is more powerful than ever, and the cries of anger and alarm which are now going up are proof of the value which that empire places upon this fortification. Take the railroads out of Wall Street and a deadly blow will have been struck at that corporate control of our political life—that corporate control which can conceive of nothing better for American citizens than a continuance of the rule of Calvin Coolidge and of the Cabinet in which "only three out of ten" have so far been proved incompetent or corrupt. Certainly no one can deny that those vested interests which are based upon special railroad privileges continue to grow. Mr. Hoover to the contrary notwithstanding, government regulation has utterly failed to end discrimination and special favor; and there is no reason to suppose that can be done short of elimination of private ownership and Wall Street control.

Finally, our readers must not forget that government ownership is not the same as government operation, and that before the latter need come to pass some plan of joint democratic operation by a board representing the railroad workers, the public, and the government may be tried. The outstanding fact remains that the beef trust, the coal trust, the steel trust, and the oil trust are still fortified and intrenched by their alliance with the railroads—an alliance which the people must and shall destroy.

Catching Up with Shaw

FOR the controversalist who wishes to achieve a really lasting fame it is probably better to be wrong than right. The last leader of a lost cause can have no successor, and his niche in history is secure; but he who fights on the winning side is destined to see his pet idea become a commonplace and his most daring epigram reduced to a platitude. The wrong-headed toryism of Dr. Johnson makes him, even today, a picturesque and interesting figure, whereas his liberal opponents have sunk into insignificance. They have been left too far behind to be greatly admired, and while he seems to deal in brilliant and perverse paradoxes they parrot tepid commonplaces which, however true, have long ceased to be interesting.

Even Bernard Shaw must pay the penalty of being a logical and constructive thinker who imposes his truths on his own generation and thus encourages a new genera-

tion to go on beyond him. For prefaces historical, critical, and historio-sociological or for sermons absolute he is still the best in the world; but it is doubtful if any ordinary reader of the new preface to "Saint Joan" would think of applying to it any of those adjectives like "acrobatic" and "paradoxical" which were formerly ejaculated as a matter of course by even his most ardent defenders at the appearance of each new work. Rather would the ideas there expressed seem to such a reader merely common sense, brilliantly phrased perhaps, but by no means fantastic or paradoxical. Even the once famous insolence seems no longer particularly insolent. That Shakespeare's historical plays are not, in the modern sense, historical at all and that when Schiller made his tragedy of Joan turn upon a wholly fictitious yielding to romantic love he robbed the story of its significance for a generation which is no longer interested in the idea of frigidity as a magic charm—these things are scarcely less than obvious. "Better than Shakespeare?" and "Better than Schiller?" have become, even with the question mark (once passionately urged in their defense) omitted, quite reasonable phrases.

Thus far, even within his own lifetime, has extended that process by which the most brilliant thought becomes, as a penalty for its truth, commonplace. Already the world is beginning to catch up with Shaw. Doubtless neither we nor our grandchildren shall live long enough to see him completely outmoded. But Shaw himself has set his scenes in times lying ahead "as far as thought can reach." Thus it is not unfitting to wonder what will be his fate milleniums hence. Fortunately for his fame he has what most pamphleteers lack—wit enough to keep him long sweet, and doubtless even in that distant age when youths are born full grown from eggs and all men are Shavians there will still be delight in the skill of his trusts for those with sufficient imagination to recreate the past. But many a schoolmaster, expounding Shaw's works in connection with the other ancient classics of the twentieth century, will be compelled to counter the objections of striplings who find his work platitudinous. Laboriously explaining, as many a schoolmaster of today has explained in connection with worthies of our own past, the teacher will say: "But we must remember, children, that after all he does have a certain historical interest. He was the first to give currency to many ideas which are familiar to us but which were, in those days of ignorance and superstition, almost unheard of. Indeed, there is some evidence for the belief that many of his more slow-thinking contemporaries regarded him as little better than a juggler of fantastic paradoxes."

"Eats"

WHEN the editors of this journal get tired of uplifting humanity, and settle down to making money instead, they are going to start a magazine about food. It will bear the succinct and succulent title *Eats*. It will contain such appetizing recipes and such exalted discussions on food as to make the mouth of the public water just to see it on the newsstands. The success of *Eats* is foreordained by past experience. Whenever we write an article urging men to be better, truer, and more beautiful, nobody reads it except the printer, but as often as we discuss the divine art of cooking and the poetry of the palate, the post office has to put on an extra carrier to deliver the letters from our loving friends.

Recently, for instance, we said a word about clam chowder, laying down the proposition that the dish was unknown to New York City; it was only in New England, we said, that people knew how to make it—that is, *with milk*. At once we began to receive letters telling us places in New York City where "real clam chowder" was to be had. Of course, we did not try any of these places because we might have liked the chowder and that would prove our editorial wrong. And if there is one thing that spoils our day it is for somebody to write in—as they're always doing—to prove an editorial wrong.

But there were also letters sustaining our position. New England rallied magnificently and unanimously behind our contention that New England was the only home of true clam chowder. The Gorton-Pew Fisheries Company of Gloucester wrote a professional confirmation of our stand, while Perry Walton of Boston sent assurance that the only Simon-pure clam chowder is made at Chatham, Cape Cod. He said:

> I have a man of all work who fits the term better than any one I ever knew. In the first place, he bears a name that goes back to the founders of the town. He has been before the mast in every kind of a ship in every port of the seven seas. What he doesn't know about gardening, fishing, navigating, carpentering, painting, and even machinery is useless to know. He had been talking all summer about his clam chowders, so I said to him: "Alfred, we'll go out on Monomoy and dig a few quahogs." We got a half bucket of clams.

We interrupt our correspondent's yarn only long enough to observe that at least he starts right. He begins with half a bucket of clams, in distinction from most of our restaurauteur friends, who begin with a whole bucket of water. But let him go on with the description of how his man of all work proceeded:

> This is the way he made his chowder. He took about five slices of pork cut a quarter of an inch thick and minced them into little cubes of the same dimension. These he put in a boiler on a hot fire to fry out the fat. After the fat was fried out, he carefully lifted every bit of pork but the grease which was left. In the meanwhile he ran the clams through a meat chopper. Then taking three onions, carefully paring them, he ran them through the same chopper into the receptacle containing the clams. Allowing the clam juice to settle, he poured off what remained into the bowl containing the clams and the onions, which he then put on the stove to boil for twenty minutes, having first added the pork grease and about two tablespoonsful of flour carefully dissolved in water and free from lumps, in lieu of the cornstarch which he said was preferable. After the whole had been boiled for twenty minutes, he set it aside and allowed it to cool, so that he could pour in a quart of milk without curdling it. While cooking, he added pepper and salt to season it, remarking as he did so: "I al'ays b'lieve in seasonin' while I'm cookin'."
>
> There were six of us who sat down to lunch with that clam chowder as the *pièce de résistance*, and there wasn't one who had not two helpings. We felt that Alfred knew more about cooking than a chef of a modern hotel in addition to his other accomplishments, and also learned that potatoes are a *bête noire* to a real chowder. "They take all the flavor out of the clams," was Alfred's explanation.

When we start that magazine *Eats*, we shall have the editorial offices on Cape Cod so as to lunch with Alfred and his clam chowder.

Be Brisk With Babbitt

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

I. A Booster for Coolidge

THOUGH I had been sent to Zenith to interview Mr. George F. Babbitt in the matter of the presidential campaign, I did not see him for two days after my arrival. I felt that as a background to the story I ought to consider the city, study its changes in the three years since I had viewed it.

I was not altogether ingenuous in my purpose. The fact is that a Tory in New York had accused me of encountering in various American cities only the highbrows, and, after denying it with the indignation which the truth of the statement naturally aroused, I privately repented and vowed that I would go into the plain, simple, normal, wholesome, and otherwise painful aspects of some Hundred Per Cent American Community.

So for two days of six hundred hours each I trudged the unending streets of Zenith. I saw that there were numbers of delicatessens, laundries, trolley cars, radio supply shops, billboards, people, and new fall felt hats, but otherwise I have no revolutionary discoveries to report.

Now, among the more select and intellectual circles of Zenith I am somewhat known because of three lectures on the "The Influence of the Atharva Veda and Duns Scotus on the Manner of Edith Wharton," which I delivered at Symphony Hall in 1920. Or it may have been my impersonation of a clergyman at the Press Club Get-together Dinner. Anyway, I know most of the newspapermen, and toward evening of my second lonely day I came into the Hotel Thornleigh to find Eddie Morrissey of the *Advocate-Times* waiting for me.

"Hello, why didncha let me know you were in town say is this the right dope Ernest Boyd pulled about Scott Moncrieff's translation of Proust what you in town for say the city editor says I gotta interview you got any preferences or shall I just write it how about a little poker this evening say do you think I could get a job in New York or London there'll be just five or six of us playing," observed Eddie.

During the evening I admitted to him, with secrecy, that I contemplated interviewing Mr. Babbitt.

Next morning, at eight, a peculiarly gloomy portion of the dawn, I was aroused by the telephone.

"This is George Babbitt speaking. Heard you wanted to see me. Just drop in at the office at any time," said a brisk but manly voice.

"Well——"

"I hate being interviewed. What I feel is that if a man can't conduct his business without a lot of this personal publicity and social items, he'd better quit. But it's always a pleasure to meet you boys from out of town, and if there's anything I can tell——"

"I think I'd better come in this afternoon."

"All right. Any time. Whenever it's convenient."

I seemed safe till noon. But at nineteen minutes past nine there was a knock, a lot of knocks, and sulkily I opened the door on a beaming, ruddy, well-padded, round-faced gentleman with large rimless spectacles—Mr. George F. Babbitt.

"Well, well, well, well," said Mr. Babbitt. "Going by the hotel and thought I'd save you the trouble of looking me up. Now, look here, I don't want you to get the idea I like being interviewed, or that I think my political ideas are of significance——"

"Come in. Mind sitting— Oh, just throw that shirt and stuff on the floor."

"——or, to be perfectly frank, even of interest to the body politic as a whole. In fact, I feel that as a plain business man who has no share in politics except to build up his party and play the role of good citizen so far as it may be in his power I have no right to even try to influence others. But— Eddie Morrissey 'phoned me that you'd like to know my opinion on Cal and La Follette and Davis, so I said if I can help him out in any way——

"Now, here's how I figure it out. Trying to put aside all prejudices, I've finally decided that any vote except one cast for Coolidge is a vote thrown away. You see, all things considered, it's like this: I feel there's been a lot of misjudgment of Cal. I know he isn't as showy as Harding and Bill Bryan and Dawes and a lot of obviously brainy men like that, but my feeling is that he's a fellow who takes his time to make up his mind and to weigh all sides of the question. He's not a fellow that goes off half-cocked, or that yields to every passing wave of the ill-balanced popular winds of fashion. And then another thing:

"I've had an opportunity of getting a viewpoint on America and its relations to the world such as mighty few folks are lucky enough to have. Fact, I've been to Europe!"

"Really?"

"Yump. Seen the whole thing from Puncture to Blow-out, as the fellow says. Do you remember Paul Riesling—great friend of mine—skinny fellow with black hair? (Lord, you'd love Paul! Honestly, he's the real goods, and you ought to hear him fiddle—I've been told, on good authority, that if he took it up professionally instead of sticking to the roofing business, he'd put Kreisler and all these birds right out of the running. One of these dreamers, but right on the job just the same.)

"Well. Paul 'd had a lot of trouble, one kind and another, and he was sort of going to pieces. I had a hunch —the poor kid has always wanted to go to Europe—I says to him, 'If the wife will give me the time off, I'm going to lug you over to Gay Paree and get your mind off your worries.' Well, sir, you certainly got to hand it to Myra. All she said was: 'Go the limit as long as you don't bring home one of these Paris cuties with you!' and so off we went.

"Well, sir, of course I'd always known that Europe wasn't efficient like the U. S., but I'd never appreciated what that *meant*. The very first thing we hit on the steamer was an Englishman, and I said to him: 'Well, what's your impression of the States?'

" 'Magnificent country,' he says.

" 'Glad you liked it,' I says.

" 'Splendid machinery,' he says.

" 'Well,' I says, 'I'm glad you liked it.'

" 'There's only one thing,' he says. 'There isn't any hospitality.'

"Well, of course that knocked me for a row of radio sets, because anybody that knows anything about the U. S. knows that while we may have our faults, we're the most hospitable people on earth. Look at the good time we gave the Prince of Wales, polo and everything—prob'ly you noticed how grateful he was in this letter he gave out when he was leaving. So I thought probably this English fellow was trying to jolly me, and I says, 'Yes, it's a shame. We don't hardly ever give our guests anything more than the madame's pearl necklace and the baby's bottle.'

"You know how these blinkin' Britishers look at you sometimes—as if they thought it was somebody else they'd been talking to and suddenly discovered it was only you? Well, that's how he looked, and then he says:

" 'No, seriously. I'd bloomin' well heard——'

"I can't do the English accent the way he did it. You know how funny they talk—the way they keep dragging in Fancy and Quite and all those trick words. But I mean: He said:

" 'I'd always blinkin' well heard—and not just from you bloomin' Americans alone—that you're so all-fired hospitable. What I found was that in America my host didn't hesitate one jolly bit to lug me out to a gathering where we weren't even expected, and I'd be taken in as one of the family. A bunch of birds would slap me on me back and call me by me jolly old first name, don'cha know, and I'd feel awfully welcome and all that sort of thing.' (You know how they talk, but I can't exactly get it, even though I was in England, and one of my best friends is Sir Gerald Doak, this famous steel man, regular bang-up member of the aristocracy, they say he knows Lord Leverhulme intimately. But I'll just give you an idea of the way he put it.)

" 'But, then,' he says, 'after I'd met all these folks so darn' chummy-like,' he says, 'I never would come to know them one jolly bit better, and if I ever handed them out any ideas or opinions or anything that was different from their own, they'd throw me out.

" 'Now, in England,' he says, 'you don't slap a fellow on the back—if you ever do that sort of thing—till you're gol-blimey well sure you know him, and after that he's one of your own folks. In America you have railroad-station hospitality—everybody welcome to come in and then invited to keep right on moving, but in Great Britain we have fireside hospitality, the kind that lasts.'

"I'm telling you all this because it's such a good sample of the way Europeans don't get America. Talking about it on the steamer coming home, a lot of folks were wondering why it was, but I explained it—you see a fellow gets onto a lot of human slants and psychology in the real estate business. I explained to 'em that the reason Europeans don't understand us is because they're all *jealous* of us, and so they simply won't let themselves be adaptable and consider new viewpoints and take the trouble to get a real genuine insight into other nations, the way Americans do.

"Well. We had a pretty good time, at that. O course London is awful' slow, after New York and Chicago—hardly a skyscraper in the whole burg, and no cabarets or elevateds or anything—people so darn' conservative and old-fashioned that they can't see the need of getting down to business and hustling if they're going to take their part in modern competition. But I had a fine time with Sir Gerald Doak. Unfortunately Lady Doak was away, so he couldn't invite us to Nottingham, but he took us to lunch at his club, and he slipped us a lot of real inside information—how this Ramsay MacDonald was in the pay of the Soviets.

"And we found one awfully nice place—the Cheshire Cheese—that's where this Dr. Johnson, you know, the famous author that wrote a lot of books, where he used to hang out, and say, they've got a dandy book there that all the visitors write in—some of the cutest things you ever saw, poetry and sketches and everything, and almost all of 'em by Americans—I was mighty proud of my country after I saw that book. I remember there was one piece written by a gentleman from Omaha that ran something like this:

> Here's to the good old Cheshire Cheese,
> That tries hard every Yank to please;
> And when I drink old ale in prime condition,
> I don't know as I think so much of prohibition.

"Well, I saw the whole works—Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace and the Tower and everything, and made a study of business conditions—looked over several department stores and so on—not one-two-three beside the American stores.

"I could see Paul was still feeling touchy, and I let him go off by himself. At the Chesshire Cheese I ran into a dandy couple—Mr. and Mrs. Smith of San Francisco, I wonder if you ever met him, he's in the insurance business—and we three chased around together, and evenings we'd look for some regular American movie and kind of take it easy and get back at ourselves for working so hard at sight-seeing all day.

"And we did the English country, too. Paul had some crazy idea about wanting to moon around some out-of-town cathedral all day (some big Episcopalian cathedral, I think it was), so I let him beat it off by himself, and I and the Smiths and another dandy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Apstein of Milwaukee, he's in the machinery business, and their three kids, we all hired an automobile, and say, we made two hundred and thirty-seven miles in one day, including a stop for lunch.

"Then we went over to Paris, and Paul, he wanted to see some museums, I guess it was, so I hooked up with a peach of a fellow from Rochester, N. Y., that I met at the New York Bar—Evans, his name was—and him and Mrs. Evans and I, we certainly did that old town up brown—the Moulin Rouge and the Rat Mort and Zelli's (that's that dancing place—fellow runs it is an American, even if he has got a Dago name, and they have a swell American orchestra).

"And then on to Rome—met Dr. and Mrs. Simmons of Fargo on the train going down there, and we three bummed around together—not much to see there, if you want to know the truth—and then Florence (wasn't it?)—that's where I ran onto Reverend and Mrs. Jackson—no, in Madrid it was I met the Jacksons and—Oh, a slew of other places. Amsterdam and Switzerland and all over.

"Well, as you can see, I got a pretty thorough notion of Europe. And now here's where I come to the point.

"Europe is picturesque and quaint and historical and all that, but it's a gone goose; it hasn't got any pep. Why,

I've seen streets right in Rome, which the guide book calls the Eternal City, that they wouldn't stand for in Punkin Center—dirty, narrow, stinking alleys worse 'n any runway behind a garage!

"Now, of course a lot of fellows will tell you and talk about there not being any bathtubs in Europe. That shows they aren't observant. Makes me tired to hear a fellow just quoting conventional opinions and not using his eyes and being original. Paul and I didn't have a bit of trouble getting rooms with baths, at the Cecil in London or the Continental in Paris or anywhere. *But*——

"People over there don't know how to be friendly. When we landed in London, the bell-boy that took our grips up to the room was a bright-looking little tad, so I gave him a quarter—a shilling they call it—and I says to him, 'Say, buddy, are they pulling off any good movies in town this evening?' Well, sir, I bet I had to repeat it half a dozen times before I could make him understand.

"You see over there in England, they don't have regular public schools like ours, way I understand it, and there's a lot of hick dialects back in what they call the counties, so a lot of the common people don't hardly understand the Queen's English at all. And even when this boy did understand, and I kidded him a little about being so slow on the come-back, he didn't kid me back like a nice bright American bell-hop would. No democracy and friendliness. Same with the cops, when you'd try to stop and pass the time of day with 'em—looked at you like you were a Heathen Chinee.

"Now, another thing. They can talk about London being the big noise, but do you realize that the price per front foot of some of the best business properties in London is actually less than it is for corresponding locations right here in Zenith? That's a thing that ain't generally understood, and somebody ought to write it up and bring it to the attention of the general public more strongly.

"Then the taxicabs. Why, say, some of those old taxis in London couldn't make a two per cent grade on second! And the cocktails in London—why, right in the Cecil itself, which as you know is the bon-ton classy hotel of the whole country, where all the dukes and everybody stays, the clerk himself told me so—they didn't mix as good a cocktail as I can.

"And you hear so much about the food, but you couldn't get as good coffee at the Cecil as we have right at home, and when I asked How's chances on their digging up some corn on cob, the head waiter simply passed out.

"I'm glad to see this Scott Fitzgerald shows up French cooking, too, here in a recent *Saturday Evening Post*. He shows where all the wise birds in France duck these fancy sauces and everything and stick to American crackers and American cheese. Glad he explained that to people.

"And say, darned if every dining car in France didn't have toothpicks right on the table. Why, you take the greenest American boob you could find, and if you caught him swinging a toothpick publicly, he'd just about die of shame. And this is the country that thinks it has so much more class than the U. S. A.!

"So there you are. We've got it all over Europe. They simply want to make all they can out of us. And so—a thing that so many Americans can't understand, without they've had the privilege of studying Europe first-hand—our game is to keep clear of Europe, and it's my firm conviction, first, last, and all the time, that the man who can best keep us clear of European entanglements is that most American and even Yankee of all our greater statesmen—Calvin Coolidge!

"Now, of course there are those that insist La Follette is basically and fundamentally American. I heard a man in this town—Seneca Doane his name is, crank lawyer, I used to like him, fact he was a classmate of mine, and I agree with him that labor has its rights just as much as capital, providing it doesn't get funny and pull a lot of obstructive strikes and otherwise interfere with the conduct of necessary and constructive business—but I mean, I heard this Doane give a smart-aleck talk about how in Wisconsin La Follette duplicated the simplicity and democracy of the old days, and Doane said he was agin the Supreme Court because the Supreme Court itself was agin the Constitution, and how *he* was the One Hundred Per Cent American and not Daugherty. *All* that junk.

"Now, what are the facts? La Follette is a man that's always talking about public ownership, and from that to communism and chaos there's only one step. And a boy from here that was in Washington representing the *Advocate* for several months tells me that he was on the inside and got all the dope, and seems La Follette has entertained Germans and Russians right in his own home. He lets on to be opposed to the League of Nations and foreign entanglements, but didn't he deliberately go over to Moscow and get right in with that murderous Soviet crowd, here not long ago?

"In other words, he's the sort of fellow that if he once got to be President and was given a free rein, he'd be negotiating with Germany and Russia and France and God knows what all nations, and getting us mixed up with that bunch of has-beens and hoboes and highfalutin' four-flushers over there instead of sticking to business and growing corn and selling real estate.

"Maybe Davis ain't as bad. The papers all say he's a Southern Gentleman, and of course the Southerners are great folks for the home virtues, but still, he's been ambassador to England, and when you think of the way the papers say the Prince of Wales was staying up till all hours dancing every night when he was here, you can readily see that isn't the kind of training you want for a man that's going to keep us free of foreign entanglements, and enable business to have that feeling of security and progress which will enable it to make such extensions as are necessary if we are ever to fulfill our manifest destiny of controlling the industrial affairs of the world and you can't shake a hoof all night and be down at the office at nine. And without that, how is business going to have sufficiently rapid turnovers to assure to every working man that high standard of comfort——

"There was a cartoon in the *Saturday Evening Post* that showed where, unlike Europe, every American laborer owns a nice automobile and a dandy little detached cottage, and you don't find *that* in Europe, do you!

"So that's why I'm going to vote for Coolidge, and I hope I've made my line of reasoning clear to you.

"You see, I've done pretty well in the real-estate game, all things considered. And I want to be permitted to go right on doing well, you can bet your life on that! And if La Follette thinks I'm going to hand my business over to a lot of European paupers or to the Government—well, he guessed wrong, that's all!"

(*To be continued next week*)

The Prairies Catching Fire

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Minneapolis, Minnesota, October 4

A MORE baffling political campaign this country has never seen—as to that observers are agreed. From State after State comes the same report—from Nebraska, Iowa, Ohio, Illinois—and it reads: "Everything confused here." Even in Minnesota the evidence is extraordinarily conflicting, so that he who would prophesy must take serious chances with his reputation. Men of absolute reliability come to you and tell you of conditions in their section of the State and five minutes later their statements are flatly contradicted by the next man you meet. In Urbana, Illinois, some people told me that the nearby farmers were either for Coolidge or apathetic; others declared that the German-American farmers in the vicinity were unanimously for La Follette and that there was a good deal of stirring and unrest among the others. A traveling man testified that the tide had been setting to La Follette, but that it had turned and was now favoring Coolidge. Meanwhile the La Follette workers assure me that their candidate gets stronger every day! What should one believe?

Now, as a result of all these contradictions and cross currents I am prepared to prophesy that La Follette will either carry three States or a dozen between Ohio and California; and I venture that with no little trembling, so much depends upon the work done by all the parties between now and election day. Can the farmers in Illinois and Ohio be reached by the Progressives? Can the Republican vote be got out in Minnesota? Will there be money enough for the La Follette campaign, time to get a large band of speakers under way, and to send out a lot of printed matter? How far will the skyrocketing prices of rye and wheat affect the farmer vote? Will the Republicans at last get their campaign under way and if so will they concentrate on several doubtful States as they seem to have decided to on Iowa and flood them with money, of which they have such an abundance? If one knew the answer to such questions prophesying would be easier. Meanwhile it is only safe to say that La Follette's chances are improving all along the line in the Central West, that the other parties are slow to their tasks, and that among their followers there is genuine apathy, while the La Follette workers are bending to their tasks with an enthusiasm and a devotion which in considerable degree offset their lack of experience and their empty treasuries.

Money, organization, and leaders—how much they mean in a hastily improvised campaign like this one cannot appreciate until one goes from city to city and State to State. There are fine men at work both from the ranks of labor, from the Farmer-Labor forces, and from the general liberal public. Many of them are learning the game as they go along and are building their machines as best they may when their cupboards are bare. Men and women work long, long hours, night after night; they iron out difficulty after difficulty only to confront others. And yet the progress made has been amazing. Everywhere the La Follette forces have been the first to get under way and the publicity they achieve is remarkable.

Middle-class citizens have been so stuffed with the Coolidge myth and the assurances of most of the big dailies that Coolidge will be elected by a landslide that the election is to them not a bit of a sporting event. He is more interested in the baseball pennants and scandal than in his politics and, if he is a Democrat, he at least has the excuse that party leaders and spellbinders have let him alone much longer than usual. But the farther west you get the less the apathy is.

Here in Minnesota politics are really teeming. They are not only helping to choose the President; they are electing a Senator to succeed Magnus Johnson, and also choosing a Governor. The election is really in the air and the campaigning bears many of the old familiar aspects. The Farmer-Laborites are out to win and even the Republican headquarters admit privately that La Follette will carry this State. They also believe that Magnus Johnson will be defeated and so do many newspaper men, but the Republican leaders are not rejoicing over that, for Congressman Thomas D. Schall, who is running against Johnson, was not their choice. Even though he is out for Coolidge and Dawes, they feel, with justice, that he is not to be relied upon by them or by the Progressive group in Congress—he is a vacillating person. But he is a robust campaigner who makes a sympathetic appeal because he has been blind for eighteen years and is led on to the platform by his wife. Many of those who are most prominent in Schall's campaign admit that they will vote for La Follette; just as many Farmer-Laborites tell you they will bolt Johnson—a situation characteristic of the cross-currents.

The outcome of all the contests in Minnesota now rests upon developments in the Twin Cities. The rural districts seem overwhelmingly for La Follette and Johnson—to a lesser degree for the latter. If there is a large registration in St. Paul and Minneapolis, particularly of women, it will threaten the Progressive national and State tickets, for the bulk of the women are conservative. Magnus Johnson was elected in an off year and in the middle of summer. There is always a much larger vote in a presidential year than in the off ones and the growth of the electorate makes people believe that this year no less than 700,000 votes will be cast—Johnson won last year with 325,000. Yet there is absolute confidence, even among the political writers on hostile papers, that La Follette at least will win.

In Illinois the situation is far more difficult to analyze. It is generally agreed that Governor Len Small, who so nearly went to prison last year, will walk off with the gubernatorial prize this year, his being the good luck to have the enmity of the Chicago *Tribune*. To have the *Tribune's* support these days is to court defeat. Ex-Governor Deneen, the Republican candidate, is also picked to win the Senatorship. But when you enter the national field the evidence is once more so conflicting as to make guessing impossible. La Follette is running well in Chicago, in the coal-mining districts in the southern part of the State, and in certain farming sections where German-Americans predominate. It is conservative to say that 60 per cent of the large German-American population of the State will cast their ballots for La Follette.

The Negroes are standing by Coolidge despite his silence on the Klan, or are going to Davis. No effective work is being done among them for the third party, which has not picked the right persons to handle the situation. The middle class and the business crowd are as everywhere overwhelmingly for Coolidge, but they are so certain of victory that they are not working or caring, and that is helping the "radicals." Probably the leaders will scare them into activity a little later. Meanwhile, in view of the uncertainty as to the attitude of the farmers, I cannot place this State in the La Follette column. I believe that it will stand by its own beloved Dawes and Coolidge by a large majority.

In Ohio things bear still another aspect; there the big cities are going for La Follette. This is conceded by the local political writers. In Dayton, for instance, at a recent mayoralty election the Socialists needed only 2,000 more votes to carry the city. The La Follette managers are confident that they will add so many liberal votes to the enrolled Socialists that they will easily carry the city. The Socialists are running the campaign and are working hard for victory. A leading journalist admitted this and at the same time spoke of the unparalleled lack of interest in the other camps. He had heard nothing of any stirring at Democratic headquarters, and the Republicans had only the night before agreed upon a campaign chairman and ended dangerous internal dissensions. In Cleveland the State La Follette organization, a group of able young men, is certain that not only the city and county but that the State will be carried by the Progressives. Newspaper men of varying faiths conceded Dayton and Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Columbus, and Hamilton. But here again the question is, what will the farmers do? The La Follette leaders admit that they have not reached them. Railroad labor is unanimous for La Follette; if the other unions are not similarly united, that is because a number of labor leaders have had in the past very close associations with the Republican or Democratic machines and are not so easily detached from those alliances. But Peter Witt of Cleveland uttered a brilliant and a most illuminating truth when in one of his speeches he remarked: "Of course no labor leaders can deliver the whole labor vote in this election, because labor has delivered its leaders." That is literally the case; the leaders have in many instances been pushed into the movement by the demand from underneath that the La Follette ticket be supported.

In Ohio the movement has undoubtedly reached a great many of the men of the type to be found in city clubs everywhere. The third party is being taken seriously and earnestly discussed. On the other hand, two planks in the La Follette platform are keeping near-liberals from joining the movement—the Supreme Court and government-ownership issues—as if they were immediate questions. Upon them the conservative press, both Democratic and Republican, is pounding away. As the local press in the country districts is the usual machine-made type, the Ohio farmer is only getting the Republican point of view. If he can be educated, if the apathy among the old-line voters continues, if the money which is beginning to come in to La Follette headquarters in an increasing stream continues to pour in and effective campaigning is done, it is possible that Mr. Coolidge will be in for a severe shock when he reads the returns from Ohio. Certainly that State owes it to itself to purge its good name of the shame of the "Ohio gang."

Obviously in all that I have written there are many buts and ifs. That is unavoidable. But the amazing thing that I cannot get over is that so hastily improvised a machine has accomplished so much with so little means. The progress of the movement is astounding, for, aside from Ohio, where the Scripps newspapers are so powerful, there is very little newspaper support. The news of the movement goes from hand to hand, from mouth to mouth. The gospel is spread in the lodges, in the clubs, and in the hotel lobbies. One is astounded where one finds converts and that the converts are so comparatively well-informed. It all goes to prove that the country is ripe for the movement and there are many at the Chicago La Follette headquarters who believe that had they received in July a half million dollars in cash the country could have been carried. One cannot escape the poignant regret that the campaign could not have been planned, at least on paper, and organized last February or March. Had Senator La Follette announced his candidacy then instead of in July the old parties would be scared to death today.

Equally amazing is the profound feeling of gratitude and affection to Robert La Follette and the loyalty to him of the masses who have enrolled under his banner. He is accepted with absolute fidelity as the one man above all others to lead; no one questions that he is by himself in public affection; no one says: "I wish it had been Borah or Norris." There isn't a single audience that does not applaud enthusiastically references to his war record. I have not spoken to one which did not cheer the bravery, the determination, and the unselfish service he has rendered; even the supporters of Coolidge and Davis in the hall seem to hold La Follette in respect. Of course in the Republican meetings they applaud when La Follette is described as an imp of Satan—but not in Minnesota. In St. Paul Dawes came a terrible cropper when he was asked about his connection with the Lorimer bank scandal. He got off that phrase about "sulphuretted hydrogen" and then, to everybody's amazement, offered no defense of his acts in that connection and collapsed, sitting down and ending his speech after he had been talking for only twenty-five minutes. Even his supporters were dumfounded and I have heard of several persons who went there intending to vote for him, but changed their minds when he refused to answer in the bank matter. His abuse of La Follette and insistence that it is all a revolutionary movement may go down in some Eastern communities; they are too sophisticated in the West to swallow such stuff.

It only remains to say that as there is no Democratic Party left worthy of the name in Minnesota, so the evidence of decay in the party in Ohio and Illinois is on every hand and that will still be true even if by reason of the contest between La Follette and Coolidge Davis should carry those States and Indiana. The Democratic Party has no catchword, no slogans with which to charm, and no planks to call either for attack or condemnation or for enthusiastic devotion and loyalty. Its publicity work is pitifully inadequate.

Finally, the question one asks oneself wherever one goes: Is there a silent undercurrent for Coolidge or for La Follette? Over that question people are racking their brains without reaching a satisfactory reply. One can only wonder if there is such an undercurrent and if on election day it will sweep Coolidge into office or give La Follette so many electoral votes as to throw the election into Congress. The issue is likely to become more confused rather than more clarified as the remaining weeks pass.

Dawes: First Aid to Swindlers

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

CHARLES G. DAWES has declared that the real issue in this campaign is law enforcement and the preservation of the Constitution. In view, therefore, of Mr. Dawes's passionate lip devotion to law enforcement and respect for law, his own record is especially interesting. To those to whom Mr. Dawes's type is familiar, it will be no shock to learn that he was personally involved in a shady piece of financial shystery, evasion of law, and deception of public officials, full details of which together with the rebuke of Mr. Dawes by the Supreme Court of Illinois, can be found in the following reported cases: Golden *vs.* Cervenka, 278 Ill. 409; Chicago Title & Trust Co. *vs.* Central Trust Company, 224 Ill. App. 474; Chicago Title & Trust Co. *vs.* Central Trust Company, 312 Ill. 396.

"On the minute! On the minute!
When common labor asks for rights
Give 'em hell—and keep 'em humble,
Show 'em how a 'patriot' fights."

The story, in brief, is somewhat as follows. Mr. Dawes, after serving four years as United States Comptroller of the Currency, a position given him in return for his services in the Bryan-McKinley campaign of 1896, retired in 1902 to organize a bank, the Central Trust Company. The bank prospered. Some years later William Lorimer, who was thrown out of the United States Senate on account of the bribery of the Legislature which had sent him to Washington, opened a national bank in Chicago. This bank's condition became so critical that it was refused Chicago clearing-house privileges, and the Comptroller of the Currency was on the point of suspending it. Lorimer decided to "reorganize" the moribund bank, transforming it into a State bank; for the purposes of the reorganization it was necessary to satisfy the State Auditor of Public Accounts that the bank was possessed of $1,250,000 "actually paid in in cash," and that such cash "is now in the hands of the proper officers of said association . . . and is to be used by them solely in the legitimate business" of the newly organized bank. Lorimer had no such sum; so after vain efforts to obtain it from other banks, he appealed to Mr. Dawes, president of the affluent Central Trust Company, and his intimate political associate. Mr. Dawes, without the knowledge or consent of the directors of his bank, delivered to Lorimer $1,250,000 in cash belonging to the Central Trust Company, to deceive the auditor and the public. He was successful; the auditor's representative counted the cash and returned it to Lorimer, giving him a certificate authorizing him to start his bank; the cash was then returned to the Central Trust Company, and Lorimer's bank was started. When Lorimer's bank crashed, thousands of depositors lost their savings. On June 12, the very day that Mr. Dawes was nominated for Vice-President, the Supreme Court of Illinois entered a final decree holding Mr. Dawes's bank liable for the loss caused by this illegal transaction and for the money "wrongfully taken by it."

It is worth emphasis that when Mr. Dawes allowed $1,250,000 of the funds of the Central Trust Company (of which he was president) to be counted as Lorimer's money, in order to deceive the State auditor, he did so without having the least authority from the owners of that money. Mr. Dawes sees nothing incongruous in a man with such a record setting out to convert his countrymen to a reverence for law and a passion for law enforcement!

On Tuesday morning, September 2, 1922, when Mr. Dawes opened his Chicago *Tribune* he might have read the speech of Attorney General Daugherty asking Judge Wilkerson to enjoin the strike of the shopmen. "So long and to the extent that I can speak for the Government of the United States," roared that now disgraced gentleman, "I will use the power of the Government of the United States within my control to prevent the labor unions of this country from destroying the open shop." Perhaps it was this announcement on the part of the most influential man in the Harding Administration which aroused Mr. Dawes to enthusiasm. Not long afterward, in a speech before the Union League Club of Chicago, he said:

> The Daugherty injunction in my judgment future generations will regard as the beginning of a new era of law and order in this country, because our government, through it, announces that the right of a man to work is as sacred as the right of a man to stop work.

About this time the Citizens' Committee to Enforce the Landis Award, a notorious open-shop crew led by Jim Patten, the wheat gambler, and the Donnelleys, bitter anti-union printers, was busily smashing the building-trade unions of Chicago. This is the way Mr. Dawes characterized these gentlemen:

> As what I will have to say is connected with militant good citizenship, I want Mr. James A. Patten of the Landis Award Committee, whom I see in the audience, to take his

> seat on the stage while I speak. If Mr. R. R. Donnelley is here I want him to come up also. It is a good thing for an American audience once in a while to get face to face with the men who are fighting their fight. Here is one of them, one of the bravest [referring to Mr. Patten]. In these days of the evasion of the real issue by politicians, of the exclusion from political platforms of those issues which concern the inalienable rights of the individual, it is a great honor to have one of the fighters for those rights before us.

He then went on to eulogize the open shop, declaring it to be embodied in our bill of rights, "for the general recognition of which millions have died and mankind throughout the ages has passed through martyrdom."

Not many days afterward Mr. Dawes was the golf partner of President Harding on Edward McLean's Florida houseboat expedition. Before leaving this affable company Mr. Dawes took the correspondent of the New York *Times* into his confidence; from him we learn that Mr. Dawes was so pleased with the "announcement" of Mr. Daugherty that he wanted it to be the basis of the 1924 campaign. Quoting from that newspaper, page 1, of the issue of April 1, 1923:

> Having a far-reaching bearing on the 1924 campaign is the discovery during President Harding's Florida trip of a loosely organized but nevertheless strong movement for a declaration by the Republican Party in favor of the open shop and the shaping of the national campaign upon this and a law-and-order issue. . . . It is on the open-shop question that these men of affairs . . . would have the next presidential campaign fought. They urge that sooner or later this matter must be settled before there can be any industrial peace. . . .
>
> The chief spokesman of this movement to President Harding has been Charles G. Dawes. The former Director of the Budget declared frequently on the trip that he is through with holding office. Apparently, however, he is not through with politics, and it is safe to say that he will be heard from in Illinois, taking part in a movement to purge Chicago of political labor leaders. . . .
>
> As far as has been discovered the movement in which Mr. Dawes is active, and which came to light during President Harding's Florida visit, is not organized. . . . Taking part in it are several men who built up sentiment favorable to Mr. Harding among Eastern bankers, before the 1920 campaign.

Mr. Dawes returned to Chicago and proceeded to put his plans into effect, and a few weeks later we hear of the formation by him of the Minute Men of the Constitution. The purpose of this organization, according to its founder, is "to obtain delegates from Illinois to the Republican and Democratic . . . conventions, pledged to support the inclusion . . . in the platform of each party" of certain planks, all dealing vaguely with law and order and respect for the Constitution. Daugherty's "announcement," made in the course of his stump-speech to Judge Wilkerson, finds an honored place as Plank Four:

> Indorsing the announced position of the Government of the United States, maintaining the right of a citizen to work without unlawful interference is as sacred as the right of a citizen to cease work, irrespective of whether he is or is not a member of a labor or other organization.

Then Mr. Dawes and some of his associates set out to make Illinois safe for Mr. Dawes's private "constitution," by means of a speaking tour through the State. The plan was to announce a meeting to discuss law enforcement and the Constitution. Such a meeting was held in Springfield, for example, under the auspices of the Mid-Day Luncheon Club. Mr. Dawes singled out for vituperation John H. Walker, president of the Illinois Federation of Labor, and a highly respected citizen of Springfield. He charged Mr. Walker with being a dangerous citizen and accused him of attacking the Constitution. At the close of the meeting he shouted: "Now, then, everybody who is in favor of the Constitution of the United States, stand up!" Of course, the entire audience arose. "I thought so. Now you're all members in good standing of the Minute Men of the Constitution. There are no duties, no dues, and no meetings." This performance was repeated throughout the State, but with particular success in the wealthy suburban towns near Chicago. It is not only amusing but significant that immediately following this Springfield meeting the secretary of the Mid-Day Luncheon Club wrote to Mr. Walker, apologizing for the aspersions cast upon his citizenship by the boiling brigadier and assuring him that these views were in no wise shared by his listeners.

Mr. Dawes had an opportunity to translate his notions into action in the Cook County judicial election on November 6, 1923. One of the judges seeking reelection was Dennis E. Sullivan, an able and vigorous lawyer, who as a judge had flagrantly abused the writ of injunction against the workers of Chicago. Another contestant was former Judge Jesse E. Holdom, who when a judge had unhesitatingly issued drastic injunctions against union activity. When the depositors of the defunct Lorimer bank pressed their claims for fraud against the Dawes bank in June, 1920, Judge Holdom was so eager to protect Mr. Dawes that a leading member of the Chicago bar publicly described the result as "a gross breach of judicial duty" and "one of the most barefaced and shameless attempts to pervert justice which has ever been made within the history of the administration of justice in Cook County."

Early in October, 1923, a committee on injunctions was named by the Chicago Federation of Labor. These fifteen men (including such generally respected and conservative leaders as John Fitzpatrick, Victor Olander, and Matthew Woll) issued a report addressed to the liberty-loving citizens of the country, which declared that "government by injunction has become a menace to free citizenry," and urged the defeat of Sullivan and Holdom. This was the signal for what Mr. Dawes described (in a pamphlet which his followers of the Minute Men now take great pains to keep hidden) as "The First Fight of the Minute Men of the Constitution." Meetings of the Minute Men were held throughout the country towns in the county, in which it was represented that the Chicago Federation of Labor had taken a stand against law and order and the Constitution. The only reason these "Red labor demagogues" opposed the use of the injunction, Mr. Dawes assured his audiences, was that it "restrains men who want to assault and kill from carrying out such practices"! Although both Sullivan and Holdom were badly outdistanced in the city vote, the efforts of the Minute Men in the country towns elected both. The following morning Judge Sullivan called upon Mr. Dawes and thanked him for securing his reelection.

That same evening the truculent general was the speaker (and Judge Sullivan an honored guest) at a meeting of the Chicago Association of Commerce. In his address he first disarmed his fellow-conservatives of the Democratic faith by declaring that "I am not running for

office and you cannot make me run for office," and then went on to denounce those labor leaders who had opposed the reelection of the injunction judges. He said:

> What is this claptrap about injunctions? Is there a man here . . . whether he belongs to a union organization or not, that does not know what the claptrap is about? Is it feared on the part of Sam Gompers, John H. Walker, and Victor Olander that it is encroachment upon the liberty of the American people by injunctions? What they are afraid of is not encroachment upon the liberties of American citizens; *they fear the encroachment of their privilege to assault American citizens and kill American citizens when they go peacefully to their work.*

His remaining pyrotechnics consisted of a discourse on the meaning of the Constitution, involving a theory as simple as it is outrageous: that the Constitution makes it *mandatory* upon our judges to issue injunctions against the workers whenever they strike, threaten to strike, or in any other way interfere with the plans of their employer.

Now, as every competent lawyer knows, this is utter nonsense; the Constitution does no such thing. And nothing will more quickly increase dissatisfaction with the operation of our constitutional form of government than the dogmatic assertion—by men enjoying the prestige of Mr. Dawes's party position—that the judicial conduct which many have come to find tyrannical and arbitrary is not due to the errors or abuses of individual judges, but is commanded by the fundamental law of the land, by the very form of our government itself. Mr. Dawes turns the resentment of the victims of government by injunction from the judges who have abused that writ to the Constitution itself, and to that extent weakens the confidence of the masses in the Constitution. And yet this is the man who has the effrontery to go about the country posing as the savior of the Constitution from the "enemies of constitutional government."

Let no one be confused as to the real issue in all this hubbub Mr. Dawes raises about the "attack on the Constitution." On one side is a sort of strait-jacket, the private "constitution" of Mr. Dawes, labeled "Made in Evanston," and designed to safeguard Mr. Dawes and his companions, the open-shoppers, the financial pirates, the Daughertys, the Sinclairs, the McLeans, the Burnses, the Falls, et al.; on the other side is the Constitution of the United States, a human, flexible medium of government, devised 137 years ago by shrewd, foresighted, but fallible men to meeting changing needs in a changing world, a document which purports first of all to protect human rights and human liberties. The most significant result of the coming election will be the attitude which the American people take on this vital and clear-cut issue.

Nicaragua Pecking the Shell

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

A CHARMING young Nicaraguan comes to my house. He is extremely charming. He is extremely intelligent. Yet he does not seem entirely to adore the United States.

This amazes me. It does not seem to amaze that literary psychological person, Heywood Broun, of the New York *World*, who happens to be present at the time. Heywood Broun and the young Nicaraguan seem jointly perfectly to understand why a young Nicaraguan, charming and intelligent, might not entirely adore the United States. I attribute these things to psychology. They are beyond politics.

The young Nicaraguan tells a most delightful story about the present President of Nicaragua. In Nicaragua, it appears, there has been a custom whereby processions of school-children (and other such demonstrations) happen on the Fourth of July in compliment, obsequiously, to the United States. The present President of Nicaragua, it appears, omitted these demonstrations. Instead he said: "Let us wait to see what demonstrations are made in the United States in honor of Nicaragua's national holiday." Thus he saved himself from having any demonstrations in Nicaragua for us at all.

Heywood Broun laughed. Heywood Broun does not care how far he goes. I cautiously proceeded to inquire about politics.

My young Nicaraguan was highly informing about politics. This new Nicaraguan President—Martinez—pronounced with the accent on the second syllable and with the "i" as "ee" and with the "z" as "s"—is a full-blooded and full-brained Indian. He is a one-hundred-per-center. He has paid off the money owed by Nicaragua to bankers in Wall Street on the Nicaraguan National Railway. He also has paid off to bankers in Wall Street the money owed by Nicaragua on the Nicaraguan National Bank. It is different from any situation that has existed in Nicaragua since somewhere along about 1913. Nicaragua, it appears, is freeing itself from the clutches of Wall Street and Charles Evans Hughes.

Heywood Broun looks pleased. He seems to rejoice in the freeing of Nicaragua from being improved by Mr. Hughes. He seems, I think, to remember that both Mr. Hughes and the Reverend John Roach Straton of New York are Baptists. He seems to be against the improvement of others by Baptists whether at home or abroad.

Our charming Nicaraguan, so well grounded in finance, so well rounded in belles lettres, so well able to chat or even chatter with Mr. Broun, tells us now about a new election which presently will happen in Nicaragua. Now in fact it already has happened. It was last Sunday, October 5. It is history.

Its details, its results, we cannot yet know. The returns are slow. Our young Nicaraguan, before it has happened, has told us thoroughly about it:

Mr. Hughes is determined on "constitutionality" in this election. If it is not conducted sufficiently formally and correctly, Mr. Hughes may refuse to recognize the winner of it. In the recent election in Mexico, this policy was all

right. It worked out to favor Mr. Calles, the candidate of Labor. In Nicaragua it may work out to hurt the candidate of Labor. This candidate is Solarzano. Calles was in right with the election officials of Mexico. Solarzano is in wrong with the election officials of Nicaragua.

Mr. Hughes supported righteousness by supporting constitutionality in Mexico. He is supporting wickedness by supporting constitutionality in Nicaragua. So says our young Nicaraguan.

Mr. Hughes undeviatingly pursues the theory, the principle, that Latin-American countries near us must learn how to conduct elections. These elections may be temporarily rather rough-stuff. In time they perhaps will become more refined.

They must become more refined. Practice makes perfect. Latin-American elections in these countries will improve. In time they will be all right. Meanwhile we must stick by elections and reprove revolutions. We must refuse to recognize the presidents produced by revolutions, which are relatively bad. We must give our recognition to presidents produced by reasonably lawful and honest elections, which relatively are good.

Thus Mr. Hughes. Inflexibly he pursues this policy whether it produces radical presidents in Mexico or may produce conservative presidents in Nicaragua.

Our young Nicaraguan cannot disapprove the results of Mr. Hughes's policy in Mexico. He yet can—and does—disapprove the potential results of Mr. Hughes's policy in Nicaragua. Those results may be, he thinks, that the "conservative" elements in Nicaragua, possessing most of the judges of the election, may relatively "constitutionally" and relatively "lawfully" win the election, and yet the "liberals" and "laborites," of whom he is one, may really have a majority of the voters and may really numerically have a right to rule the country.

He is out to assert that right. With him he has a young Mexican. The two of them are out to assert the right of Nicaragua to produce its own government, in its own way, irrespective of Mr. Hughes and irrespective of the United States. It is for me to be scandalized. I am a political reporter. I am not a war correspondent. These young gentlemen are about to depart for Nicaragua to put some manhood—to put, that is, some barricades and barrages—into the Nicaraguan election.

Heywood Broun is quite against war. He also, however, is quite for liberalism. Strange how a pacifist and a nationalist may in some circumstances be equally silent! Neither Heywood Broun nor I restrained our young Nicaraguan and our young Mexican on their way to Nicaragua to barricades and barrages.

They went.

The election was last Sunday. What happened I do not know. I only know that Mr. Hughes presumably is standing out for what in the end will be most orderly and will be best for the western hemisphere and for the world. Mr. Hughes is standing out against rough-stuff and bloodshed. Mr. Broun and I, on the contrary, are engaged in saying an affectionate farewell to gentlemen presumably about to grasp rifles.

Let Mr. Broun explain it. Our Nicaraguan, our Mexican go. The election was last Sunday. I stand in fact for the policy of my country. I give in truth my heart to those gentlemen—to those great gentlemen. I suppose they are large persons now in Nicaragua, or dead.

Directions for Burial

By WILLIAM A. NORRIS

(I have lain dead in windy places;
I have been blown in the dust of shattered rocks,
Tumbled over the stones of streams,
Floated slow in the deep green womb of a river;
I have been dropped on the pallid feet of seaweeds.)

Fasten the lid with nails,
Put a stone on my chest,
Go away with your tears and laughter . . .
The small white teeth of the frost will find me out,
The rain will come with a trowel to set me free;
I shall be going home to the wind and water,
The cleft red earth and the rock.

A School for Workers' Children

By DEVERE ALLEN

A CENTURY ago American labor was deeply interested in elementary and secondary schools. That today labor needs to give fresh thought to the education of its children is beginning to be realized by some people in the labor movement. Manumit School, near Pawling, New York, amid the rolling hills of Dutchess County, may mark the entrance of American labor on a new and significant program of experimental education.

Manumit School symbolizes an alliance of progressive labor and progressive education. On Saturday, September 6, seventy representatives of organized labor and educational movements journeyed to Pawling for a two days' conference. Right on the spot where the enterprise is to be carried out the special problems involved in such a pioneering venture were discussed and an association was formed to direct the affairs of the school. This association will include the originators of the school, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Fincke; the faculty; and people from the educational and labor world. A. J. Muste, head of the faculty of Brookwood Workers' College, is chairman of the executive board. The school has had a small-scale tryout for a year; but the leasing of the property by the association from Mr. and Mrs. Fincke and the other owners, at a dollar a year, means that the educational project, along with the use of a fertile, 177-acre farm, numerous buildings, and fifty head of dairy cattle, has been presented to the labor movement.

Manumit is a residential school. It operates through the usual school year of nine months, and accepts this year children from nine to fourteen years of age. Each succeeding year it expects to take in children one year older until, in time, it will prepare for college. Parents are expected to pay the actual costs of their children's attendance at the school; but where it is found necessary charges may be adjusted in each case. The school is less interested in a child's capacity to pay a full fee than in his capacity for service after he has finished at Manumit.

Children at Manumit will have every advantage of a vigorous outdoor life; the school is situated in a beautiful valley high above sea level, surrounded by wooded hills which challenge both leg muscles and imagination. The

school's garden and cattle supply fresh vegetables and milk, and the food is prepared under the guidance of a trained dietitian. The surplus milk is marketed through the co-operative New York State Dairymen's League, and is handled as a school job in which students share responsibility. A clear mountain stream runs through the farm, affording swimming and wading pools; and mountain springs furnish an abundance of pure drinking water.

But there is more for workers' children than ideal physical surroundings. There is an atmosphere of home life, good fellowship, community living, cooperative government, democracy, intellectual alertness, spiritual aspiration. "A new social order"—these words ran through all the discussion at the conference, as they run through all the school's announcements, a bright cord of faith on which all other things of life are strung. There is at Manumit no emphasis on competition; there is little to encourage individual domination; and yet each child has an opportunity to develop his individual interests and capacities in a spirit of freedom. "Manumit," says one of the school's announcements, "will have no didactic, authoritarian 'teaching'; nor passive, obedient 'learning.'" At Manumit there is no need of formal, rigid discipline imposed from above, for there *is* no "above" in the usual sense. Rather, the constant sharing of responsibility in the manual labor of the farm and home, and the type of community living which is the core of the Manumit idea, tend to form habits of self-discipline, mutual helpfulness, and social outlook.

Six mornings a week are devoted to study, thus freeing a good deal of the students' time for recreation, dramatics, and other informal activities of the school community. The "study," however, does not mean merely the reading of books in preparation for an old-fashioned recitation, although students have every opportunity to acquire a love of reading. It means work in one or another kind of laboratory, in arts and crafts, in group discussions, on the school periodical, in the printing shop.

In short, Manumit School will adapt to its own needs the most appropriate methods which have been developed in other experimental schools, such as the Fairhope School, the Stelton School, the Walden School, the City and Country School, the Lincoln School, and the schools operating under the Dalton plan; but it will not slavishly imitate any one of these. It will regard itself as a growing, developing project, subject to the criticisms and suggestions of its friends in the educational and labor world, striving to make itself a more and more effective instrument for the service of the labor movement.

Does this mean that Manumit School is a place where children are to be pumped full of propaganda, or indoctrinated with all kinds of labor isms? Anyone voicing this natural inquiry would have found a reassuring answer from the discussions at the recent conference. The people behind Manumit realize that the American labor movement itself has its numerous wings and divisions of opinion. But more than this, they have an acute realization of the pedagogical difficulty of teaching rigid systems of prescribed thought to children, should they wish to do so; and they do not wish to do so, for they know that nothing in the long run could so harm the labor cause as to unfit labor's children for that scientific, discriminating independence on which its future strength so largely rests. What Manumit stands for, in its relation to labor, is the free, untrammeled inquiry of the child's mind, when he displays a readiness for it, into the basic functions, problems, and ideals of the toilers, which in the public schools are deliberately withheld from his intellectual and emotional experience.

In what way does this school differ from the other well-known "free" or "modern" schools? Unlike, perhaps, a majority of these other schools, which take as pupils mainly the children of professional and middle-class families, with a sprinkling of wage-workers' children for variety, Manumit, by reversing this situation, will more accurately approximate the proportions of the adult world. Also, while it will not employ the general methods of the ordinary public schools, Manumit plans to keep its students at each age abreast of public-school measures of performance, as some of the modern schools do not. This effort is not undertaken to prove the school's comparative efficiency; and, in fact, it is undertaken with considerable reluctance. But if its children are to come from workers' families, who have to move about a good deal and who face economic uncertainties that might compel withdrawal of their children and their entrance into a regular public school, Manumit does not want these children to be lost in the public-school process, unideal as that process usually is. This much of a concession to circumstances seems dictated by necessity; but the teachers at the heart of the Manumit experiment will need to exercise great vigilance lest the pressure of public-school standards have too potent an influence on day-by-day instruction technique. Of this danger they are doubtless well aware.

No one connected with Manumit, I am sure, would look upon the project as a simple one. Entirely aside from the intricate questions of instruction and the tasks of finance, there will be from time to time, no doubt, many delicate and difficult problems of administration. It could hardly be otherwise with an enterprise so hitherto untried. However, if the promise of the school thus far and the quality of the support given to it by labor and education can be taken as portents of the future, somewhere, scattered about in workers' homes, are fortunate children who may go to Manumit and some day do good works to the glory of our pioneers in labor education.

In the Driftway

THE DRIFTER has never been one of those whose coffee tasted sour unless the morning newspaper were propped against the cream jug, and he is about to give up newspaper reading entirely. There is too much foreign news in the newspapers, and it is all bad news. The Drifter does not refer to the decay of capitalist civilization. The newspapers never note that anyway, and he would not be unduly depressed if they did. Nor does he refer to the half-dozen wars in various parts of the world while the League of Nations is arguing about what the headlines call an "arms pact." The Drifter is a romanticist, not a moralist, and wars in sufficiently remote spots suggest pleasant adventures to his imagination. What disgusts the Drifter are the reports of Progress.

* * * * *

IT was only a few weeks ago that the newspapers noted the installation of a traffic policeman in Papeete. That was enough to ruin Tahiti for any drifter. Tourist automobiles in South Sea islands is a horrid thought. Then

came the news of the housing shortage in Bagdad; the Government was considering the erection of model apartment houses for the stenographers. That ruined the city of Haroun-al-Raschid. Next the newspapers blazoned a new bolshevik atrocity: Moscow was to bar all horse-drawn vehicles and permit only automobiles in its streets. A Moscow without droschkes and izvostchniks indeed! The Bolsheviks might as well order down all the blue and green and red and gold onion spires of the old city of churches and replace them with uniform gray spires, in accordance with the fashion in this advanced land of drab prosperity. Finally, Mussolini ordered Progress in Italy.

* * * * *

VENICE is to abandon her lovely gondolas; Rome is to have a skyscraper; and Tivoli's falls have been bought by an electric-power corporation. To be sure, there have been motor-boats in the Grand Canal for two decades, and the decline of Venice may well date from the day four centuries ago when some somber old Puritan doge ordered that thenceforth all gondolas must be black. The romance of the gondola was always, to an effete product of civilization like the Drifter, somewhat marred by the sight and smell of dead cats in the picturesque old canals. And Tivoli has been harnessed for a hundred years. The New Fall was artificially established a century ago when engineers diverted the course of the Anio to prevent flooding of the town. The tumbling waters which inspired Horace already help, so prosaic friends tell the Drifter, to push Rome's trolley-cars and light her streets. And there would be a certain justice, the Drifter must admit, in a skyscraper in Italy. The Italians built most of the skyscrapers in America; why should they not have at least one in Rome?

* * * * *

THERE are always excuses for progress, but there is no need of reading about it. The Drifter would like to cut out newspaper-reading altogether and spare himself the sad news of this onward march of civilization. But the same paper that told of the prohibition of horses in Moscow told of the finding of delicate lipsticks in an Egyptian tomb and announced a new discovery of that primeval skyscraper, the Tower of Babel. The Drifter cannot forego such pleasant reminders that there is no such thing as progress after all.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Helping Haiti"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Jolibois, *fils*, the well-known Haitian leader, who is still illegally detained in the American military prison in Port au Prince, Haiti, has just been the victim of another inhuman act. Because the starving Haitians cannot afford to pay the $4,000 which he demands to set Jolibois free High Commissioner Russell ordered him removed to a remote section of the jail, where he had had made a special cell only four feet square.

When the news of this treatment of their leader leaked out, hundreds of Haitians started to march through the streets in sign of protest; but they were quickly dispersed by the gendarmerie, officered by members of the Occupation.

The high commissioner has told the Haitians that their barking (to use his own expression) will be of no avail, as the Washington Government will put the stamp of approval on anything he does in its name.

New York, September 18 JOSEPH MIRAULT

The Russian Red Cross

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During my trial at the Army Building, recently, I was closely interrogated as to my employment during 1922 and 1923 by the Russian Red Cross as secretary of its commission in the United States. There appeared to be some question as to what legitimate work the Russian Red Cross might have to perform in this country. I am inclosing a translation of a letter which has just been received by the Russian Red Cross Commission in America, which, besides illustrating the type of thing the Russian Red Cross Commission tries to straighten out, may be of interest to your readers per se.

PAXTON HIBBEN

South Norwalk, Connecticut, September 17

TRANSLATION

Marquette, Michigan, July 6, 1924

RUSSIAN RED CROSS:

I beg you to help me. I am a Russian. On May 31, 1922, armed robbers fell upon me and at the point of a gun made me lead them to the farms, which were fourteen miles away. That was in Detroit, Michigan, at 9 o'clock in the evening, and the robbers kept me at the farms all night. In the morning they attempted to rob a bank, but were arrested there with my help. I did not realize what the robbers were planning to do, but when I was arrested the prosecutor assured me that the bank was robbed. I told him that the night before I had been compelled at the point of a gun at 9 o'clock to lead the robbers to the farms, which were fourteen miles away. The prosecuting attorney then asked me who I was. I said: "A Russian." He jumped up then and went away, and in the morning two State policemen were sent to me. They kept beating me for two days. I was deathly frightened by the robbers and when the policemen beat me up, in addition, I became unconscious and did not know when they left me.

I was unconscious for two weeks. I had in my pocket $381.18. The officials took this money away from me and did not return it to me. I cannot speak English and am afraid to ask for it. Also in Detroit I had worked for the Wilson Body Company, and $97 was due me from them. This money, too, the authorities collected and impounded. I was kept in prison for eight months before the case came up, and I do not know what the sentence was. Some prison officials told me that I would have to sit in prison for seven years, if no one will help me. I beg you, Red Cross, help me!

JERRY SKOLPENSKY

The Negro and the G. O. P.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No voters have been more loyal to the Republicans than the colored voters. And no voters on earth have been denied their rights and offered more insults, as a reward for their loyalty, than they have. A general exodus from the G. O. P. by the colored voters would be as helpful to the country at large as to the colored race. Segregation and discrimination in the Federal Government departments here in Washington against the colored employees should be a stink in the nostrils of a true and just Republican President. But while his spirit is willing to give justice to the faithful colored voters, his flesh seems to be weak to resist the meanness inaugurated against them by his predecessors in office.

All who are in favor of perpetuating segregation, discrimination, and jim-crowing of the colored employees in the various government departments in Washington, and throughout the entire country, will please step up and vote for Coolidge and Dawes.

Washington, September 29 J. C. CUNNINGHAM

Books

First Glance

OF new books there may be too many, but the thirst of a seasoned reader for reprints of old—and good—ones is never quenched. Few sensations of the literary sort can have been more agreeable than that of a person who in the middle of the last century watched the Bohn Library grow to its hundredth or two hundredth title, and there is like comfort, though so far on a milder scale, to be taken these days in the steady progress of the series called The Broadway Translations (Dutton), a series edited with both learning and imagination and with the evident hope to make available for modern lay readers the rarest and best of foreign masterpieces. Three recent volumes (each $5) yield extraordinary riches.

"A Book of 'Characters,'" compiled and translated by Richard Aldington, an English poet, was much to be desired in a day devoted among other things to the fine art of satirical portraiture. The battle line against affectation is long just now—stretching all the way from newspaper columnists to novelists and poets, from Don Marquis, say, to Rose Macaulay and H. G. Wells and E. A. Robinson and Edgar Lee Masters. Types of the bore, the brute, the bigot, and the prig are in the way of becoming so familiar that a volume is welcome which collects equivalent specimens from all but forgotten literatures and thus demonstrates—if nothing else—the monotony of human nature. Mr. Aldington has had predecessors in his task, but none of them dug up so much. Here of course is Theophrastus for the Greeks; here are Sir Thomas Overbury and sixty-six other English satirists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; here, best of all, is La Bruyère for the French, commencing his work with the lightest of touches: "Arsène contemplates mankind from the summit of his mind and, seen from that eminence, men frighten him, so to speak, by their littleness." A reformer would learn a great deal about his hopeless trade by coming to Mr. Aldington's feast of folly.

Miles behind in sophistication comes that famous medieval compendium of tales, the "Gesta Romanorum," reissued for the series in a century-old version by Charles Swan. Some of the liveliest stories in the world—stories found elsewhere in Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Shakespeare—lie in this jumble with some of the dullest. But Germany, France, and England loved them all in the Middle Ages, and loved equally the pious "applications" by which one allegorizing priest or another attempted to draw the invention and wit of the East, whence many of these narratives derived, into line with Christian morals. "My beloved, the emperor is our heavenly Father; the elephant is Christ . . . and the iron-bound chest filled with stones is a heart filled with virtues."

The series would be justified if it included nothing besides Aksakov's "Chronicles of a Russian Family," given here in its three parts with only a few omissions. Surely there are few autobiographies so brilliant as this; it deserves to be better known. Sergei Aksakov, who died in 1859, was a very ordinary kind of writer until he was awakened by Gogol. When a homesick boy at school he had been subject to a species of ecstasy that was taken for epilepsy as often as his imagination returned to the beautiful scenes of his yet younger days—a certain enough sign that his genius lay in his memory. Now, under the influence of a consummate realist, that same remembered existence rushed over him and he set it down, proceeding in his passionate researches through the massive figure of his grandfather to the unaccountable, inspired creature who was his mother and finally to himself as child. The record that results is perhaps unique in its brightness and completeness. No other Russian wrote precisely like this man of the perfect memory; no other Russian has written better.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Agricultural Crisis

The Agricultural Crisis, 1920-1923. By R. R. Enfield. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

THERE exists an acute agricultural crisis, it is true, but we are emerging from it now and such an emergence always hides the fact that a chronic difficulty still remains, as indeed it has for fifty years or more. Like a local infection of body tissue it flares up now and again and then dies down. It is always there; and it will always be there until those things are done which have to be done to effect a cure.

It may as well be said at once that we are a long way from political willingness to see the thing through. It looked for a while as though the farm bloc would refuse the various kinds of legislative pap so freely offered by their Eastern friends and, with an eye on their constituencies, who, it appeared, had an eye on them, would hold out for the true medicine. Corn was being burned for fuel, wheat was being fed to stock, and farm children were ill-fed. Farm bankruptcies rose from 6.4 per cent to 17.4 per cent of all bankruptcies. But a comparative crop failure in Canada has increased farm incomes temporarily and relieved the pressure on Congress, which only just failed to pass the McNary-Haugen bill with its sweeping implications of change in policy. The whole matter is forgotten now and everyone is glad the bill failed. We seem to be as far as ever from facing reality.

This reality is very simple too. It consists essentially in the fact that the prices farmers receive are consistently less than those they must pay. They are therefore in a lasting state of bankruptcy. What explains the acute phases of this chronic disease, such as the one we have just passed through, is the fact that, as the general level of prices moves up and down in cyclical fashion, the prices farmers receive vary in their relationship to it. As the general level moves upward farm prices precede it; as it declines farm prices also precede it. This means that as the incomes of all of us increase farmers' incomes increase more rapidly, but that as they fall off farmers' incomes also fall off more rapidly. Now, if the farmers' gains upon the rest of us in times of rising prices equaled or exceeded their losses in times of falling prices there simply would be no agricultural problem. There is no manufacturing problem. But unfortunately what farmers lose is always more than what they gain by probably 10 per cent; they are therefore at an everlasting disadvantage.

A handicap with such perfectly apparent causes would, one might think, form a social problem relatively easily analyzed and settled. But one who thought this would be uncomfortably surprised to find that he might read a long way into the economic literature of our time before he found this contrast appearing clearly, and that he might read a long way further before he struck any clear ideas as to what ought to be done about it. Such a person will welcome Mr. Enfield's book on the agricultural crisis, even though it be a British book. It appears in Mr. Enfield's figures that farmers are not so badly off in the United Kingdom, though conditions there have been bad enough. If prices of farm products in the United States in eighteen months of 1920-1921 fell 54 per cent, in the United Kingdom they fell only 31 per cent; and this last percentage also about measured the fall of the general price level.

Mr. Enfield does not, as we might have liked, go straight to the discussion of his main problem. He has to write a good deal before he sees it; and even then it is not clear at once to an American reader. For his figures are all British and they actually show that in the United Kingdom agricultural prices fell not more but less than other prices. This means that when our Middle West was having a panic all its own, the intensity of which was totally uncomprehended by other industrial groups of the country, British farmers were better off than any other group in the kingdom. There is a lesson in

this if we will learn it. We might profitably inquire, it seems, why British farmers are better off than our own. Mr. Enfield is naturally led to a somewhat different conclusion than the one we should be forced to by the facts of our own situation. He concludes that for the United Kingdom agricultural difficulties are only part and parcel of larger general ones. We should have to add to this the very special disabilities our farmers suffer.

The progress of the book is through chapters on causes to one on solution, which is conceived in terms of "stabilization." And this suggests—what is perhaps better known among economists here than abroad, thanks to a brilliant generalization of Mr. David Friday—that an upset in the relations between the gross incomes of farmers and of manufacturers involves eventual industrial disaster. The reason of course is that the one group is the customer of the other; any reduction of buying power in either group immediately closes the markets of the other. But farmers cannot shut down, and this is at least one of the secrets of their long disabilities. The weather and the soil share the main responsibility for producing crops, the effort of man being more or less a constant factor, and neither the weather nor the soil is changed on short notice in response to shifts in the prices of the goods they create. Factories can be stopped, machinery can be halted, workers can be turned out; and so the flood of industrial product can be temporarily dammed until prices are restimulated by shortage.

A government willing either to strengthen the farmers' bargaining power or to weaken that of the manufacturers could cure the agricultural sore. All other suggestions are dust thrown in the air, and all other directions for investigation are intended to obscure the main issue: Shall the United States continue to discriminate in favor of manufacturers and against farmers? For a long time a debt has been accumulating to the credit of our farmers, and only the remarkable patience that comes of long seasoning in the sun and wind of rural hillsides and long accustoming to the natural rhythmic changing of the seasons can have prevented until now its collection by some kind of force. In the meantime investigators like Mr. Enfield at home and abroad are supplying the factual contrasts and verities which cannot forever be ignored and which must ultimately find recognition in public policy.

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

Goethe Intime

Goethe: Skizzen zu des Dichters Leben und Werken. Von Hans Gerhard Gräf. Leipzig. H. Haessel. 18 marks.

THIS volume of essays by a well-known Goethe scholar will be welcomed by those who love the memory of the classic days of Weimar and Jena and to whom even the small everyday affairs in the lives of the great men of that epoch are of absorbing interest. Dr. Gräf, himself a native of Weimar, does not, like Friedrich Gundolf, attempt to explain Goethe scientifically as a phenomenon of nature; he does not, like Georg Brandes, try to define him internationally as a force in the spiritual development of mankind. To him Goethe's genius and unique service to the cause of humanity are established facts; and he contents himself with adding to our knowledge of certain parts of his activity and of certain phases and figures of the life that surrounded him. Within this narrower field of investigation Dr. Gräf displays not only a remarkable erudition and mastery of detail, but also a fine insight into human character and a firm grasp of general intellectual problems; and the very simplicity and anecdotal quality of his presentation lend to these sketches a decided personal charm.

The first essay—which, a footnote informs us, was originally published as a separate pamphlet in Swedish—is a study of the interest taken by Goethe, through a large part of his life, in Sweden and in individual Swedes. It can hardly be said that this study reveals any unexpected or new side in the poet's character, but it does acquaint us with a variety of persons whose relations with Goethe in one way or another reveal his habitual large-mindedness and breadth of view. Particularly interesting is what Dr. Gräf relates about his intercourse with a Swedish diplomat, Gustav von Brinckmann, and with the famous Swedish chemist Berzelius. The diplomat's ardent glorification of his own genius and of the superiority of German literature in general Goethe seems to have taken with urbane irony and a good-natured smile; he called his ecstatic admirer an "Allemand enragé" and advised him, in order to cure himself of this hysteria, to go to England and hear the popular slogan of the day: "No German nonsense sways my British heart." Berzelius, in whom he rightly suspected an opponent of his favorite Neptunistic theory of the formation of the earth's crust, he seems to have treated at their first meeting with undisguised coldness and reserve, but only to change his manner to frank cordiality as soon as a successful experiment by Berzelius convinced him of his opponent's scientific originality and preeminence. Regarding Goethe's attitude toward another great Swedish scientist, the botanist Linnaeus, our author records the following characteristic dictum: "Next to Shakespeare and Spinoza no great man among the departed has affected me as much as Linnaeus, chiefly through the opposition which he aroused in me. I have learned immensely from him, only not botany."

While Dr. Gräf through numerous similar cases confirms the correctness of Goethe's own saying: "I have always had a liking for the Swedes," he also shows that his deepest interest in Sweden was of a geological nature. He fairly worshiped Sweden as the land of granite, "the firm and unshaken base upon which the whole surface of the earth has come to rest."

There follow essays on Goethe's various sojourns in Bohemia; on the restless life and tragic death of Goethe's Darmstadt friend Merck; on the curious relation of Goethe and Schiller to Johann Heinrich Voss, the dreamy, sentimental son of the sturdy poet of the same name; on Christiane Vulpius and her unsentimental diary; on the daily affairs of Goethe's last year of life; and on other miscellaneous subjects. All these essays are marked by the same intimate knowledge and the same loving tenderness and regard for everything connected with the greatest epoch of German intellectual history that distinguish the opening essay.

A curious bit of modern German history comes to light in one of the last essays, entitled "Ein Nationalheiligtum der Deutschen." It appears that in connection with the hundredth anniversary of Schiller's death, in 1905, Dr. Gräf had conceived the idea of having the sarcophagi of both Goethe and Schiller removed from their present resting-place, the "Princes' Vault," to a mausoleum of their own, to be built by popular subscription. He felt that their present position in a corner of the vault of the Grand-Ducal family, in company with a score of princely nonentities (Karl August being the only one of his family worthy of their companionship), was an affront to the memory of the two greatest German poets; and he considered the Schiller centennial a proper occasion to remove this blot from the hallowed tradition of his native town. He developed these ideas in an article which, couched in the form of a vision and dwelling mainly upon what the erection of such a sanctuary of the spirit would mean to the whole German people, seemed calculated to avoid any possible offense to the sensibilities of the then reigning Grand Duke. The article was accepted by the foremost German monthly, the Berlin *Deutsche Rundschau*. Proof had been read and the publication had been arranged for in an early number, when through an indiscretion the matter leaked out in Weimar itself. A storm of indignation arose in court circles; Dr. Gräf found himself suddenly a social outcast, a person suspected of undermining allegiance to dynasty and country; the editors of the *Rundschau* were swamped with letters of protest against the publication of so dangerous a manifesto—in short, the article was suppressed. A truly patriotic idea, an appeal for national homage to genius, was smothered

before its birth by miserable court apprehensions and cabals.

Let us hope that republican Weimar of today will make amends for the failures of courtly Weimar of twenty years ago. Let us hope that the belated publication of Dr. Gräf's essay in the present volume, to which is added a dignified account of the petty intrigues which succeeded in stifling his voice at that time, will now lead to a realization of his dream: the erection of a truly national Goethe-Schiller sanctuary, unimpaired by any belittling restrictions of whatever sort.

KUNO FRANCKE

Good Reporting

The Best News Stories of 1923. Edited by Joseph Anthony. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.50.

THE trained journalist will peruse this collection and nod, taking the mean of excellence as a matter of course. But to the lay reader, who habitually swallows with gulped breakfast coffee his day's allotment of information, at least a trace of revealment is likely to come. For he has merely snatched at the chronicled doings of a day, without discernment, faintly conscious now and then of being gripped by a news narrative. Not one newspaper reader in a thousand actually feels the texture of warp and woof in first or last page paragraphs. Newspaper owners are coming to realize this. Hence the stereotyped dailies of today, so often flavorless—omitting, to be sure, consideration of the so-called "colyums" and the colloquial drama in the go-as-far-as-you-like sporting departments. Mr. Anthony is to be thanked for unearthing such a pocket of nuggets, for one had almost come to believe that the consulship of Plancus has passed in any Park Row. Apparently, however, the zest-in-haste of the reporter on the firing line is not entirely eliminated. There are yet staunch scouts of the news to whom every sudden happening is a challenge to courage and resourceful skill as they tap typewriter keys while copy-boys snatch sheets from their platens, or scribble, illegibly but inspiredly, for the wayside telegraph operator—the wise confederate who has wrought so valiantly to aid in gratifying the fact and color appetite of a voracious but undiscriminating public.

There is only one real test for a news story. It must be written in a hurry. Even a cub may make a fair job of disaster or hectic political crisis if he has leisure in which to concoct his screed. But as Harold J. Learoyd, one-time managing editor of the New York *Evening Post*, used to say, "A slow news day is no news day. The paper could be turned out by the senior class of a young ladies' seminary then. No one is a real reporter until he can qualify with a house of cards tumbling around his ears." Mr. Learoyd got more out of a tiny but hand-picked staff than any executive who sat at an equally littered desk. He knew.

In Mr. Anthony's book there are stories of sorts, grouped by material and treatment. Nearly all were written in a hurry. Therefore they are fair samples. It is a pity that some relentless philanthropist cannot be induced to present this volume to every corporation head, university president, reputedly eminent lawyer, and American statesman with the proviso that it must be read from cover to cover. They would be the better, and wiser, for digesting it. For the hand of well-nigh everyone is turned against the reporter when he takes the trail of news. He is welcome only when a dull ax needs grinding. At other times and seasons he performs intelligence work in an enemy country. How the reporter does what he does as well as he does has ever been the secret marvel of the city desk that flings him forth into No Man's Land. Handicapped in every conceivable way, harassed by the entire gamut of interference—wind and weather, the remorseless clock hands that cannot be shoved back, glittering galaxies of lying statements, conscienceless misrepresentations so that he may be tricked into pandering to insatiate personal ambition, exaggerations petty and huge—he yet touches the spectrum of the news, in the main rarely color blind and, considering the hazardous task of separating the false from the true, rarely misrepresenting with deliberate flagrancy the essence of fact. Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief—scramble them together, and it is a safe wager that their average content of ethical effectiveness is not one whit superior to that of the reporter.

All in all, Mr. Anthony deserves thanks. Yet the retired newsgatherer, repining as veterans do for the good old days, will regretfully wish that someone had been compiling "best" news stories in what Mr. Lawrence Perry delights to term "the golden nineties." There were giants in those days, men of—but no matter. At least one of them is represented in the volume—Mr. Lindsay Denison, of the *Evening World*, with his The Klan Holds a Klavern.

Miss Fannie Hurst never wrote anything quite as real as The Passing of Kid Dropper, which Mr. Louis Weitzenkorn covered for the New York *World*. If you read this when it was printed last August, probably you have forgotten it. Read it once more and see how a story rattled off in a hurry, on a rickety typewriter, can stand the ordeal of becoming cold.

Finally, at least six of the exhibits are the product of former students of the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University. This institution has been in existence only since 1912, which is not a bad omen.

ROBERT EMMET MACALARNEY

By-Products of Espionage

Two Royalist Spies of the French Revolution. By G. Lenotre. Translated from the French by Bernard Miall. Henry Holt and Company. $2.75.

MOST of the authors who have written about the French Revolution have portrayed martyrs, saints, and military heroes; this is the only book that sketches the career of a ludicrous buffoon—and yet there must have been many such. Louis Fauche-Borel was already a joke in his own age; Charles Nodier had his measure and several decades after the Revolution gave an amusing account of him in his "Souvenirs"; yet in some English studies of our own day Fauche-Borel is mentioned with respect as "head of the secret service of Louis XVIII during the Napoleonic regime." If any further deflation was necessary it came at the hands of G. Lenotre, who, several years ago, completed the book now translated into English. Out of forgotten dossiers in the archives of France M. Lenotre has constructed the portrait of this superb clown, this burlesque on human pomposity. The story is almost incredible; but it helps to explain the times, Louis XVIII, and even some of the political phenomena of our own day.

Merely to top off the high spots is unjust to this detailed study, but it is necessary. Fauche-Borel emerged from a small royalist *imprimérie* in Neuchâtel, in 1795, and his first mission was to attempt to bribe General Pichegru to combine his revolutionary Army of the Rhine with the royalist forces of the Prince of Condé. The notorious Comte de Montgaillard, a turncoat if ever there was one, had induced Fauche-Borel to undertake this mission. The latter was a bewildered, vainglorious sort, a small-town man suited to perform small-bore jobs, and so much a Simple Simon that he remained loyal throughout to the cause that he favored. This loyalty was played on by Perlet, another spy, who persuaded Fauche-Borel that he was a royalist, although actually he was in the employ of Veyrat, Napoleon's inspector-general of police. Perlet originated the preposterous hoax that Paris was the headquarters of a large secret royalist committee, and regularly kept Fauche-Borel, then in London, informed of its activities. Fauche-Borel, Louis XVIII, and the British cabinet swallowed the hoax, but when Perlet used it to obtain money the cabinet became wary; Fauche-Borel, however, dispatched his nephew Charles Vitel with a large sum to Paris. There Vitel was arrested as a spy, robbed by Perlet, and promptly shot. Eventually everyone

seems to have known of the hoax except Fauche-Borel; it was not until he found himself turned away from the court after the restoration that he made inquiries. He brought suit against Perlet and had the latter disgraced, but failed to rehabilitate himself. In 1829, at the age of 67, he threw himself from the roof of a newly purchased hotel in Neuchâtel, a broken-hearted man.

There never was a royalist committee, not even the shadow of proof of one, and yet Louis XVIII and his entourage in England believed in it explicitly. Why? M. Lenotre takes pains to explain that hope, flattery, and ignorance of the true situation inspired this confidence. This leads us to suggest that methods have changed little; and so has human nature. We need only to point to the misinformation dispensed during the late war, and the fervor with which the public clung to its illusions and its chimeras. Nor need one feel that men like Veyrat, Perlet, Montgaillard, Fouché, and Fauche-Borel operated solely in an historic age; they were the antecedents of recent scoundrels and dupes who helped to poison the wells of information and to fill the national archives of all nations with tons of cooked-up "facts" of no value whatsoever. Consider, for instance, one of several incidents of which I had personal knowledge. In 1919, while I was attending the Paris peace conference as a newspaper correspondent, I visited a Negro congress called by W. E. Burghardt DuBois. An agent of the American government, in uniform, called on me the next day and wished to know the purpose of the meeting. I gave him the substance of certain resolutions adopted there which called for equal justice, order, and tolerance. "I know," he exclaimed, as he feverishly scribbled his notes, "starting a revolution, that's what they're doing. We'll get them. We'll revoke their passports." If his report helps encumber our national archives, it is my hope that the future historian will read it with the perspicacity with which M. Lenotre has read the Strange and Astounding Adventures of Fauche-Borel.

HARRY HANSEN

Books in Brief

The Forest Giant. By Adrien Le Corbeau. Translated by L. H. Ross. Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

How this book escaped being written seventy years ago for the Victorians is a mystery. Perhaps the submerged reader is still seventy dogged years behind, both here and in France, for certainly the book will be taken seriously, into several editions, by all lovers of outdoor sweetness and inner light who like nothing better than a cosmic subject applied for personal edification. The giant sequoia has always been better in actuality than in art, and this story of its life-cycle is no exception.

The Poetry of Architecture. By Frank Rutter. George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

"To remold convictions in the light of added knowledge" is the announced purpose of the series in which this volume appears. Mr. Rutter comes far from doing any such thing. Here are all the old formulae of Ruskin's "Seven Lamps"—"the grandest book on architecture ever planned." We hear of "structural falsity," "mere masks," "insincerity." As architecture is "fitness expressed," Roman architecture and the modern steel building are "splendidly untruthful." There is not a hint that Wölfflin and Riegl have meanwhile written; not a hint that abstract relations of form and space have a value apart from fitness, that Roman and Baroque art have their own laws of being and are not to be judged by Greek or Gothic canons. The choice of examples and similes from buildings familiar to the English reader makes the book less useful to Americans, who might otherwise be intrigued by its easy style into some knowledge of the views of yesterday upon a subject often thought forbidding.

Drama

Mimicry and Realism

WHEN the curtain rises upon the empty scene of the first act of "Minick" (Booth Theatre) the eye catches in a fraction of a second a perfect vision of the standardized comfort and hackneyed elegance of the middle-class flat. An instant later a sound directs the attention to a distant corner and in an adjoining but just visible room one sees a serving maid, vigorously wiping forks and spoons in that state of vague indignation chronic with those who serve in the slightly disorganized households of the bourgeoisie. With a loud clatter she drops the pieces one by one into the open drawer of a buffet and the atmosphere of nervous irritation which the jangling generates completes the absolute verisimilitude of the picture. Then, in less than a quarter of a minute from the raising of the curtain, a ripple of laughter announces the fact that the audience has achieved a delighted recognition of itself and caught the spirit of the piece. "Minick" is a succession of such recognitions and the opening moment is its epitome.

Perhaps the word "mimicry" describes more accurately than the word "realism" the means by which such effects are obtained, and the relation of mimicry to art is indeed questionable. It is, perhaps, an extremely difficult trick rather than a supremely important artistic process, and it is trivial enough beside that deeper observation and subtler recording which, even while missing the familiar accent of everyday existence, reveals truths so hidden and so new as to seem at first sight strange rather than familiar. Mr. George Kaufman has, however, achieved perfection in his chosen field and there is no denying either the difficulty of his trick or the pleasure which it gives. He has taken from Miss Edna Ferber a story which he has saved from the sentimentality into which it threatens to fall, and he has lavished upon it a genius for the imitation of minutiae second only to the similar genius of Mr. Sinclair Lewis. Rarely in the course of the whole play does he fail to catch even the exact emphasis of a fact. Every speech seems the echo of a familiar voice, every contretemps awakens the memory of some personal discomfort, and the whole gives constantly the impression of something thoroughly familiar and yet never before entirely realized. It is no small thing not only to have transcribed with such fidelity the observations of a keen eye and an accurate ear, but to have known also just what in this observation was common to all New York so that each of a thousand spectators should see in father Minick something of his own father, in Mrs. Minick something of his own wife, and in the whole Minick household a routine of minor occurrences amusingly and embarrassingly like what he had vainly imagined to be the individual eccentricities of his own household. No transcendent genius perhaps was required, but something more than mere parroting was, for the mimicry is more than the mere mimicry of individuals. Contemporary life, at least in its externals, is seen as a pattern to which individual lives, in spite of all their apparent differences, conform, and this pattern is sketched firmly enough to fix itself in the mind of the audience and clearly enough to invite a criticism of itself. The laughter which it raises is neither troubled nor bitter, perhaps indeed it is occasionally facile; but in the main it is at ourselves, and laughter at ourselves is always worthy laughter because it is indubitable proof that the spirit of self-criticism is at work. "Minick," not being a great play, will offend nobody. It has sentiment enough to please the most sentimental and it is kindly enough to spare the feelings of the most tender, and yet with all it is in addition true enough to have, for those capable of feeling it, a gentle but salutary sting.

Mr. Kaufman and Miss Ferber approach art from one direction, while Mr. James Elroy Flecker attempts to reach it

from another. The former begin with the vulgar elements of the popular drama and succeed by virtue of observation and sincerity in imbuing them with a measure of truth and significance; the latter takes hold of all the sacred paraphernalia of Serious Art and attempts, less successfully, to animate it with passion and life. His "Hassan" (Knickerbocker Theater) has indeed its moments of poetry, but on the whole its good intentions are more evident than its accomplishment. The producers seem to have been content to accept it as little more than the scenario for a spectacle, and, relying upon the fascination of costume and color, they have not been disturbed by the fact that the audience is not always sure whether the fine Oriental recklessness in the matter of the executions and torture is to be taken with a smile or a shudder. Thanks to a considerable amount of glitter to which a capable ballet contributes considerably, "Hassan" is not dull, but it never creates sufficient illusion to engage the emotions very deeply, and perhaps it is just as well that it does not, for physical horror, upon which it so largely depends for its attempted effects, is at best but an unsatisfactory substitute for genuine tragedy.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

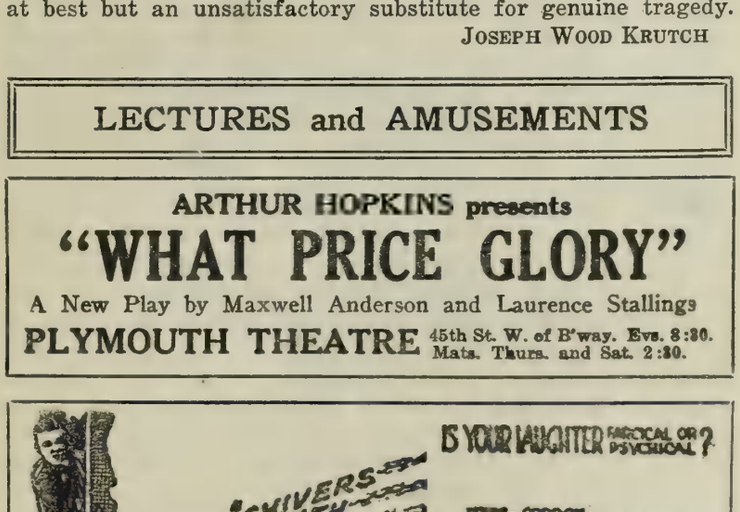
LECTURES and AMUSEMENTS

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

"WHAT PRICE GLORY"

A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings

PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.



RAND SCHOOL

7 East 15th Street

Saturday afternoon lectures:

Oct. 25—1:30 P. M. ..... Morris Hillquit
"Socialism, Labor and the Progressive Movement"

Oct. 25—3:30 P. M. John Langdon-Davies
(Labor Candidate for House of Commons)
"Why Labor Rules England"

Nov. 1 ..... J. F. Horrabin
(Illustrator of Wells' "Outline of History")
"H. G. Wells and World's History"

Sunday afternoon, Nov. 30, Debate, Clarence Darrow vs. Scott Nearing

The DEBATE of the CENTURY!

Is CAPITAL PUNISHMENT a Wise Public Policy?

Clarence S. DARROW says NO!

Famous Chicago Attorney in the Leopold-Loeb Case

VERSUS

Judge Alfred J. TALLEY says YES!

N. Y. Court of General Sessions

Chairman to be announced

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 26, 3 P. M.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE, 34th St., W. of 8th Ave.

Tickets $1.65, $2.20, $2.75, $3.30, $4.40.

On sale at Box Office, all branches of Tyson's and McBride's Ticket Agencies, or at the offices of and by mail from

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City. Longacre 4447-19435

N. B.—Out-of-towners desiring a printed stenographic report of this debate, send us their names.

The DEBATE of the SEASON!

SHOULD LITERATURE BE CENSORED?

JOHN S. SUMNER
Secretary, New York Society for Suppression of Vice

versus

ERNEST BOYD
Noted International Author and Critic

Chairman: CLIFFORD SMYTH, Editor, International Book Review

SUBJECT:

RESOLVED: That limitations upon the contents of books and magazines as defined in proposed legislation would be detrimental to the advancement of American literature.

Mr. BOYD, Affirmative Mr. SUMNER, Negative

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1924, AT 8:30 P. M.

TOWN HALL—West 43d St., near Sixth Ave.

Tickets $1.10, 1.65, 2.20, 2.75, 3.30 (war tax inc.)

On sale at Brentano's, Macy's Book Dept. and Wanamaker's Book Dept., and at the offices of or by mail from

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City. Longacre 10434-4447

N. B.—Out-of-towners desiring a printed stenographic report of this debate, send us their names.

EXTRAORDINARY LECTURE!

"WHY TROTZKY HATES MacDONALD"

A frank exposition of the differences between the principles, aims and methods of the Labor Party of England and the Communist Party of Soviet Russia

by John Langdon-Davies

Labor Party Candidate for Parliament
Journalist, Oxford Lecturer
(First appearance in this country)

Sunday, October 19, 8:30 p. m.

Cooper Union, 4th Avenue and 8th St.

Tickets 75c. (plus war tax)

On sale at the offices of or by mail from

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 5th Ave. Tel. Longacre 10434-10435

DEBATE

SAMUEL UNTERMYER for

vs.

MORRIS HILLQUIT for

DAVIS La FOLLETTE

CLARENCE DARROW will be Chairman

RESOLVED: that viewing the concrete circumstances of the pending election, the cause of sound progressive government will be best promoted by voting for LA FOLLETTE rather than DAVIS

Sunday Afternoon, October 12th
(COLUMBUS DAY) 2:30 P.M.

Madison Square Garden, 26th St. and Madison Ave.

TICKETS: 50c. and $1.00 (Reserved)

Auspices: NATIONAL LABOR FORUM

ON SALE: Rand School, 7 East 15th Street,
219 Sackman Street,
1167 Boston Road.
Tyson's and Gray's Ticket Agencies.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF

The Nation

Published weekly, Wednesday, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1924.

State of New York, County of New York, } ss.:

Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lewis S. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the acting editor of The Nation and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Editor—Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—Freda Kirchwey, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Business Managers—None.

Acting Editor—Lewis S. Gannett, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given).

The Nation, Inc.

Katherine S. Dreier, Central Park West, New York City.

Agnes Brown Leach, 160 East 64th Street, New York City.

Ellen McMurtrie, 1104 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mary McMurtrie, 1104 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Maria C. Scattergood, 355 Bourse Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

R. L. Selene, 334 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Fanny Garrison Villard, 525 Park Avenue, New York City.

Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

Edward S. Waters, 52 William Street, New York City.

Maurice Wertheim, 44 Pine Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ———. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

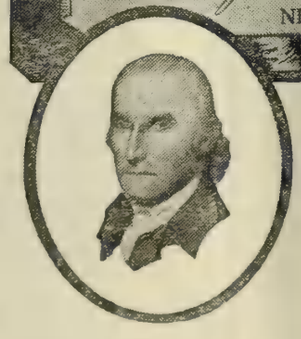
LEWIS S. GANNETT, Acting Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1924.

[Seal] Irene B. Cox.

Commissioner of Deeds for the City of New York.

(My term expires Oct. 17, 1924)



The Man Without a Home

BACK in 1680, Richard Floyd sailed from Wales to found a homestead on the south shore of Long Island.

Less than a hundred years later, his great-grandson, William, signer of the Declaration of Independence and Captain of the Suffolk militia, called out his friends and neighbors to protect that home from a shipload of his British cousins.

With martial aspect they drove the invaders back to the boats. But while William Floyd was with Congress in Philadelphia, the enemy came in force and the patriot's family barely escaped to Connecticut.

For seven years William Floyd strove for his country, while a troop of light cavalry used his home as a barracks.

Victory won, he returned from his long exile. Neighbors flocked about him with cheers; but his once luxurious estate stood despoiled to the naked core. He won a nation; but lost a home.

*

THE simplest estate you can leave your family is *Monthly Income* Life Insurance.

The Prudential issues this in various flexible and convenient forms to run as many years as you wish, or for the lifetime of your beneficiary. It is insurance that Insures the Insurance.

*

The little Prudential book of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a copy of the Constitution of the United States, will be sent with our compliments, on your request.

Put a part of your savings into Life Insurance. It will be safe there; it will be sure to come back; and it will protect the home, and the family it shelters, even though you should have to leave them—before you have finally finished your great work. Life Insurance protects home builders.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD
President

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK
New Jersey

IF EVERY WIFE KNEW WHAT EVERY WIDOW KNOWS—EVERY HUSBAND WOULD BE INSURED

International Relations Section

China and Germany Settle Up

ALMOST immediately following the signature of the Russo-Chinese agreements (printed in last week's International Relations Section) Germany also reached an important economic agreement with the Peking Government. The text of these agreements, embodied in two letters signed by the Chinese Foreign Minister, is here reprinted from the Peking *Daily News* of July 14.

Peking, June 6, 1924

His Excellency,
MONSIEUR LE DR. BOYE,
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for Germany, Peking.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE:

I have the honor to inform Your Excellency in the name of my Government that the Chinese Government, in order to settle the affairs of the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank, has agreed on the following procedure:

1. The Chinese Government will return to the bank as soon as possible all books taken over from the bank as those kept during liquidation.

2. The Chinese Government will return to the bank its immovable properties, together with buildings erected thereon, at Peking and Hankow, free from incumbrances. As to its immovable properties in other parts of China which have been liquidated and for which the bank asks for compensation, the Chinese Government agrees to pay to the bank 1,950,000 Mexican dollars in Tientsin-Pukow and Hukuang Railway bonds.

3. Thereafter all claims of the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank against the Chinese Government and of the Chinese Government against the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank will be considered as paid, with the exception of the advance including interest given by the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank to the Chinese Government on the security of the unissued portion of the Tientsin-Pukow supplementary loan of 1910.

In order to settle this matter the Chinese Government undertakes to take all steps necessary to make the hypothecated bonds negotiable and, in special, to take up the respective loan service, with due regard to the interest accrued on the advance, on the day when the service of all Chinese government loans issued in Germany is resumed. If so desired by the Chinese Government, the bank will advance to the Chinese Government the funds necessary for the service of these bonds for one year commencing from the date of exchange of these notes. Interest on this additional advance will be paid half-yearly at the rate of 7 per cent per annum by the Chinese Government to the bank.

The repayment of the advances by means of these bonds or otherwise will be arranged by separate negotiations between the Chinese Government and the bank that are to begin forthwith, and the bank undertakes not to issue these bonds to the public until these negotiations have been concluded, but for no longer than one year after the exchange of these notes, unless otherwise agreed upon.

4. The Chinese Government is prepared to reinstate the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank into its pre-war status, including its functions as an issuing bank under the loan agreements, and will take steps to that effect, with the exception, however, of its functions under the Hukuang Railway Loan Agreement which will remain in abeyance for the present.

5. On the exchange of these notes the regulations relating to the liquidation of the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank will be withdrawn. The order not to pay the creditors of the bank will be withdrawn on the 31st of October, 1924.

I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to Your Excellency the expression of my highest consideration.

(*Signed*) V. K. WELLINGTON KOO

Peking, June 7, 1924

His Excellency,
MONSIEUR LE DR. BOYE,
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for Germany, Peking.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE:

I have the honor to inform Your Excellency in the name of my Government that the Chinese Government in further execution of the second paragraph of the notes of May 20, 1921, annexed to the Sino-German Agreement of the same date, has agreed on the following procedure:

1. The Chinese Government will release the whole of the outstanding balance of the German private property still withheld by China. The two governments agree that the total value of the property so released, together with the property released since 1921, is between 69 and 70 million Mexican dollars.

2. The German Government will pay to China the advance portion of the indemnity, being equivalent to one-half of the value of the released private property as under Article 1.

This payment is being made in the following way:

	Mexican Dollars
(a) Cash paid in 1921	4,000,000
(b) 15,000,000 Mexican dollars in railway bonds, viz.: Bonds of the 1908 Tientsin-Pukow Railway Loan of £400,000 nominal at 68 equal to £952,000 in market value at 8.421 Mexican dollars per pound sterling equal to	8,016,792
Bonds of the 1910 Tientsin-Pukow Railway loan £950,000 nominal at 66 equal to £627,000 in market value at 8.421 Mexican dollars per pound sterling equal to	5,279,967
	Bonds
Bonds of the 1911 Hukuang Railway Loan of £381,640 at 53 equal to £202,269.20 in market value at 8.421 Mexican dollars per pound sterling equal to	1,703,308.90
(c) at 8.421 Mexican dollars per pound sterling equal to £1,881,001 in drawn bonds and coupons due to June 15, 1924, of the Railway Loans mentioned under (b)	15,839,909.45

These payments amount to a total of....Mex.$34,839,977.35

3. As a final compensation for the balance of all claims of the Chinese Government, arising out of the war, the German Government undertakes to settle all outstanding claims of the German private individuals against the Chinese Government, except claims in connection with the service of the Chinese bonds.

4. The Chinese Government will issue a presidential mandate whereby the former declaration on the suspension of the service of the three Railway Loans mentioned in Article 2 (b) and of the Reorganization Loan is definitely canceled and the full service for them resumed. Coupons of the Reorganization Loan already due will be paid one month after the exchange of these notes except an amount of £1,087,768 of these coupons at 8.421 Mexican dollars per pound sterling equal to $9,160,-094.30—which the German Government will deliver to the Chinese Government for cancelation. Coupons and drawn bonds of the three Railway Loans due before October 1, 1924, being secured in accordance with the agreements relating to these loans, will be repaid at the rate of two coupons and one drawing per year on the dates provided for payment of coupons and drawn bonds by the respective agreements, commencing from October 1, 1924. Coupons and drawn bonds due on and after October 1, 1924, will be paid on respective due dates.

5. The execution of the obligations under Articles 1, 2, and 4 will take place simultaneously, not later than eight days

WANTED!

FOUR HUNDRED PICKED FIGHTING MEN AND WOMEN!

FOR years Bob La Follette and the men and women with whom he is waging war on reaction have been fighting for you!

THEY'VE got the enemy on the run now! But they need ammunition to keep rolling up the enemy. That ammunition is MONEY!

THOUSANDS of men and women in New York City are eager to supply those funds. They are waiting to meet with the smile of welcome and the flash of greenbacks those who will call on them for those funds. They are eager for the privilege of fighting for "Fighting Bob!"

FOUR hundred picked fighting men and women are to be given the honor, the privilege, the burden and the task of raising these funds.

LA FOLLETTE VICTORY BONDS are to be sold to the progressives of New York by these four hundred! Will you be one of the Four Hundred? We need you—the country needs you—Progress needs you—Humanity needs you—

RIP INTO REACTION—REPORT AT LA FOLLETTE WHEELER CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

Room 1002

25 West 43rd Street

OXFORD BOOKS

A SHORT HISTORY OF INTERNATIONAL INTERCOURSE

By C. Delisle Burns — *Net* $1.75

A timely volume covering a period from the Beginnings of Peace in Europe to Since the Great War.

THE EUROPEAN STATES SYSTEM

By R. B. Mowat — *Net* $1.00

Deals with the relation to each other of the different States of Europe.

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN

By G. Elliot Smith — *Net* $2.85

"A work of first rate importance. As easy for the layman to read as Hendrik Van Loon's The Story of Mankind."—*Burton Rascoe in New York Herald-Tribune.*

THE ECONOMIC POSITION OF THE MARRIED WOMAN

By Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher — *Paper cover,* 50c

A brief summary of the improvements in the legal status of married women, with a consideration of what improvements have still to be made in their economic position.

A HISTORY OF THE TORY PARTY 1640-1714

By Keith Feiling — *Net* $6.00

The book pays a fine tribute to the lasting value to political theory of a party that contains the names of some of the greatest Englishmen of the 17th and 18th Centuries.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

American Branch

35 West 32nd St. New York City

SS

PIONEERS IN SHIPPING

LIEBESGABEN (Relief Shipments)

Assortments from $5.00 up

Make up your own Assortment from our Price List
Ask for our Price List G

All Orders and Shipments Delivered FREE HOUSE!

SELF-PACKED PACKAGES

are FORWARDED WEEKLY and at rates commensurate with efficient service.

American Merchants Shipping & Forwarding Co.

H. von Schuckmann C. E. W. Schelling

30 Years' Shipping Experience with Hamburg-American Line

OFFICES: 147 S—4th Ave., cor. 14th St., New York City

HAMBURG OFFICE—KLEINE ROSENSTRASSE 16

accept nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c.

Midol for HEADACHE

Portrayed Without Prejudice

How much do you know of what the Labor Party has done during its first year of office in England?

This experiment in new government by men with a new vision is beginning a fresh chapter in the political history of free peoples.

The Manchester Guardian

WEEKLY

is the one medium where the liberal minded person can get the gist of English politics in this most interesting period portrayed with the same spirit of truthfulness and impartiality that has distinguished The Manchester Guardian for more than a hundred years.

The Manchester Guardian Weekly, apart from its discussion of political news, is also a weekly review that keeps the intelligent reader in touch with new developments in literature, music, and the drama.

In short, THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY gives its readers in more than sixty different countries an accuracy of information and a freshness of viewpoint that help them to maintain an intelligent outlook on all vital matters.

MAIL COUPON BELOW

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY,
222 West 42nd Street,
New York City.

I enclose three dollars for a year's subscription to THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY, to be mailed to me direct from Manchester, England, commencing with the current issue.

Name.....

Address.....

after the exchange of these notes; coupons and drawn bonds mentioned above as well as the railway bonds as detailed in Article 2 (b) will be handed over to the Chinese Legation in London by the German Embassy in London in exchange against the official notification addressed by the Legation to the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation in London, communicating to the bank, on behalf of the Chinese Government, the presidential mandate as provided for in Article 4.

6. This agreement shall be considered as a final settlement of all outstanding claims of the Chinese Government against the German Government and nationals, and of Chinese nationals against the German Government, as well as of all outstanding claims of the German Government against the Chinese Government and nationals and of the German nationals against the Chinese Government, provided always that they originated before July 1, 1921.

I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to Your Excellency the expression of my highest consideration.

(*Signed*) V. K. WELLINGTON KOO

Divorces and Suicides in Germany

MORE than twice as many couples are now being divorced each year in Germany than was the case before the war, according to figures published in *Wirtschaft und Statistik* (Berlin) for June 15, 1924. The number of divorces and the rate of divorce per 100,000 inhabitants are given as follows:

Year	Number of divorces	Rate per 100,000
1913	17,835	26.8
1914	17,740	26.2
1915	10,791	15.9
1916	10,494	15.5
1917	11,603	17.7
1918	13,344	20.6
1919	22,022	35.0
1920	36,542	59.1
1921	39,216	62.9
1922	36,548	59.6

Analysis of these figures shows the greatest frequency of divorce in the cities of Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck, in industrial Saxony and in Schleswig-Holstein. In every part of the Reich, however, the divorce rate was markedly higher in 1922 than in 1913. The divorce rate increased also both among those who had been married a short period and among those who had been long married, even among those married more than twenty-five years. But the relative increase was greatest among those married from one to four years, i.e., among the war marriages and early post-war marriages. The proportion of cases in which the man was declared the guilty party in 1922 was about the same as in 1913, 54 per cent; but in 1919, the first post-war year, the woman was held guilty in 55 per cent of the cases, and in 1920 the two sexes stood equal.

Suicides have not increased in similar proportion, but there are certain interesting parallels between the divorce and suicide figures. (The latter are given in *Wirtschaft und Statistik* for July 1.) The war brought a sharp drop in suicides as in divorces; whereas in 1913 15,564 suicides were recorded in Germany, the number fell sharply in 1915, and in 1918 was below 10,000 (possibly suicides in the field were not recorded), but in 1919 the figure rose to 11,555; in 1920 it jumped to 13,372; in 1921 it was 12,764; and in 1922 the total rose again, to 13,402. This was at the rate of 21.9 per 100,000 inhabitants; the 1913 rate, however, was higher still, 23.5. The suicide rate was highest in precisely those parts of the Reich where the divorce rate was highest—highest in Berlin, next in Hamburg; with Brunswick, Bremen, Saxony, and Schleswig-Holstein following in that order. It is also interesting to note that whereas before the war there were 34 women suicides to every 100 men suicides, this figure leaped to 62.6 in 1919, the year when women played a larger role than men in giving grounds for divorce. The figure declined to 54 in 1920 and to 46 in 1922.

Contributors to This Issue

SINCLAIR LEWIS is the author of "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Dr. Arrowsmith," and other books.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL is a Chicago lawyer.

DEVERE ALLEN is on the editorial staff of the *World Tomorrow*.

HARRY HANSEN, literary editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, is the author of "Mid-west Portraits."

KUNO FRANCKE is professor-emeritus of German literature in Harvard University.

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL is assistant professor of economics at Columbia University and editor of several volumes on economic subjects.

ROBERT EMMET MACALARNEY has been city editor of the New York *Evening Post*, New York *Evening Mail*, and New York *Tribune*.

La Follette's Record

A few hundred copies of the reprint of Arthur Warner's three articles on La Follette's Record are still available.

Single copies, 10 cents
12 copies, $1.00
100 copies, 5.00

Free with a new subscription, if you mention it.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1924 No. 3094

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 429
EDITORIALS:
- Ramsay MacDonald's Achievement 432
- Mr. Fosdick and the Presbyterians 433
- Pedagogues in Revolt 433
- Anatole France 434

THE WINNING OF THE WEST. By Oswald Garrison Villard 435
BE BRISK WITH BABBITT. By Sinclair Lewis 437
THE BANKER SAVES THE FARMER. By Paul Harwood Millar 439
"POLITICS AIN'T WHAT IT WAS." By William Hard 441
"BROTHER CHARLEY." By Paul Y. Anderson 442
OCTOBER END. By William A. Norris 444
AUTUMN, FORSAKE THE HILLS. By Frank Ernest Hill 444
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 444
CORRESPONDENCE 444
BOOKS:
- First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 446
- Spiritual Adventures. By Joseph Wood Krutch 447
- The Value of a Survey. By Clara M. Smertenko 447
- The History of British Labor. By Herbert W. Horwill 448
- Spain's Chinese Revolution. By Roy Temple House 448
- A Successor of Conrad? By Rose Lee 449
- Human Conduct. By John B. Watson 449
- Music and Musicians. By Henrietta Straus 449
- Books in Brief 450

DRAMA:
- Melodrama and Aspirations. By Joseph Wood Krutch 450

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- General Hertzog's Policy. By M. B. D. 452
- Savinkov's Story 452

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

Managing Editor Literary Editor

ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager

Contributing Editors

ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS

ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

IT WAS NOT LA FOLLETTE who originated the charge of a great Republican slush fund, beginning with $600,000 in Pennsylvania. It was the New York *Times*. Senator La Follette read at Scranton a dispatch from the Washington bureau of the *Times* of October 6, declaring that

> Last week hurried conferences on the subject of finances as well as organization were held by the party leaders here and in New York. Chairman Butler conferred with E. T. Stotesbury, the Philadelphia partner of Morgan and Co., and plans were immediately set afoot in Pennsylvania by W. T. Mellon of Pittsburgh and Joseph R. Grundy of Philadelphia to raise $600,000 in that State for use elsewhere.

Joseph R. Grundy himself supplied evidence. Thousands of copies of a letter bearing his signature were sent out from Philadelphia on October 2, appealing for funds. The letterhead bears the legend "Ways and Means Committee of the Republican National Committee for Pennsylvania (Outside Pittsburgh District), Joseph R. Grundy, chairman-treasurer." (Presumably the Mellons arrange for the money in Pittsburgh.) Edward T. Stotesbury appears on this letterhead as chairman of the executive committee, and on the executive committee are Samuel Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works; S. D. Warriner, president of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co. and leader of the anthracite operators; Bayard Henry, a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Ira J. Williams, chairman of the board of the F. H. White Co. and of the Ajax Metal Co.; John Gribbel, director of a score of banks, electricity, gas, and power companies; the Countess de Santa Eulalia, whoever that stalwart Republican may be; and Mrs. Cyrus H. K. Curtis.

A CHORUS OF REPUBLICAN ABUSE greeted La Follette's reading of the *Times* dispatch and the Grundy letter. Denunciation of the Senator was as bitter as the letter itself, which demanded dollars to defeat La Follette and Wheeler, "a Lenine and Trotzky with a formidable band of followers made up of the vicious, ignorant, and discontented element" who would "likely cast millions of votes next November, perhaps enough to defeat the Republican Party." One of the Mellons said the story was "just a lie." Bascom Slemp, the President's postoffice salesman, said it was "pure fabrication." But the New York *Evening Post* blurted out the truth. Cyrus H. K. Curtis owns the *Post*, and the names of his wife and some of the directors of his publishing company appear at the head of the Grundy letter. He ought to know something about it. And this is what his paper says:

> . . . Republicans are now raising money for the defeat of La Folletteism and all its ways and works. La Follette says Pennsylvania will raise $600,000 and New York $1,000,000.
>
> Possibly. Since these are wealthy States, densely populated, and because from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 usually go into the legitimate expenses of a national campaign, these figures are not alarming. Doubtless they will, as they should, be raised.

The treasurer of the New Jersey Republican State Committee is quoted in the friendly New York *Herald-Tribune* as saying that the 1924 quota of that State is $500,000, $200,000 more than the 1920 quota. Where is the money coming from? How is it used?

MR. HUGHES, who talked until he lost the campaign of 1916, is complaining because this election may be thrown into Congress. Mr. Hughes takes a long leap in logic when he says that "the question is whether the endeavor to defeat the election of a President and to establish minority control of our Government shall succeed." By "defeating the election of a President" Mr. Hughes means merely keeping Calvin Coolidge out of the White House. Mr. Hughes himself does not believe that Mr. Coolidge will have a popular majority at the polls. If Mr. Coolidge were by mischance elected it would be by a minority vote; no one of the three candidates expects an outright popular majority over the two others. If a coalition in Congress should elect either La Follette or Davis in the House, or either Wheeler or Bryan in the Senate, that coalition would represent a popular majority opposed to Coolidge. Even the election of Charles W. Bryan would seem a godsend if it saved the country from four years of Coolidge or Dawes.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, editor of *The Nation*, is at the moment making speeches for La Follette in the West. To him comes a letter from Carl W. Riddick,

national organizer of the National Republican League, stating that it is addressed to him "after careful inquiry as to party loyalty and individual responsibility," adding:

> Unscrupulous traitors, masquerading as Republicans and widely heralded as Republicans, have aligned themselves with those destructive forces that are now striving to disrupt our form of government and substitute for it the wild-eyed fanaticisms evolved by the insane Reds and Revolutionists of darker-than-ever Russia. . . .The National Republican League is fighting these bush-whacking bandits wherever they may hail from and whoever they may be, but to maintain this holy warfare militantly it must have you and your influence with it. . . . To be a trifle blunt let me say that I hope you will sign the enclosed pledge slip and return it with your check.

The gentleman—or lady—who composed those stirring phrases for Mr. Riddick had a talent for writing, but Mr. Riddick had better hire a new assistant to make "careful inquiry" into the "party loyalty" of those to whom his letters go.

SOMEONE WITH A PREWAR SENSE of the proprieties appears to have been much upset by the discovery that Mr. Thomas Lamont of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company ventured to write a letter to the diplomats in London advising them what terms to make if they wanted a fat loan made to Germany. Our ambassador extraordinary, Mr. Kellogg, however, apparently succeeded in keeping the letter off the record. Accordingly the letter has been suppressed, though the striking international success of the $200,000,000 loan would indicate that the advice was taken. Why anyone should be indignant in 1924 because a banker advises a statesman in straightforward terms is beyond our understanding. Mr. Lamont represents one of the Great Powers of the world; a note from him is of more importance even than a dissertation on liberty by Mr. Mussolini, and he is likely to be vastly better informed. The House of Morgan is more than American, it is an international power, with alliances in England and elsewhere. Its aid has become almost as necessary to a solution of the Franco-German conflict as that of the French Government itself. Indeed, to a degree it controls that Government. Herriot, before he came to power, dared attack the Morgan loan; once in office, he set about renewing it. When "the League" saves Austria or Hungary it is with aid from Mr. Lamont's firm. The Dawes Plan will not become a working reality without its aid. Money rules; and he knows how it rules. His notes are likely to be worth reading.

THAT PROTOCOL prepared at the League Assembly "for the pacific settlement of international disputes" turns out, upon the arrival of the complete text, to be a distressingly long, wordy, and repetitive document. Cautious diplomacy forced the insertion of endless qualifications and verbal compromises. It is, plainly, an attempt to *enforce* peace among the members of the League. The complicated machinery utilized, in which the Council of the League plays a dominant part, is not such as will facilitate the participation of non-members of the League; and they are not invited to join in this mutual-security pact. They are, however, invited to attend a new international conference for the reduction of armaments to be called next June if a sufficient number of states meanwhile ratify the protocol. The United States is not likely to sign any such document as this; but if discussion of this protocol leads to a concrete program of international disarmament this country cannot stand aloof.

GERMANY IS SLOWLY EMERGING from a prolonged political crisis. The elections of May 4 gave the central bloc—which included the Social Democrats, the Democrats, the Centrists (Catholic), and the so-called People's Party, but excluded Communists at the Left and Nationalists and Racialists at the Right—a bare majority. Persistent attempts have been made to force out the Socialists and bring the Nationalists into a governing bourgeois bloc. The Nationalists, however, made that difficult by their refusal as a party to accept the Dawes Plan. When it came, in August, to a vote, they split, enough voting for the enabling laws to give the necessary two-thirds majority. Their entrance into the Cabinet then seemed imminent. The Government announced that Germany did not accept sole responsibility for the war, and that it would so inform the Allies. This announcement was heralded as a victory for the Nationalists. But French, British, and Belgian diplomats in Berlin immediately called at the Foreign Office bearing heavy loads of advice. Marx saw the point; Stresemann still thumped upon the table; but after a partial election in Upper Silesia showed heavy losses for both Nationalist and Communist extremes and a strong tide toward the center parties, moderation won in Berlin too. Stresemann swallowed his anger; the Cabinet remains as it was; and the German Government, apparently in good favor even in Paris, is to be given a front seat among the permanent members of the Council of the League.

RADICH IS BACK—that strange "Gandhi of the Balkans," the powerful peasant leader of Croatia. Radich is undisputed leader in his own country; and he insists upon Croatia's right to republican autonomy within the Serb-Croat-Slovene kingdom. Croatia, he says, has never accepted the federal principle. Regularly, at every election, Croatia has given him an overwhelming majority; and the elected deputies, almost as regularly, have refused to take the oath of allegiance and to sit in Parliament. Pachich, the wily war-time leader of the Serbs, first invited Radich to sit in the Cabinet; then, when he refused, charged Radich with treason—and indeed he had never hesitated to speak his mind, even to urge his followers to refuse military service. Radich defied Pachich for a time, then crossed the border. He talked with Herriot in Paris; he passed months in London; he went to Moscow for several weeks as the guest of the Soviet Government, and took part as delegate of his party in the meetings of the Red Peasants' International. Now, with Pachich out of office, he has returned, and his followers form part of the bloc which maintains the Davidovich Government in office. He still demands the autonomy of the Croatian Republic, and his people still reverence him as no other Balkan statesman is today reverenced. But the Serbs have not forgiven him his taunts, or forgotten that they waged the war as Allies while Croatian legions fought against them.

CHIEF OF POLICE TRACEY of Paterson, New Jersey, has at least called attention to the long-drawn fight of the Paterson strikers organized in the Associated Silk Workers. By threatening to deport as Reds some 235 aliens, by refusing to allow the strikers to assemble and

then using violence to break up a test meeting before the city hall, by a wildly undiscriminating use of nightsticks and arrests, the chief of police has turned the eyes of the public on a battle that has long gone unnoticed. The silk mills of Paterson have seen many conflicts. The present strike involves a small proportion of the men, organized in an independent union, demanding, primarily, changes in the number of looms tended by each worker. The issue means little to the public; but the struggle transcends its immediate cause. The mayor of Paterson twice attempted a settlement by calling a conference among the workers, the employers, and representatives of the public. The workers met with the mayor, but the employers refused either to discuss the issue or to meet the union. The mayor then washed his hands of the whole business, according to his own announcement; but he took steps, none the less, toward the deportation of the foreign-born workers. Meanwhile the chief of police had closed to strikers the hall where they had met peaceably for many weeks. The Civil Liberties Union organized a test meeting, and the arrests and police brutality followed. A small strike has, through the stubborn pugnacity of the employers and later through the lawless threats and violence of city officials, become a fight for human rights.

WHILE THE NATIONAL CITY BANK informs the public in its September bulletin that "the improvement in business sentiment noted in the latter part of July became more widespread during August and, in the main, has been supported by changes in the industrial situation," the Bureau of Labor Statistics measures more accurately the extent of that improved "sentiment."

> Employment in manufacturing industries in August showed an increase over July of 0.2 per cent. This is the first increase shown in this series of monthly comparisons since March.

An increase of two-tenths of one per cent! Compared with the statistics of August, 1923, there is a "decrease in 1924 of 15 per cent in employment, a decrease of 17.2 per cent in payroll totals, and a decrease of 2.6 per cent in per capita earnings." The Russell Sage Foundation has made public some of its findings of a five-year inquiry into the subject of unemployment. It states that from 10 to 12 per cent of all the workers in the United States are continuously out of employment and that each year from 1,000,000 to 6,000,000 persons are out of work for weeks and sometimes months at a time.

> Widespread unemployment [it says] is now a constant phenomenon, with far reaching economic, social, psychological, and moral bearings.

But the New York *Times* gravely assures us that the problem is not really serious until there are "six million workers without jobs, or nearly 20 per cent of the country's wage-earners."

BREAD AND CLOTHES, milk and money—these unofficial diplomats which America has sent into Germany have, more than anything else, helped to offset the efforts of official diplomacy and to establish relations of friendliness between the two peoples. In America at least the active aid to Germany has created good feeling; it is almost impossible to hate a people you are helping. Only recently a new effort has been organized in this country which consciously combines the purposes of relief and internationalism. A Christmas Ship of Friendship is being fitted and loaded with food and clothing and sent to Germany as an expression of friendship from "the women of America." Actually the group that is sending it and appealing for help is made up of women well known for their fine spirit of international good-will during the hard years that have passed. They recognize the need for more effort during the coming winter particularly for that "large group of self-respecting people in Germany whose pride has prevented them from receiving the aid that they desperately need." (Recent figures report 40 per cent of all German school children still undernourished.) The cargo of the Ship of Friendship will be distributed through the German churches. Money should be sent to the Women's Church Committee, 105 East 22nd Street, New York; gifts of used clothes are being packed at 1521 Cherry Street, Philadelphia.

JOHN GOLDEN sends us a circular letter in which he ingeniously reveals both the goodness of his heart and the fact that he regards playwriting only as a legitimate and very profitable business. Having, so he confides, become prosperous, he wishes to express his gratitude to the Theater; but he can think of no plan better than one "to help others profit in the same way" that he has done. Accordingly he has set aside $100,000 to finance a nation-wide play contest and obtained the services of one hundred and ninety-two editors and critics to read the trainloads of manuscripts submitted. It would be difficult to find any document more completely the product of all the combined illusions of the marketplace than the little pamphlet which he has issued to explain the plan and aims of the contest: Since playwriting is regarded as an honorable trade there are certain negative conditions. The plays must, for example, be "clean" and they must not contain anything "of a salacious or sex nature"; but aside from this the only recognized criterion of success is the box-office returns. Mr. Golden hopes to confer upon us no blessing greater than another "Turn to the Right" or "Thank U." His motives are the best, but we very much fear that from the mountain of manuscripts produced only a mouse of a play will emerge—even if, by a stroke of luck, it manages to be one which, like some of his own pieces, will roar like a lion on Broadway.

EVEN NEW YORKERS cheered when the Senators won. They were getting a bit bored with pennants, after three years in which the world's series had been fought out between two New York teams. More than that, most New Yorkers are fresh-water-born, and even when they have learned to love the subway they still hide somewhere within themselves that jealousy of the nation's greatest city which makes the whole country root for the other side whenever New York's honor is at stake. Washington *had* to win this year to prove the romance of baseball. Not the scandal of greedy players alone but the disillusioning fact that the city of the greatest gate receipts had seemed able by sheer power of money to command the ablest teams worked against sympathy with the Gothamites. "Muggsy" McGraw has been putting too much science in baseball for too many decades; the fans were sick of his science. In the triumph of "Bucky" Harris, the boy player-manager, and of Walter Johnson, the dogged veteran who had played eighteen years of major-league baseball waiting for his world's series, they found what they needed to restore their faith in the great American game.

Ramsay MacDonald's Achievement

RAMSAY MACDONALD governed, but he never ruled. England's first Labor Government held office by permission of the Liberal Party, for the general election of December, 1923, produced a House of Commons without a majority. Labor took the helm because the Liberals preferred to support it rather than the Tories. MacDonald had to work with a House composed of

257 Conservatives,
192 Laborites,
158 Liberals,
5 Independents,
3 Nationalists and Sinn Feiners.

From the start, therefore, the Labor Government was hobbled. It knew that it could adopt no strictly Labor measures against the united Liberal and Conservative parties. England, putting it in office, was trying a cautious experiment, testing Labor's fitness to govern.

Labor has been tried for nine months—and not found wanting. Its is a record of accomplishment, with some mistakes and omissions, but an amazingly impressive record for so short a term in office. Let us summarize it:

Foreign Policy. 1. It has restored the atmosphere of peace to Europe. When it came in Poincaré was shrieking at Germany, throttling her with his grip upon the Ruhr. It is Ramsay MacDonald's accomplishment that France and Germany have begun to think as neighbors with common interests to work out, instead of as enemies. He began by astonishing Poincaré with his determined friendliness. He leaves office with the Franco-British breach largely healed, the Dawes Plan accepted on both sides of the Rhine, evacuation by the French troops begun, and Germany's admission into the League on a parity with France and England agreed upon. This is a massive achievement which already ranks MacDonald as one of England's great foreign ministers.

2. The Labor Government recognized Russia without conditions and then proceeded to negotiate a detailed treaty. The Russians recognized the claims of British holders of Russian bonds and agreed to further negotiations on the terms of settlement. The British Government promised that, following the signing of a second treaty embodying these terms, it would support a loan to enable Russia to meet her obligations. The present treaty also facilitates British trade with Russia and gives the British fishing fleet privileges in Russian waters.

3. Ramsay MacDonald opened the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations in Geneva with an insistent plea for universal arbitration as the path to disarmament, and his determination was responsible for the calling of a world-wide disarmament conference.

Imperial Policy. 1. Imperial preference in tariff duties was abolished.

2. The Labor Government honorably insisted upon carrying out the pledge made to the Irish Free State in the 1921 treaty to appoint commissioners to negotiate a readjustment of the Ulster frontier. In forcing this measure through against bitter Die-Hard opposition Labor had warm Liberal support.

3. Immediately upon assuming office Ramsay MacDonald warned India that "no party in Britain will be cowed by threats of force or by policies designed to bring the Government to a standstill"; and during his term in office the Indian question has remained in suspense.

4. No progress has been made toward settlement of the questions reserved for later settlement when the British protectorate was withdrawn from Egypt in 1922. Labor has been as insistent as its predecessors upon retaining control of the Sudan and maintaining its troops in Egypt.

5. In general, Labor has made small change in imperial policy. Mr. Leach, the Under Secretary for Air, in admitting that bombing airplanes were still employed against the natives in Irak, declared: "I cannot honestly say that we have made any change in the policy of the late Government."

Domestic Policy. 1. The army and navy estimates were cut £10,000,000 in a total of more than £100,000,000; the project of constructing a great naval base at Singapore was dropped; the plan to build five new cruisers was continued, despite the opposition of the Liberals, partly as a measure against unemployment.

2. Mr. Snowden's budget abolished almost all the remnants of war-time protection; the McKenna duties on automobiles, musical instruments, clocks, and cinema film were dropped, and the food duties—on sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, dried fruits, etc.—were cut in half or more.

3. A comprehensive education program was announced, including restoration of the national university scholarships abolished by the preceding Ministry.

4. A large-scale housing program, providing for state subsidization of the construction of 2,500,000 houses in fifteen years, was introduced; and the unemployment and old-age insurance schedules were liberalized.

5. The capital-levy plan was virtually dropped, there being no possibility of its adoption; a mines-nationalization bill was presented to Parliament, with full realization that it would be defeated.

That is the major part of the record of the Labor Government in its nine months of office. The Government fell on a question of minor importance, a hostile resolution for an inquiry into its conduct in dropping prosecution of a Communist charged with sedition. This was the occasion, not the reason, for the end. After the nine-months' truce politicians like Lloyd George and Winston Churchill were eagerly straining at the leash, longing for another battle at the polls.

How will Britain vote on October 29? The prophets foretell a gain for both Labor and the Conservatives at the expense of the Liberals—unless the Tories and Liberals join forces where Labor won three-cornered contests a year ago. Labor's progress for a quarter century has been stirring; it has made this amazing record:

Election of	Seats in Parliament	Total Vote
1900	2	62,698
1906	29	323,195
1910 (January)	40	505,690
1910 (December)	42	370,802
1918	57	2,244,945
1922	142	4,236,733
1923	192	4,348,379

Even so, Labor's last vote represented only a third of the electorate; it cannot expect at one leap to reach a majority. But England's electors must recognize the luster of

Labor's record as contrasted with the dulness of Bonar Law and Baldwin and the shifty insincerity of Lloyd George. It has given other peoples as well a new confidence in Labor's capacity to govern. To the disillusioned post-war world it brought the first promise of dawn.

Mr. Fosdick and the Presbyterians

BACK of the widespread interest in Dr. Fosdick and his relations to the Presbyterian Church is something more than the usual human interest in a conflict. There is a deeper human interest in religion to which Mr. Fosdick has appealed to a quite unusual degree.

Harry Fosdick, a Baptist clergyman, as the regular preacher in the First Presbyterian Church of New York illustrated a practical kind of church unity. His ministry was most acceptable to the church and his eloquence attracted larger audiences than could be seated in the pews. This satisfactory arrangement might have lasted indefinitely had not Mr. Fosdick's modernism drawn the fire of both Baptist and Presbyterian Fundamentalists. The New York Presbytery refused to act against Mr. Fosdick, but last May the General Assembly, which is the highest court of the Presbyterian Church, fell under control of the Fundamentalists. Having captured the machinery of the Assembly they found constitutional difficulties in the way of the immediate drastic action some of their leaders had threatened. This reason, combined with the impressive defense of Mr. Fosdick offered by the New York Presbytery and his own high reputation, brought it to pass that those who had come to throw him out of the church ended by asking him formally to enter its ministry. Thus, they felt, they might put him under discipline.

Mr. Fosdick himself, as a Baptist, had never made any such creedal profession as is required of Presbyterian clergymen. On principle he was opposed not so much to the Presbyterian standards as to formal subscription to any ancient creed. As a man of honor he naturally felt a peculiar reluctance to swallow his objections in order to hold his pulpit. This position he has frankly and courteously made clear to his church and to the New York Presbytery. The Presbytery left the initiative to the First Church, and the church will give him up with great reluctance. But since Mr. Fosdick will not consent to become the center of a church quarrel it is virtually certain that his eloquence will no longer draw great crowds to the beautiful old First Church, and a valuable experiment in church unity will be at an end.

The situation goes beyond praise or blame of individuals. There is a logical case for the Fundamentalists in insisting that ancient creeds mean what to the plain man they seem to say, and that too free or symbolic an interpretation of them threatens intellectual integrity. There is also certainly a case for Mr. Fosdick's refusal to bind himself by a creed; for him to do so would be to fall short of his highest convictions. At the bottom of this whole tangle is a question far wider than the Presbyterian denomination. It is the question of the essential nature of Christianity and the place in it of time-honored creeds. On that question good men will continue to differ. But even Fundamentalists, as also those who find even Mr. Fosdick's free-spirited religion no adequate solution to the mysteries of life, will unite in the desire that his message of hope and comfort may be heard regularly in one of the pulpits of New York where are so many eager seekers after the truth that shall make us free.

Pedagogues in Revolt

NEW YORK CITY'S school authorities did not welcome the proposal of the Teachers Union that an experimental school be established within the public school system. The Board of Superintendents and the Board of Education decided that the proposed school would be contrary to law. No opinion was expressed by the board members as to the importance of the plan or as to the possibility of a change in the law.

This kind of quibbling and evasion of fundamental educational issues is only natural. It has become increasingly clear within recent years that those in charge of our schools are less interested in education than in administering the educational machine. Problems of school financing, salary schedules, statistics of grading and promotion, building programs, part- or full-time instruction, and more recently the bright discoveries of innumerable scale-makers and standardizers—these are the familiar and natural objects of interest and discussion wherever school men foregather to decide upon school policy. The administrator-politician has become adept in shutting off all discussion of theories of education. Current educational controversy has to do with appointments, or with propaganda to be introduced into the schools. As an instance of the latter, witness the effort of the United States Bureau of Education to help the American Legion turn National Education Week into a wholesale heresy-hunting junket.

But the growing amount of space given in press and periodicals to the "new schools" is evidence of a changing public sentiment. The increase in prestige and influence of such organizations as the Teachers Union shows that the workers within the ranks are also caught with the spirit of revolt. Seasoned old-timers of the classroom, inured to years of dragooning children through the preordained intricacies of the course of study, nodded approvingly when at a recent conference called by the union and its auxiliary Mrs. Marietta Johnson urged the banishment of school desks from the school-room and the postponement of formal work in the three R's to a much later period. It is this new social consciousness which may be counted upon to invade the administrator-dominated school system and eventually make its way through the teachers to the seat of power. Ultimately, even so radical a proposal as a free experimental school in a public-school system will be seriously entertained.

The Teachers Union with refreshing candor is outlining the problems to be met before experimental schools can be established with success. First, there will be the cost of such schools, which must necessarily be greater than that of the conventional sort; second, the scarcity of teachers intelligent and resourceful enough for so elastic a type of education; third, the static attitude of the members of educational supervising staffs; fourth, the probably organic connection between the creative activity movement in education and the evolution of a new social order. The Union had best tread softly on this latter point. If the schools should develop in children initiative or creative intelligence, where in a decade or two would the pedagogue-politician look for a job?

Anatole France

IT is a rare thing in any age for a man to be accepted as "the world's greatest living man of letters." Yet who was there to dispute that distinction with Anatole France? Shaw or Hardy? Gorky or Brandes or Hauptmann? Anatole France stood alone; and part of his eminence was due to the fact that he was so much more than a "man of letters." What he wrote of Chateaubriand might be written of himself: "The subtlety of the thought never disturbs the simplicity of the style. Nothing reveals the man of letters, which is a delight." Critic, historian, philosopher, novelist, he believed that "criticism, like philosophy and history, is a kind of novel for the use of discreet and curious minds; and every novel, rightly speaking, is an autobiography. The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces." The autobiography of Anatole France, the adventures of his soul among masterpieces and mediocrities, recorded in twoscore volumes, were great adventures.

His father was a bookseller, the son of an Anjou shoemaker; his mother was of bourgeois Flemish extraction. This father, François Noël Thibault—the son adopted his father's nickname as a surname when writing—had learned to read and write after he was twenty, while serving in King Charles's army; but he made himself a scholar, and the shop in which Anatole grew up was a center for an ardent group of defenders of a Lost Cause, the cause of the old monarchy. Anatole came to disagree with almost every one of his father's ideas, but he had learned from him not to run with the mob.

Anatole France seems always to have loved reason, yet known that men must live on illusion. He was young when he wrote: "The works that are least vain were created by those who best saw the vanity of all things. One must pay in sadness and desolation for the pride of having thought." He was old when he wrote: "I love truth. I believe that mankind needs it; but certainly it has still more need of the illusion which flatters it, consoles it, and gives it infinite hopes. Without illusion it would perish of despair and ennui." He was in his middle years when his Abbé Coignard concluded his instruction of Jacques Tournebroche: "Listen to what I tell you, my son. Truths discovered by the mind are sterile. Only the heart can make its dreams flower. It puts life into what it loves. It is feeling which sows the seeds of good in the world. The mind has not that power. . . . If you would serve mankind, put reason aside as a burden, and mount on the wings of enthusiasm. He who thinks will never fly."

So, doubting even his own doubts, he found a happiness denied to those who hope more violently and accordingly suffer more bitter disappointment. Men who believe too much in their own theories of goodness, he saw, do the most harm in the world. "The folly of the Revolution was that it sought to establish goodness on earth. He who seeks to make men good and wise, moderate and generous, inevitably ends wishing to kill them all. Robespierre believed in goodness; he made the Terror." France's mellow skepticism permitted him a rich gusto in living which is seldom combined with so urbane an intelligence. No one ever more perfectly married playfulness to melancholy. Epicurus and Saint Francis of Assisi were his heroes. There was in him an almost Rabelaisian earthiness, an Attic sunniness, a Latin lucidity, and the profound learning combined with creative imagination which are the property of the greatest historians—and he wrote with a perfection of language and cadence which is the despair of the schoolmen.

All the more amazement, therefore, when this skeptic scholar-artist plunged into the furnace of the Dreyfus Affair. It is difficult today to realize the smug bitterness of France a quarter-century ago, when Zola wrote his "J'accuse" and Anatole France, who had been elected to the Academy as safer than an anti-clerical, signed the Protestation des Intellectuels. That long struggle against the intrenched power of army and church convulsed the French Republic. It was as if a Catholic Ku Klux Klan held, undisputed, every office of state; and a handful of radicals set themselves against it. Anatole France left his study to preside at workingmen's meetings, to hail the opening of cooperative stores, to denounce the power of church and army. His polemic speeches and writings alone—apart from the more permanent satire—fill two thick volumes. He never lost this interest in politics. When he was within a few days of seventy-five he came out of his study to march under red flags in the working-class protest against the acquittal of Jaurès's assassin. Visitors to his hillside home in Touraine, dreaming in the peace of his eighteenth-century garden, were amazed to see a sudden flash in the old man's eyes when he turned from literature to politics.

There are contradictions in his writing. His mind was too large and too open not to record contrary moods, and he had not sufficient vanity to care for consistency. "Just as a large country has various climates," he once wrote, "so a generous mind must include numerous contradictions. To tell the truth, those who never contradict themselves frighten me. Being unable to suppose that they are never wrong I fear that they are always wrong, while a mind which does not pride itself on its logic may rediscover the truth."

"Today, as two thousand years ago," he wrote in the preface to "Jeanne d'Arc," "one must, if one wishes to look into the future, study not the powerful of the earth but the confused movements of the working masses." Then follows that magnificent declaration of faith: "I believe in the future union of the peoples, and I call for it with that ardent charity of the human race, which, born in the Latin consciousness in the days of Epictetus and Seneca, extinguished for so many centuries by European barbarism, has flamed again in the hearts of the greatest of modern times. And you will tell me in vain that these are the illusions of dream and aspiration; it is aspiration which creates life, and the future takes pains to realize the dreams of the philosophers." He knew even then, in 1908, that "the terrific industrial and commercial rivalries about us" meant that before the peoples united France would be engulfed in "a European or world conflict." But he dared hope.

Had he lost all hope, fourteen years later, when he wrote that he did not dare dedicate his last book to posterity because "we shall have no more posterity than had the last writers of Latin antiquity, and the new Europe will be too different from the Europe which is dying under our eyes to care for our arts and our thought"?

The Winning of the West

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Omaha, October 12

MINNESOTA, South Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa—the deeper I penetrate into the Mid-West the brighter seems the outlook for Robert La Follette. I am now certain that if the election were held tomorrow he would carry every one of those States, in addition to North Dakota, Montana, and Washington, which I have not visited. Wherever I have been, save only Kansas, the outlook seems brighter than the political analyses of the various newspapers portray it. Take South Dakota, for instance. Most of the writers have awarded it to Coolidge, and reports received at the La Follette headquarters in Chicago were not encouraging. But when I reached Sioux Falls I was in the company of two correspondents representing Coolidge newspapers. They were immediately told at Republican headquarters that La Follette would carry the State, and I got the impression from the Democratic leaders that they not only expected that result but that many of their followers were going to vote for La Follette in order to help defeat the President.

Not all the La Follette leaders in South Dakota are oversanguine. They are afraid that a good deal of Republican money will reach the State between now and election day and they are worried about the ballot, the form of which may cost La Follette ten thousand votes. There are four columns on this ballot, Republican, Democratic, Farmer-Labor, and Independent, but the La Follette electors do not appear in the Farmer-Labor column. Hence the belief that many simple farmer people will vote for the Farmer-Labor ticket without realizing that a mark in the circle at the head of it will mean that they are voting only for the State ticket and not for President. The La Follette organization, none too effective, and suffering like all the others from lack of funds, must now devote itself to making the electors friendly to La Follette understand the situation and how they must mark the ticket. Still another danger is the Indian vote, which runs to 16,000. The Coolidge Administration is leaving no stone unturned to get that vote. The Indian Commissioner is a native of South Dakota and the report is that the entire Indian Bureau machinery is bringing pressure to bear. The reassuring fact is that neither Mr. Burke nor the Administration is popular with the Indians, and that will in some degree offset the work of the Coolidge "missionaries" who are on duty among our original "Reds."

The encouraging news comes from the country districts in this section. In Ohio it is the farmer who is least converted to the Third Party. Out here the La Follette strength lies in the farming districts as well as in labor circles. Particularly is this true in Nebraska. I see that Arthur Henning of the Chicago *Tribune* writes that the only certain thing in Nebraska is that Senator George W. Norris will be reelected. Well, my belief is that the State is safe for La Follette and that that will be beyond doubt if Norris comes out for his colleague from Wisconsin and if La Follette himself makes a speech or two in Nebraska. It is amazing to me how well La Follette is known to the masses out here. It becomes increasingly plain that we Eastern journalists have had no conception of the way he had earned the regard of great masses in the West even before the war issue made people take notice of him. Some of the Scandinavian farmers in Nebraska and Iowa tell you that they have known about him and his work in Wisconsin for years and have long been hoping for a chance to vote for him. His opposition to the war has particularly endeared him to the masses out here of all races. I have often been taken to task for asserting that if we had had a referendum on the war question in 1917 the Middle West and West would have voted overwhelmingly against going into it. Everywhere I get proof of the correctness of this view. For instance, one hears from La Follette workers that the most popular plank in the Progressive platform today is the one pledging the party to a referendum on any possible war. In this section, as in New York, the heartiest applause comes when the speaker tells the audience that as long as Robert La Follette might be in the White House there would be no war and no drafting of their sons to fight a war abroad at the behest of American and foreign capitalists.

But it is a mistake to believe, as does Simeon Strunsky writing in the New York *Times*, that this pro-La Follette sentiment is merely a desire to wreak at this late day a feeling of spite because we went into the war. The Scandinavian farmers are more outspoken for La Follette than the Germans. Both groups remember the war less because it was a war against Germany than as a period of torture for themselves. Journalists writing from their easy chairs in New York can have no idea of the condition of terror brought about in these States by State Defense Committees to which the government of the States was turned over. These committees were invariably run by big-business lawyers and leaders who set an example of absolute lawlessness that makes the I. W. W. seem like the most earnest supporters of law and order. Men were ordered to travel hundreds of miles from their farms if the slightest rumor of pro-Germanism reached the committees and even if acquitted they were then compelled to subscribe to Liberty bonds or war-saving stamps far beyond their means and powers—and that was the least of what might happen to them. Not even their bank accounts remained inviolate, and no distinction was drawn between Scandinavians and Russians and Germans. These things sank deep. The huge farmer vote for La Follette is going to be, in part, due to them and not to any sympathy with Germany. It is to be a vote for law and order and the decent conduct of our government even in war-time rather than a vote of revenge. One hears in Nebraska the same story I heard told in Minnesota, of the Lutheran clergyman who was asked how his congregation stood on the Presidency. He answered: "Fifty fifty; half of my people will vote for La *Fo*llette and the other half for La Fo*llette*." Of course the recent distress of the farmer plays its part here, too.

What has Norris done in the Nebraska campaign? To date he has made only one speech and in that he unmercifully flayed the Republican Party and its President. If his attack was not as sensational as Brookhart's it has been quite as effective. He declared, for instance, that relief

for the farmers was defeated by the lack of interest of Republican Senators, "usually after a conference at the White House." He advocated about everything that La Follete does and he was especially vigorous in condemning both Harding and Coolidge for appointing lame ducks to office and in denouncing the Republican corruption. It is hard to see how he can confine himself to that utterance for the rest of the campaign. An important Republican challenged him to say what he would do if the election should be thrown into Congress and he replied that he would vote in the Senate as his State voted at the election. Finally, in Nebraska as elsewhere, all the human interest lies in the third-party camp. La Follette is a great figure even with those who for party reasons oppose him. Nobody cares about John W. Davis, though he had some fine meetings on his trip to this part of the country. As for Coolidge, who could get enthusiastic about such a personality? Not the Republicans. Most of them admit that frankly. As for Dawes, in South Dakota as in Minnesota, there was universal agreement in all three camps that he was making votes for La Follette, by his attacks upon him and by his refusal to answer questions as to the Lorimer bank scandal.

In Iowa the La Follette forces have every reason to be well satisfied. Brookhart has dealt a deadly blow to Coolidge, but even without reference to him the State is in a most happy insurgency against the powers that be. I have before me the testimony of a staff correspondent of the Kansas City *Times*. A few days ago he thought the panic among the Republican workers uncalled for. Now he writes "after a long trip through the country districts in the war zone, and after talking with people down near the grass roots, this correspondent now is able to understand why panic has seized the Republican leaders." To the absolutely solid Scandinavian vote he attributes the chief defections, but he also admits (his paper is not for La Follette) that many old-stock Americans, suffering from the bad times, will vote for La Follette. The correspondent further avers that in the tenth and eleventh congressional districts in the northern part of the State, in which are one-fourth the voters of the State, the Republicans have simply abandoned the fight; they "wait for the blow to fall."

Only in Kansas, of the States under review, have the Republicans any right to hopefulness; even there pleasure is spoiled by the reflection that you never can tell what the "durned State" will do. The State of Mary Lease and of Sockless Jerry Simpson is just now mightily entertained by the fight being waged against the Klan by William Allen White, and there are those who think that his candidacy will be successful. He, too, is supporting Coolidge by "hitting him in the slats," as it was elegantly described to me, and saying nothing derogatory to La Follette. One hears, too, of farmers' meetings where no one would hear about anybody but "Bob" and where the local candidates displaying their wares had only one question put to them: "For whom are you?" If the answer was Coolidge the farmers' interest was lost. It may be that the revolt in Nebraska and Iowa will be duplicated in Kansas, but if it is no one will be more surprised than the La Follette workers.

The La Follette machine is poor, ineffective, and starved to death in all these States. In Kansas it seems even worse than that; there are suspicions as to its loyalty, just as one hears of railroad men who have been "reached" by the other side and learns of the Republican boast that they will own every German newspaper before election day comes.

In these States there are some of the same contradictory phenomena that have made the situation in other States so difficult to size up. There is much apathy, and yet among the farmers much interest. Meetings are small except when one of the Presidential or Vice-Presidential candidates appears. Congressmen draw only a handful of listeners. The Republican organization is very slow in getting to work; the Democrats are so ineffective that many people believe that their party will be all but wiped out this year. Money is scarce except with the Republicans. And there *is* a silent vote. Yesterday I was in a Kansas town where there are many railroad workers who are so terrorized that they do not dare to declare themselves or attend La Follette meetings. Among them are being formed Coolidge clubs, membership in which carries with it approval of the acts of the railroads, as well as a pledge to Coolidge. These workers are also being "reached" in other ways. Thus, President Hale Holden of the C. B. & Q. has just made a speech warning all his employees that the demagogue is abroad in the land and that the case for private ownership of railroads was never so strong as at this time. The speech was widely published and radioed. Yet these railroad men are keeping their mouths shut and are thinking and they know that their employers cannot find out how they will vote in the booths. That silent vote, I have come to believe, is largely going to La Follette.

It is curious how many men one meets who are convinced that La Follette will be the next President. You call their attention to the fact that all the middle-class business men and all the bank officers are equally certain that the election will not go into the House but be settled by a tremendous Coolidge sweep. "I know," is the reply. "You can't figure it out on paper, I'll admit. But I have been in this game for years and everything inside of me tells me we're going to win this time." Hope once more at its eternal game of will o' the wisp! And yet there are signs.

I reached Omaha last night in time to hear Mr. Dawes. The streets around his hall were shut off by the police in expectation of a huge crowd, and loud-speakers were attached to the walls for the waiting multitudes. But only twenty persons were listening outside, and they could easily have gone in. Mr. Dawes has unfortunate mannerisms of speech which, despite the amplifiers, made it impossible for more than one-half of his audience to hear him. He stamped, gesticulated, barked, and roared for twenty-two minutes. I have never heard a first-rank public man get as little applause as he did when he finished. It lasted, by my watch, exactly twenty seconds. The comments of the crowd were unflattering. Their amazement that the meeting was over within forty minutes was openly voiced. Dawes had nothing but his set speech. That the Reds menace our government and that La Follette will pull down the Supreme Court by order of the Socialists were his sole themes, save a long definition of the difference between a statesman and a demagogue, and a long quotation from Le Bon on the psychology of the crowd, to show that if you give the mob complete control of a government terrible things happen; witness the French and Russian revolutions. That went over the heads of his audience—a large and a fine one, with many working people in it. Only his final appeal to save the American home and hearthstone from the red flag of socialism stirred the audience at all. I am convinced by personal observation that Mr. Dawes helps the La Follette cause.

Be Brisk With Babbitt

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

II. Are Americans Timorous Tabbies?

I WAS so encouraged by the comparative ease of persuading Mr. George F. Babbitt to confide his opinions that I went, in the afternoon, to call on his friend, Mr. Paul Riesling, whom I knew as a rather fine, very sensitive little man, really (despite Babbitt's commendation) an excellent amateur violinist.

I found him in the office of his small factory for the manufacture of prepared-paper roofing. When I hinted that his friend Babbitt had sent me, he became reluctantly cordial.

"Vote?" said Mr. Riesling, "I'm going to vote for La Follette.

"So you saw Georgie Babbitt. Good man. He has all the reasoning of a child of eight. He's the real majority-rule Democrat—he repeats whatever he hears the majority of his friends in the Zenith Athletic Club and the Boosters' Club saying. And at the same time he's one of the kindest, most loyal, most trustworthy friends a man could have, and if you intend to make fun of him in your interview——"

"Not at all. I'm going to quote him without comment."

"Hm. With most of us, the unkindest thing an interviewer could do would be to quote us exactly, without comment. But anyway:

"Know why I'm going to vote for La Follette? Because I've had a lot of personal and business complications lately, and they've shaken me out of myself—made me think.

"We've all gone ahead, generation after generation, being cautious, being afraid, insisting that if the wrong people were married, or if an industry was underpaying its employees, or if a man that ought to be writing music stuck at his job of selling roofing, why, we ought not to take any chance on changing these conditions. Then opposed to us were a little group of left-wingers who wailed that if anything did exist at all, that was a sufficient reason for changing it right away. But in between there were people like La Follette, who weren't afraid of change but who did advocate a man's paying his debts and doing his work and being loyal to his friends.

"I don't know. I may be wrong. But it seems to me La Follette is almost the first presidential candidate since Lincoln (the first with a chance to win—that's why I leave out Debs) who has had *greatness*, who has combined a desire to let human life be free and happy with a hard, solid, practical, food-raising competence.

"Another thing. I've had the opportunity of getting a detached view of America. In fact, I've recently been in Europe."

"You went with Babbitt, didn't you?"

"Yes, but we were apart a good deal. As I said, Georgie (don't repeat this to him—it would hurt his feeling)—Georgie is the kindest fellow in the world, but he does have the habit when he's traveling of keeping himself from seeing anything by digging in with all the fellow members of the Boosters' Club that he runs into along the way. I remember him and some osteopath from Fargo standing in the middle of the Coliseum discussing wardrobe trunks!

"So I got the habit of sneaking away from him as much as I could and—— Oh, I don't know that I learned much. I'm afraid I never once did my duty as a tourist and saw the places to which you go, as Georgie always puts it, 'so you could say you'd been there.' I just wandered—talked to policemen, to bar-maids in pubs, to vergers in cathedrals, to a man I ran into at the British museum—apparently he was a retired British general—and to a Hyde Park communist orator, who walked along Edgeware Road with me and bought me a drink of milk! They were so friendly! They were so simple, so eager to find out what Americans really were like. . . . I used to pretend to them that I was a professional violinist.

"And it was just the same in Paris and Florence and Rome, with the people who spoke English—waiters and concierges and a few taxi-drivers. And everywhere, in all those queer old streets, where you felt that people would rather have ease and laughter than facilities for parking flivvers, there was such peace.

"You may not see how this touches La Follette. It's like this. It seems to me that he combines, and Wheeler combines, American adventurousness and initiative with the scorn of empty hustle and noisy professional good-fellowship which the Europeans have. Oh, for once we have running for the Presidency not an ambitious, trimming, boot-licking politician but a real man who wants us to go on clearing the fields as we've always done, but not to become pedlers. *Gallant*—that's the word I always think of in connection with both him and Senator Wheeler. . . . I wonder if we're actually going to turn them down for a Vermont undertaker and a husky college pipe-smoker who's never grown up?

"I have a queer notion that in this election the American people is showing itself up. We're going to announce whether we're a nation of Coolidges, of La Follettes, or of Brother Charlies. We're going to say that we're content to be known as tight, cautious, timorous tabbies; or as loose and confused and purposeless followers of a party which has no policy and which in a generation has had no great man except Woodrow Wilson perhaps; or as mature and fearless people who are no longer colonial shop-keepers."

III. "I've Done Very Well, Thank You!"

It was with hesitation that I sought my third Zenith interview—with Mr. Charles L. McKelvey, president of the Dodsworth-McKelvey Construction Company, which built the Zenith Union Station and the State capitol. McKelvey is a big, suave, immaculate, quick-thinking man; a baron of the new feudalism; a man to whom, I fancy, Babbitt is a counter-jumper and Paul Riesling a sentimental fool. McKelvey would be a far more suitable symbol for use on the dollar than any antiquated goddess of liberty.

I was admitted, not too glowingly, to his enormous house on Royal Ridge.

"I suppose you're going to vote for Mr. Coolidge," I said, with the meekness suitable to a journalist in the presence of a potentate who can borrow a million dollars between noon and three.

McKelvey glanced at me with that friendly, knowing,

devastating eye which has enabled him to control legislators without buying them—much. He tapped his teeth with his thumb nail, he made a gesture with his cigar, and spoke abruptly:

"Nope. For La Follette."

"Eh?"

"I don't suppose you regard that as much of a boost for La Follette though! I have no doubt you believe that anybody whom I and my bunch of cradle-snatchers vote for must be a crook. Well—— Confound it, I don't enjoy supporting the man! But I've had a conversion.

"I'm what you people call a Big Business Man. I've done very well, thank you! And naturally I've always stood in politics for the candidates who would let me carry out my plans and not butt in. I've always admired men like General Dawes—a great executive, a man with a big vision in business and yet with complete practicalness, and, I imagine, the best fellow and the best friend in the world—a real he-man. I've certainly always been against La Follette—he struck me as a chap who didn't understand the hard fact that one honest-to-God executive was worth more than a thousand of the dub workmen whom you can replace just around the corner in half an hour.

"Then, I've always been against La Follette's asinine doctrine that monopolies have to be broken up. Yes, and I'd have been against it if I'd been a workman instead of a boss.

"It seems fairly evident to me that the days of small, competitive industries are dead as Moses. Deader! If the country wants to grab off the big companies and run 'em, all right—if they can!—but to go back to a one-man barber-shop kind of amateur business is simply childish. Why, we haven't even begun to consolidate! Before you and I pass out, we'll see international corporations that will make Ford and Standard Oil and Sir Basil Zaharoff's combinations look like lemonade stands at a county fair.

"And absolutely right. The old-time way was for any farmer who got tired of plowing to move in town and start a grocery store, and then out of sheer ignorance and laziness to sell dirty lettuce and rotten eggs till he failed and was replaced by some other boob. Today we have organizations in which an egg-seller is chosen because he does it well or he gets moved on to something he can do well. You talk about 'public service'! Why, good Lord, the United Cigar Stores give the people a kind of service nobody ever dreamed of!

"So I was against La Follette both because of sound self-interest and from a knowledge of economics. (Oh, they'll tell you in this town that I'm a hard-boiled grafting contractor. Well, I specialized in economics in the State University, and I bet that right today I read more economics and sociology than the whole bunch you'll find hanging around this arty, socialistic book-shop of Lloyd Mallam's put together!)

"Well, then I got the contract to put up the new block of dormitories at the U. The president had a good idea—he wanted the architect and me to talk with a bunch of students and get their notion of what they wanted in dorms. So I met a lot of the present brood of undergrads, and I didn't talk to them like an alumnus of the vintage of 400 B.C., either, but like a shop-mate. And politics crept in—this was here just the other day, beginning of the fall term.

"Well, I had a shock. I found that all the good, solid, football-playing birds were for Coolidge, but all in the same words—and when I asked 'em what they wanted in the way of dormitories, they answered like Mongolian idiots making a sound indicating they needed food. But the others—lot of 'em were girls, and a lot of those Jews, keen little devils, awfully honest and decent and hard-working, and Lord how they liked bawling me out!—they knew what dorms ought to be, *and* they all seemed to look at the La Follette campaign as if it were some kind of a damned crusade.

"Then I had to go on to New York, and while I was there I got dragged to a highbrow evening at the house of a parlor socialist, and the speaker of the evening was a pro-Soviet Communist—the whole works—left-wing as a rattlesnake. And he converted me to La Follette. By attacking him!

"It may raise cain with me, but still, it's been sort of a relief—sort of the old-fashioned rejoicing in salvation that my aunt used to talk about when I was a kid and used to visit her in a small town up-State—to be standing for a candidate who you think is necessary for the country, instead of always feeling you have to be a good loyal slave to the party and backing the lad who promises you to see your grafting doesn't get you into jail!

"This Communist explained to us that there were two philosophies of reform politics—the belief that everything was so bad that the only hope was a complete revolution, and the other a belief that perfection comes slowly. He was of the first faith—oh, something violent! It seems that La Follette, like Ramsay MacDonald, was merely trying to bolster up our wicked democracy and palliate the evil, and so keep the day of judgment from arriving quicker, and those of us that wanted to hustle up the blood and revolution should either vote for William Z. Foster (who, he admitted, would get fully seven votes outside of such members of the *Liberator* staff as took the trouble of voting) or else we ought to come out plumb for Coolidge.

"He was strong for Coolidge. Why, he was stronger for him than the Ku Klux Klan and the Rotary Club and the Bankers' Association put together. If we just elected Coolidge and a few successors like him, said my Communist friend, things would finally get so bad that we'd have the whole nation rising, and all American Institutions would be dumped into the garbage can, where they belonged, and the blessed Russian Institutions would be installed in the United States instead.

"In fact, he said, La Follette was as much of a boob, old-time, non-Marxian American as Jefferson.

"Well, when I heard this fellow (and a good fellow he was, too—bully to go hunting with, I imagine) I got so stirred up I almost forgot about the profits of the Dodsworth-McKelvey Construction Company. I felt I was an old-time American myself. I was ashamed—a little—of all the graft I'd pulled at various times. I felt that La Follette, like William Allen White, represented my own people and that I, who'd been croaking about Immigration and the Furriners, had been so closely associated with Hunkies and Wops—in the interesting position of their employer—that I'd forgotten to be an American.

"I started my own private movement for the Americanization of American Big Businessmen right then and there. And I got to thinking about La Follette on monopoly again. I realized—— I'm still agin him on that; but I realized that Coolidge and Davis hadn't *any* positions; they didn't mean anything whatever; whereas La Follette, right or wrong, did have things for which he stood. And that if

he was wrong sometimes, he was only part of a movement.

"So, intellectually, I was pretty near converted to La Follette. But not quite. I still couldn't visualize myself voting for a knocker, and I had a hunch that my Board of Directors wouldn't care much for my new religion.

"Well, I walked down Fifth Avenue and passed a rich-man's club—the kind that I'd eventually belong to myself, if I moved to New York and got a little flabbier, and there was a whale of a big Coolidge and Dawes sign across the face of the building. I got to thinking. How few rich men sitting around clubs are for Davis, and how darn much fewer of 'em for La Follette! Struck me as kind of a give-away of my class. And the sign—"absolute devotion to our country," along with the names of Coolidge and Dawes—somehow it made me sore, the smug way in which they assumed that only their herd of sacred white cows could be devoted to America. So I did some more fretting, but I still couldn't see myself lined up with what I'd always called a bunch of cranks.

"I came back on the Twentieth Century Limited and happened to get talking to a man who hinted that he was the Klosmic Klamor or something like that of the Ku Klux Klan. And he ordered me both to join the Klan and to vote for Kloolidge—say, I must hand that slogan over to my orthodox Republican friends; ought to win a million votes:

KLEEP KLAREFUL WITH KLOOLIDGE

"Well—— It happens that an ancestor of mine, some darned old Scotchman that turned Catholic just out of pure cussedness had to flee to the Quakers in Nantucket to keep from being imprisoned by the holy Puritans in Massachusetts. Myself, I'm about as much of a Catholic as Rabbi Wise, but when this earnest soul on the train told me that if I didn't vote for Coolidge the Catholics would be appointing a cardinal (preferably a Negro one who lived kosher) as President of the United States, in 1928, why, it got my goat, and I told him I came from a line of Americans, ten generations or so, who'd taken chances on liberal thought, and I wasn't too badly scared that America would be ruined by the adventurers, and I guessed I'd vote for La Follette.

"But—it's been hell having to clean up my business and run it without bribery, as I've had to do since I came out for La Follette!"

(To be concluded next week)

The Banker Saves the Farmer

By PAUL HARWOOD MILLAR

"We bankers save the farmers, on the average, once a month."

"LOOK here, Frank," panted the Chairman of the Agricultural Committee of the Bankers' Association, as he rushed into the office of the Chamber of Commerce, "have you seen this?" He thrust a copy of the *Crop Reporter* at the County Agricultural Agent. "Unless we can do something, the farmer is ruined—absolutely."

"The poor farmer," moaned the Secretary of the Chamber; "last month it was the green gourd-vine blight, and the month before the drag-worm attacked the work stock right at breaking time. I forget what it was the preceding month."

"There were 2.2 inches more rain than normal," said the Chairman. "But what about the catnip situation? We must do something. The farmer faces another terrible crisis, and to fail him now would be a blot on the fair name of the bankers of this community."

The County Agent wheeled in his swivel chair and consulted File C of the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture.

"There is," he said, "a canker-resistant variety of catnip known as Surepopper 666. Fortunately it is a late variety."

"Go on," broke in the Secretary of the Chamber. "If planted immediately it would mature a bumper crop?"

"It would," replied the County Agent. "However, seed is very scarce."

"I thought so," said the Secretary. "The price is prohibitive, putting it beyond the reach of the ordinary farmer."

"Exactly," said the County Agent. "I fear the situation is hopeless."

During this colloquy the keen mind of the banker, accustomed to grapple with such difficulties, had not been idle.

"Boys," he said, calmly, looking both his auditors full in the face with a determined glance, "the farmer must be saved. It is well known that high prices of all products, and especially those bought and sold by the farmer, are due to the middleman. All we have to do, then, is to eliminate the Middleman's Profits. This can be done by buying seeds direct from the manufacturer in car-load lots. We shall then sell to the farmer at cost, and, on account of the emergency, extend credit to him at a nominal rate of interest—say 10 per cent or more."

"And how about security?" asked the County Agent.

"As to that," said the Chairman, "we shall not be hard to satisfy. All we want is a lien on the farmer's catnip crop, backed up by a mortgage on his farm."

"Fine!" cried the Secretary. "What beneficence! The agricultural interests will be deeply indebted to you big-hearted bankers. The first thing, now, is to get the news to the farmer that his catnip crop is a failure, and then to impress him with the serious crisis which he faces."

"Right O!" said the Chairman. "We must have a Plant More Catnip campaign, conducted along the lines of our Save the Bird Seed drive of last fall."

"Our Extension Department will be glad to cooperate," said the County Agent. "Also I think I can say the same for the Agricultural Department of the Hot Air Line Railway, and of the Pan-American Kidney Bean Thresher, Inc."

The Chairman of the Agricultural Committee was a man of action. Next day there appeared in the *Press* these headlines: "Farmers Face Acute Catnip Shortage"; and underneath the Chairman explained that, due to the inroads of the deadly catnip canker, the farmers' only salvation lay in replanting immediately with seed of the canker-immune variety Surepopper 666, which seed was to be ordered by the bankers in car-load lots and sold at cost, thus saving the Middleman's Profit. The Chairman

also announced that tomorrow night there would be a Great Farmers' Rally held in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, at which time the farmer would be addressed by well-known agricultural experts. All farmers were urged to be present.

The Chairman also had posters struck, bearing the device:

SUREPOPPER 666
SAVE OUR CATS

and signed by each and every banker in the county.

Two copies of this were placed in each bank, one in the front window beside the agricultural exhibit, the other on the cashier's cage, where the Leading Business Men, about to deposit the farmers' hard-earned cash, could see it. There was also a copy in the post office, one in the ladies' rest room, and one on every telephone pole between the courthouse and the county line. Thus was the ground prepared for the Plant More Catnip campaign.

The day of the Great Farmers' Rally dawned bright and clear. Long before the hour the Chamber was taxed to its capacity. Occupying the first five rows were the members of the Bankers' Association. Behind them sat the Board of Trade, and then ranged in order came the Rotarians, the B. P. O. E.'s, the Z. Z. Z.'s, the K. K. K.'s, and the Lion Tamer's Club, which brought up the rear. A good many of the Leading Business Men, even, had to be turned away for lack of room.

The County Agent acted as chairman of the Great Farmers' Rally. He said that there were those present better qualified to speak than he, and accordingly introduced the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, who spoke as follows:

> My friends: Our prosperous and progressive county faces a real crisis. But first let me say a word about our County Agent. We are indeed fortunate in having the services of such a live wire. All of us remember his work in our Stronger String Beans campaign, which by calculation of the Agricultural Accounting Committee saved the farmers of this county $375.75. I say we as farmers face a real crisis today. The catnip crop is a total failure. Do you realize, gentlemen, what this means? It means this—that unless another supply of this indispensable commodity is produced all the cats in this county will be deprived of that vital feline principle Mitabene Z, contained only and solely in catnip. Estimating this year's carry-over of catnip at 15,550 tons, it is evident that if every cat in Thomas County is to get five nips per day, which is the minimum ration for the average cat, 51,678 ton-acres of catnip must be either raised or imported next year.
>
> To import this amount spells financial ruin for us farmers. There is but one other way, and that is to raise it. Through the generosity of the bankers it is possible for us to buy in carload lots, thus saving the Middleman's Profits, seed of Surepopper 666, a canker-resistant variety from which we may yet harvest a bumper crop. The bankers are going to extend very easy terms, to wit, 10 per cent or more on moneys advanced. It is to be hoped that many of our farmers will take advantage of this generous offer.

The Secretary of the Chamber resumed his seat with much pep, and after the applause had died down the County Agent said he was glad to introduce the second speaker, the Agricultural Commissioner of the Hot Air Line Railway. There was no one, the County Agent said, who had done more for the advancement of agriculture than the Commissioner. In the Buy Bigger Billy Goats campaign he had rendered valuable service, placing the billy-goat industry of the county on a very high plane.

"It would be unfair to you, my friends," said the Commissioner, "did I not state that in my opinion you have right here the best County Agent in the territory of the Hot Air Line. I often recall how in our college days Tom and I had a vision of doing big things for the agriculture of this great State, and it is a pleasure now to witness the realization of these dreams for both of us.

"I love the honest farmer, the horny-handed son of toil. I was a farmer lad myself. Many a day have I followed Old Beck, and even now, gentlemen, I defy any man to plow a straighter furrow——"

Here the Commissioner was interrupted by cries of "I defy you" and "I challenge him," from the County Judge and the President of the Board of Trade.

"Very well, then, gentlemen," said the Commissioner, undismayed. "I invite you to a plowing match, tomorrow at 8 p. m. at the rooms of the Kiwanis Club. Is that satisfactory?"

"It is," they replied in unison.

The Commissioner continued. "But I have digressed. I believe that Catnip Culture was the subject assigned me. May I say a word about freight rates? Let us take, for example, a bushel of turnip greens shipped from Omaha, Nebraska, to Tampa, Florida. The items entering into the consumers' price are as follows: paid to the farmer, one-tenth of 1 per cent; to the commission men, 3 per cent; to the wholesaler, 1 per cent; to the retailer, 5 per cent."

At this point a Lion Tamer asked who got the rest of it.

The Commissioner replied that the railroad got the rest of it, but that this was justifiable, as the books would show that, with overhead and depreciation taken into consideration, there was nothing left after dividends had been declared.

"Who gets the profit on the bushel of turnip greens," continued the Commissioner, "and, if so, why not, and if not not, why so?"

There was no need of asking a second time. All over the house there arose cries of "The Middleman, the Middleman!"

"Exactly," said the Commissioner, "the Middlemen. And right here I want to pay a tribute to our splendid Chamber of Commerce for their work in organizing the Cooperative Corn-cob Marketing Association. That, gentlemen, was a splendid piece of constructive work. Let me say in conclusion that I am heartily in favor of the Plant More Catnip campaign."

The Commissioner bowed and resumed his seat. The audience arose and gave a Chautauqua salute, led by the Chairman of the Agricultural Committee. The County Agent and the Secretary of the Chamber leaned over and shook hands with the Commissioner.

The next and last speaker was the President of the Farmers' Bank & Bust Company. He said that it always gave him great pleasure to address such a body of stalwart farmers. Like the Commissioner of the Hot Air Line, he, too, had been a farmer boy, and it might be interesting to know that 99.7 per cent of all the eminent men had been raised on the farms. As for the Plant More Catnip campaign, he said that he was for it 100 per cent. He said

that in applying for a loan from the Bank & Bust Company question 187 was "What is your catnip acreage?" and that as this followed question 186, "Do you intend to repay this loan?" it was evident what great stress he as a banker placed upon the production of catnip. It was his opinion that catnip seed should be planted with a grain drill, and not dropped by hand and covered with a hoe, as an average saving of eleven cents per acre was thus effected. In conclusion, he said he would like to hear from some of the farmers, and find out how they stood on this most important question.

"I feel," said the County Agent, as the applause subsided, "that this is a good suggestion. We shall now hear from some of the farmers."

The manager of the hardware department of Buggam Brothers' Big Store arose. "I want to indorse," he said, "every word that has been spoken here tonight, and I especially want to indorse what the President has said about the use of the grain drill. In this era of keen competition too much stress cannot be laid on keeping down the cost of production. Also, too many farmers overlook the possibility of up-to-date harvesting machinery, such as the catnip combine, which cuts and shocks the catnip and puts it in the barn, all in one operation."

"There is one thing of importance which has not been mentioned tonight," said the Assistant Cashier, "and that is the Dust Mulch. In my opinion the Dust Mulch——"

"Mr. Chairman," said the Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan, "it is now well on toward midnight and some of us have other engagements. I move you, sir, that it is the sense of this meeting that a grave agricultural crisis has just been averted; and that in recognition of this fact a vote of thanks be accorded to all present tonight."

Once more had the banker saved the farmer.

"Politics Ain't What It Was"

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THERE just simply is no doubt that politics, in comparison with what it was, is sort of low in the mouth. Now, for instance, consider the good old campaign of 1840.

However, before considering it, let us consider this campaign. This roving and retrospecting reporter has been living lately in Chicago. Chicago contains the principal Republican headquarters. It contains the principal La Follette headquarters. It contains one of the three principal Democratic headquarters. It ought to be just all full of political frenzy.

To say nothing of the campaign of 1840, this writer out of his childhood remembers the campaign between Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland in 1888. That campaign is more vivid in his memory than the campaign of 1840. In 1888, when there was nothing in the world between Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland except the bloody shirt of the Civil War, twenty-three years gone by, the dismal, dreary topic of the tariff was more intense, was more fervent, was more exciting and tumultuous than this campaign of immensely greater issues. The issues are greater. The interest is smaller. The points to be decided are larger. The popular concern, the popular enthusiasm, is feebler—much feebler. In those days people would stay up, large numbers of them, late at night, for politics. Today not even the professional politicians will stay up.

This writer has tested it out. He has gone to all three principal political headquarters in Chicago at 10 o'clock in the evening. It may be that the Communist headquarters were open and thriving. Perhaps Bill Foster and Ben Gitlow were brooding and glowing over the prospects of the world in their headquarters, wherever they may be, at that hour. This writer must admit that he did not go there. He can speak only for the Republican headquarters and the Democratic headquarters and the La Follette headquarters. Among them the first two were stone dead. The third had three young men in it who were just about to depart for their beds.

Meanwhile the jazz-bands were cheering the Loop. The outside road-lining road houses were welcoming their guests. Theaters were in the midst of their business. The really late cabarets had not yet begun. The intense emotional interests of Chicago—many of them—were yet to come into play. Politics had gone to sleep. This writer called up the hotels of two of the principal managers of headquarters. By veracious testimony from bell-boys of his acquaintance he learned that these managers genuinely and actually had retired to their rooms for the night.

Nothing in the world can really be extraordinarily exciting if people abandon it at such an hour of the night. As an old, poor, political enthusiastic night-hawk, this writer looks with apprehension at an era when political managers go to bed at 10 o'clock in the afternoon. Everything in politics seems to have become regularized, standardized, formalized. Everything in politics seems to be now on the same side of the fence with all those other businesses—such as the business of the stock market or the business of the department stores—which are conducted during set hours in the daytime and which give way in the evening to those things which the human race seems to regard as a relief from those businesses. Even the pig-iron blast furnaces' business begins to appeal to this writer as a romantic business because it, at any rate, at least when pig-iron is mounting in price, continues through the night and irradiates the nighttime sky with flames and fumes of streaming and striking and uneasy interest.

In this writer's boyhood, although the bloody shirt and the bloodless tariff were the only political interests, people did not turn from politics in the evening to follow the jazz and to follow the radio. They did not go in for these modernistic, ridiculous campaigns for "bringing out the vote." They did not spend all their time, if they were interested in politics, in trying to bring people to the polls who were not interested in politics and who would vote ignorantly if they got there. They happened themselves to be interested in politics and they talked politics, whispered politics, breathed politics, and could stay away from the theater and out of bed to intrigue about politics just simply

because they liked politics, not out of a low sense of duty but out of a high sense of joy and pleasure.

If ever we have to do politics just out of a sense of duty, we are at the beginning of the end. Yet that is the note—the note of a sense of duty—which begins to be stressed in this modernistic decadent campaign. People come around to other people and tell them that they ought to vote because it is a duty to vote. Think of it. Our ancestors agitated and more or less fought and bled and died to get the chance to have the sheer pleasure and amusement of voting. They wanted to vote because it gave them a good time. Any man who does not get a good time out of voting would probably better stay at home, because he will be only a left-handed nincompoop at the polls. The effectiveness of politics, like the effectiveness of religion or of anything else, is when you just simply cannot help doing it even if all the world tries, not to urge you to do it, but to prevent you from doing it.

Think of the log-cabin-cider-press-coonskin-cap campaign of 1840. Think of William Henry Harrison, who carefully avoided having anything in the world to think or to say—really—about the issues of 1840. Think of the imitation log cabins; think of the simulated cider presses; think of the fabricated and imitation coonskin caps that nevertheless went through all the streets and roads of America to float old Tippecanoe and Tyler too into the District of Columbia by the presidential and vice-presidential suffrages of a free and enthusiastic people.

Can anybody think that in this campaign, of immensely greater issues, there is any really nation-wide approach to the intensity of the campaign of 1840? Every campaign headquarters knows in fact the listlessness of the voter in this year 1924. Even the La Follette headquarters in its main headquarters city is dark when the city is bright. We are fallen upon large political issues and upon small civic days. That is the fact.

"Brother Charley"

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

OUT on the Platte they tell you that when it rains Governor Bryan takes the credit and when there is a drought he blames it on the Republican Legislature. It must be admitted that, while the name of Bryan has never been a synonym for diffident reticence, beside his younger brother William Jennings may fairly be described as coy and uncommunicative.

Trying to arrive at a balanced appraisal of the Democratic vice-presidential candidate in his own State is most trying indeed. Almost nobody in Nebraska pretends to be impartial concerning him or his achievements. Almost everybody professes either fervent loyalty or violent antipathy toward him. It is a natural consequence of his own temperamental attitude. One must be either for or against him—either with the heavenly hosts or with the legions of hell. He will not recognize neutrals. To him every skirmish is an Armageddon.

Nevertheless certain facts seem fairly free of reasonable argument. It appears above question, for example, that Bryan has persistently and successfully fought for cheaper gas, ice, coal, and gasoline for the people of his city and State, and that as Governor he achieved a material reduction in taxes. It appears with equal certainty that he has boasted so offensively, blatantly, and exaggeratedly of these reductions that some people would rather pay more than have to listen to him.

It is not seriously denied that personally he is honest, independent, energetic, and a capable executive, and that he is shrewdly practical. Again, it is plain that he is intolerant, bumptious, exigent, and possessed by a burning ambition to get on politically.

Because of that mortal weakness which demands that all our heroes be snow-white and our villains pitch-black, this portrait is bound not to satisfy, but you can neither tar nor whitewash Charles Wayland Bryan without manhandling the realities. The writer talked with the foremost two editors of the State, one a Democrat, the other a Republican; both know the Bryans. The Democrat said: "W. J. has principles; Charley has policies. William conceives an ideal and goes out to fight for it until the people accept it. Charley finds out what the people want and then fights for it until they accept him as their champion." The Republican said: "W. J. always deals in generalities of which he frequently knows nothing; Charley in practical propositions of which he knows a great deal."

The Governor is a big man, with the bald Bryan dome and piercing dark eyes. Notwithstanding his fifty-seven years, he possesses a physical and mental vigor which is simply terrific. He is quick, restless, rapid of speech, and sudden in his movements. His hands are never still. He keeps taking off his black slouch hat and slapping it on again. When he cannot wear it, he dons a skull cap. Nothing could be more inappropriate. He is as hard and rough and combative as an Airedale. A skull cap on him is as ludicrous as slippered pantaloons on Jack Dempsey.

This must be said in his behalf: His fame in the Northwest borrows nothing from the reputation of his brother. He is today, strictly on the basis of his own accomplishments, a far more potent and provoking factor than his brother is—perhaps than his brother ever was. It may be that he leans on him for advice; one is inclined to doubt even that. He is not the sort of man to lean on anybody for anything, and advice is one commodity of which he has a large surplus and which he constantly endeavors to market.

Prior to 1907 he had been engaged in managing the business affairs of the *Commoner* and in contributing occasional articles to it, although William J. was charged with the editorial function. His entry into the field of politics as a candidate was provoked by a campaign for cheaper gas in the city of Lincoln. The mayor said it would involve a long and costly legal fight. Bryan declared that any man with red blood in his veins and a genuine desire to help the people could do the thing in thirty days. On that platform he entered the race. By threatening to circulate petitions calling an election on a bond issue to build a municipal gas and electric plant, he apparently intimidated the company. The rate was reduced before the election, and Bryan

was triumphantly elected by his grateful fellow-citizens.

As mayor he opened a free legal-aid bureau and a free employment agency, and sponsored street and park improvements, retiring at the end of his term. Two years later he again became a candidate, pledging the establishment of a municipal coal yard, ice plant, and municipal markets. Commission form of government prevailed, and the invariable precedent dictated that the candidate receiving the largest plurality become mayor. Although Bryan led the ticket, the only vote which he received for mayor when the new commission met to assign the departments was his own. Moreover, a majority of the commission voted down his proposals for municipal institutions.

Thereupon Bryan circulated petitions for a referendum on those subjects and also for the recall of the commissioners who opposed him. When those gentlemen found that he had more than enough signatures to call the election, they capitulated to the "will of the people," hastily deciding that it was unnecessary to have the election. They had no stomach for any further fight with this disagreeable customer.

Simultaneously, the local ice company announced a 50-per-cent reduction in the retail price, and the "muny" ice plant was not started. The public market was not established because of lack of funds. The coal yard, however, was opened and the price of coal cut from $14.50 to $10.50 a ton. The State Supreme Court, after the fashion of supreme courts, deciding that the city had no authority under its charter to operate a coal yard, Bryan closed it one evening as a public institution and reopened it the next morning under his private sponsorship, and he circulated petitions—he had become the most expert petition circulator west of the Mississippi—for an election to amend the charter, which was carried by 11 to 1.

Meantime, relieved for two years of his harassing presence in office, the gas company had reestablished its old rate. Bryan backed a suit which resulted not only in the restoration of the cut price but in rebates to the consumers totaling $450,000. He successfully opposed a proposal to increase the carfare of school children and made the express company extend the free-delivery zone. On the basis of these accomplishments he ran for Governor in 1922 and was elected by 50,000, while his Democratic running mate, Senator Hitchcock, was losing by 75,000. Hitchcock's friends have not failed to charge Brother Charley with duplicity in this campaign.

Then, too, with the stupidity which seems to have become the leading characteristic of Republican leadership everywhere since the death of Boies Penrose, the organization nominated to oppose Bryan a banker by the name of C. A. Randall. Mr. Randall was head of the State Bankers' Association, belonged to the best clubs, visited in the best homes, and ate with his fork. As a thoroughgoing 100 per center he had during the war supported the foreign-language law, a measure of persecution directed against the German-speaking population, which would have prohibited the teaching, even in parochial and private schools, of any foreign language to children who had not reached the eighth grade. Even the United States Supreme Court revolted and declared the law unconstitutional.

Bryan's administration as Governor was Bryan's administration as Mayor all over again, on a larger scale. He had a hostile majority in the Legislature. Notwithstanding, by using publicity as a weapon just as he previously had used referendum petitions, he clubbed his opponents more or less into submission, and succeeded in effecting economies in State government which resulted in a 13-per-cent reduction in the tax rate.

He threatened to open State coal yards, but the coal dealers, upon the advice of counsel who had carefully examined the decisions and the temperament of the State Supreme Court, told him to go where the price of coal had ceased to trouble. Acting as a private citizen, he offered to supply every cooperative, local committee, labor union, or other responsible agency in the State with coal at cost. He offered, and he carried out. The price fell $4 and in some places $6 a ton.

It was about this time that Governor McMaster of South Dakota opened his famous offensive against gasoline prices. When that occurred Governor Bryan was in North Dakota. Hastening home, he announced that he had that day sent a telegram to the officers of the Standard Oil Company at Chicago, warning that unless the retail price of gasoline was promptly reduced in Nebraska he would open public filling stations and sell at cost. The next morning the signs at the filling stations recorded a drop of two and a half to four cents a gallon, and there were ringing hosannas for Charley from Omaha to Coffee Siding, from Keyapaha County to Red Willow—which is the Nebraska equivalent of Dan to Beersheba.

To be sure there were scoffers. They pointed out that the reduction had occurred simultaneously and uniformly in a territory comprising eight States, and that Bryan's telegram, if indeed one had been sent, probably had about as much to do with the result as resolutions adopted by the Chattanooga, Tennessee, Browning Club. But the man with the Ford merely remarked that it was mighty funny how these things never happened until Charley took a hand, and always happened immediately when he did.

The picture, in all honesty, is not complete. Long before Mayor Bryan entered the field of public operation in Lincoln the present Republican Senator Howell had brought about the establishment of municipal ice, gas, and water plants in Omaha. And before Bryan moved against gasoline prices Commissioner Hopkins had reduced the price in Omaha by five cents through opening a filling station with gasoline bought wholesale for the Fire Department.

Thus it is charged that every important reform which he has advocated or effected has been a leaf stolen from the book of somebody else, that he never moves until he is certain of the direction in which political capital lies, that he capitalizes the discontent or unrest aroused by hardier and less selfish pioneers. It is difficult to make those distinctions clear to the farmer whose saving in reduced taxes and cheaper coal and gasoline amounted to a total of $300 last year. It is difficult to present them convincingly to the housekeeper who had her ice bill cut in half.

His is not an engaging personality. He has not the charm of Davis, not the impressive conviction of La Follette, not the debonair and reckless courage of Wheeler. He overstates his case; he claims too much.

Yet the record stands. One finds it difficult to believe that a man so obviously centered on himself can burn with his whole heart for the people. And he accepted Mr. Davis's progressivism all too willingly. But there is the record. He has fought for the people, and he has never fought for the interests. In the last analysis his best recommendation is the enemies he has made and the fear he has inspired.

October End

By WILLIAM A. NORRIS

Make the most of this late sunlight:
Thin gold on autumn leaves,
Branches not wholly bare.

We have this to remember—
Summer wind in the trees and no leaves falling,
Heat of the summer sun in the sleeping grasses;
And we ourselves picking flowers, growing weary of flowers,
Gathering grain, wading in golden brooks.

There is no sound now,
Only our hushed voices
And the click of leaf on leaf.

Autumn, Forsake the Hills

By FRANK ERNEST HILL

Autumn, forsake these hills and dwell in towns.
Change will not take you there. The year will go
Insensibly from summer into snow;
No tower will turn from green to golds and browns.
But here the slopes and hollows burn with death—
Scarlet of leaves, scarlet of butterflies
Flame to their ash . . . Last flowers shut their eyes.
Bronze bees go stricken in the frosty breath
Of blue-bright noon. Under the black wild grapes
White wine of brooks through leaf-drowned shadow ebbs.
Spiders hang frozen in gray spider webs.
What here was young and bright and swift escapes
In ruin that can never flame at all
Where life is changeless pavement, noise, and wall.

In the Driftway

THERE has been much discussion about our President; he has been called silent because he had nothing to say, and deep because he would not allow his depths to be sounded. This is now to be changed. Not that Honest Cal is to become loquacious all of a sudden; but in the quiet watches of the night, behind closed doors for all the Drifter knows to the contrary, it seems that Cal has been talking, maybe to himself. And his remarks are now made available for all good Republicans and bad non-Republicans to read and ponder on.

* * * * *

MR. ROBERT J. THOMPSON of Chicago has compiled the little book—"Adequate Brevity" he calls it—which gives Mr. Coolidge away. Mr. Thompson himself feels that it is safe to publish these maxims. "Mr. Coolidge," says he, "will be found to be all right—indeed a man to whom you would at all times, and unhesitatingly, trust your fortune, your business, your life, and your sacred honor." There is hardly a phase of life or opinion which is not touched upon, and in order that a busy soul yearning for counsel may have no difficulty in finding what he needs the thoughts are classified in alphabetical order: "America," "Bolshevism," "Character," "Deception," "Forgiveness," "Foreign Debts," "Our Fathers," "The Press," "Thought," "Unrest," "Welfare," and "World Problems," to give only a few of them. The book itself is a small volume about four inches by six, and has 122 pages of reading matter, so it is evident that in order to touch upon these and other topics of interest brevity must be employed indeed.

* * * * *

AND what does Mr. Coolidge think? The Drifter, turning the pages of "Adequate Brevity," started in by marking those passages which seemed especially worthy of comment; he found, however, that he was marking every one; it was evident that the President could not have a thought that was not—well, let him speak for himself:

> America is still the land of opportunity.
>
> Without a healthy, productive, and prosperous agriculture, there can be no real prosperity.
>
> The agriculture of the nation needs a greater supply and lower cost of fertilizer.
>
> Undivided allegiance to public authority must be required.
>
> Can those intrusted with the gravest authority set any example save that of the sternest obedience to law?
>
> Not all those who are working to better the condition of the people are Bolsheviki or enemies of society.
>
> Let everybody keep at work. Profitable employment is the death-blow to bolshevism, and abundant production is disaster to the profiteer.
>
> Invested capital is the result of brains.
>
> There is no surer road to destruction than prosperity without character.
>
> Civilization and profits go hand in hand.
>
> The supply of coal must be constant.
>
> Education is to teach men not what to think but how to think.
>
> There is an obligation to forgive but it does not extend to the unrepentant.
>
> Everyone is anxious for good highways.
>
> America must be kept American.
>
> Not all those who are attempting to conduct a successful business are profiteers.
>
> A great man comes from the devotion of a great mother.
>
> There is no place for the cynic or the pessimist.
>
> At the revelation of greed making its subtle approaches to public officers, of the prostitution of high place to private profit, we are filled with scorn and with indignation.

* * * * *

THE Drifter maintains that these are splendid sentiments; that they do credit to the home and fireside which produced them; and that the holders of them should be allowed to rule the land. As a matter of fact, they are.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Mencken on the Sex Comedy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your instructive No. 3092 Mr. Bernard Sobel attacks the contentions that I set up in my article The Sex Uproar by arguing (a) that, despite their light and even jocose view of the sex comedy, the talk of men is nevertheless "very much like that which Mlle de Maupin heard when she masqueraded as a man," and (b) that despite the fact that men would work if

there were no women in the world, there remains in them "the lurking hope that approbation and subsequent success will bring ultimate sex reward."

My contentions survive these caveats. I do not deny that men spend a great deal of time talking about women: what I argue is that they never talk about women until after they have exhausted all other subjects of common interest. Sex is simply the ultimate common denominator: all men are males. Lock up a Methodist bishop and a cowboy in a room together, and they will talk of women, for they have no other interest in common. But put the bishop with a bootlegger, and they will talk of Prohibition until they are exhausted. Where men of diverse and incongruous kinds are thrown together, as in Pullman smoke-rooms, jails, and clubs, the talk is largely of feats of amour. But where men who know one another and are interested in one another meet, such simian exploits are seldom mentioned.

The "lurking hope" that Mr. Sobel mentions simply does not exist. Why should it lurk, or be a mere hope? Any man, rich or poor, fat or lean, Christian or heathen, can find a woman to be kind to him. The rare man who fails is a man who would still fail if he were worth $8,000. I can only say that I have never met any such man. I doubt that a man who enjoys "approbation and success" is particularly attractive to women, save perhaps transiently. The man's success is always the enemy of the woman who loves him. The most lavish and caressing loves, I believe, are heaped upon men who, as other men see them, are failures.

Hohenzollern, Maryland, October 3 H. L. MENCKEN

[The name of Bernard Sobel, whose letter was published in last week's *Nation*, was erroneously printed as Bernard Sobe. —EDITOR THE NATION.]

Quaker Meant Friend

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No newcomer at Essen was allowed to doubt that he was in the occupied territory. The railway station was gorgeous with French and Belgian flags, draped above shields of the republic. One heard the French tongue constantly in the streets, though the uniforms were few. The military had been largely withdrawn shortly after the election of May 11. Their withdrawal had eased the tension, my traveling companions told me; but one felt a different atmosphere than that of unoccupied Germany. The stranger who visits unoccupied Germany today, the inflation being over and prices high, must be a friend. In the Ruhr a stranger meant an enemy. Two women in the third-class compartment where we were together cautiously whispered to each other, their eyes on me. Everywhere were hostile looks. A group of school-children in the street approached me menacingly, and one young girl, looking me straight in the face, snarled like an animal. A man passing me on a bicycle spat with unnecessary vehemence.

I visited the little farm surrounded by big factories, and spoke again with Heinrich, the one-time prisoner of war who had worked for us in France, back in the days of the armistice. He had so changed and aged that he was quite unrecognizable. But he was by no means the most miserable that I had seen. He had his kind old parents with him and the farm was their own.

I was tired and discouraged as I started on the dusty two-mile walk that lay between me and the railway station. As I passed a wretched little roadside inn I caught a glimpse of green trees and wooden benches and turned in to rest. A drunken old man with red eyes who was in the bar as I passed through asked me at once my nationality, and a youth with long hair and a depraved face stared at me insolently. They both followed me into the shabby garden and stood beside my table. There they were joined by numerous others, the roughest group that I had seen during all my visit to Germany: men in their undershirts, frowsy women, and half a dozen dirty children.

"Sind Sie Französin?" they asked.

"Ich bin Quäkerin," I answered.

The effect was magical. I might have been a crowned queen among those miserable people. There was not one to whom the word did not have profound significance.

Quaker meant friend.

S.S. France, September 11 MARY KELSEY

La Follette and the Far West

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wonder if the four men on the Supreme Court of California who have just issued the decision barring La Follette from the ballot realize that in one day they have done more to convince the people—not only of California and the Pacific Coast but the whole country—that the courts should be curbed than La Follette could have done by arguing from now till the crack of doom? Isn't there something, somewhere, saying: "give a rogue rope enough——"? Well, the courts are hanging themselves. They might defend themselves successfully against La Follette, but that will avail them little if they cannot defend themselves against *themselves*. The American people demand, if nothing else, fair play. They possess their many faults, but one of them is not to approve of hitting below the belt. There may be fine legal points whereby judges and lawyers will be able to prove to their own satisfaction that this anti-La Follette decision is entirely legal and proper. But the plain people, who possess no such discriminating minds and to whom the law is fast by way of becoming a consummate ass, will have great difficulty in accepting this proof. For they will remember that this decision came at a time when the Coolidgeites had been jolted from the cocksure arrogance which followed their victorious May primary to a state of genuine alarm at the wave of sentiment rolling up for La Follette and Wheeler. They will look upon the situation created by this decision as they would upon a prizefight—a prizefight in which the man who, despite a heavy handicap, is getting the best of it in a fair encounter, is struck a foul blow by his desperate opponent. Therefore, the four justices of the California Supreme Court, by doing the California candidacy of La Follette a mechanichal injury, have done the La Follette cause throughout the country a great and growing good. That is the net result of this decision.

Now, what of the La Follette prospects here in the Far West? Well, whatever the rest of the country has done, the Far West—California in particular—has not lost its taste, thank God, for progressivism. Not the progressivism of the Chester Rowells, which, because it has not moved an inch or changed so much as a jot or tittle since 1912, is the reactionaryism of today. But the Progressivism of William Kent, of Fremont Older, of Rudolph Spreckels, and of C. K. McClatchy. The progressivism that is progressivism because it has kept pace with changing conditions. It will carry the three latter states for La Follette and Wheeler; and may even carry California despite the handicap erected by the Supreme Court majority. The Davis candidacy out here is scarcely noticeable. His adherents might just as well save the tally clerks extra labor by going fishing on election day. The fight is between Coolidge and La Follette; there is no doubt about that.

And how the Coolidge forces are working! They are desperate. Employees of the big corporations are being called in and gravely warned of the "dangers" of La Folletteism. They are also being called upon to contribute to the Coolidge campaign fund. A young aquaintance of mine who works for one of these concerns tells me he was called in the other day by his superior and asked to give two dollars to the Coolidge fund. "Why," said he, "I'm not sure yet that I'm going to vote for him." "Oh, that's all right; vote for whomever you please, but come through with two bucks for Coolidge," said his superior; who added half facetiously, as he took charge of the two "bucks": "If you're as smart as I think you are, you'll make up your mind for Coolidge."

Furthermore, the Coolidge forces have resorted to what some might call "strategy." They have turned over the party offices to men once known as progressives. Committee chairmanships, regional directorships, etc., are nearly all held by men belonging to what might be termed the "Johnson wing" of the Republican Party. This of itself is a confession of desperation; for a few months ago the *real* Coolidge crowd, the old reactionary anti-Johnson machine, was directing the Coolidge campaign and telling the Johnsonites to go way back and sit down. But with all their trading and angling they have not got the astute Hiram to announce for Coolidge. He keeps a somber and discreet silence. At times he may lose his temper and kick over the traces to his own political detriment, but most of the time he knows what is good for Hiram. He knows now, for instance, that the best thing that could happen to Hiram Johnson would be for La Follette to carry California in November. Consequently Hiram is, in the matter of silence, out-Coolidging Coolidge. It is true he did break silence long enough to denounce the decision barring La Follette and Wheeler from the ballot; but if the Coolidge forces can get anything besides discomfort out of that they are lucky.

Meanwhile, men like William Kent, Rudolph Spreckels, Francis J. Heney, Fremont Older, and C. K. McClatchy, and women of the same fine type, are out in the open giving their all to the La Follette cause. C. K. McClatchy, with his powerful newspapers, the Sacramento *Bee* and the Fresno *Bee*, is doing valient service; and Rudolph Spreckles, whom ten years or more of bitter fighting has not driven out of the banking industry of San Francisco, is out daily on the stump. And we are all—high and low, great and small—happy in the fight. Happy as we have not been for years. It is joyous to have once again something worth fighting for.

San Francisco, September 26 JOHN HARROWBY

Radio Censorship

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the Democratic Convention Congressman J. Lister Hill of Alabama delivered a terrific philippic from radio station WOR (Newark) against the Republican Party. He was continuously cut off in the midst of words and sentences. When "oil scandals" or "predatory interests" were mentioned without reference to the Republican Party the sentence went over uncensored. But when he said "at the Cleveland convention the Republican Party was dominated by the predatory——," he was cut off. During the ten-minute speech I only heard half which was sent out. Mr. Hill spoke to the empty air half the time.

I immediately phoned a leading New York paper. "What interest or news is there in that?" said the person at the other end. "Why, on a prohibition speech Hudson Maxim was cut off and the news featured—why not this?" "Wait a minute— . . . Well, our Newark man will get that news."

I read the paper assiduously after that, but saw no mention of the censorship. Isn't it a shame that we get only nationalistic and conservative propaganda over the radio?

Allentown, Pennsylvania, July 25 RALPH B. GUINNESS

We See Our Finish

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a senior in college this year. I have studied political science, economics, history, and psychology. I have no particular ability, but do have a limitless ambition and am willing to work more than hard.

My ambition is to become the editor of either *The Nation* or the *New Republic*. How should I approach the proposition? Should I go to a school of journalism, and if so, which one, or should I grab the first cub-reporter job that I can get?

Richmond, Indiana, September 20 J.

Books

First Glance

A YEAR or more ago some verses by Edith Sitwell in the London *Spectator* aroused a controversy which filled that paper's correspondence columns for several weeks running. The meaning of the verses, if there was any, had been obscure to many readers, and the question raised was whether an editor has the right to publish a poem which he knows will mystify its audience. The editor in this case, who happened to be of Miss Sitwell's sex, closed the discussion by saying that she had chosen to print the poem not because of its meaning or lack of meaning but simply because it had seemed to her beautiful; though half of the lines had conveyed nothing to her mind, her impression of the whole was of something competent and rare and so she had given it space. The editor seemed to me at the time to have made her point, and now that the disputed verses come back to light as a portion of a long poem by Miss Sitwell, "The Sleeping Beauty" (Knopf, $1.75), I am surer than ever that the decision was sound. I could not for the life of me tell anyone the story of "The Sleeping Beauty." It might be about Jack-the-Giant-Killer for all I know, or about the afternoon of a faun. But it gives me pleasure which is real and continuous if not profound; to that extent it deserves praise. Its author is one of the few interesting radical poets in England today. As editor of the anthology "Wheels" she introduced Aldous Huxley and others to a reluctant public; and now that Mr. Huxley is mentioned it is worth remembering that Miss Sitwell in 1916 anticipated the title of his most important book with her poem "Antic Hay," inspired by a line of Marlowe's. In the pages of "Wheels" and elsewhere she spoke for a generation young yet very old, impudent yet very tired—a generation which hoped and still hopes to see the end of several great traditions in English poetry. In their hands, though not in others which by chance are better, the trunk of that poetry has rapidly rotted to a stump in mid-wood. "The Sleeping Beauty" is an uncertain day-dream wherein old men, dwarfs, Chinese ladies, a wrinkled gardener, and the shadow of Queen Anne move under ancient trees while sunshine speckles down on green gravel. All this—and more—to the accompaniment of strange music, the music of lines which now fly like splinters of light and now sleep beneath a coating of moss. But I cannot say in many cases what those lines mean, as a while back I could not say what was meant by the best lines in an equally beguiling volume by the present author's brother, Sacheverell Sitwell. There is still another Sitwell poet—Osbert, brother of these two; but he has made little of his work public since the first years after the war, when he promised to become a considerable satirist of the savage kind.

John Crowe Ransom is another poet who will present difficulties to such readers as want their message clear. His first volume, "Chills and Fever" (Knopf, $1.50), contains a number of pieces which connoisseurs already know from magazines, particularly from that extraordinary Southern magazine of verse, *The Fugitive*. Not a poem here, however, is in any easy sense charming, and not an idea is obvious. Mr. Ransom will be liked most by those who are appreciative in its proper place of nervous and surprising verse, who find virtue in a dancing line. He has been at pains to salt his rhymes and pepper his diction with fresh, realistic words; he has wrenched his cadences to fit his wayward thought; he has written with an original, an almost acid gayety. Thus, for instance, he begins an epitaph which is bound to be long remembered for its combination of irony and innocence.

> Here lies a lady of beauty and high degree.
> Of chills and fever she died, of fever and chills,
> The delight of her husband, her aunts, an infant of three,
> And of medicos marvelling sweetly on her ills.

MARK VAN DOREN

Spiritual Adventures

The Little French Girl. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

ONE is at least free to suspect that the anglomania of Henry James may have been only a halfway house on the road to Gaul. For one so scornful as he of those who are merely *déraciné* a second transplating could hardly, of course, be risked, and so it was in England that he remained rooted; but he was not above a dignified tour and there must have been moments at least when he wondered if the voyage from London to Paris were not only another stage in that journey away from Puritanism and toward Grace one leg of which he had already made. It would have taken him at least another lifetime and many tortuous volumes to decide even in his own indefinite faint way upon the respective merits of the two civilizations, and in the end the puritan still in him might have rebelled against a paganism so thinly disguised as that of France—or the artist in his soul might have whispered that a way of life regulated so completely by standards exclusively aesthetic must miss the highest art in escaping so completely from the moral conflict. But be that as it may, he was at least still interested; though England was his home he wrote "The Ambassadors," and the question just where, if anywhere, Anglo-Saxon morality had a right of arbitration outside of and beyond the arbitration of taste remained for him, like all questions, undecided, and he never ceased to seek adventure in dim regions where he could balance the claims of the one against the claims of the other.

Miss Sedgwick is, of course, a disciple of James, and she is in addition the most able of them all. So firmly established, however, is her reputation that it would be less worth while to dwell upon the delicacy and keenness of her perceptions than to attempt to discriminate between her and her master; this was the purpose of the reflections above, since with them in mind the distinction is not difficult to make and consists in this, that whereas he had doubts she has none. In her last novel before this one an American girl was taken to England to be groomed into ladyhood and in the present work a jeune fille is snatched like a brand from the burning to be saved from the traditions of her country; but it is English society which stands as the absolute norm by which all other things are judged. The American may bring some crude ore worth the refining and the Frenchmen certain brilliants worthy of a better setting, but it is to England that such valuables must be brought if they are to exhibit their true worth. Upon this as upon other subjects Miss Sedgwick has come to a more clear-cut decision than the mind of her master was ever able to arrive at; the result is that her style can be less tortuously tentative than his—and that she can arrange confrontings of characters and situations in which the issues are more simply drawn. But the result is also that though she is one of the most interesting of contemporary novelists she is not quite so interesting as her master was. We feel as we never felt with James that she has no further real adventures in store for her in the field of international manners because her mind is too clearly made up.

By no means should the impression be given that her analysis is incomplete or unfair. On the contrary it is scrupulously complete. She can, for example, exhibit on the one hand that English absorption in "games" so distressing to the foreigner accustomed to regard them as the most important form of recreation and on the other hand that French habit of calm analysis so instinctive as to make even children seem surprisingly wise, at the same time that she can exhibit traits more flattering to the one or less admirable in the other. But her preferences are clear and, as one might easily suspect, it is the theory and practice of love which turns the balance. In a few pages of magnificent dialogue she confronts a romantic young Oxforder with a wise and weary savant who pleads like a master the Gallic views. To the one love is an exquisite art to be cultivated for the pleasures and pains which it alone can yield; to the other it is a half-exotic religion, exacting strange sacrifices and irrational forbearings. Nor is there for a moment a doubt that Miss Sedgwick prefers even the bungling performers of the religious ritual to the most exquisitely skilful practitioners of the art; and from that moment the problem is solved. Nothing remains but to save the poor little French girl from the traditions of her race.

The purpose of this brief criticism is far from being to say that Miss Sedgwick is wrong, to rebuke her for making a decision and then to make another. It is merely to point out that admirable as her work is it embodies a certain error of technique. In such a novel the source of greatest delight is in that sense which one always has in the case of James of adventuring with a sensitive soul and in balancing nuance against nuance without descending to the commonplace level of judgment. Every new observation is new evidence, swinging the scale now this way and now that but never definitely turning it to one side or the other before the end is reached. Yet Miss Sedgwick has not, to change the metaphor, kept her problem in solution. She has allowed it to crystalize too early into judgment and as soon as that has occurred the rest, however interesting, has lost one of the elements of its fascination. We have left only the story of the anglicization of a French girl—interesting enough as a story but no longer a spiritual adventure.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Value of a Survey

Greek Life and Thought: A Portrayal of Greek Civilization. By La Rue Van Hook. Columbia University Press. $4.

CAN the modern world know Greek culture without studying Greek? The rapid decline in the study of the Greek language has made this question insistent in the minds of teachers of the classics, and Professor Van Hook's book is the most successful of many recent attempts to solve it. His material is well selected, his style is lucid, his judgments in the main are sound and scholarly. He has, to be sure, most of the limitations of the academic habit of mind. He writes with more enthusiasm than imagination; he is unduly preoccupied with urging the claims of his subject upon the reader; he constantly draws "lessons" from ancient experience, careless of the changed conditions of modern life. He is, moreover, one of those humanists whom Horace M. Kallen aptly describes as "romanticists disturbed by their own times and fleeing for refuge to antiquity." His comments upon our "craze for novelty," our "love of variety and complexity, restlessness, and even exaggeration," our "jaded modern feeling" reveal this habit of mind, as does the spirit in which he approaches Greek culture, which is not that of the humanist who says "Nihil humanum a me alienum puto" but that of the seeker for an impossible Elysium, a world in which are found realized the "eternal canons of truth and beauty" by which all subsequent life and art are to be judged. Consequently the evils of Greek life are denied or minimized, and a perfection is unfolded which puts the reader in the mood of the Athenian citizen who voted for the ostracism of Aristides on the ground that he was tired of hearing him called "the just."

The habit of drawing lessons from ancient life is likely to prove equally repellent to the college student for whom the book is primarily written. Certainly the practice is a dangerous one in a world wherein history never repeats itself. A flagrant example of the fallacy which besets this procedure is Mr. Van Hook's remark that it is of "profound significance to the modern world" that the Greeks made no provision in their schools for vocational training—this with no mention of the bearing of slavery and other economic differences upon the practice of education.

Though the material of the book is admirably selected from the point of view of its intrinsic importance, such minor matters as dress, food, and burial customs being omitted in favor of fuller discussions of literature, philosophy, art, politics, and religion, still the ground covered is far too great to

fulfil the author's purpose adequately. To a large extent the treatment is perforce reduced to a summary of information, and falls in line with that medieval overemphasis upon knowledge which is more deeply intrenched in the college curriculum than in any other part of our educational structure. There is slight value in telling the reader thus much and no more about Parmenides:

> Parmenides of Elea was a hearer of Xenophanes and of far greater originality as a thinker; he wrote a work on Nature, in hexameter verse, of which some lines are preserved. In this treatise he denied the possibility of change as expounded by his predecessors and maintained that Being alone exists. Whatever is, is, and cannot have arisen from nothing. Being is immovable, indivisible, continuous, and finite.

Or this about Isaeus:

> Isaeus specialized in the writing of speeches in will-cases and of these discourses eleven are extant.

The dry bones of fact regarding the Greeks contain little to nourish the spirit when stripped of the imaginative and emotional elements that are essential to Greek culture. Contrary as it is to the practice of American college education, there is something to be said for the view that a leisurely reading of one Greek play even in translation, supplemented by an imaginative interpretation of its relation to Greek life, or even a careful examination of a single Greek vase under competent guidance, would give the student more insight into the Greek spirit than a year spent upon a very excellent survey of Greek civilization.

CLARA M. SMERTENKO

The History of British Labor

An Outline of the British Labor Movement. By Paul Blanshard. George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

IN spite of the abundance of fugitive periodical literature on the British Labor movement there has hitherto been lacking any adequate summary of its history. This gap has now been filled by Mr. Blanshard's little volume, which supplies precisely the guide needed by any student who seeks a non-partisan and well-informed account of its achievements and aims. The writer, though evidently sympathetic, has wasted no space on glowing rhetoric, and has resisted all temptation to eulogistic comment. What he gives us is a compact and concise record in such a form as will make the book valuable for reference while none the less readable as a story.

Mr. Blanshard's detached position as an American observer enables him especially to note certain distinctive features of the movement which would have been likely to escape the eye of an English chronicler. His comparisons with the Labor movement in America are highly suggestive, and should be of interest to readers on both sides of the Atlantic. He reminds us, for example, that the English movement has the unity of race and geography. "Practically all the workers are British born and bred in Great Britain, with a common education and conception of life. . . . There is little opportunity for employers to play one national group against the other. There are no racial jealousies to divide the unions into quarreling factions." So, too, the smallness of Great Britain assists the unions. Employers cannot run away from them because there is no place to go, and the contagion of a strike or an organizing campaign may spread rapidly over the whole country. Mr. Blanshard emphasizes also the advantages possessed by British Labor in its practical exemption from attack by the legal weapons of injunctions and anti-boycott decisions and in its enjoyment of greater freedom of speech than is allowed in the United States.

In very few matters does Mr. Blanshard's estimate of the British Labor situation appear to call for revision. In his account of the political side of the movement he should have mentioned the recruits gained from that section of the Liberal Party which became unable to support it any longer after its abandonment of its old watchwords of "peace, retrenchment, and reform." When official Liberalism became Imperialist it took the wrong turning and compelled many of its most devoted followers to seek new party affiliations. In his chapter on the land problem, again, Mr. Blanshard seems to have missed the significance of the great change in the land-owning class that has come about in the last few years through the financial straits in which the territorial aristocracy has found itself and the consequent break-up of the big estates—a veritable agrarian revolution. When, too, Mr. Blanshard says that higher education in England has hitherto been "reserved for the upper classes" he repeats a popular delusion which would be dispelled by a census of the antecedents of the freshmen who have entered Oxford and Cambridge during the last fifty years. A few misspellings of proper names—such as "Kimmberly," "Myrther," and "Kier Hardie"—should be corrected in another edition.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Spain's Chinese Revolution

Las Jornadas Triunfales de un Golpe de Estado. By Ramón Martínez de la Riva. Madrid-Barcelona: R. Molero.

IF the commander of the Western Division of the United States Army should telegraph around from San Francisco to his commanding colleagues elsewhere that the Coolidge administration at Washington had grown venal beyond endurance and oily beyond emulsion, and that he proposed to take the train to Washington and constitute himself chairman of a committee of major generals which would chase the politicians out of the capital and assume entire control of the executive end of the government; if President Coolidge, approving the general's modest plan, should at once wire to San Francisco that the arrangement met his heartiest approbation, and that he should be delighted to serve as dancing puppet president to the committee's piping if the generals should instal themselves comfortably at Washington, send Congress packing, discharge half the Supreme Court, declare the country under martial law, and proceed to announce a brand new public-school system, the abolition of trial by jury, the per cent of profit to be allowed provision dealers, and their choice for mayor of Indianapolis—the matter would no doubt cause considerable excitement, both in this country and elsewhere.

But General Primo de Rivera, Captain General of the Fourth Region, with headquarters at Barcelona, performed in Spain last September, *mutatis mutandis*, the exploits outlined above and others; and not only did the foreign press treat the incident with calm indifference, but Spain herself, accustomed of old to martial law and almost celestial in her skeptical equanimity in the face of governmental changes which dub themselves reforms, acquiesced without enthusiasm and went on about her business. Since America has heard so few details of General Primo de Rivera's really remarkable painless one-man revolution, a history of the movement's early stages fills a real want. Ramón Martínez de la Riva, a whole-souled admirer of the general, has made a volume out of little else than scraps of the dictator's magniloquent but vigorous pronouncements, plus fragments of newspaper comment, Spanish and foreign, with an occasional paragraph of naive comment which is, as often as not, miles ahead of his cited documents. Thus, beginning a chapter on Foreign Opinion with the assurance: ". . . the military movement has been viewed in foreign countries with unanimous satisfaction," he quotes "a great French daily" (not named) which, without a syllable of personal approval, remarks that "In the capitalistic centers and among business circles the coup d'etat has produced satisfaction" but notes that "The great mass of the population, as always, has given evidence of the most absolute indifference." The *Gaulois*, quoted next, is quite as non-committal, and the *Times*, mentioned as representative of the British press, cautiously opines that the well-known conservatism and common sense of the Spanish race will prevent the usurpation, concerning whose

occasion and merits no opinion is expressed, from eventuating in bloodshed or disorder. The German papers are not quoted, but the admission is made that the socialist *Lokal Anzeiger* disapproves. We are informed that the American newspapers are "likewise favorable," but we are given no citations. And this is the entire chapter on the "unanimous satisfaction" of the foreign press.

We have the compiler's word and the general's, but not a trace of evidence, not a concrete fact or a figure, upon the purifying and regenerating effect of the coup. Yet we do have a readable account of the curious affair, enriched with photographs of all the important actors. ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

A Successor of Conrad?

Ordeal. By Dale Collins. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

JUST as word came of the death of Joseph Conrad, a first novel appeared by one who may prove to be his successor. "Ordeal," like almost any of Conrad's novels, shows men and women in the grip of implacable nature. The mid-Pacific is there, vast and impressive, with its burning trades and swift, fierce hurricanes, capricious and dwarfing to the human destinies that float across its surface. Its moods become natural agents in the progress of the tale. The tropic calm, the welcome rain, the storm which batters the fragile yacht and makes a derelict of her, all help to deliver the occupants of the Spray into Ted's cruel hands as the storm in "Victory" prevents Davidson from reaching the island of Samburan and precipitates the final catastrophe.

"Ordeal" tells how Ted the steward, by malign contrivance and with the aid of ocean calm and storm, achieved majesty on board a yacht. Ted was a "bully who had sulked through years of servitude and, whining bitterly the while, had ground hate to a razor-edge on the wheel of circumstance." In the perfection of his villainy he is reminiscent of Mr. Jones or of Ricardo.

To satisfy his lust for power he murdered the mate. He set passengers and crew against one another. His control of the Spray, complete in that moment of hurricane, stirred him at last to maniac delusions of grandeur like those which possessed Kurtz in "Heart of Darkness."

The situation is one that Conrad himself might have used. But the author of "Lord Jim" would have developed it from some romantic aspect, while Mr. Collins's treatment is cynical and realistic. He shows human nature reckless but unheroic in its moments of ordeal. The crude, primitive instincts—hunger, sex, self-preservation—are all that remain. So the wealthy passengers of the Spray are dazed and brutalized by the hardships through which they pass. Viola Thorpe, the exquisite, the magnetic, quarrels with her husband like any fish-wife, and Paul Thorpe, thinker and sensitive scholar, descends to beating his wife. Only old Lady Daley, sheltered behind the wall of deafness, maintains her balance, and by an act of glorified common sense accomplishes the downfall of the steward. For once danger is not alluring and peril does not elevate, and the passengers of the Spray are none the wiser for their experience. They have suffered no sea-change at the end of their six-weeks' struggle. Returned to his world, Thorpe and his friends accept the pink-and-gold comforts of the rescue-ship Ithalia as if there had never been a time when they longed for tobacco or prayed for an additional ration of water.

Though it lacks the grandeur of theme which one finds in the best of Conrad, there is sustained power in this harsh, straightforward narrative. It is told in cadenced phrases, with a wealth of shrewd imagery often as beautiful as Conrad's own. The shifting metaphors correspond to atmospheric changes and to the changing quality of human emotions. This habit of symbolism has certainly been derived from the elder writer. The marks of his master's hands are plain on Mr. Collins. ROSE LEE

Human Conduct

Pleasure and Behavior. By F. L. Wells. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

MR. WELLS has written a book that few can read to the end. All humanity is interested in his question: Is there such a thing as "pleasure"—something which can serve as a stimulus for adjustment? Is it something that we can strive for and attain, as we can technique in painting or in music or as we can material wealth? Or is "pleasure" merely a word carried along as a term mystical philosophers like to play with?

Unfortunately, with Mr. Wells the latter is the case. "Pleasure" with him seems to be an essence of some kind—a mental existence. It seems there can be both physical and mental pleasure. When we inquire searchingly into them we are virtually sent to school again to read introspective psychology.

"The chief pleasures arise from the operation of the major instincts. Such instincts serve a special end or goal and primarily meet a bodily need." Apparently the past ten-year onslaught on the concept of instincts at the hands of psychologists has passed lightly over Mr. Wells's head. It is evident that he still prefers teleology to modern science.

One must accuse Mr. Wells of being unsystematic and almost trite. At the end of each chapter, as at the end of the book, we hear ourselves saying almost aloud: Shall we never have a book on human conduct freed from scholasticism and mid-Victorianism—one based wholly upon facts gleaned from watching people live? JOHN B. WATSON

Music and Musicians

The New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians. Edited by Waldo Selden Pratt. The Macmillan Company. $6.

THERE has long been a need for an abridged and up-to-date encyclopedia of music and musicians, one more international in tendency than that of the anglicized Grove's. Waldo Selden Pratt's work is an attempt to meet this need. Its stated aim is to combine in one volume of about a thousand pages "the essential values of the several lines of dictionary-making in the musical field." The material has been condensed and headed under three divisions, each division having its own alphabet and followed by its own appendix. According to the design outlined in the preface, the first division gives "the form and terms of musical art," with a survey of the bibliography relating to them. The second division gives biographical and statistical facts of "some 7,500 musicians who have been active during the last two hundred years, with a classified summary of the work of about 1,000 others before the year 1700. And the third division gives the principal musical organizations and institutions throughout the musical world, with a chronological list of operas and oratorios produced since 1900.

The material easily falls into the divisions outlined, and is fairly comprehensive, except in the Americana. Why, for intance, should Lambert Murphy, Florence Macbeth, Kathleen Howard, and Lila Robeson be mentioned and such equally prominent singers as Sophie Braslau, Jeanne Gordon, Mabel Garrison, Lucy Gates, Orville Harrold, Edward Johnson, and others be omitted? Why a paragraph given to Maud Powell and only a few lines to Leonora Jackson, who had an even more brilliant career and was probably the greatest violinist we ever produced? Indeed, the biographical section as a whole is exceedingly weakened by the editors' policy of trying to characterize and estimate their subjects. With the Russians, for example, Moussorgsky and Scriabin are listed as "eminent," Gretchaninoff "important," Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff "distinguished," Prokofieff "ultra-modern," and Stravinsky "eccentric." In Central Europe, Schönberg is merely "eccentric," while Schreker is "eminent"; and the two finest English composers, Holst and

Bax, are introduced without any adjectives at all, though Vaughan Williams is "eminent" and Arthur Hinton "important." Or again, Offenbach and Sousa are "famous," while Richard and Johann Strauss, Schumann and Debussy are only "distinguished." Our own John Alden Carpenter is merely headed as "merchant and composer." Occasionally these biased headings stray into biased criticism, which seems strangely out of place in a volume that should adhere solely to impersonal facts. Moreover, such criticism may seem exceedingly absurd five or ten years from now when what appears "eccentric," "futuristic," and "important" to the editors today may appear very old-fashioned indeed to the world then. Nor will the "New" of the title be particularly appropriate, unless the editors contemplate a revision and addition every few years. The illustrations of instruments and musicians scattered throughout the volume seem to have been selected in a somewhat haphazard way, and might well have been omitted. But as the ideal encyclopedia has yet to make its appearance, one must, perforce, recommend this one in the meantime, for it is the best one of its kind that has come our way. HENRIETTA STRAUS

Books in Brief

The Authors' Thames. By Gordon S. Maxwell. Brentano's. $4.50.

The Thames, in John Burns's famous phrase, is "liquid history," and much of that history is literary as well as political. Mr. Maxwell has provided us here with a thesaurus of the river's literary associations from Julius Caesar to Jerome—the English Jerome. He not only records its connection with the lives of distinguished English writers who have made their homes in the Thames Valley but transcribes the numerous allusions to it in literature of every variety. He recalls even such incidents as Becky Sharp's throwing Johnson's Dictionary out of the window of the coach when she left Miss Pinkerton's Academy on Chiswick Mall. The book covers only the stretches of the river between Putney and Windsor, but Mr. Maxwell takes into account its tributaries also, and is thus able to bring in Box Hill and George Meredith. The compilation is a useful one, and the wonder is that no one has undertaken the task before.

Poe—Man, Poet, and Creative Thinker. By Sherwin Cody. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Mr. Cody's book is less important than its title would seem to indicate; one expects a study and gets an anthology. There are a brief biographical introduction and short prefatory comments to the different groups of selections, but more than three-fourths of the book is Poe's own, and Mr. Cody, very much of an enthusiast, does not illuminate greatly. Poe's personality, now overlaid with the successive coats of lamp-black and whitewash applied by his various biographers, is not made clearer and the relation between that character and his works is nowhere satisfactorily explained. The forces that wrecked his life also were responsible for his works, but that fact few of his critics have attempted to explain or even been willing to admit.

Footlights and Spotlights. By Otis Skinner. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

Among other things, an "old-school" actor is one of those who in boyhood were somewhat incongruously inspired by love of Shakespeare to go out and act Uncle Tom or something worse upon the contemporary stage. By this definition or any other one Mr. Skinner belongs to the old school. His father, a Universalist minister, knew Barnum, who was a Universalist because that was the only Christian sect which "believed in success," and, armed with an introduction from Barnum, Skinner set out upon his adventures. Looking back over the years he has many anecdotes to tell of barn-stormers and stars and many amusing adventures to relate. He writes not only with considerable charm but with a genuine modesty as well; his book is as amusing a volume of theatrical memoirs as has been seen in some time.

Gossip of the 17th and 18th Centuries. By John Beresford. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

A group of essays describing persons and incidents thoroughly characteristic of their time. The two papers which are based upon unpublished material are trivial, but in the best, January 30, 1649 (the execution of Charles I) and Anne Hyde, the author utilizes familiar contemporary and modern sources to sketch a story and evoke an atmosphere.

Drama

Melodrama and Aspirations

"IDEAS" are common enough in current plays. The reigning mode is inclined to favor them and if the playright, as is probable enough, does not happen to possess any of his own they can be borrowed as easily as any other theatrical material. Ideas, however, even stolen ones, unfortunately require to be at least assimilated if anything is to be made of them, and since the typical playwright really regards them as unnecessary nuisances brought into favor by tiresome aliens they tend, in his hands, to become only excrescences upon his native melodrama or his homely sentiment, and they resolutely refuse to grow into plays in their own right. The result is an effect not unlike that produced by the formula of the more pretentious movies: a symbolical title, a few highbrow inserts, and an abundance of the train wrecks and fist fights which constitute the real business of the piece. Theoretically the play has an idea, actually it possesses little more than a few pretentious labels.

Without any unfairness, "The Great Music" at the Earl Carroll Theater may be taken as a typical example of the thing under discussion. Martin Brown, the author, is an extremely capable writer of colorful melodrama, but he has no real passion for thought. He has merely been moved, like so many contemporary writers, by a vague feeling that he should deal somehow with great things, and accordingly he has borrowed, probably from "The Moon and Sixpence," a highly dramatic idea without having any great interest in it for its own sake or any real capacity for developing what he has appropriated. He starts out bravely with a young composer who decides, for the sake of the development of his genius, to break his word to his father and elope to Paris with a married woman who preaches the Gauguin morality and promises to aid him in the development of his talent. For a brief moment in the second act the author comes to grips with the intellectual and moral aspects of his theme and trembles for a time upon the edge of the genuine drama of ideas when he shows the hero realizing for the first time that his mistress has aided him, not because she really sets great store by his music, but because, like his parents, she was willing to use any means to hold him for herself. This scene is even well written, but it completely exhausts both the mind and the patience of the author so that he calls a quick curtain to his rescue and then plunges into a series of melodramatic events which, however interesting they may be in themselves, have nothing whatever to do with the problem in hand. Doubtless the scene in the harlot's quarter of Port Said, in which the drugged hero drags himself from a chair and fires a deadly bullet into the belly of a ruffian just about to commit a rape upon the sentimental prostitute, will send a shiver down the most blasé spine; doubtless also the closing act, which introduces the inevitable dark-skinned vamp of the Marquesas, has also its elements of simple appeal. But neither the one nor the other grows out of the supposed theme of the play or illuminates it in any way.

Budding though thwarted geniuses happen at the present moment to be extremely popular, and the introduction of one of them into a play is a sign that the author is taking himself seriously, but let us, for the purpose of experiment, remove him from "The Great Music" and substitute a more conventional figure—the disappointed lover who can go down hill for well-established reasons and who is quite untroubled by any of the newer ideas. Not one-fifth of all the present play would require any alteration to fit the changed state of affairs and not a single major event would need to be modified. In other words, "The Great Music" is merely imitation goods.

To such shoddy the work of Mr. Arthur Richman furnishes the best possible contrast. There is nothing brilliant about his conceptions and his moral ideas appear to be of the simplest, but they are nevertheless genuine and his real passion is for them; so that "The Far Cry" (Cort Theater), like his "Ambush," is the genuine working out of a simple idea instead of the bungling of a great or complicated one. Its conflict is again the conflict, this time happily terminated, between a good father and a frivolous daughter, but the sincerity and passion of the author freshen it, and Miss Margalo Gilmore gives an excellent performance in the role of the erring daughter.

Altogether "The Far Cry" is the play of the week most worth seeing, although the exquisitely beautiful setting which Mr. Lee Simonson has provided for the second scene of "Bewitched" (National Theater) is sufficient in itself to justify a visit to that entertaining play. "The Awful Mrs. Eaton" (Morosco Theater) is a play about Andrew Jackson. It will hardly entertain any save those naive enough to feel a patriotic warmth about the heart when the butler gives us stentorian assurance that the fat man in a brown suit is Daniel Webster or that the young lady in a white wig is to be considered, for dramatic purposes, Dolly Madison. Costumes and names are the play's sole assets.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

"WHAT PRICE GLORY"

A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings

PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.

RAND SCHOOL

7 East 15th Street

Stuyvesant 3094

Saturday afternoon lectures

Oct. 25, 1:30 P.M. ..... Morris Hillquit
"Labor, Socialism and the Progressive Movement"

Oct. 25, 3:30 P.M. ... John Langdon-Davies
"Why Labor Rules England"

Nov. 1, 1:30 P.M. ..... J. F. Horrabin
"H. G. Wells and World History"

Nov. 8, 1:30 P.M. ..... Carleton Beals or Roberto Haberman
"Mexico of Today"

Nov. 15, 3:30 P.M. ..... J. Vint Laughland
"Is Religion Social or Anti-Social?"

Beginning Sat., Nov. 15, 1:30 P.M., "Current History," Scott Nearing.
Sunday, November 30, Darrow vs. Nearing,
"Is the Human Race Worth Working For"

EXTRAORDINARY LECTURE!

"WHY TROTZKY HATES MacDONALD; or, HOW LABOR RULES ENGLAND"

A frank exposition of the differences between the principles, aims and methods of the Labor Party of England and the Communist Party of Soviet Russia

by **John Langdon-Davies**

Labor Party Candidate for Parliament
Journalist, Oxford Lecturer
(First appearance in this country)

This Sunday, October 19, 8:30 p. m.

Cooper Union, 4th Avenue and 8th St.

Tickets 75c. (plus war tax)
On sale at the offices of or by mail from
THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 5th Ave., N. Y. C. Tel. Longacre 10434-4447

. . . Announcing . . .

TRANSCONTINENTAL LECTURE TOUR

(January 1st to March 15, 1925)

of

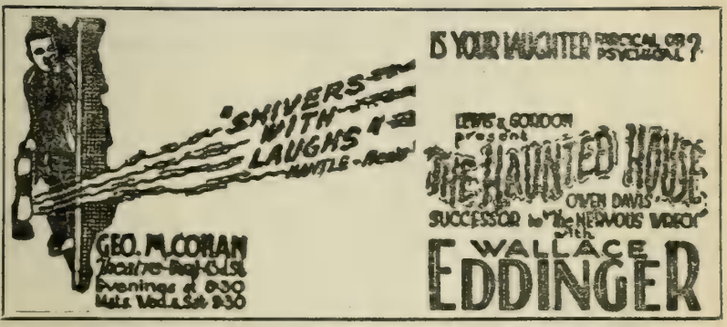
UPTON SINCLAIR

Clubs, unions, locals and other groups desiring to engage Mr. Sinclair for a lecture, write to us for dates, subjects, terms, etc.

Mr. Sinclair is making a very liberal offer of his books with each lecture, which will enable any group to cover the expenses of a Sinclair engagement through the sale of his books at his lecture

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
(Exclusive Management)
500 Fifth Avenue New York City

N. B.—Mr. Sinclair will lecture and debate in New York during February and March, 1925. Send us your name for announcements of these events.



The DEBATE of the CENTURY!

Is CAPITAL PUNISHMENT a Wise Public Policy?

Clarence DARROW says NO!
Famous Chicago Attorney in the Leopold-Loeb Case
VERSUS
Judge Alfred J. TALLEY says YES!
N. Y. Court of General Sessions
Chairman: LOUIS MARSHALL
Temporary Chairman, LEWIS E. LAWES,
Warden of Sing Sing Prison

Sunday Afternoon, October 26, 3 P. M.

Manhattan Opera House, 34th St., W. of 8th Ave.

Tickets $1.65, $2.20, $2.75, $3.30, $4.40.

On sale at Box Office, all branches of Tyson's and McBride's Ticket Agencies, or at the offices of and by mail from
THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Ave., N.Y.City. (Longacre 4447-10435)

N. B.—Out-of-towners desiring a printed stenographic report of this debate, send us their names.

The DEBATE of the SEASON!

SHOULD LITERATURE BE CENSORED?

JOHN S. SUMNER — Secretary, New York Society for Suppression of Vice
versus
ERNEST BOYD — Noted International Author and Critic

Chairman: CLIFFORD SMYTH, Editor, International Book Review

SUBJECT:

RESOLVED: That limitations upon the contents of books and magazines as defined in proposed legislation would be detrimental to the advancement of American literature.

Mr. BOYD, Affirmative Mr. SUMNER, Negative

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1924, AT 8:30 P. M.

TOWN HALL—West 43d St., near Sixth Ave.

Tickets $1.10, 1.65, 2.20, 2.75, 3.30 (war tax inc.)

On sale at Brentano's, Macy's Book Dept. and Wanamaker's Book Dept., and at the offices of or by mail from
THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Ave., N.Y.City (Longacre 10434-4447)

N. B.—Out-of-towners desiring a printed stenographic report of this debate, send us their names.

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

International Relations Section

General Hertzog's Policy

An Interview

By M. B. D.

ON August 4, at the request of *The Nation*, I interviewed the new Premier of South Africa in his office in the House of Assembly. General Hertzog was to leave for up-country on the following morning, not to return until the next session of the Union Parliament, which should open in February of 1925. I was sensible of his courtesy, very characteristic of the man, in making time for this interview on a day of such manifold businesses. The General, however, had not forgotten his meeting with the staff of *The Nation* on his visit to America, some years ago. He gave me a clear half hour of his precious afternoon, answering in careful, deliberate, unhesitating English sentences the questions I put to him. These, with the reply to each in his own words, follow:

QUESTION 1. What were the reasons which called the Nationalist Party into existence?

GENERAL HERTZOG. The Nationalist Party, which started in 1913, is due mainly to the fact that the old South African Party had become too much of a capitalist party influenced by the leaders of the mining industry, whose policy had been and was at the time calculated more to advance outside interests than those of the people in South Africa.

QUESTION 2. What is the basic difference today between the Nationalists and the South African Party?

GENERAL HERTZOG. The basic difference today is largely the same as in 1913, with an additional difference in their industrial policy—the South African Party being mainly representative of free-trade principles, whereas the Nationalists are unanimously in favor of protection and the fostering of South African industries.

QUESTION 3. Can English South Africans honestly join the Nationalists?

GENERAL HERTZOG. There is no reason whatsoever why Englishmen should not be as good Nationalists as any of the Dutch-speaking (South Africans). True, so far, the ranks of the Nationalists have been filled almost exclusively by the Dutch-speaking, but that is not due to anything inherent in the politics or the policy of the party. It is rather the result of past history. No doubt a great many of the English-speaking would have been members of the Nationalist Party were it not that the Nationalist Party has been held out by their opponents as being at the same time a republican party. This is only true in so far as the great majority of the members of the party do hold that the republican form of government would be the best for South Africa. This is, however, not a principle for which the Nationalist Party as a party stands.

QUESTION 4. What is your attitude toward other nations?

GENERAL HERTZOG. Our attitude is one of good-will and friendship to all nations; we have no aggressive imperialistic inclinations.

QUESTION 5. What are your relations with the Labor Party?

GENERAL HERTZOG. Our relations with the Labor Party have always been of the most friendly and sympathetic nature, holding as we do that one of the essential requisites for a country's welfare is the welfare and prosperity of its laboring classes.

QUESTION 6. What is your attitude toward the natives?

GENERAL HERTZOG. Of the native the party holds that he is a child, requiring all the care, but also the discipline, necessary for the child's welfare. We are convinced that the giving of the franchise to the native is neither to the advantage of the white man nor of the native himself. In order to advance his well-being it will be necessary for many years to come to follow a policy of differentiation as ever against the European (i. e., the white man) both politically and industrially; whereas social equality cannot be thought of.

QUESTION 7. What is your attitude toward woman suffrage?

GENERAL HERTZOG. The Nationalist Party has no objection as a party to woman suffrage, but it is not a question upon which the party has thought necessary to declare itself either way.

Savinkov's Story

THE sensational confession of the famous revolutionist and counter-revolutionist, Boris Savinkov, was referred to in press dispatches at the time of his trial. The actual text of his story, however, has not been printed at any length in American newspapers. The following summary of the confession by a correspondent of the *International Press Correspondence* appeared in its issue of September 11:

Shortly before the sixth anniversary of the attempt upon the life of Comrade Lenin, there stood as an accused before the military court of the Highest Court of Justice of the Soviet Union one of the originators of this attempt, one of the most desperate, active, and clever enemies of the Russian workers' and peasants' revolution, the former revolutionary and terrorist Boris Savinkov. His speech of defense occupied two whole days and in the mouth of Savinkov became a powerful, bitter, and annihilating indictment against himself, against the whole of European imperialism with all its Curzons and Poincarés, with all its MacDonalds and Masaryks. . . .

Those who are familiar with the life of Boris Savinkov will hardly be of the opinion that he abandoned his six years' fight against the revolution and compromised his former protectors and confederates in a most definite manner out of cowardice or from fear of the death sentence. Boris Savinkov was one of the most courageous revolutionaries during the time of the Czar and one of the boldest counter-revolutionaries in recent years, who very often risked his life. When he broke down and declared before the Revolutionary Court of Justice that he recognizes no other power in Russia but the Soviet power, it amounted to nothing less than the de jure recognition of the October Revolution on the part of the whole Russian counter-revolution. . . .

WHY SAVINKOV BECAME A COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY?

Some days before the court proceedings, Savinkov submitted a written confession in which he sought to state the reasons why he, the former revolutionary who participated in the murder of the Czarist Minister Plehve and of the Grand Duke Sergei Alexandrovitch and who, as he said, had sacrified his whole life for the people, had fought with weapons in his hands against the Russian workers and peasants. He put forward four reasons:

> Firstly . . . I was a Social Revolutionary, consequently I was compelled to defend the Constituent Assembly; secondly, I believed that the prematurely concluded peace was fatal for Russia; thirdly, I believed that if we Democrats did not fight against the Communists, the Monarchists would capture power, and fourthly, we could not in the year 1917 foresee that the Russian workers and peasants would stand in masses behind the Communist Party.

These are the reasons which Savinkov puts forward. These reasons, however, Savinkov declared, have ceased to be valid.

> The Constituent Assembly has proved to be a mere fiction. The Communists have completely annihilated the

Monarchists and rendered impossible a restoration, finally, and this was the most important, the Communist Party of Russia was supported by the workers and peasants of Russia, that is, by the Russian people . . . I have the courage to declare openly that my tenacious, prolonged fight, my life and death struggle with every means against you has been futile. This fact shows that *the Russian people stands not behind us but behind the Russian Communist Party* . . . I did not know that in the year 1924 the Communist Youth League would have one million members.

Savinkov begins his actual confession in the proceedings by describing how immediately after the outbreak of the October Revolution he began his counter-revolutionary activity. When he learned that generals Kaledin and Kornilov were attempting to organize a voluntary army against the Bolsheviki, he immediately joined them. The conditions in this army brought him his first disappointment.

I had the impression that nobody thought of the fatherland, that everyone was concerned with his own petty interests . . . I said that it was perfectly impossible to fight against you unless we had the support of the peasantry and unless we defended the interests of the peasants. To this Bogayevski answered: *"No, the day of Democracy is past; we rely upon the bourgeoisie and the Cossacks."*

In spite of this Savinkov and the other "Democrats" fought on the side of these generals. He was, however, not satisfied with the whole thing as it was, and seized the initiative himself. He formed the notorious "Union for the Defense of the Fatherland and Liberty." This also he intended should have a democratic form, but it turned out otherwise. The Union in its program adopted the standpoint of dictatorship.

THE PRESIDENT: Whose dictatorship?

SAVINKOV: That is not stated in the program. (Laughter.)

And then Savinkov related further how the Democrats, "the protectors of the people," fought in the name of democracy against the dictatorship of the proletariat in order to set up the dictatorship of the Monarchists. Savinkov, as an experienced revolutionary, began to create an illegal officers' organization on the lines of the old romantic pattern of the Social Revolutionaries.

THE PLOT AGAINST LENIN AND TROTZKY

Regarding his connection with the attempted assassination in the year 1918, Savinkov declared as follows:

I always held the view that if I was conducting a war, I must make use of every means. We desired before all an armed revolt, but we did not abandon terrorist acts. In 1918 we planned an attempt against Lenin and Trotzky, but very little came of it. Not because we did not desire it, but because we were not able to do it.

Savinkov described in detail the role of the French ambassador Noulens in the counter-revolutionary rising in Jaroslav and Rybinsk. The French financed the movement. They demanded, however, deeds in return for their money. Noulens ordered Savinkov to begin the revolt in Jaroslav or Rybinsk at the beginning of July, 1918, and promised effective support in the form of landing French troops. The revolt was commenced. The support, however, was not forthcoming.

THE PRESIDENT: Did the left Social Revolutionaries also take part in the negotiations with the French?

SAVINKOV: I was not in touch with the left Social Revolutionaries, but I know from French sources that they also received support from the French. . . .

MASARYK AND THE TERROR

THE PRESIDENT: From what source did you derive your money at this time and what was the amount?

SAVINKOV: I remember at the time I was in the greatest desperation, as I did not know where we could obtain money, when, without any solicitation from me, we were approached by certain Czechs, who handed me over a sum of 200,000 Kerensky rubles. This money saved our organization at that time . . .

THE PRESIDENT: Who was it who gave this money to you?

SAVINKOV: Klepando.

THE PRESIDENT: In whose name?

SAVINKOV: In the name of Masaryk.

THE PRESIDENT: Did you know under what conditions the Czechs paid over this money?

SAVINKOV: They declared as follows: They desired that this money should be employed for terrorist fighting purposes. They knew—I did not conceal the fact—that I recognized terror as a means of struggle, they knew that and gave us money, emphasizing that it should be chiefly used for terrorist purposes . . .

"THE CUP OF DEGRADATION"

The Russian patriots . . . could not help noticing very soon that the sublime friendship of the Allies was not for the sake of them personally but for the Russian petroleum wells and other mineral riches.

No matter how much I endeavored to obtain our admission to the discussion of the Treaty of Versailles, we Russians were not allowed to cross the threshold . . . We did not know what was being decided there, and what they thought. We were not invited to any conference, not even with advisory votes. It became obvious that they drove us on to fight at every opportunity, but did not want to help us. In fact, they gave considerable help to Denikin, but we had to drain the cup of degradation. . . . We had to beg for every pair of boots.

Savinkov succeeded in obtaining a certain measure of support from England. To the question of the president under what conditions he suceeded in getting this, Savinkov replied:

There were no actual conditions, but the English attempted to have their policy carried out. They spoke to me very persistently about its being desirable to set up an independent South-Eastern Federation consisting of Northern and Transcaucasia. They said this Federation would only be the beginning, as Azerbeidjan and Georgia would be joined to it later on. *Here one smelt naphta . . .*

Churchill once showed me the map of South Russia, in which the positions of Denikin's and your army were indicated with little flags. I still remember how shocked I was when I went to him and he, pointing to the Denikin flags, said suddenly: "This here is my army."

THE PRESIDENT: Did you make any reply to this?

SAVINKOV: I did not reply, but stood as if rooted to the spot. I was going to leave the room, but then I thought if I made a scandal here and shut the door on myself, our soldiers in Russia would be left without boots.

THE PRESIDENT: It is not clear from your statement for what purpose the English and French supplied you with these boots, shells, machine guns, etc.

SAVINKOV: Officially, they had very noble aims. We were faithful allies, you were traitors, etc. In the background there was the following: as a minimum: well, naphta is a very desirable thing. As a maximum: let the Russians squabble among themselves, the fewer there are left living the better, Russia will be all the weaker. . . .

THE "CHIEF ERROR"

The President again asked Savinkov what had prompted him to submit to such humiliations as, for instance, the conversation with Churchill.

SAVINKOV: When Churchill said to me, "That is my army," I turned icy cold. Yes, I had committed a great error, but my errors are only the consequence of my *chief error, namely, that I turned against you in October.* After the October upheaval I thought: The Bolsheviki are usurpers, they have not the people behind them. There, there reigns dissolution, murder, chaos—here, with the Whites, will be order, discipline, and idealism, here there will be no murder. And all this has proved totally false. And with horror I became more and more convinced *that they thought not of the fatherland, not of the people, but only of their own class interests.* A deeper disappointment

was brought to me by the realization that a white movement was impossible without foreign aid. . . . I went through everything, I saw everything in this white movement and learned to hate it.

Savinkov forsook the white movement and began to organize the "green" peasant movement. He attempted to incite great peasant revolts, but here again he met with "disappointment"; his peasant movement degenerated into a band of brigands.

At the conclusion of his confession Savinkov summed up the results of his life and his struggle against the workers and peasants. He made use of all the arts of style of his poetic talents in order, apparently, not to convince the judges, but himself, that he was not a criminal, that even when he conducted a life and death struggle against the Russian workers and peasants he was convinced that he was fighting for the "people." This had involved a severe inner struggle. He quite broke down when he spoke of his revolutionary past:

I remember one summer morning. Petrograd. Ismainovski Prospect. . . . Upon the pavement there lies Sasanov, stretched out, wounded, his blood spurts out, and I stand beside him. Close by there stands the shattered coach of Plehve. A policeman approaches me excitedly, the revolver is in my hand. . . . I remember also the fortress of Sevastopol. Iron bars as now. The sentinel goes to and fro before my door. Death penalty as today. I remember all this. How happy I was at that time when I sat in the cell. How proudly my heart beat. I knew that the whole Russian people, all workers and peasants were with me and that there was not a single person in the whole of Russia who would not think of me when I died. And I stood with joy and pride before my judges. They did not hang me; I escaped. Now it is otherwise. Now I am overpowered by a deep gloomy feeling. I ask myself whether the Russian workers, whether the Russian peasants will understand my life, whether they will believe that I did not sin against them consciously but only from error. It is hard to die with this feeling. . . .

After a hard, long, and bloody struggle against you, in which perhaps I have done much more than many others, I declare without any compulsion to do so that I unconditionally recognize the Soviet power and only the Soviet power. And I call upon every Russian who loves his fatherland, I who carried on this bloody and hard struggle against you, I who repudiated you as no other: If you are a Russian, if you love your people, then submit to the workers' and peasants' power and recognize it unconditionally.

Contributors to This Issue

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD is traveling through the Middle West speaking for La Follette.

SINCLAIR LEWIS, who writes of political conditions in Gopher Prairie and Zenith for *The Nation*, sailed for Europe on October 8.

PAUL HARWOOD MILLAR is an analyst in the State Seed Laboratory at Fayetteville, Arkansas.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is on the staff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

CLARA M. SMERTENKO is professor of English at Skidmore College.

HERBERT W. HORWILL is a British journalist who frequently contributes to *The Nation*.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE is head of the Modern Language Department at the University of Oklahoma.

JOHN B. WATSON is lecturer in psychology at the New School for Social Research.

HENRIETTA STRAUS is *The Nation's* music correspondent abroad.

The Fifth Avenue Restaurant

EXCLUSIVELY A LUNCHEON AND EVENING BANQUET RESORT ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING, 200 FIFTH AVENUE TEL. GRAMERCY 4900 TO 4907 INCL.

THEODORE KEMM, Proprietor

S.S.

PIONEERS IN SHIPPING

LIEBESGABEN (Relief Shipments)

Assortments from $5.00 up

Make up your own Assortment from our Price List
Ask for our Price List G

All Orders and Shipments Delivered FREE HOUSE!

SELF-PACKED PACKAGES

are FORWARDED WEEKLY and at rates commensurate with efficient service.

American Merchants Shipping & Forwarding Co.

H. von Schuckmann C. E. W. Schelling

30 Years' Shipping Experience with Hamburg-American Line

OFFICES: 147 S—4th Ave., cor. 14th St., New York City

HAMBURG OFFICE—KLEINE ROSENSTRASSE 10

The next two issues of

The Nation

both of which will be out before election, will contain a final summing up of the campaign by political experts in all parts of the country.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1924 No. 3095

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 455
EDITORIALS:
Can the Election be Bought?..... 458
Unto the Least of These..... 459
Gottlieb and Seiff..... 459
Heaven and Hell..... 460
SUMMING UP THE CAMPAIGN. By Oswald Garrison Villard..... 461
SHIPSTEAD TELLS SOME STORIES. By William Hard..... 462
BE BRISK WITH BABBITT. By Sinclair Lewis..... 463
NEW MORALS FOR OLD:
On Love in Marriage. By Ludwig Lewisohn..... 464
WHAT IS WHEELER? By R. A. Haste..... 465
DIGGING UP CARTHAGE. By Elizabeth Knowlton..... 466
SONNET TO MINNA. By Maxwell Bodenheim..... 467
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter..... 467
CORRESPONDENCE 468
BOOKS:
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren..... 470
Hawthorne, Melville, Cabell. By Carl Van Doren..... 470
Willard Straight. By Nathaniel Peffer..... 471
The Story of Coal. By Winthrop D. Lane..... 472
Best and Worst. By Johan J. Smertenko..... 472
Welcome Reactions. By Temple Scott..... 473
Types of the Novel. By A. Donald Douglas..... 473
Books in Brief 474
DRAMA:
Two Experiments. By Joseph Wood Krutch..... 474
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
La Follette's Foreign Policy..... 476

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
Managing Editor Literary Editor
ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager
Contributing Editors
ROBERT HERRICK LUDWIG LEWISOHN NORMAN THOMAS
JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

INTO THE LAST LAP the campaign moves, and still the prophets are at sea. How much has the hullabaloo about the dear old Constitution—which has already been amended nineteen times without upsetting the Republic—alarmed the "silent voters" about the menace of La Follette? No one knows. How much has the picture of Republican complacency in the face of corruption burned into the hearts of the voters? No one knows. The electorate is becoming more and more of a mystery to the dopesters. The corner saloon is gone, and there is no political dope-shop to take its place. The women's vote is utterly incalculable. Increasingly of late years the voters have shown their complete indifference to the editorial views of their favorite newspapers, and newspaper opinion is no longer a safe yardstick. Straw votes indicate a surprising strength for a President who has not dared to name the Ku Klux Klan or speak his mind on a single important issue—but straw votes are almost always taken among the more prosperous sections of the population. Davis, the prophets agree, is surer of the border States than he seemed a month ago; but what can he win in the Northeast and how far East will the La Follette landslide carry? Those are the questions which the last week must answer. Meanwhile Davis and McAdoo, by their friendly tributes to La Follette's character, have introduced a healthy note of common sense into the campaign.

THE EAST thinks of ex-General Dawes as a valiant reactionary; a high-powered locomotive running rapidly in reverse. Wall Street thinks of him as a friend and ally. They don't know Charley as he is pictured out where the La Follette vote rolls up darkly across the blue sky of Republican confidence, out where farmers and ranchmen and miners and oil workers live and vote. For instance, he spoke one recent day in Casper, Wyoming. A two-page spread advertisement contributed by leading citizens and business concerns heralded his arrival, and revealed to the world Charles Gates Dawes—progressive, pacifist, radical friend of the workingman. The announcement read in part:

> Charles Gates Dawes moved to Lincoln from Ohio in 1887. He took a position as bookkeeper in a paper mill. Later he branched out into the law business. He was intensely interested in the anti-monopoly fight, became a live foe of the railroads and a recognized leader of the farmer movement for lower freight rates. . . . He was always a friend of the under dog. He was sympathetic and particularly fond of children. P. C. Spencer knew him in the early days, says that all the kids in town were his pals. . . . He became nationally and internationally prominent as a reconstruction agent working for a lasting peace. Dawes was nominated at the Cleveland Convention through the council of progressives.

We feel it our duty to let the bankers of the East know what a dangerous radical is this Minute Man Dawes to whom they have pledged their hearts and their dollars and their votes—or at least what he is when hunting votes in Wyoming.

WE HAVE OFTEN EXPRESSED the conviction that the American Legion should not take sides in politics, and on that account it seems unfortunate that Alvin Owsley, former national commander, and fourteen others prominent in the organization should have signed a statement arraigning the Republican Party for betraying our disabled ex-service men. Besides, the charge—when used as an argument for the election of Mr. Davis—is not strictly fair because the beginnings of this national disgrace took place in a Democratic Administration. Both old parties are implicated in this incredibly base and cruel scandal, and this fact alone ought to be sufficient reason why not only every ex-service man but every other decent American should blast Republicans and Democrats alike at the polls. The voter should remember, as the statement of this group of American Legion men says, that

> Investigators have estimated that one-third of the money appropriated has been stolen by grafting politicians or wasted by incompetent office holders. A past director of the United States Veterans Bureau is under indictment for bribery. The present director is accused by leaders of his own party and by nonpartisan veterans' organizations of keeping incompetent department chiefs in power. For the first time in the history of our republic men were found low enough to rob the wounded.

These conditions, as the statement adds, are "intolerable and unforgivable"—and should not be forgotten or forgiven on November 4.

GERMANY TOO is to have an election. The long-drawn-out crisis has culminated in the decision that only a new balloting can give the country a government that will not be the plaything of party moods. With seven major political parties Germany has an even harder time than England to produce a coalition that can govern. Presumably this national election will show the same result as recent local pollings: the tendency, natural in time of increasing stability, to concentrate on the moderate middle parties. The extremists, both Left and Right, who made such great gains last May, are sure to lose ground—and the conservative Socialists, the Democrats, and especially the Catholic Centrists will gain. Somewhat will depend upon the outcome of the British elections. For it is a striking fact that today no country votes by itself alone. The outcome of the British election on October 29 may have some influence on the voting in this country on November 4, just as Ramsay MacDonald's victory in England a year ago paved the way to Herriot's triumph in France a few months later and as MacDonald's fall leaves Herriot shaky. Even political parties are coming to be international.

NOW THERE IS FIGHTING in South China as well as in the central provinces and the north. Press dispatches tell of a battle in the streets of Canton between "Fascisti" and "Red Armies," but this is oversimplifying. The Canton Merchants' Volunteer Corps is not fascist in the European connotation. It is an expression of Cantonese weariness with twelve years of revolutioneering by Sun Yat-sen and his cohorts. At one time the commercial elements of Canton were solidly behind Dr. Sun, morally and financially. They gave him numerous chances to practice the kind of government he preached. Instead war after war has been loosed on the city until its economic life has been paralyzed. Its population of two million or more has lived in constant terror of sacking by one side or another. When Dr. Sun, to further one of his political designs, brought into the province from a neighboring and traditionally hostile province undisciplined troops who subsequently looted a large district he alienated the Cantonese still further. The merchants—including the small merchants—organized, not for any political purpose but to rid the city of politics altogether. This threatened Dr. Sun's supremacy, and his troops tried to disarm the merchant forces, whence the collision.

CHINA IS NOT THE ONLY COUNTRY which would be happier if its politicians and soldiers were loaded onto a barge with a cargo of burning matches and TNT, but, being older, it has had better demonstration of the truth. Now, with three useless wars inflicting suffering on millions of innocent peasants all over the country, the point is being grievously labored. Whether Wu Pei-fu or Chang Tso-lin wins in the main conflict in the North, the country will be little better off. Domination by one general will be exchanged for domination by another. In either case China is weakened in resistance to foreign imperialism, which is the biggest issue before the Chinese nation. Fortunately, no pretext has yet been given for foreign intervention, despite the proximity of retreating bands of troops to the foreign concessions in Shanghai and Canton. Foreign property has been unmolested. Meanwhile our own Department of State, which has latterly been free with moral preachments to China on the subject of law and order, is happily silent. Election campaigns have their uses. With Mr. Secretary Hughes crediting peace in the Pacific to Republican achievement it would be embarrassing if American marines were to start shooting up Chinese towns. For the next few weeks Mr. Hughes will probably turn Nelson's blind eye on Chinese "chaos."

REAL ISSUES are hidden behind the effigy of unshaven Bolsheviks in the British elections even as in this country. If anything the English are a bit more picturesque. La Follette's opponents ask solemnly, "How much money has been sent from Russia through Mexico to help the La Follette campaign?" In England MacDonald's opponents sing

> Bolshevik, Bolshevik, where have you been?
> Over to England where the Reds are still green.

But the situation seems a little ironical in view of the action of the recent Labor Party conference in rejecting communism and Communists. After a three hours' debate the conference refused the affiliation of the Communist Party, refused to allow Communists to be indorsed as official Labor candidates or even to be members of the Labor Party at all. A recent Labor manifesto states that

> The Labor Party seeks to achieve the socialist commonwealth by means of parliamentary democracy. The Communist Party seeks to achieve the "dictatorship of the proletariat" by armed revolution. . . . The Labor Party holds a fundamental objection to tyranny quite apart from the social, political, or industrial standing of the tyrant.

In this country the Communists are denouncing La Follette as an arch-reactionary. Yet on both sides of the sea the bogy-industry seems to survive. Bogies are so much more interesting than issues.

THE PROSECUTION of Captain Robert Rosenbluth, charged with the murder in 1918 of his superior officer, Major Cronkhite, was made known to the country in columns of type and flaming headlines throughout the period of his indictments and trial. The final dismissal of the last indictment and Captain Rosenbluth's unconditional discharge were modestly noted in the press of October 15. They are worthy of more than passing attention. Never was a man more unjustly made the center of legal and extra-legal attack; never was government money more wantonly wasted. Captain Rosenbluth's career has been injured if not ruined; he has lived for years under the strain of indictments, threats, libels, and newspaper attacks. The Government, under Palmer and Daugherty, has spent some $200,000 in a vain effort to prove an innocent man guilty. Some good came out of the case; the best legal help in the country was freely offered for Rosenbluth's defense; citizens of the highest character offered their support and gave testimonials to his good repute. Robert Rosenbluth did not kill the man he was accused of killing; Major Cronkhite died of an accidental bullet wound from his own hand. But the persecution directed against Rosenbluth served as an indirect attack on all liberalism; his second indictment in 1922 served to prevent an inquiry into his case during the investigation of the Department of Justice then pending; the charges made against him were exploited by agents of anti-Semitism and international ill-feeling all over the country. Now, let us hope, their mouths are stopped. But it is too late to undo the harm that was done by the spectacle

of legal bullying and by the bad blood stirred—just as it is too late to wipe out the injury to an innocent man.

WE ARE NOT FOND of rattling dead bones, but sometimes it is instructive to indicate how a fine institution can be and is being destroyed. It is as important to recognize and shun the technique of decay as to learn and put into effect that of growth. So we revert from time to time to Clark University, which ever since the election of Wallace W. Atwood as president has been deteriorating from a foremost institution of graduate research and scholarship into a glorified business college. In a recent university bulletin we read that "enlarged Clark" reopened on September 17. The first item describing this enlargement is noted under the head "Development of New Athletic Field." This, indeed, seems to be about the only justification for the boast: "When Clark University opens this fall it will be a larger institution in every way than ever before," because the enrolment shows not an increasing but a dwindling number of students. In 1922-23 the students numbered 379, in 1923-24 they dropped to 297, and this autumn the registration is only 274. The graduate department has been decimated, having dropped from ninety-four students two years ago to fifty-five this autumn. When Dr. Atwood advertised the new policy at Clark by stopping a speech by Scott Nearing he warned free scholars off the campus, and the warning has been heeded.

SOCIAL WORK is becoming international, and the question of immigration and emigration is shifting its center from the local to the larger movements of peoples. The International Migration Service is one of the pioneers in this field. It was started by the Young Women's Christian Association in 1921 as an experiment in international social work to give aid to women and children who had started for this country. Local charities in some of the European ports of embarkation gave temporary help to the emigrants, but an organization with a knowledge of law and legal procedure, with representatives in his homeland, in the port of embarkation, and in the country to which he was going, was needed. The International Migration Service filled this need and found itself investigating over 5,000 cases in a year—men, women, and children. This extensive service seemed to warrant an independent life for the bureau. Eventually, of course, this complicated question will have to be dealt with by an official international body.

FACTS ARE SAID TO BE stubborn things. But some people are so much more stubborn than facts that facts become non-existent to their prejudices and propaganda. The words *défaitiste* and *défaitisme*—coined in France in the bitter years of the European War—fill so evident a need in universal speech that they have been taken over into English as "defeatist" and "defeatism," and incorporated with suitable changes into other languages. Yet the French Academy, in a spirit, we suppose, of outraged patriotism voted the other day not to admit them to the dictionary. Likewise we note that Mr. Courtenay Guild of Boston has protested against the use of Leningrad instead of Petrograd or St. Petersburg on the programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. "If we are expected to pay reverence to Lenin to please the new leader of our symphony orchestra," he expostulates, "it may be desirable to look for a new conductor in spite of the undoubted ability of our Russian visitor." The Russian director disclaims any hand in the matter—as well he may. But we wonder what the excited Mr. Guild would say if someone in Holland should start a movement for addressing letters no longer to New York but to Nieuw Amsterdam.

WITH THAT DEGREE of serious effort and concentration attained only by college boys about their fun, Cornell is improving its organized cheering. Cheering has been "deplorable," it is charged, and a "definite body of rooters" must be built up. But here masculine college spirit runs head on into feminine college spirit, for the Cornell girls, it seems, demand and apparently take a place in the cheering section along with the boys. What can be done to suppress these viragos with their soprano cheers? The college paper is exercised over the question—and so are we. Feminine incapacity to shout in a hoarse bass against the November wind is undoubted. Nor can girls indulge successfully in cane rushes and hazing and military drill. Hope for the gradual growth of humor and intelligence in American colleges lies with the development of a spirit of unpatriotic aloofness in the less muscular members of the student body.

BLASCO IBANEZ, novelist of Spain, has announced with a flourish that he is about to begin a campaign against the Government of his country. His pen will hold back not one drop of ink, he declares, until the full iniquity of that dictatorship has been exposed. There can be no question not only that the present Government of Spain deserves the contempt of all writers who live under it but that any Government anywhere needs to be subjected from time to time to the passionate scrutiny of its men of letters. Yet several questions arise in connection with Blasco Ibanez's loud proposal. Why only now? It is perhaps a year since Miguel de Unamuno—a first-rate author—made his attack and suffered his banishment. Is heterodoxy safer today? How destructive are ideas which already have begun to be commonplace? And why an announcement? Original critics of the state have never announced programs for the simple reason that there was no audience which would know what the programs meant. Everybody now knows what Blasco Ibanez is preparing to begin to say; he has plenty of company. He would have more of our respect if he were a little lonelier.

CONSIDER THE PUSHCART. The New York City Department of Public Markets reports that in the congested Borough of Manhattan about 1,513,000 persons, or two-fifths of the population, are supplied with food by the pushcart. Nor is food the pushcart's only stock in trade. It offers pretty nearly everything else from framed pictures to tooth brushes, woolen socks, and babies' rattles. Its proprietor is willing to work a day of uncounted hours in scorching or frigid weather; he puts no money into advertising, he pays no tribute to landlords, he wastes nothing on expensive trappings or "service," and he is thankful to accept a profit that gives him the meagerest kind of livelihood—without thought of limousines or cabarets. There has been a determined effort to push the pushcart off the streets—chiefly on the part of those who seek more room for the gasoline pleasure cars of the well-to-do. Fortunately the effort has not been successful. All hail the pushcart!

Can the Election Be Bought?

LA FOLLETTE was right. There *is* a slush fund. The Republicans have admitted virtually every one of the Senator's charges about the attempt to buy the election. National Treasurer William V. Hodges admits that Pennsylvania's quota for this year's Republican campaign fund is $600,000, and adds that Illinois's is $400,000. The campaign manager, William M. Butler, admits that the total will be at least $3,000,000; but with the Pennsylvania and Illinois figures in mind it is difficult to take that figure seriously. It used to be reckoned that three-fourths of the campaign funds came out of New York City. The Republican National Committee admits raising and spending $1,714,317 before October 10—and every one knows that the vast bulk of campaign expenditures, including the expensive full-page newspaper advertisements, come in the last month of the campaign. Upon the admitted basis of the early stages, this expensive campaign may easily cost the Republicans as much as the great outpouring of 1920, when Will Hays distributed more than $8,000,000—no one yet knows quite how.

In one of those anonymous statements which everyone knows to be reports of the President's conferences with the Washington newspapermen we are told, after three days' sittings by Senator Borah's committee, that "a representative of the President" says that "the President is especially pleased with the showing that the finances of the committee have been handled with such care and regard for the law and the proprieties." This is in keeping with the tactics of the Republican campaign. From the beginning Mr. Coolidge has pursued a policy of intrepid silence about every disclosure of crookedness and rottenness in his party and in his Cabinet. Now among the campaign letters soliciting funds to reelect Mr. Coolidge was a famous letter sent out by the Massachusetts Republican Campaign Committee. There is "no limit to the amount an individual may give to the committee," this bare-faced letter said. "Large contributions will be so divided as to give full observance to the requirements of the statute which limits contributions from any one person." Could crookedness be franker? Could the determination of the President's party in his home State to buy the national election be bolder? Yet the President is "especially pleased" with the "care and regard for the law and the proprieties"!

Or again, there is the letter of George S. Ward, president of the Ward Baking Co., popularly known as the "Bread Trust." Mr. Ward in New York State, like Mr. Grundy in Pennsylvania, set out to raise money to buy Coolidge enthusiasm in the insurgent West. He sent a circular letter to the bakers and heads of allied industries in New York State. In this letter, with a cynicism worthy of the Massachusetts Republicans, he warned his friends that the law forbade contributions from corporations, and asked them to make their remittances on personal checks. But in order to identify the corporation he enclosed a separate blank, to be attached to the check, so that the Republican National Committee might know to whom to be grateful. Nor was Mr. Ward alone. Mr. G. Bluthenthal, "chairman of the Fur Trade Committee," at the request of the Republican National Committee wrote a similar letter to the members of his industry. Probably every industry was canvassed. "Corporations cannot contribute to campaign funds under the law," wrote Mr. Bluthenthal, "but I earnestly urge you and your associates to contribute liberally, *using the enclosed blank to identify your check.*" Was that what Mr. Coolidge meant by "regard for the law and the proprieties"?

It is the old game of "frying the fat" out of the protected industries. Mr. Grundy, the president of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, put it plainly in his letters. "Pennsylvanians!" he cried, "Because you have enjoyed much you must contribute liberally." Enjoyed what? Why, special privileges, tariff favors—from the Republican Party, of course. And if big business wants more favors it must "come across." It is the old, old story.

If there is anything calculated to undermine faith in American institutions, to deepen the sense of class antagonism in American life, to create that class war against which the Coolidge orators fulminate, it is precisely this Republican plan to buy with money what they could not win by argument. It is a battle of rich against poor. Already, the Republicans admit, more than two hundred individuals have contributed to the party chest more than $1,000 each. William Wrigley, the chewing-gum man, gave $25,000; Mortimer Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb and Co., gave $15,000; two members of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Co. gave $5,000 each; A. R. Carleton, president of the Holly Sugar Corporation, owning beet-sugar factories in three States (for which the Republican National Treasurer serves as counsel), gave $10,000. And so it goes. Last April, when the country was aroused at the revelations that Doheny and Sinclair had contributed liberally to both old-party campaign funds, Mr. Coolidge let it be known that he was opposed to contributions of more than $5,000 each. Today his party treasurer reports a score above that limit—and Mr. Coolidge is "especially pleased."

The Democrats also have a striking number of large contributions—twenty of $5,000 or more—although their total is far below that of the affluent Republicans. Contrast these figures with the poverty of the Progressives. They have collected a total of $190,525—a little more than a tenth as much as the Republicans—and have not yet spent all of it. More than 72,000 individuals contributed; most of the money came in one-dollar contributions. The largest donation was from the national treasurer, W. T. Rawleigh; only one other gift was above $1,000; and only three were of that size. There is a people's movement for you!

"There is in this country a great unrest," says John W. Davis. "There is stirring in the public mind of the United States a great protest, uninformed in part and unintelligent in part, yet which, like all such things, may mount and grow until it becomes an onrushing storm, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, carrying us on its bosom to ports we cannot know." If the Republican Party thinks it can safely return to the old days of unchecked graft, if it believes that with the free use of money it can buy up States which would be lost to it at an honest election, let it beware. The people of the United States will not stay bought. Sooner or later, by one means or another, the people will throw off their money masters. Senator Borah, still a Republican, said last spring:

> . . . So long as political parties seeking power or control of the Government accept vast contributions from those who are interested in matters of legislation or administration you will have sinister and corrupt and controlled government. . . . It all leads to that sinister and subtle influence which does more to break down representative government than any specific instance of open bribe.

There you have it! If there is ever a real danger of revolution in this country the Republican vote-buyers will be responsible for it.

Unto the Least of These . . .

ZIANG SUN WAN was just a poor "Chink," and circumstantial evidence seemed to point to him as the murderer of three men found dead in the Chinese Educational Mission in Washington, back in 1919. He denied it. Through days and nights the police stood guard over him in his hotel room, hurling questions, demands, affirmations at him. On the eighth day he was taken back to the mission and there examined and cross-examined for ten continuous hours. On the ninth day, at 5:20 in the morning, he was taken to the police-station and formally placed under arrest. There the gruelling continued. On the tenth day he was again taken to the mission, where an imaginary murder was enacted before his eyes. Finally, on the eleventh day, Wan confessed, and on the strength of that confession, which he later retracted, Ziang Sung Wan was convicted of murder.

In a decision which ought to strike at the roots of police terrorism the United States Supreme Court has just granted Ziang Sung Wan a new trial, on the ground that the alleged confession was extorted. "The undisputed facts showed that compulsion was applied," said Mr. Justice Brandeis, rendering the opinion of the court. "As to that matter there was no issue upon which the jury could properly have been required or been permitted to pass. The alleged oral statement and the written confession should have been excluded." A confession tortured out of a man is no confession in the eyes of the law, and the Supreme Court refuses to recognize it as such. We think of the days of the rack and pinion as long past, yet every day of the year, in almost every city of the country, the police apply, in greater or less measure, third-degree methods to force suspects to confess. Once in a great while something happens to concentrate public attention upon this survival of medievalism. Then dead apathy follows; the public forgets. Two years ago there was the case of Luther Boddy. Boddy was a young Negro, a rather shiftless young man who had fallen into the toils of what we euphemistically call the law. Once marked out by the police he was suspected of every petty theft in his neighborhood. Again and again he was taken to the station-house and "put on the grill." He had fallen into that luckless group of misfits who no longer have any rights that policemen feel bound to respect, for whom the ordinary police restraints no longer exist. One day when two detectives seized him by the arm and told him to "come along" Boddy pulled out his gun and shot them both dead. "I was so tired of being beaten up all the time," he explained.

Police Commissioner Enright stoutly denied the existence of third-degree methods at that time. The police officials always deny it. They denied it in Washington. But on the day on which Mr. Enright made his denial a prisoner appeared in court "a mass of black and blue bruises from his neck to his heels," obviously "terribly beaten," in the words of the police magistrate before whom he came for judgment. In that case the magistrate denounced the policeman responsible as not only a brute but a liar. The public, aroused for a moment, forgot. The policeman, we do not doubt, is still on duty. A Filipino was beaten up last July; "I'm a dark man and poor, so there's no hope for me," he told the priest who attended him; and he was right. Chicago had its moment of awakening in the early days of the Franks murder case. The Chicago police, before they discovered Leopold and Loeb, suspected two young instructors at the Lincoln School, and when the two instructors pleaded innocence they put them through what is known in the Chicago vernacular as "goldfishing." "Goldfishing," apparently, includes beating with a rubber hose. The instructors will not soon forget what they learned of the treatment meted out to the underworld. The Chicago papers rang for a few days with denunciations of the beatings; then all but the two instructors forgot.

It is time that something was done to make police officials remember that they too are required to obey the law. Doubtless it is true, as they allege, that some valid confessions are extorted by the third degree; doubtless the inquisitors of the middle ages, too, could point to some honest successes of their methods. But the defense is no justification. It does not excuse the starving and torturing, bullying and beating which go on defiantly in the name of the law. Officials who are guilty of such practices, however sincerely they may believe them necessary, in fact violate their oaths of office. It would be a healthy shock to law officials all over the country if a few such guardians of the law were themselves thrown into prison, and made to suffer the penalties which would befall ordinary citizens who beat their neighbors with strips of rubber hose. The decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Ziang Sung Wan should give the sanction of the federal government to a movement to restore respect for law among the law enforcers. The fact that Wan was just a poor "Chink" should make his case all the more impressive.

Gottlieb and Seiff

"WHAT'S all this business about injunctions?" people ask. "You don't mean that injunctions are a real issue in the campaign?" There is a widespread effort to make it appear that the power of injunction is an unimportant matter. The best answer to this sort of propaganda is the plain story of one injunction.

Gottlieb and Seiff are partners in manufacturing children's coats. They are contractors for a larger firm in New York City and maintain their own business in Jamaica, Long Island. Thus they escape union regulations and union wages. They employ between sixty and one hundred workers, mostly Polish and Italian girls (they give the lower figure of the number of their employees; the union gives the higher), and they pay a wage scale substantially less than that which is paid in New York. The union alleges it is less than half the New York union wage. The existence of such shops as this menaces union conditions everywhere. It was natural, therefore, that the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union should take an interest in conditions. Dissatisfied employees joined its ranks and pre-

sented the usual demand for moderate increase in wages, a reduction of hours, and recognition of the union. The employers refused, and late in July a strike began.

As to the number of those who struck and the extent of dissatisfaction there is the usual difference in the statements of the employers and of the union. At any rate, the employers rushed to court to get a temporary injunction against the union. This they promptly got from Justice Cropsey on August 6, 1924. (Remember the date). It was a sweeping injunction, covering even peaceful picketing. It was based only on the employers' statement of the case. The temporary injunction and order "to show cause" finally came to a hearing before Justice John MacCrate. Both the employers and the union submitted affidavits and arguments by counsel. Justice MacCrate took his time; finally on September 3, he refused to grant an injunction. His opinion of the mass of affidavits before him and the strength of the employers' case is thus laconically summarized in his refusal to grant the desired injunction:

> One actual assault is specified. It is uncontradicted that the complainant was held equally guilty with those against whom he complained. The affidavits of the police officers cannot be disregarded, especially when it is noted that none of those who claim to have been threatened swear they have made complaint to the police.

The employers promptly appealed to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, where the matter remains still undecided. Meanwhile, it might be supposed that the employees were free to go ahead with the peaceful conduct of the strike. Not at all. When Justice MacCrate had decided against them the employers went before Justice Young of the Appellate Division. As one of their counsel they retained a brother of Justice Rich, who sits on the Appellate bench with Justice Young. Justice Young, sitting by himself, without any hearing, reissued the temporary injunction on which Justice MacCrate had decided adversely! Some days later he held a brief hearing and continued the injunction, though no facts were brought out which had not been before Justice MacCrate when he denied the injunction.

In other words, from August 6 on the union has been enjoined from the effective conduct of the strike, in spite of the fact that the one judge who heard their case decided in their favor. When the Appellate Division finally reaches a decision on the merits of the original case, it is likely that there will be no real strike in existence. The Italian and Polish girl workers have neither the financial reserves nor the experience of union solidarity to carry on for months when the courts ally themselves with their employers; meanwhile their competition makes it harder for other girls to earn a decent living.

For this state of affairs courts established to do justice are directly responsible. The employees were restrained from perfectly legal acts without a reasonable hearing. One judge coolly nullified the decision of another. If no pickets were sent to jail without trial by jury that is only because the union obeyed the injunction. It is not because the injunction itself was just, nor is it certain that every union will always obey unjust injunctions. This power of our judges to come to the aid of employers in labor disputes is a dangerous barrier across the path to peaceful progress. In protesting against injunctions, the progressive movement and the labor unions behind it are standing not only for freedom but for a chance to win freedom without violence.

Heaven and Hell

THERE is nothing surprising in President Eliot's recently expressed opinion that he could not look forward with great pleasure to an eternity passed in any of the heavens imagined by popular theology. The remark is the sincere expression of a man who is drawing to the close of a long and active life and cannot imagine himself as content in even the most blessed idleness ever conceived. His is the natural reaction of the worker, and it is doubtful if anyone ever really longed for eternal rest unless he had been one of those temperamentally incapable of doing anything likely to make him need even a shorter repose.

The crudest imagination can picture a hell terrible enough to satisfy anyone's idea of a place unpleasant as an eternal residence. But men have come by slow stages to forget its existence, and it is not surprising that they should come to a point where they refuse to take seriously pictures of eternal bliss which, even when conceived by the most poetic minds, have always been singularly vapid, suggestive of a condition calculated to bore to extinction the most indolent man within the space of a very small fraction of eternity. The popular preachers, however, having on the whole an extremely low opinion of human character, give up reluctantly the threat of damnation; and, since most of them seem sincerely to believe that vice is attractive and virtue dull, they will be ready to abandon the world as inevitably lost if they can neither threaten nor bribe the ordinary man into being good. They have generally been more loath than laymen to admit that virtue is its own reward; but it really looks as though, for the future, the world would have to get along as best it may with men who, like President Eliot, are willing to work and work well—not in order to escape hell or to win eternal rest but simply because they find in work itself the only incentive they need.

Before we regret too much the good old days when heaven was heaven indeed and hell was boiling hot, it would be well to consider what was really believed. Our grandfathers may have been content with celestial harpers and heavenly choirs, but they themselves were, after all, degenerates from the primitive faith. In the days which were really good and really old imaginations were more vigorous and piety less emasculated by an unrighteous tenderness for sinners. If we wish to turn back, let us turn back to Tertullian, who pictured hell as a sort of peep show for the saved, guaranteed to furnish unfailing entertainment to the fortunate inhabitants of paradise, which—but his own vigorous style in the treatise "De Spectaculis" will give a more vivid picture:

> How shall I wonder! How shall I laugh! How shall I rejoice! How shall I triumph when I behold so many and such illustrious kings groaning with Jupiter their god in the lowest darkness of hell! Then shall the tragedians pour forth in their own misfortune more piteous cries than those with which they had made the theater to resound, while the comedian's powers shall be better seen as he becomes more flexible by the heat: Compared with such spectacles, with such subjects of triumph as these, what can praetor or consul, quaestor or pontiff, afford? And even now faith can bring them near, imagination can depict them as present.

To Tertullian eternity did not seem too long a time in which to make up for the kindness and forbearance demanded of him on earth.

Summing Up the Campaign

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

St. Louis, October 15

WHAT has the new Progressive Party achieved? It has injected into the campaign the only issues around which discussion could center. It has, by its definite challenge to the old parties, made the election campaign what it ought to be—a great quadrennial period of political education. It has furnished a rallying point to millions politically homeless who would otherwise have stayed away from the polls or voted in bitterness and disgust. It has revived hope, reinspired faith that political progress is not dead, that leaders can be found to assail the massed forces of wealth and privilege even as at different times and in different ways they have been challenged by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. It has demonstrated that with but little support by the press the word of inspiration may yet reach the masses. Finally, the campaign has proved that we are politically in flux; that old party ties and names mean less than ever before; that men and women are more and more realizing the importance of financial and economic issues, so that the time is surely not far off when the much desired realignment along conservative and liberal lines will come to pass.

No one can travel in the Northwest and not be struck by the depth of the feeling of discontent of those who are in revolt. Vast multitudes are entirely content, entirely occupied with their four-wheel brakes and their radios. The others are losing patience. I am not thinking merely of the 600,000 farmers who have lost farms or gone into bankruptcy. I am thinking of great groups who feel more and more the difficulty of the struggle for life; who have fought fight after fight for better conditions only to be beaten again and again. They are convinced that America does not offer their children what it ought to. They are outraged by the spectacle of crass crookedness at Washington and by the indifference of our accidental President to the extent of wrong-doing, he who could only marvel that there were so few thieves and so little stolen.

So confused is it all that he who would prophesy is foolish. The honest correspondents admit that at the very moment they think they see Coolidge votes on every bush, in every branch. The truth is that while millions are utterly indifferent, other millions are in doubt as to how they will vote, and still others have decided but will tell no one. This is particularly true in Indiana and Missouri. In Fort Wayne, for example, the Republicans have failed to get 15,000 out of the 65,000 registered to tell how they are going to vote. Most of them, eager to tell in former years, bitterly resented the inquiry. Are they for Coolidge and ashamed to admit it, or are they concealing a startling new alliance? The politicians can give you no clue. They are as much at sea as anybody.

Everywhere the organizations are functioning so badly as to be almost laughable. You ask a clerk in the Missouri headquarters, with election only three weeks away, how things are going. He stretches, suppresses a yawn, and says: "I wish they'd *begin* the campaign!" Republican big business has considerably lost its grip in this contest. There is nothing that remotely suggests the machine efficiency of Platt, Quay, and Hanna. Frantic efforts to raise money the Republicans are making. It will do them little good, for they are without means of using it effectively. Since the La Follette revolt in the dangerous States is so largely agrarian they cannot use the money to buy votes in "blocks of fives" as in former years. The Democrats are still more inefficient—if that be possible. In many places they do not function at all. Their candidate arouses only the enthusiasm one feels for an able, attractive attorney picked to conduct a lawsuit. That is not altogether his fault. The issues given to him could make no one enthusiastic, and, as I have said before, it is fatal to be a middle-of-the-roader. His growing friendliness to La Follette and Wheeler must in part be due to the ever present possibility that the election will go into Congress. His *entourage* on his trips believes, I am told, that La Follette will carry ten States and that Davis will win in the House.

As for the Progressives, if they do not carry Kansas and Michigan it will be their own fault. Their machine is no better than the others, save that its workers are not old party hacks but often enthusiasts who take their leader and his doctrine to their hearts. Their machine has not functioned because it has never been properly assembled; their motor is not even in low gear. Thousands thirst for information, for the words of the prophet—in vain.

As for the groups, it is a bloc, almost a class campaign —we will surely have a straight-out class fight four years hence if the Coolidge government by and for plutocracy continues. The farmers, the labor groups, the Jewish, the Catholic, the German, the K. K. K., the Negro, the Wall Street, the Scandinavian, all of them are thinking, reacting, and moving as groups—but not each group alike in all sections.

The Negroes in Maryland and Indiana are drifting to Davis; in the Northwest and Central States their defection from Coolidge is slight. The Jews who are successful in business are for Coolidge without regard to the Klan; elsewhere they are moving to the liberals. The Germans are 90 per cent for La Follette in some districts and 60 per cent in others. Naturally conservative, the cry of dangerous radicalism is moving them back to the Republicans. Surprisingly many Catholics are ardently for La Follette. Even where high-church dignitaries have let it be known that they oppose it, Catholic teachers, lawyers, doctors, and business men are working for La Follette. As everyone knows, the farmers are not a unit, because the farming situation varies so greatly in different sections. Reliable farm organizers and workers report that great sections of farmers closed their minds on the Presidential issue months ago, just as soon as Senator La Follette was nominated.

This is especially true of Iowa. The lifting of not a single finger was required to win these votes. They came over spontaneously, these farmers, and then forgot about politics! Nothing has impressed these organizers and me more than the knowledge and understanding of great groups of farmers. In Iowa the credit for this belongs largely to Dante Pierce and his *Iowa Homestead.* But elsewhere the spread of the gospel has recalled to me what Booker Washington used to tell me of the uncanny,

the mysterious, the inexplicable "grape-vine telegraph" among the Negroes, which carries within forty-eight hours to the remotest plantations word of anything important to the welfare of the colored race. This La Follette movement has gone similarly in sections where there is no press to represent it. The hearts of the masses *are* ready. I cannot doubt it, for I have spoken to hundreds and I shall never forget their eagerness for facts, facts, and facts.

So the campaign closes—the prologue, howe'er it ends, to great acts and great convulsions. As the John Brown raid was the curtain-raiser in 1859, so is this the peaceful curtain-raiser in 1924—the long struggle from Bull Run to Appomattox is just ahead.

Shipstead Tells Some Stories

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

IN Chicago I encounter Senator Shipstead. He has just returned from a speaking trip that took him to the Pacific Coast. He assures me that at Portland, in Oregon, by 8:30 in the evening the doors had to be closed to the hall in which he made a speech for La Follette, and there were six thousand people inside. He assures me that in Seattle, in order to prevent the hall from being overwhelmed, it was necessary to print notices in the papers to tell people who had radios to stay at home and hear the speech for La Follette and let the people without radios come to the hall.

In all this he is not speaking about himself but about La Follette. La Follette, according to Senator Shipstead, has an awful lot of folks with him in the Northwest.

I tell the Senator that I hear he had an altercation with Billy Sunday on a train. He admits that such was the case. It appears, according to what I have heard, that Billy Sunday came into the smoking compartment of the observation car and introduced himself and sat down opposite the Senator and in the presence and within the hearing of all the other passengers in the smoking compartment began to rebuke the Senator for joining La Follette in tearing down the Constitution and in taking orders from Moscow. It appears, I tell the Senator, that after Billy Sunday had done this for ten or fifteen minutes he shook his fist under Billy Sunday's nose and told him to "shut up" every time he tried to speak again during the next ten or fifteen minutes, during which the Senator, as I understand, explained that Moscow had nothing to do with it and that he, Billy Sunday, was a fine follower of the Carpenter of Nazareth and doubtless would have sided with the money changers when they got canned from the temple.

The Senator intimates that at least some of this awful scene did take place and exhibits the fist which brought the first known silence to Billy Sunday. He adds: "Then the passengers asked me to make them a speech in the auditorium—so to speak—of the observation car; and meanwhile there was a poll of the passengers; and all but two of them were for La Follette. Billy Sunday got on the wrong train."

"What do they like to hear?" said I. "Oh, well," said the Senator, "it's no good being technical all the time. It's much better to get down to the simple facts of the matter. Now there's the bee. I get on quite well talking about the bee. You see, in the spring the bee becomes radical and thinks of going off away from the hive to some hollow tree in the woods. The queen bee gets up in the air and the bee voter thinks of following. Then out comes the bee-keeper and beats a tin pan. He make a frightfully loud noise with it. He talks about the Constitution. The bee is thinking of the hollow tree. Then he explains to the bee that hollow trees in woods are not among our institutions. Bee hives are. Did the bee ever live in a hollow tree? Hasn't he always lived in a hive? Did he ever know a respectable bee that lived in a hollow tree? Thus the bee-keeper argues with the bee and keeps on beating on the tin pan.

"The bee, however, still shows signs of intending to go away. The bee remembers that all the previous summers he worked hard and then in the fall the bee-keeper came and took away almost all the honey he had made, leaving him just enough, just barely enough, for the winter. He remembers that this has happened to him each summer and each fall and each winter for a long time and that every spring he had used up all the honey that had been left to him and was obliged to go to work again either for the bee-keeper or for himself. In all previous years he has gone back to work again for the bee-keeper. This year he is absolutely determined to go to work for himself. He is determined to go to that hollow tree.

"Then the bee-keeper brings out his last argument. He brings out some sugar water. He sprinkles the sugar water around the bee. He raises the price of wheat. He raises the price of corn. He raises the price of hogs. He sprinkles the sugar water for the time being all around the bee.

"Then he says to the bee: 'Are you not prosperous? Look at the prices of all these things. Aren't they splendid? How can you think of a hollow tree? Think of all this sugar water right near the hive. Can you think of leaving this abode of luxury?'

"Then the bee is puzzled. Shall he go to the hollow tree and work for himself all the time or shall he stay in the hive and have sugar water at swarming time? I put it to you fairly and coolly and without passion. It is the issue—Republican and Democratic sugar water at election time or your own honey, all of it, in your own tree.

"I get on quite well with that bee. He makes things simple. People like him."

"But are they more interested in domestic economic questions or in foreign questions?" I asked.

"On that point," replied the Senator, "some people think I'm crazy, but I say foreign questions.

"I talk about the man who had a fight with another man and knocked him down and got him unconscious and went through his pockets and took his money and his watch and then went home. Then he summoned his neighbors about him and said: "I am for peace. I am an idealist. Our unconscious friend may come to. He may want his watch back. Let us form a league of neighbors; then if he tries to commit an act of aggression and tries to take his watch out of my pocket, we will knock him unconscious again and have a peaceful community. They get that. They don't know anything about this league protocol that you write about. They understand the main point. They understand the league of neighbors.

"And I find them more interested," concludes the Senator, "in the world situation than in anything else."

Be Brisk With Babbitt

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

IV. What Mr. Schnaufknabel Thinks

THE man whom I interviewed after Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Riesling, and Mr. McKelvey is unknown to glory. I had once known him as a garage mechanic, but he is now a foreman in the Zenith Steel and Machinery Company. His name is Schnaufknabel, August Schnaufknabel.

"Me?" said Mr. Schnaufknabel, when approached by Our Representative, "I'm going to vote for Coolidge, you can bet your sweet life on that!"

"But don't you think La Follette is much more pro-labor than Coolidge, and you take such an interest in labor unionism——"

"Used to, you mean. I've cut that out. That stuff was all right when I was on the jump changing tires or running my fool head off looking for monkey-wrenches for you fellows, but now I've got a job with some responsibility and a future to it, and I've got no time to waste looking out for the interests of a lot of lazy bums that are too inefficient to get on by themselves. I used to fall for this solidarity junk, but that was when I was a kid, and now— Why, say, here in couple more years I'll be able to strike out with a garage of my own, and I'll have men working for me, and suppose I want them pulling a lot of union talk on me?"

"So you've gone back——"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say. Nobody so strong for labor loyalty as a lot of you New York arm-chair liberals that never did a stroke of work in your lives and that couldn't wedge into even the Sandwichmen's Union. No, sir; I've got myself and my family to look out for, and Coolidge represents the kind of conservative enterprise that a man who's making a success of things ought to stand for. Then another thing," concluded Mr. August Schnaufknabel. "La Follette is sympathetic toward the Germans, and that's one thing that makes me hostyle. I'd have been in the war, if I hadn't had a family to support, and I hate any man who's so dumb he doesn't realize what devils all these Germans are."

V. Coolidge is "Almighty Careful"

I found Mr. Vergil Gunch, past-president of the Boosters' Club and Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, in a snug corner of the Zenith Athletic Club, on a cozy settle of green-stained oak with a jolly colored-glass window let into the high back. He greeted me with breezy affability:

"I'll tell you how I feel. I feel that Cal is a fellow that takes his time before he makes a judgment and weighs all sides of a question. He never goes off half-cocked. He may not be as showy as Davis or Lodge or Volstead, but he's almighty careful, and that's what we need in times like these."

VI. "If I Could Make People Realize——"

Seneca Doane is a lawyer who has at once the worst reputation and the best reputation in Zenith. He is called a "dangerous radical," yet the wealthy cannot get along without him in criminal and divorce cases. It was he who got Sam Dodsworth's daughter her divorce from the bogus Vicomte de Montigny without having to pay that delightful almost-nobleman a cent of blackmail, and he who, within the year, was without fee defending the impoverished labor union which Sam Dodsworth had been fighting. He is a veteran single-taxer; a friend in old times to Golden Rule Jones, Tom Johnson, Horace Traubel, and Prince Kropotkin.

When I had seen him three years before, he had looked tired. A sense of the futility in all politics had enervated him; he was thinking of roaming round the world; of losing himself in Java or Italy.

I had trouble in finding him. He was not at his office, not at home. He would be, they informed me, at La Follette headquarters. But there I had to wait half an hour to see him, so many were the callers, so many the telephone messages. I found a new Doane.

He had the placidity which comes less from loafing than from exhilarating work. His eyes were gay, his voice gusty.

"We're going to do it!" he cried. "If we don't elect La Follette this time, we'll elect a Progressive candidate four years from now. I'm not talking propaganda; I mean it! And I think there's an incredibly good chance of electing La Follette right now. You see, a lot of cautious business men and careful workmen, who don't talk about it for fear people won't think they belong to the Conservative Church, are going to sneak out and vote for La Follette. It'll be as much of a surprise result as the last general election in Great Britain, when people woke up to Lloyd George and Stanley Baldwin. There's a magnetic heroism in La Follette, and it's only because we're all so sheep-like that more of us don't come out and shout for him.

"I'm enjoying this campaign—Lord, how I'm enjoying it! It's the first political fight since Tom Johnson's that has seemed to me not merely a throwing of lots between two puppets. I worked for the Committee of Forty-Eight, of course, and I admired the members, but that never seemed to me an authentic, spontaneous movement coming from the people—it was an artificial enthusiasm with too much intellection and too little blood and sweat. I wish I had a thousand tongues, so I could tell the whole country what the La Follette campaign means—the breaking up of the dry, hard rind that's encased our hearts all these years! If I could make people realize——"

VII. "See How I Mean?"

On the train east, I talked to the news-butcher. He wasn't one of the breed of blatting youngsters but a seasoned, professionally good-natured man of forty-five.

"Of course you're working for La Follette," I said.

"Well—" He scratched his chin. "I dunno. I haven't thought much about it yet. I'll tell you. I figure I got a lot of responsibility here on my job, and I tend to my business and let the fellows that understand politics tend to them."

"And that's how people may let Coolidge slip in," I reflected.

"Well, now look here. Don't know as that would be so bad, at that. I'll tell you. Maybe you never thought about this, but the way I've figured it out is:

"Coolidge is a man that maybe he isn't as showy as a lot of fellows that a man like me that's in the magazine business keeps reading about—birds like Ford and Sam Gompers and Nicholas Murray Butler and John Roach Straton and Frank Crane and Billy Sunday. *But* he's mighty careful; he looks at all sides of a question and takes his time before he makes a decision. Maybe that's something you never thought of. Oh, I don't believe in going off half-cocked. If I've been able to get along as good as I have by industry and knowing which kind of detective-story magazines different kinds of traveling men will buy—and believe me I ain't done so badly; we got a flivver at home and a new radio set and the Cross-Word Puzzle Book—why, I guess there's nothing wrong with prosperity and the way the two old parties have run things. I don't see any reason for getting all het up over La Follette. Trouble with a lot of you fellows is you don't think things over; see how I mean?"

Then to the brakeman I hinted:

"Working for La Follette?"

"You bet! He's the only candidate except Bill Foster that knows people like me are anything but machines done up in uniforms," said the brakeman.

So I came back from Zenith.

New Morals for Old

On Love in Marriage

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

UTOPIA is the loveliest of all countries; it is also the farthest away. One may make magnificent generalizations concerning the future of the relations of the sexes; one may set down truths that are theoretically unanswerable. Only one will change nothing, help not a single soul. Let me cling to a few humble facts. . . .

So far as anyone can see the habit of one man living with one woman will persist. The young will hear of nothing else, since they are under the sway of romantic passion which is, subjectively, exclusive and final; those who are older will hear of nothing else because experience has shown this method of life capable of securing the healthiest freedom from preoccupation with sex and the maximum amount of ordered activity. To be a rake or even a fastidious "varietist" is the costliest of occupations. Rational monogamy is in no danger. The trouble lies elsewhere; it lies in the fact that current notions of monogamy are, I use the word advisedly, insane.

Local bill-board advertisements of motion pictures have recently shown a ball-room in which an irate gentleman in evening-dress grasped the shoulder of another gentleman who looked crushed and crest-fallen. With an inimitable gesture of moral indignation the first gentleman pointed to a quivering female on the other side of the room. The caption of this stirring lithograph was "His Forgotten Wife." The exquisite absurdity of this picture is clear. It is significant of the way in which we are all brow-beaten by the sodden nonsense of the tribe that it took me some minutes of reflection to come upon the unreason of the thing. If the crushed-looking gentleman had forgotten the lady, she was not, of course, his wife and could never have truly been. If we are dealing with a euphemism and are to understand that he wanted to forget her, she may once have been his wife, but had, quite obviously, ceased to be.

In this motion picture there is illustrated what I call the insane view of monogamic marriage, namely, that it is put on like a shirt or a coat and must be kept on however ill-fitting, comfortless, unclean, or dangerous, and that in this mere keeping on there is virtue. There is the further implication that marriage has nothing to do with good behavior, which is rewarded even in penitentiaries, or with ill; that it is, indeed, an abstract kind of fate, a magical or infernal machine, a metaphysical trap. Once you are caught in it, you must stay caught. To wriggle is sin.

Do I seem to be discussing the matter on too low a plane? I wish I were. The truth is that cultivated and liberal people have not yet freed their minds from the concepts with which that amusing picture deals. It is in action, not in fire-side talk, that these things are tested. And it is true that even such people will pay an uninhibited respect to a depraved character, cruel, treacherous, stupid, who practices that moving-picture theory of marriage which, in ways no less real for being subtle and but half-conscious, they will be tempted to withhold from a person of the utmost spiritual grace and charm who practices that kind of marriage of which, theoretically and outspokenly, they so eloquently approve.

This very tentative argument, then, is not directed against marriage. I am not even ready to plead—that would be Utopian—that the relations of the sexes be withdrawn from social control. Our first step, at least in America, must be an attempt to sanitate marriage. This can be done—if it can be done at all—by relating marriage and its practice to certain notions of good and decency and honor that already have a tenure, however feeble, upon the public consciousness. Marriage, in brief, should be held to be created by love and sustained by love. I shall, of course, be accused of meaning passion. I mean that precise blending of passion and spiritual harmony and solid friendship without which, as even those who will not admit it know, the close association of a man and a woman is as disgusting as it is degrading. And marriage should be dependent, though this matter is included in the first, on good behavior. I will not keep a man or a woman as my friend whom I discover to be a liar, slanderer, thief. Much less ought one to keep such a person as husband or wife. Who is to judge, it will be asked? No objective judgment is needed. A subjective conviction on a point of this sort suffices to reduce the union in question to dust and ashes.

Here is the one practical point; here the one possibility of hope. To frame a rational theory of the relations of men and women is easy and agreeable. The very fashioners of such theories, being human, will be brought, under the discomforts of social pressure, to *seem* to assent to all that their minds most passionately deny. A man or a woman of the highest philosophic insight will struggle through the

ignominy of the divorce courts not so much in order to dissolve a meaningless legal bond as to save someone whom he or she loves and reveres from the criticism of the vulgar. For we live in a vulgar world. There is no safe and ultimate escape; its vulgarity in precisely these matters will often affront us where we least expected it. To mitigate that vulgarity must be our first task.

I do not know whether it can be done at all. But if so, then it must be done by making an unhappy union disgraceful. People who are always bickering with each other, who are obviously unhappy in each other's presence, who always hold opinions acridly opposed, who are always trying either subtly or obviously to escape from each other—such couples must fall under social disapproval. And this disapproval must apply even though one of the two prefers possessiveness to either happiness or decency or self-respect. Similarly those who are deliberately unfaithful should be disgraced—not for the act of unfaith but for the hypocrisy of remaining in a union which that very act, which the temptation to that very act, shows to have lost its purpose and its meaning.

This sort of social control is not my ideal. Love is like religion, a matter for the individual soul. To change partners in love is very much like changing one's opinion on some deep and vital matter. The spirit must bear its own inherent witness. But I promised myself not to be Utopian. And may it not conceivably be brought home to a few people to begin with that the men who laugh so spontaneously when the song-and-dance man sings "My wife's gone to the country, hurray, hurray!" are leading immoral lives and reducing their partners to the role of disagreeable prostitutes and unsatisfactory servants?

I am not prepared to stress the point unendurably. True marriage, the true and lovely union of a man and a woman, body and spirit, is rare. But today it is not even an ideal, not even something admired and striven for. Love in itself is rare and married love is perhaps as rare as beauty or genius. Happiness, too, is rare, happiness in any relation. But even as a man or a woman has made an obvious and shattering mistake if his or her chosen work does not produce a reasonable minimum of lasting inner satisfaction, so may marriage also be tested by a reasonable minimum of lasting—let us say, preference and blessedness. To fall below that minimum is to cheat both the self and society, both the present and posterity, to sacrifice honor to a fetish and vitality to decay.

What Is Wheeler?

By R. A. HASTE

MONTANA is the third largest State in the Union. It is large in every way—it is long, wide, and high. It is filled to the lid with natural resources. It has gold, oil, and coal. It is one of the potential agricultural regions of the world and it has water power enough to run the machinery of half a continent. Having all these things it is not strange that it sent to Washington as United States senators two men who have within the last year challenged the attention and the admiration of the nation for their fearless exposure of corruption in governmental administration.

It is my purpose to give a somewhat close view of the junior member of this senatorial firm of Walsh and Wheeler, who, as the candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Progressive ticket, with Robert M. La Follette is occupying a conspicuous niche in the public mind.

Why is Wheeler? What forces conspired to place this young man in the forefront of national affairs? What is the basis of that subtle appeal to the masses which brings out tens of thousands to hear him speak? What are the influences that have contributed to produce him?

Wheeler is of New England stock. He was born in the shadow of Bunker Hill monument and spent his matured years in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. It is the opinion of this writer that the influence of Bunker Hill monument and the Rocky Mountains on Wheeler's character and career was in direct proportion to their size. After completing his law course in the University of Michigan he went West and opened a law office in Butte, Montana. Although the boy was born in Massachusetts the man was made in Montana. As in the old days the Southern Pacific Railroad dominated the affairs of California, so the Anaconda Copper Mining Company dominated the financial and political affairs of Montana. Arrogant, domineering, ruthless, the minions of that great company challenged the right of any man who entered the State to interfere with their sacred right of eminent domain. They expected every young lawyer who came within the precincts of their realm to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that Thrift might follow fawning." But young Wheeler was not made of servile stuff. His clients were the common men bent with toil and whitened by sunless days spent in the bowels of the copper hills. He championed their cause.

It soon became apparent to the management of the copper company and its allied interests that this young lawyer, with the Boston accent, might become troublesome unless he were taken into camp. He was therefore nominated and elected to the State Legislature as the best means of controlling his restless activities. But he flatly refused to wear a copper collar.

This was in 1910. Thomas J. Walsh was a candidate for the United States Senate. The Legislature was Democratic, but Walsh was not in favor with the "Company" and a deadlock resulted which was not broken until the last minute of the last hour of the session, when Henry L. Myers —a company satellite—was elected. Throughout this long and bitter fight Wheeler stood by Walsh.

In 1912 Wheeler was a candidate for Attorney-General but was beaten in convention by half a vote by the "Company" forces. Walsh, however, was elected to the United States Senate, and on taking his seat secured the appointment of Wheeler as United States Attorney for Montana.

Wheeler is a born prosecutor; all crooks looked alike to him. It made no difference whether he found them running a fake insurance company with the connivance of high State officials or tampering with a jury; whether they were guilty of branding a maverick or wrecking a bank—to him they were on a level before the grand juries and in the court.

Then came the war and its hysteria of hate. Wheeler refused to prostitute his public office to the demands of private vengeance and the opposition burst into flame. A resolution demanding the resignation of the United States Attorney was introduced in the Legislature but failed of passage. Then the Council of Defense, headed by a "hunter of home Huns," summoned Wheeler before them, but like Pilate they found nothing wrong with this man.

The first term of Senator Walsh was nearing its end. He was a candidate for reelection. Notice was served on him that he must sacrifice Wheeler or suffer defeat. To save Walsh, Wheeler resigned. The Administration offered him a federal judgeship but he declined it, preferring to fight the battle to a finish before the people of Montana.

In 1920 he was nominated in the Democratic primaries for Governor, and after one of the most bitterly contested campaigns in the State he was defeated in the Republican landslide that swept Harding into office. This proved a most fortunate event—it left the way open for Wheeler to stand for the Senate two years later, when he was elected by the largest majority ever given to a Democrat in the history of the State.

During the gubernatorial campaign of 1920 his record as United States Attorney was viciously attacked. He was accused of failure to prosecute the I. W. W. and others accused under the espionage laws. Two years later when he was a candidate for the Senate an attempt was made to revive this propaganda, but it was cut short by a letter from Federal Judge George M. Bourquin of the district of Montana, who as trial judge was familiar with all the facts during those turbulent times:

> I regret to hear that there is a revival of the unfounded charges that while United States Attorney you refused to prosecute persons guilty of sedition. The truth, as evidenced by the records of this court, is that you prosecuted many charged with that offense, most of whom, with no reproach to you, were not indicted by the grand jury or were found not guilty either by direction of the court or by the will of the trial jury. The times were favorable for loose, unfounded, and trivial charges of that character, many of them inspired by malice and for personal ends. Indeed a grand jury in this court refusing indictments on such charges finds in its formal report that before it such charges had been presented seeking private vengeance and private ends. A competent prosecutor will always refuse to conduct such prosecutions—refuse to prosecute; and in so far as you did so, it was with the sanction if not direction of this court in furtherance of sound public policy, and in vindication of your official oath and duty to yourself, to the court, and to society. You will remember you declined a like statement from me in the fall of 1918, and I make it now with no object but simple justice to an able, diligent, and conscientious prosecutor in a most trying period of our country's history.
>
> GEORGE M. BOURQUIN

On November 9, 1922, Judge Bourquin wrote Wheeler, congratulating him on his election to the Senate:

> In your election to the federal Senate I congratulate you and the people of the State and nation. I hope and believe that your service therein will redound to your credit and the people's benefit.
>
> Apropos of certain litigation of 1917, you were right—that "they" would "get" you, and I was right that if they did it would contribute much to your future advancement.
>
> GEORGE M. BOURQUIN

Judge Bourquin is a Republican, and among federal judges ranks with Amidon of North Dakota, Kenyon of Iowa, and Anderson of Massachusetts. The Republican press, however, still publishes the stories so completely refuted by the judge of the court before which Wheeler conducted his prosecutions before and during the period of the war.

Digging Up Carthage

By ELIZABETH KNOWLTON

IT is almost sunset, and very still. Bou Kernein, the two-horned sacred mountain of Baal, floats in a soft gray-blue haze beyond the more turquoise waters of the Bay of Tunis, and long shadows lie across the slopes of grass and rubble where once stood the great city of Carthage. Among broken columns and huge crumbling blocks of masonry an Arab goatherd is driving home his flock. That dark grotesque mound in the thickening dusk is a camel lying down, and nearby a Bedouin woman and child in rags peer out from their shelter in an old Roman cistern.

Of Carthage, the proud Phoenician trading city of almost a million, whose merchant-princes ventured the farthest seas, buying tin from the natives of Britain and ivory from the Guinea coast, whose wealth and power dominated the Mediterranean and terrified the young strength of Rome; of Carthage rebuilt after her destruction, to take a place of importance in the Roman Empire and become the home of martyrs and stronghold of the early Christian Church; of Byzantine Carthage; Vandal Carthage; of the early settlement of the Egyptians before Dido came; of all the great civilizations that down through the centuries have piled their temples and palaces on that sloping ground beside the Bay of Tunis, nothing apparently remains. A few heaps of stones, perhaps, a few fragments of marble shafts, and inscriptions—just enough to show that they were really historic fact and not a rumor and a dream.

But go back to these fields and hillsides by broad daylight. Dust and clamor, a scene as lively as an ant heap! Some seventy or eighty lean, brown-turbaned Arabs are busily at work, digging, carrying stones, sifting dirt, under the direction of sun-helmeted, putteed, active Europeans. Modern archeology has discovered Carthage.

The finds now being made are of a sort to capture the most hardened imagination. Not only because of the hundreds of centuries of history and the pot pourri of races represented, but, most especially, because the work is revealing a strange civilization, showing the life and customs of a people about whom almost nothing has previously been known. How often small boys and girls being drilled in ancient history must have wondered why descriptions of Roman ways and manners, photographs of Roman coins and vases and ruins, filled ad nauseam the pages of their books, but never a picture and scarcely a word about that brave and romantic city that produced Hamilcar of the oath of vengeance, and Hannibal of the elephants, picturesque in victory and defeat. "Carthago delenda est" was allowed to cover everything. The main reason for this conspiracy of silence was ignorance. Until today historians have had almost no material on the everyday life of the ancient Carthaginians.

It was fifty years ago that Pere Delattre of the Roman Catholic order of the White Fathers of Africa started excavation in the ruins of Carthage. Most archeologists then thought that he would have only his labor for his pains.

His problem was made especially difficult by the drift of desert sand which has engulfed all the remains, sometimes to a depth of fifty or sixty feet. Practically single-handed he carried on work for years, and he was rewarded by remarkable finds, which included many tombs of the old Carthaginian period, several Christian basilicas, and a Roman amphitheatre. Today Pere Delattre is a great and picturesque figure in the archeological world. Now over eighty, white-bearded and impressive, with a string of honors after his name, and a depth of archeological knowledge that is recognized by fellow scientists everywhere, he keeps the tireless eagerness and live enthusiasm of youth for the work in which he was the pioneer.

Stimulated by Pere Delattre's discoveries, other archeologists entered the field, and five years ago work was begun on a large scale. Already there has been revealed much material on those people of mystery, the Carthaginians. Living witness to their reported practice of human sacrifice has been found in the Temple of Tanit, with hundreds of urns containing the bones of children between four and twelve, burnt alive to the greater glory of the moon goddess Tanit and the sun god Baal Ammon. A glimpse of a few of these little bones makes one begin to sympathize with the Hebrew prophets, in their most violent fulminations against Baal! Votive tablets placed above the urns bear a regular form of inscription: "To the divinity Tanit, Face of Baal, and to the Lord Baal Ammon, a votive offering made by ——, son of ——, because he has heard the voice of the goddess, blessed be she."

The Carthaginians are proved to be an unusually luxurious people, as well as an unusually bloody one. Gold bracelets, necklaces, and other trinkets are found of a gorgeously barbaric type, and fragments of delicate rainbow glass and beads. Bronze razors and nail scissors, bronze mirrors, ivory hairpins, perfume bottles, rouge pots, and ivory eyebrow sticks—all these suggest the intricacies of a present-day toilet. An amazingly advanced material civilization is shown by such small remains as a little terra cotta model of a figure playing a very modern looking organ, and the discovery of a bona fide pair of spectacles.

That, in spite of their frequent love of crude color and heavy simple form, these Semitic trader-princes had some feeling for beauty, as Greece conceived it—a thing of exquisite restraint and quiet perfection—is shown by the recently unearthed high-relief figure of the priestess Arisatbaal. She stands easily, with dignity, quietly waiting; her garments fold about her like a sheath, strangely suggesting a flower bud not yet unfurled; and the face framed by the almost Egyptian headdress has a soft, still, cruel loveliness.

In the most recent excavation, stones have been found of such apparent importance that the leading living authority on Punic inscriptions has come from Paris especially to decipher them; and all signs point to discoveries of more and greater interest, until the Semitic Carthage whose intimate life has long been a blank on the page of history will be as well known as any other great civilization of the time.

Recent work has also revealed many remains from other periods of Carthaginian history—often neatly arranged in chronological layers, as if for the special edification of the ignorant. The Roman period is notably represented, not only by ruins of theaters, temples, baths, and villas (with the lead pipes of their plumbing still intact), and by large mosaic floors in a remarkably perfect state of preservation, but by relics of the early Christian Church such as cannot be duplicated in any other region of the world. Nowhere else do there still exist basilicas, tombs, and statues from such an early period of Christian history as those preserved here under the drifting sands of North Africa.

With the Count de Prorok, who is in charge of the digging, are gathered archeologists of some dozen nationalities, and a School of Archeology has been opened at Sidi-bou-Said near Carthage, so that the scientists of all countries may enjoy the unique opportunity to study at one spot relics from almost every civilization which has ever been of importance in the Mediterranean basin.

Sonnet to Minna

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Your face becomes colossal when your lips
Remove the small proportions with a throng
Of words that move the wounds of thought and song
To rise above sobrieties and quips.
Your healed and widened features leave the earth;
Your eyes are torches that devour time;
Your cheeks and forehead melt away and climb
Into a mountainous and mystic birth.

Stay with me in the throes and merriments
Of living, and revise your face until
It shrinks once more with freighted love and hate.
Life is a drill of dooms and spent intents
That slay their compensations when the skill
Of flesh no longer strides within their fate.

In the Driftway

PARIS has become a passion with Americans. They mutter dreamily of wandering over the Ile St. Louis at dawn or of sitting in the Luxembourg at sunset or walking along the Seine after dark; they discourse of Barsac and Chablis, of onion soup and wild strawberries (giving always the French names for these, of course), of the Odéon and the Beaux Arts, of boulevards and stone-floored rooms and the Place de la Concorde. Now the Drifter yields to no one in his delight in the grace and loveliness or the picturesque squalor of Paris; to him the sight of a gleaming brass spigot in a courtyard with moss growing between the cobblestones and a bust of Racine to set off the whole is a sight to make the heart leap; he never tires of watching the beggars along the river lying on potato sacks as they drink their red wine, and wash their clothes and scratch themselves slowly, doggedly, without ceasing and without complaint. Paris he loves, yet he objects to the wild eye, the sweeping gesture, the maundering tone with which most Americans dwell on its beauties. And more than all, he objects to the way, in extolling Paris, they at the same time slight London.

* * * * *

TO the Drifter, London is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. He knows full well the chorus of protest that will becloud the day and roll thickly off upon the ocean at such a theory. "London!" he hears; "but it is so dirty and full of people and smoke and smells and black alleys

and gasoline motors. London, indeed!" Cheerfully he admits each one of these strictures and at the same time will defend his stand with his last breath. London, in spite of the dirt and smoke and the smell of beer and tobacco, and the electric signs that are rivaling those of New York, and the black-stained brick and stone of its buildings, is nevertheless to him supremely beautiful. This is partly because power is beauty; no one will deny London's power: it moves with a deep, steady, irresistible roar, as distinguished from the staccato energy of New York; it is partly because memory is beauty, and there is hardly a place name that is not associated in some way with the common past of England and America, and hardly a street, at least in the City itself, without at least one house that is historically memorable.

* * * * *

LONDON is old and has been great for many centuries; it has the poise and the confidence that age gives. If it has, in its slums, street after street whose only characteristic is a hideous and depressing monotony, it has also the Inns of Court—the Temple and Lincoln's Inn Fields—and fifty other gracious squares with plane trees four feet through to shade the pedestrian at noon; it has—but there is really no need of enumerating further. The Drifter knows that he will not be listened to; he knows that the air is full of sighs about the Tuileries and the Left Bank and the *pot-au-feu* at M. Procope's. For his part, he would like nothing better than to see Trafalgar Square in the rain, as it so often is, or to lie in the grass in Hyde Park and watch the sheep walk quietly from one square yard of thick turf to the next.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

La Follette and the Courts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One reason for the confusion in the public mind concerning the proposal to enable Congress to override by vote a decision of the Supreme Court holding congressional legislation unconstitutional is because the work of the Supreme Court in exercising this function is somewhat misunderstood. The present proposal is by no means a new one. Roosevelt, with his demand for the recall of judicial decisions, went much further.

The objection of certain forces in this country to the uncontrolled power of the courts over legislation has been connected primarily with decisions nullifying social or economic legislation on the ground that it violated "due process of law"—decisions nulifying the ten-hour bakeshop law in New York, the Kansas and federal law prohibiting discrimination against members of trade unions, the Washington law concerning employment agencies, the District of Columbia minimum-wage law for women. In the interpretation of so vague a phrase as "due process of law" the judges of the court, as pointed out by Chief Justice Taft in his dissenting opinion in the minimum-wage case, invoke their own social and economic views as against the social and economic views of the majority of the legislature. It is this power which the La Follette proposal desires to curtail, but in so doing it may be that the proposal is too broad in its effects. Were it confined to curtailing the power of the court to declare Congressional legislation unconstitutional on the "due process" ground, it would but restore the court to the power it exercised without thought of expansion down to 1868.

The provision of the Fifth Amendment that *Congress* shall deprive no person of his life, liberty, or property without "due process of law" was designed to prevent unlawful *procedure*, and was so regarded by the Supreme Court down to about 1885. The like provision of the Fourteenth Amendment, including "equal protection," limiting *State* legislatures, was designed for the protection of the Negro; but it was construed as broad enough to protect all classes against arbitrary proceedings taking away life, liberty, or property. The rate-making statutes led to a wider extension of the court's power in the interpretation of "due process." In the Munn case in 1876, when Illinois passed a law preventing any higher than a two-cent rate for grain elevators, Chief Justice Waite considered the claim that the rate was confiscatory as a State political question for the people to settle at the polls. In another case, some fourteen years later, the court reversed this conclusion, and ever since the court has assumed a revisory power over all State police-power legislation restraining the freedom of the individual, not merely to supervise its procedural correctness, but also its substantive agreement with the court's views of what is right and proper. It must be said that in many cases, especially in the period between 1905 and 1914, the Supreme Court has been more liberal in sustaining State legislation than have the State courts themselves, but such a result depends altogether upon the personal and economic views of the majority of the court at any particular moment. The centralizing power over all State legislation thus exercised by the court has enabled the views of a few men on social and economic questions to prevail over those of legislators throughout the country. Though on the whole the power of nullification has been sparingly used, it is nevertheless a very great power, and the agitation to limit it has been growing for many years.

The La Follette proposal embraces only a narrow part of the court's power, namely, that over legislation of *Congress*, but it is not confined to police-power legislation. Congress passes only a limited amount of legislation which invites challenge under the "due process" clause. The minimum-wage case, the Adair case prohibiting discrimination against members of trade unions, illustrate this legislation. Were Congress given the power to reenact such legislation over the court's veto, probably no great harm would be done. Mr. Justice Holmes has said that he did not think that "the United States would come to an end" if the court lost its "power to declare an act of Congress void." On ordinary police-power legislation the economic views of the members of Congress are probably entitled to as much weight as those of the members of the court.

But there are parts of the Constitution which should be left to the final and conclusive interpretation of the Supreme Court. Those clauses which lay down the lines of competence between the federal government and the States need one centralizing interpreter, in order that neither federal government nor State may invade the jurisdiction of the other. The States are by the Constitution assured a certain amount of local autonomy. The interstate commerce clause, perhaps more than any other, has welded us into one nation. It would be dangerous, I believe, to deprive the court of its judicial control over legislation, whether State or federal, which is challenged as overstepping the line of demarcation between the two governments. The guaranties of individual liberty against legislation by Congress in the first eight amendments are fairly clear, and little opportunity for dispute has arisen because of the court's power over legislation involving these amendments—exclusive of the fifth, relating to "due process." The real subject for debate is the propriety of making the court the final and conclusive interpreter of such a nebulous phrase as "due process of law" in connection with social and economic legislation under the police power. It is probable that the present agitation will exercise a restraining influence on the courts against holding such legislation, whether State or federal, unconstitutional.

New Haven, Connecticut, October 17 EDWIN BORCHARD
Professor of Law, Yale University

"Our Despotic Courts"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. La Follette wants to amend the Constitution so that an act of Congress, held void, shall take effect if passed a second time. I do not criticize him for "assaulting" an instrument which has been so many times amended with general approval. But would the change be so slight as your article headed "Our Despotic Courts" suggests? Take the child-labor and white-slave laws. Would you want Congress to confine itself, as hitherto, to punishing the innocent acts of transporting across a State line an article made in a factory where a child has worked or a woman with intent that she shall on a later occasion do something immoral? Did a State legislature ever deal with burglary by punishing going from one town to another after committing a burglary or riding in a taxi on the way to commit one?

The only way to prohibit effectively or justly is to prohibit directly. Will not Congress, on the plea that its new power was given to be used when needed, deem it a right and a duty to make its laws just and effective by directly forbidding child labor and the traffic in women? Will not the public sentiment that has put the amendment through demand it of them?

This would be all to the good so far as it led Congress to act forthrightly and thoroughly instead of, as now, by reaching through the commerce clause around a corner. But if the foes of child labor would welcome the La Follette plan, so would those who want to proscribe the Roman Church, to forbid criticism, to loosen up the Eighteenth Amendment, to have national control of education, and especially the people who, now that the Commerce Commission has found that the railroads are worth nearly twenty billions, want the government to take them or fix their rates on the basis of the lowest sum that seems decent to a majority in Congress.

Suppose Congress tomorrow decrees that *The Nation*, when sent beyond New York, shall sell at five cents. You continue to charge fifteen cents; and, when prosecuted, set up in defense that such an attempt to impair your "freedom of contract" deprives you of liberty without due process of law, and that consequently the act was beyond the authority of Congress and you owed no duty to obey it. The court must decide whether your defense is true. Holding it true, it must decline to punish you. It may seem despotic to some in thus refusing to enforce the legislative will to bring enlightenment within reach of the masses, but its despotism is a necessary incident of your immunity from the legislative despot who is trying to put you out of business. Under the La Follette plan, if your adversaries can pass the act again, you go out.

Mr. La Follette would make Congress the judge on appeal in its own case. This is no new attitude for a progressive. Progressives often favor unrestricted governmental power because they want to use its power for their reforms. So they backed the Caesars and the Star Chamber. They prefer speed to safety and don't like it when courts protect men from their governors.

Urbana, Illinois, October 1 Frederick Green

College Lecture Courses

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Much of the criticism offered by the Dartmouth student committee on the educational methods in use in our colleges today would be accepted as valid and valuable by all progressive college teachers.

An interesting aspect is to be found in the anomalous position occupied by the "lecture course" in our educational thinking. It has entered our college curriculum by two different doors: on the one hand, as a substitute for the classroom recitation or discussion rendered impossible by the increase of the student body and by the size of popular elective courses; on the other, as an importation from Europe, a means of raising our colleges to a higher intellectual plane and of making them more definitely of university rank. Unfortunately the lecture course under these two influences has tended to become a hybrid having the weak rather than the strong points of each system. In the foreign university the lecturer merely presents some phase or aspect of the subject studied, his object being to give the student method of approach and bibliography or the results of his own research. The student attends or not according as matter and method are well presented and bibliography valuable. No examination is ever founded on such a course; when the student is examined before receiving his degree it is on the whole subject or definite phases of it with which he must be thoroughly familiar and for which he must prepare himself by individual reading and study. With us the examination follows immediately on the completion of the course and is almost invariably founded entirely on it, nothing being included in the paper which has not been treated in the lectures. This method naturally tends to make the student a mere passive recipient of information and opinion, the slave of his notes or of the convenient digest; it affords no stimulus for any but the best to make use of the bibliographies of sources and lists of parallel readings.

If the student expected to be examined on the Elizabethan drama, the French Revolution, or labor problems in the United States instead of on what Professors X, Y, and Z had said on these subjects in the classroom, there would be an immediate change in his whole attitude toward his work, and many of the desires expressed by the Dartmouth students would be at once fulfilled. It would "make the acquisition of the necessary information the concern of the student rather than that of the instructor," putting on the former the responsibility for his own progress and success and leaving the latter free to give his class the benefit of his best knowledge, to treat in detail the most important or most interesting aspects of his subject instead of almost forcing him to give a rapid and necessarily superficial survey of the whole, as is now the case. Harvard has taken a wise step in demanding from every undergraduate candidate for a degree an examination on his major subject of study without reference to the courses pursued in it.

Vassar College, August 16 M. P. Whitney

In Honor of Mrs. Kelley

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Friends of Mrs. Florence Kelley are planning to hold an anniversary dinner in honor of her twenty-five years of leadership of the National Consumers' League, on November 14, at the Hotel Astor. The dinner will be in recognition not only of her quarter century with the League, but of a life-time devoted to the furtherance of social justice. A wide response to the plan of holding this dinner has already been received; one hundred and fifty persons have accepted membership on a general committee for the dinner.

Tickets at $3.50 per cover can be obtained from Mrs. H. A. Ingraham, care Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, 45 East 63rd Street, New York City.

New York City, October 16 Josephine Goldmark

Clam Chowder on Olympus

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: How about some sweet olive oil and parsley in that clam chowder? Undoubtedly Alfred forgot all about these two most necessary ingredients to a successful Greek clam chowder.

But I forget that he is a New Englander and maybe knows nothing of how chowder was prepared for the gods of Olympus.

Galveston, Texas, October 14 H. Economidy

Books

First Glance

THE thing called Nature has been responsible during the past century or so for some of the best English prose and for some of the worst. The classics are lamentably few. There is Gilbert White, of course, and there are Thoreau, Burroughs, Hudson, and John Muir; but in addition there have been writers by the dozen who, playing with what seemed an easy subject, made it contemptible to self-respecting minds. The subject as a matter of fact is one of the most difficult ever invented by the imagination, calling as it does for a combination of knowledge, modesty, and tact which must necessarily be rare. The cheaper authors are those who have known so little about their common mistress as to suppose that she was infatuated with them, that her pleasure was to wait upon their little moods and flatter their little fancies by echoing back the pretty sentences in which these were expressed. Her "lovers," and —worse yet—those unspeakable persons who have found a moral in her, have all but discredited her in the eyes of readers who, if they had got their Nature pure, would have had to acknowledge pure delight. For there is both a solid and a delicate delight to be had from someone's scrupulous account of how an adder lay all morning on a rock, or how a weasel ran across the road with a squeaking field-vole in its mouth, or how a robin mated, or how a woodchuck scuttled to his cave, or how a grizzly plundered a bee-hive. All this providing there is no "interpretation" to break the spell. Thoreau intruded a philosophy, and Burroughs, Hudson, and Muir—increasingly as they grew old—could not refrain from commentary; but these four packed the world with pictures that must always be clear because they are unaffectedly true.

It happens that among the Nature-books recently come to hand there are several which illustrate the better and the worse procedure. To begin with the worse, three of these books suffer the incurable handicap of having been written by amateurs, that is to say by persons inexperienced in the austerely patient observation of Nature without which she cannot be worth talking about. The "Isles of Eden" of which Laura Lee Davidson writes (Minton, Balch: $2) are camping-places in Canada remembered with a wholly commonplace enthusiasm. There is a dash of woodlore, and there is much literary stuff—stock items of bird-song and leaf-fall; but Nature, who never of her own will plays a part, is humiliated by being given the role of playfellow in vacation time; little or nothing is observed. Equally empty of experience is Helen Swift's "Where Green Lanes End" (Huebsch: $1.50), through which there runs a pleasant enough patter of morning and evening impressions but nowhere in which is there anything that might be treasured as a record. The trouble again is that the author has been interested more in calling Nature names—Arcady, for instance —than in scanning her uncommunicative and fascinating face. E. L. Grant Watson is a finer writer than either of the foregoing, but his title, "Moods of Earth and Sky" (Boni and Liveright: $2.50), is suspicious; and he comes true to form by announcing near the start that "things seen are of little importance. It is what they reveal with which I am concerned." Mere "appearances" he deprecates in a later passage. But the great naturalists have been content with mere appearances, and the most valuable revelations they have made have been revelations of fact. It is for its store of facts that "Animal Life in the Yosemite," by Joseph Grinnell and Tracy Irwin Storer (University of California Press: $7.50), to come finally to the better kind of book, is so welcome to a lay reader. The California Museum of Vertebrate Zoology commissioned Mr. Grinnell and Mr. Storer to make a report in untechnical terms of all the "terrestrial vertebrate animals" they could find in a certain section of the Sierra Nevada—a section, by the way, which John Muir wrote an unsurpassable book about. They found three hundred and fifty-five, and here all these are—birds, rats, beavers, and bears—in straightforward alphabetical order, coolly and accurately described. There are no flourishes, there is no apparent poetry; on his own page the beaver goes quickly and quietly to work. But the result is literature. Nature left to herself is bound to be literature.

MARK VAN DOREN

Hawthorne, Melville, Cabell

Straws and Prayer-Books: Dizain des Diversions. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride Company. $2.50.

From the Hidden Way: Dizain des Echos. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride Company. $2.50.

THE pattern by which James Branch Cabell has for twenty years been weaving his lustrous tapestry now pretty clearly reveals itself. "Straws and Prayer-Books" appears as the Epilogue, as "Beyond Life" was the Prologue, to what is henceforth to be called the Biography of Manuel of Poictesme, Count and Redeemer of the imagined province, and ancestor of all the characters in Mr. Cabell's world. "The Lineage of Lichfield" worked out the lines of descent from Poictesme through England to America; in revised editions the earlier novels and tales have with a few touches been made to fit into the central plan; the poems of "From the Hidden Way" are now ascribed to Robert Etheridge Townsend, hero of "The Cords of Vanity"; "Straws and Prayer-Books" gathers up the fragments and utters the valedictory. The most ambitious scheme ever undertaken by an American romancer is at last virtually complete.

The scheme rests, of course, upon a definite opinion regarding human life. Mr. Cabell sees his fellows upon the planet as creatures engaged, with not much variation from individual to individual, in a recurrent comedy. The protagonist of every action is born, aspires, succeeds or fails, and dies. His child, in the flesh or in the spirit, inherits his role and plays it in the costume of the next generation; but only the costume is different. Having hit upon a personage so interesting as Manuel, Mr. Cabell has not felt the need of forever inventing other personages, when variants would do as well. He has merely studied Manuel in his transmigrations. But there still remains the mystery of the instinct which has kept the annalist of Manuel, aware of the futility of the process as he is, busy for two decades with his annals. "Straws and Prayer-Books" attacks that mystery. Ultimately it is perhaps insoluble; practically it comes down to the fact that Mr. Cabell has in this manner been diverting himself, as all men must divert themselves along the gray corridors by which they approach the black gate of death. "The artist . . . is life's half-frightened play-boy." Among the noises of thunders and of battles, among the silences of stupidity and despair, he plays with ideas and passions. However explicitly he may allege, at some later time, that he had another purpose, he merely lies, so far as the actual creative hour is concerned.

This particular play-boy, by his own analysis, has made sport with common-sense and piety and death, the martinets which would like to regiment mankind. Believing that literature is a criticism of life in the sense that "prison-breaking is a criticism of the penitentiary," Mr. Cabell has never hesitated to leave the cleared fields of realism for the adventurous frontiers of romance, where magic is the only science. Noticing that all the poets have worshiped the outcast god Pan, Mr. Cabell has deliberately amused himself with such rogues as Jurgen. Understanding that death is abhorrent to all men, Mr. Cabell has done what he could to create some deathless thing able to cheat oblivion. These points he argues, and around them he has built up, in "Straws and Prayer-Books," a joyous structure of examples and illustrations. With that economy which is an article of his creed he has worked into his Epilogue his reviews of "Messer Marco Polo" and "Tyll Eulenspiegel" and "The Queen Pédauque" and "Fantastica"; his

studies of Joseph Hergesheimer and George Moore; his interview with the author of "The Eagle's Shadow"; and his stories, "The Thin Queen of Elfhame" and "The Delta of Radegonde"—to say nothing of numerous other fine ears of corn now submitted to the artful mill. The effect is, in a way, the effect of the Biography: that of a magnificent miscellany of beautiful things arranged on an intelligent and orderly plan.

It is possible enough that Mr. Cabell will yet choose to elaborate other portions of his mosaic, but, at this end of a chapter, he may by the most hopeful critic be estimated with reference to the work now finished. There seems to be no longer any reason for not associating him with the only comparable American romancers, Hawthorne and Melville. Unlike the others as each of these three may seem, they have all at least this much in common, that they are engineers of escape from the universe of compromises and half-measures to the universe in which both the reason and the imagination would prefer to live. Hawthorne was perhaps more strictly bound to the actual world than either of the others, yet he too breathed uncomfortably in it, and kept sending his imagination back to times in which it could function without the daily handicaps which fretted him. Only in the dim world of old Salem could he imagine the proud spirit of Hester Prynne rising up and cracking the stiff frame of the Puritan code. Melville, less touched by Puritanism than Hawthorne, fled from his world not along the track of time but along the track of space, sending his imagination to a cannibal paradise in the Pacific, to the wild borders of the remote ocean where his countrymen wrestled with angels and demons. Mr. Cabell, more systematic than Melville or Hawthorne in his undertaking, is more thorough in his art. He has left behind both his own place and his own age, and has taken refuge in an imagined realm where the very shadows are brighter than the sunshine of Virginia. He pays for this greater detachment with a certain rarefaction; Hawthorne is more solid, Melville more robust. It is in wit and loveliness that Mr. Cabell matches them.

Melville, to be sure, is one of the wittiest of romancers. But he never won for his wit a full emancipation from the fears that had been planted in him by his moral training. He fought with the beasts of conscience; he tortured himself with speculations about immortality; he could carry even Captain Ahab only as far as to the sulphurous brink of blasphemy. With conscience and immortality and blasphemy Mr. Cabell's wit plays as intrepidly as with less formidable prejudices. It has no fears. It stares open-eyed at the blazing sun and good-humoredly strokes the beard of Jehovah. There is, consequently, none of that violence which goes with Melville's robuster and racier comedy. So are there in Mr. Cabell none of the touches of provincialism which go with Hawthorne's solider grasp of human character. Is Donatello a faun? Jurgen is, too. But whereas in the substantial tissue of Donatello the sense of sin takes root, Jurgen slips through earth and heaven and hell as unassailably as if Luther had never died to make men forever conscious of the moral bearings of all experience. Mr. Cabell is thus as free to admire loveliness wherever he finds it as to discover the possibilities of mirth in whatever theme. He finds beauty glittering in the midst of ugly sins, and snares it in his tolerant net. He builds fresh beauty about ominous symbols, inventing or enlarging them if need be. He does not, like Hawthorne, feel the obligation constantly to check the wings of his vision by comparing it with reality. Mr. Cabell, by questioning the reality of reality, has been naturalized in the world of dreams till he moves about there without the scruples lasting over from another allegiance. Thus the beauty of his Poictesme is double-distilled. Those lovers of beauty who must now and then come back to earth for renewal will occasionally gasp in Poictesme, wishing the atmosphere would thicken and the brilliant colors change. But always Poictesme hangs above the mortal clouds, suspended from the eternal sky, in the region where wit and beauty are joined in an everlasting kiss.

CARL VAN DOREN

Willard Straight

Willard Straight. By Herbert Croly. The Macmillan Company. $6.

ONCE in the dismal days of the Washington Conference, when the outlook was dark for China and the Chinese delegates were losing all of their illusions and most of their hopes, an old and distinguished Chinese official, one of the advisers to his delegation, was talking to an American who had known Willard Straight intimately and long. "Ah, if only Willard Straight were still alive!" he sighed. "Then it would be different."

This biography by Herbert Croly explains the Chinese statesman's sigh. There are on the whole just two kinds of men who go to China, or to other Far Eastern lands for that matter. First are those who may be called the practical men, diplomatic and other officials who go to further the interests of their governments and business men who go to further their own interests. Second are those who may be called impractical men—"idealists" is a better term. They are drawn by the imaginative appeal of the East, they appreciate its point of view, and they become habitual defenders of China and the Chinese even against their own people if necessary. Seldom is there one who comes under both classifications, one who is both practical and efficient on the one hand and on the other is able to see the point of view of the Chinese and is impelled by his instincts to pursue their advantage as well as his own. Such an exception was Willard Straight.

Mr. Straight was, as Mr. Croly says, a many-sided man. He was artist, civil servant, war correspondent, diplomat, organizer, entrepreneur, banker, and, finally, soldier. His was a personality that made for fast and lasting friendships among men of all races and classes. He was of the type more frequently found in England than in America—well born, but a man in whom a sense of social responsibility not restricted to his own class is more compelling than the instincts of acquisitiveness and self-advancement. All this may be said of him, but essentially his fame is founded on his work in China. He left his mark there.

Mr. Straight was American Consul-General in Mukden in the crucial years after the Russo-Japanese war when Manchuria was the center of Asia and the forces were being cast that have made the Far East of supreme importance to America, as it will be eventually to the rest of the world. He foresaw the direction those forces were taking and he sought to call attention to it. Almost single-handed he fought against Russia's encroachment on the one side and Japan's on the other. He foresaw that international cooperation would have to supplant competitive national aggression as the basis of the West's relation to China if successive wars of partition were to be averted. Cooperation, further, would have to be founded on the principle of China's welfare as well as on that of Occidental profit. He gave his vision constructive form. It was his enthusiasm, energy, and persistence that made the first international banking consortium a reality. If the consortium has fallen short of his vision in purpose and method, the principle of international cooperation as a technique of relations between the strong Powers and weakened China has at least been set up. A new turn has been given to the history of the Far East.

Something of the quality of the man is shown in his letters from France while serving as a staff officer. He was keenly pro-Ally and pro-war, but he never lost sight of the fact that the object of the war was not victory alone. And his prescience told him what millions of his countrymen have only found to be wisdom after the fact. A month before the armistice he wrote: "What I'm afraid of now is that the British and French may kick over the traces. They have tasted blood and may demand their pound of flesh. . . . We stand in a fair way of having fought the war, lost thousands of lives and millions of dollars, upset everything, and of not getting the peace we started for. . . . We should have made our bargain with the

Allies when we first came in—or at least when we began to send troops in such numbers. Now we will be apt to get nothing—not even the peace we fight for, but a peace which will, instead of being founded on a League of Nations, have the foundations for other wars." Change the tenses and there is a description of Versailles in 1919 and all of Europe in 1924.

Mr. Croly has written more than an interesting story of one man's life. He has also given a scholarly and authoritative account of Far Eastern history in the eventful years after the opening of this century. As he is not a specialist in Far Eastern affairs it is a highly creditable achievement. In balance and perspective his book is superior to many which have been written by specialists. NATHANIEL PEFFER

The Story of Coal

The Coal Industry. By A. T. Shurick. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

LESS than twenty years ago wildcats howled at night and bears lumbered through the wilderness in places where today man has built unending stretches of coal-mining villages. The romance of coal lies in part in the very novelty with which it is mined in some sections of the United States. Where solitude once reigned over ranges of forest-topped hills, and man was seen only in settlers' huts, mine cars now whizz in and out of holes in the hillside, railroad sidings run in many directions, and village after village of coal-mining operations extends before the eye. You can ascend river valleys to their sources without being out of sight of a tipple, where the coal is dumped into railroad cars, or of a miner's cottage. Whole counties are given over to coal almost exclusively. Much of this recent opening of coal mines has been done in West Virginia, Alabama, eastern Kentucky, and other regions. Unless one lives near such places one does not ordinarily think of an industry so old that miners were being impressed for service in England in 1296 as having been so recently started in large areas of our modern world. In these places the transformation has been magic. Peace has given way overnight to activity, solitude to bustling communities, and virgin wildness to scarred hillsides.

To a dweller in modern cities who steps over a coal chute placed across the sidewalk coal-mining can become a fascinating subject. Mr. Shurick has attempted to treat every stage of the industry from the earliest times down to the latest word of the United States Coal Commission. Never before has a single volume, designed specifically for the layman, covered so wide a field. The author lives in Athens, Ohio, in the Ohio coal fields, and evidently has been interested in coal operations. He traces mechanical equipment and engineering methods from their primitive beginnings, describes the ways in which coal is marketed, enumerates economic factors such as costs, ownership of mines, and types of company organization, discusses the miner's life and social conditions, and describes the various coal fields in this country. To one who has seen electric cutting and loading machines making short work of a face of coal deep underground today it is a far cry to the time when only the outcropping on the hillside was taken or when women crawled on their hands and knees along low passages, chains bound around their waists and baskets of coal pulled by these chains behind them.

In discussing the opening of bituminous coal fields, the author hardly pays enough attention to the manner in which lands were acquired, and in discussing ownership he pays little attention to the tendency of large industrial corporations to secure great holdings and to the effects of absentee ownership; in respect to anthracite mines, confined to a small part of Pennsylvania, he is better. He describes with much detail the technique of taking a deposit of coal out of the ground without letting the earth fall down about your ears. In writing about miners and their job he is fair in saying that the average earnings of the miner for the year are not adequate to maintain the American standard of living, but he paints a somewhat too pleasant picture of the comforts of miners' houses and community life. No space is given to the whole structure of wage-fixing and to the important periodic negotiations between mine owners and the United Mine Workers of America; this subject has been separately treated in a recent book by another author. Although drawing largely upon the reports of the Coal Commission for many disturbing facts about the industry, Mr. Shurick makes the surprising statement that "in all essential respects the Commission has given the coal industry a clean bill of health"; surely this is too roseate a summary of that body's findings. He has tried to write an impartial book, and has in large measure succeeded. Living as he does in a unionized field, his evident acceptance of the United Mine Workers as a desirable factor in the industry is valuable, as is also his prophecy that the union will ultimately succeed in organizing all of that battleground of mine unionism, West Virginia. Mr. Shurick does not write vividly or skilfully, and the absorbing human interests in the story of coal mining are implicit rather than expressed. Fortunately much is accomplished by a generous use of pictures. WINTHROP D. LANE

Best and Worst

Looking at Life. By Floyd Dell. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.25.
Latitudes. By Edwin Muir. B. W. Huebsch. $2.
Taking the Literary Pulse. By Joseph Collins. George H. Doran. $3.

I SUSPECT that it was Floyd Dell who assumed the role of Apollo and marked Dr. Collins with the attributes of an ass when this modern Midas had the temerity to dissent from a universal judgment on lyric values. At any rate, the scorching contribution to "F. P. A.'s" column in which "F. D." ridiculed the pretensions of "the noted neurologist" to the post of arbiter literarum for the general was written with the holy fervor and the humorous faculty that Mr. Dell brings to the discussion of life and letters. It was like him to treat the question of competent criticism by materializing a superannuated bartender and conjecturing that Paddy's comments on literature would be less verbose and no less valid, more amusing and no more asinine, than those of Dr. Collins; it is like Floyd Dell to present a hypothetical saloon-keeper, Russian friend, or modern knight and thus personalize an abstract problem.

The obvious result of this method is to lose in interest what is gained in conviction so that, for one who needs not be convinced of the censor's triumph in the cinema, the meaning of feminism for men, and the necessity of freedom for women these simple excursions into the maelstrom of thought are a trifle dull because they never venture beyond the broad belt that forms the edge of the whirl. They are dull with that lively monotony of a choppy sea which characterized *The Liberator*—from which a number of these essays have been culled—when it determined to make an appeal to the "peepul." Mr. Dell is writing down to the miner and the financier's wife, the country schoolmarm, the Greenwich Village intellectual, and the college adolescent—to those, in brief, who have to be coaxed to think; in "Looking at Life" his purpose is to educate the Philistines rather than to discourse with civilized people. It is really an expert feat, this treading of the swirl of life in such a way as to stay on its surface and out of reach of the funnel when the current on either side is both deep and strong. As Edwin Muir puts it, "to the profound, depth is a necessity and a torment. They long for shallowness, and to remain on the surface." Mr. Dell is here taking a vacation from profundity and obviously enjoying it—but he constantly betrays the fact that he belongs among the depths.

Mr. Muir himself achieves simplicity, but he never approaches the shallows. His simplicity is a tour de force turned by a monumental knowledge of Anglo-Saxon monosyllables which are used with a precision that permits no misunderstanding and

by an equally enormous capacity for intellectual research, for that weighing, tasting, comparing, and reflecting which uncovers the unique and the universal, reducing them to their uncommon quality and to their common denominator. This is high praise and may seem extravagant; I hope it does, for the only way to distinguish genius from talent is by the amount of frantic extravagance it inspires. The greatness of Mr. Muir's power may be judged by the number and variety of the subjects he interprets. He has sought—and found—the secret of Burns and Conrad, Ibsen and Dostoyevsky (here with the assistance of M. Lavrin), Nietzsche and our contemporaries; he has speculated—to some purpose—on art and optimism, on love and suffering and superstition.

To capture the essence of Mr. Muir's work and his contribution to literature it is necessary to revise the current conception of critic and philosopher; it is vital to recognize that a critic may work creatively upon ideas and that a philosopher may concern himself with living material rather than metaphysical formulae. Mr. Muir's conception of criticism is illustrated in these two sentences: "Criticism should reject the vulgar and irrelevant personal detail, and find its inspiration in the interaction and collision of minds, in the cold and passionate ardor of the activities of the spirit. . . . Criticism can only become a thing unique and fruitful, however, by becoming something else than history or sociology, by treating literature purely as the emanation of spiritual entities, and by analyzing, or rather divining, the essence of these entities." His view of philosophy cannot be compressed into so small a compass; it is better expressed in the epigram: "Every philosophical problem has thus far been settled by solving another."

It is a fortunate coincidence that three of Mr. Muir's essays should be extended reviews of the books of Janko Lavrin, whose "psycho-critical" studies antedated the work of Dr. Collins. One is able thus to find substantiation for the view that Dr. Collins not only fails to achieve his object but also fails to understand the method whereby this object may be achieved. If psychological analysis is more potent than old-fashioned diagnosis of the obvious surface symptoms in interpreting the work of a great author or in disclosing the secrets of his mind, this is only because it undertakes to examine a mass of documents which the other method ignores, because it speculates on the connection between the personal experiences of the man and the creative expressions of the writer, and finally because it coordinates these speculations with a sound critical diagnosis of the older type.

Now Dr. Collins does none of these things. He establishes his premises on insufficient data both in cases where more information is available and in instances where the writers have not published enough to permit intelligent generalization. He is not only insufficiently acquainted with literature but lacking in the fundamentals of criticism: an understanding of aesthetic standards and an appreciation of artistic achievement. And, most important of all, he comes to the subject of literature with utterly irrelevant prejudices in the fields of politics, religion, and morality which influence tremendously, because he has neither self-control nor detachment, his attitude toward the writers he discusses. But, though it is sufficient to damn a much wiser man than Dr. Collins, this is not all! Worse yet is the fact that he writes—and knows that he writes—for readers who do not care two hoots for a profound interpretation of literature. They seek—and he gives them—both the direct and the vicarious enjoyment which is to be had in the description and condemnation of perversions and pornography and which is justified in their eyes by his show of pseudo-scientific method. In the work of Dr. Collins we may see the green-grocer morality and mentality passing judgment on what it cannot understand, and the effect is, to fall back once again on Mr. Muir, "a general impression that the road which leads to ineffable, eternal glory is very broad and convenient, and packed with the bourgeoisie."

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Welcome Reactions

Gentle Reactions. By Gabriel Wells. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

GABRIEL WELLS is a name not altogether unassociated with the world of letters; but it is in the distribution of books rather than in the creation of them that the name is thought of. Amid the book-auction fraternity and among the book-collecting *cognoscenti* it is familiarly abbreviated to the initials G. W., a manner of address which, while it implies appreciation of the book-dealer, ignores the man. I have always suspected that there was a soul somewhere hidden in this efficient bookseller, and the reading of these "Gentle Reactions" confirms me in my suspicion. It must have been a real relief to Mr. Wells, from the occasional monotony of his business, to express himself in these letters to the newspapers, for the reading of them is both a diversion and an education. His "reactions" to the questions of the day may be "gentle," but the gentleness is rather in the manner of their expression than in the matter the expressions convey. What Mr. Wells thinks of Lloyd George, Poincaré, prohibition, woman suffrage, the League of Nations, and other momentous subjects which are concerning the statesmen of our time may not disturb their complacency, but what he says is, nevertheless, both well said and wisely said. His appeal to America to take her proper part in the settlement of European affairs is as competent in its argument as it is eloquent in its statement.

TEMPLE SCOTT

Types of the Novel

The Political Novel. By Morris Edmund Speare. Oxford University Press. $2.25.

The Historical Novel. By H. Butterfield. Cambridge University Press. 5s.

The Modern German Novel. By Harvey Hewett-Thayer. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $2.50.

THE political novel may be a thing in itself and Mr. Speare would like to give it an importance hardly less than that of the historical novel. Yet the curious fact remains that the political novel has not thrown its net about any deep-sea monsters. Mr. Speare has dredged up stolid flounders like Winston Churchill and a flying fish like Disraeli. He fails to show an octopus or a whale on his list. Politics has produced any number of politicians and no masterpieces. A whole chapter given to Mrs. Humphrey Ward fails somehow to convince one of her genius. Trollope will not live by his political novels, and "The New Machiavelli" is not Mr. Wells's best book. One must, however, admire the industry which has sent Mr. Speare in search of first principles for the political novel and made him take writers like Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Churchill, and Disraeli with such profound seriousness. One learns with stupefaction that "the publication of 'Coningsby' was an event of no less importance in the history of the novel than the appearance of 'The Doll's House' was to modern dramatic literature."

Seduced by his imposed necessity of proving a case, Mr. Speare expends a vast scholarship upon Disraeli's novels. He gives a hundred and fifty pages to things like "Coningsby" and "Sybil" and a whole chapter to Paul Leicester Ford (of all people) without once mentioning Dreiser. Mr. Butterfield, however, does not overlook art and life in his search for definitions. He is less interested in inventing a horrendous dialectic than in discovering the relations between the facts of history and the art of fiction. He does little more than formulate commonplaces, but he writes with a genuine passion for great literature and he does not fall into the error of disjoining the novel from its own purpose and making it a guide to history. Like any kind of novel, the historical romance transmits the color and rhythm of life into dramatic appearances and haunting

apparitions. It is "historical" only in that it works through the pathos of distance. Mr. Butterfield is able to estimate the peculiar distinction of writers as opposed as Dumas and Hewlett and to assign the historical novel its importance as one of the most fascinating inventions of art.

In "The Modern German Novel" Mr. Hewett-Thayer is less ambitious than either Mr. Speare or Mr. Butterfield. He does not so much seek first principles as give very full information on the method and the plots of the more important German novelists of the past fifty years. Writing with an admirable fairness Mr. Hewett-Thayer compiles a source-book packed with particular details. He has no case to prove except the case of good literature. He discusses the realist Fontane, the naturalist Kretzer, the romanticist Huch, the aristocrat Ompteda, the Swiss Zahn, the war novelists, and the novelists (such as Wassermann) who did not write about the war. He sets up no absolute standards; he is content to describe the plots and contents of the more important books, to suggest their excellencies and their defects, and to relate them to the work of men like Zola and Flaubert, Dickens and Dostoevsky.

A. Donald Douglas

Books in Brief

Our American Kings. By Frederick L. Collins. The Century Company. $2.50.

This book should be re-christened "The Shirts of the Mighty." For the fourteen living governors who stalk through its pages are metaphorically, and often literally, revealed in their shirt-sleeves—now rolled up, now held aloft by armlets. It may, of course, be argued that all this hurdy-gurdy rhetoric is "both instructive and entertaining." Al Smith, for instance, is blessed with a head shaped like an "inverted Bartlett pear," and he "likes his fun to be funny, with pie in the face and pins in the pants"; Percy Baxter, bachelor governor of Maine, writes letters to school-girls which elicit such replies as: "Thank you for your letter. It will make me a good girl." One suspects that Mr. Collins has thumped down his message of cheer for Rotarians on a second-hand Oliver. A chortling preface assures the reader that the author has met all kinds of Americans, from governors and professors to barbers and bootleggers. If he continues to labor hard, twenty-five years hence he ought to be able to write a good book about bootleggers.

You Takes Your Choice. By Clinton W. Gilbert. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

A disinterested mind expressing itself in a breezy, newspaper style is a rare phenomenon. Mr. Gilbert concedes—and his book proves it—that with one unimportant exception he does not "give two pins" for any of the presidential or vice-presidential candidates, A.D. 1924, whom he so keenly and carefully dissects. While the author of "The Mirrors of Washington" fully lives up to his claim of being "a specialist in recognizing limitations," he is nevertheless thoroughly impartial and even tolerant. He cheerfully admits that "singed cat" Coolidge had nothing to do with the settlement of the Boston police strike; that he himself is "going to contribute to [Davis's] election by showing later in this book that the evidences of his greatness are superficial and should not count too much against him"; and that La Follette will almost certainly be defeated because, among numerous other reasons, he "has never recognized the validity of 'The smile that wins.'" If this book attains wide circulation a grave danger will threaten the Republic—even fewer votes will be cast this year than were cast in 1920.

Bashan and I. By Thomas Mann. Translated by Hermann George Scheffauer. Henry Holt and Company. $1.75.

The author of this book is described by the publisher (whether ignorantly or disingenuously) as "a famous Austrian novelist." But Thomas Mann is nothing of the sort. He is a German of the Reich, and a North German at that, though the Latin strain in his make-up may partly account for his singularly lucid and graceful style, which is here rendered into supple English. This book is a study of the mind of a dog. Mann wrote it during the war as a refuge and a relief, very much as he has since turned to spiritism as an escape from the woes of peace. One can hardly begrudge him these flights from the man-made mess which is Europe. Bashan is a short-haired setter, presented in all his canine reality and not in the least anthropomorphically tricked out. Dog lovers will readily accord him a place in the hall of fame beside Rab, Krambambuli, Bob Son of Battle, and the various collie heroes of Mr. Albert Payson Terhune.

The Sailors' Union of the Pacific. By Paul S. Taylor. The Ronald Press Company. $2.50.

International Seamen's Union of America. By Arthur Emil Albrecht. United States Bureau of Labor Statistics.

The sailor is not yet a free laborer, and discipline at sea is still maintained by a caste system—borrowed from naval life—that in civilized countries has virtually disappeared from industry ashore. Yet the advance from the Yankee "hell-ship" and the "bucko" mate and master of fifty years ago is so notable that it is well worth while to have the facts in regard to the organizations that have been most influential in bringing about the change. Those facts, compiled from hitherto scattered and to most persons inaccessible sources, are gathered together in the two studies listed above. Successful organization came first on the Pacific coast—in 1885, according to Mr. Taylor. In 1892, Mr. Albrecht records, the Sailors' Union of the Pacific brought together a convention in Chicago out of which grew a national institution.

Drama

Two Experiments

MR. STARK YOUNG has a passion for intangible values, and like most mystics he finds in ritual the only possible outlet for those feelings which, though shared by thousands, have never yet been set down in words. Had he been born in some other place and time he might have found contentment in endless repetition of the complicated "offices" of some monastic order, but cast as he has been upon the modern world he cannot be naive enough to accept any one ritual as complete or absolute and it is, accordingly, the idea behind all ritual which fascinates him. He knows that wherever men have gathered together for any prayer, dance, or game which has become traditional with them the gesture has released somehow their emotions, and so the slow Procession of the Virgin through the crooked streets of the Mexican town affects him neither more nor less than the stereotyped antics of clown and pantaloon upon the village stage or even the flickering image of Charlie Chaplin, who seems to combine and reinterpret the traditions of many generations of clowns. Each seems to him to have been sanctified by use, to have been for so long the channel through which the common emotion flowed as to have become in the truest sense religious, and his dream is of a theater which shall purge all the complicated emotions of the modern man by becoming a comprehensive ritual which has absorbed all other rituals, from solemn mass to rowdy pantomime.

His new play, "The Saint" (Greenwich Village Theater), centers about one of those mystics to whom rightness is all and who is paralyzed in the world of action because nothing which he can take is worth the taking and only those things given or received can count. From the plains of Texas, where he had caught in the winds a faint whisper of the great mystery,

he has come to the school of a monastery and he has found there in the Procession of the Virgin another glimpse of the great truth. He passes thence into a group of strolling players who catch—hardly more fitfully—the same magic in the mocking tragedy of their conventional pantomime; and in the end he returns, battered and deepened by the world, to the door of the monastery to ask again that the procession give up its secret. Receiving, as usual, but a fragmentary answer, he goes upon his way to question the winds once more; and though they, to be sure, will not satisfy him, he will return to some ritual, solemn or rejoicing, and find in that ceremonial union with the rest of mankind a temporary outlet for his overmastering emotions.

Thus the intention of the play is clear and admirable. It is meant to be at once the exposition of a fundamental human need and an illustration, through its processions and pantomimes, of the method by which that need may be satisfied. But though it succeeds well enough in making clear what it is intended to do, it does not always quite do it. At the beginning of the second act where the players rehearse their pantomime author and actors together catch the requisite rhythm and rise to heights which, if sustained, would make the whole a triumphant achievement, but at other times they falter together; and not even the competent playing of Leo Carrillo can animate the prosy woodenness of the first act. The Provincetown group has had a way of disappointing its admirers, of failing, save in rare instances, to fulfil the promises which innumerable productions have vouchsafed; and on the whole "The Saint" is not more than a very promising promise.

To one observer at least "The Saint" seemed on the whole nearer to solid achievement than the more garish experiment "The Murder in the Whistler Room" (Provincetown Theater), though it would be easy enough to give a theoretical defense of the method of the latter play. Granting the fundamental Freudian premise that our dreams reveal in metaphor our deepest reactions to reality, nothing could be more logical for a psychological dramatist to do than to dramatize the dream life of a subject, but the fact remains that in spite of all his elaborate machinery Mr. Edmund Wilson has achieved little more than a fairly conventional satire upon stale culture.

Theatergoers less interested in experiments will find "The Red Falcon" (Broadhurst Theater) a highly effective melodrama of sixteenth century Sicily and "The Fake" (Hudson Theater) a problem-melodrama which is always suavely performed and sometimes stirring. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Nation's *La Follette-Wheeler Campaign Fund has now reached $6,512.49. We urge all our readers who have not yet obeyed an impulse to contribute to this fund to do so now, as the last days of the campaign are important and expensive.*

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS

THIS SUNDAY AT 3 P. M.

The DEBATE of the Century!

CLARENCE DARROW versus JUDGE A. J. TALLEY

Famous Chicago Lawyer NEGATIVE — N. Y. Court of General Sessions AFFIRMATIVE

SUBJECT:

Is CAPITAL PUNISHMENT a Wise Public Policy?

Chairman: LOUIS MARSHALL

Temporary Chairman, LEWIS E. LAWES, Warden of Sing Sing Prison.

THIS SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26TH, 3:00 P. M.

Manhattan Opera House, 34th St., near 8th Ave.

Tickets $1.65, $2.20, $2.75, $3.30. Box seats $4.40

On sale at Box Office, Tyson's, McBride's and all other ticket agencies, or at the offices of and by mail from

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Ave.,N.Y.City (Longacre 10435-4447)

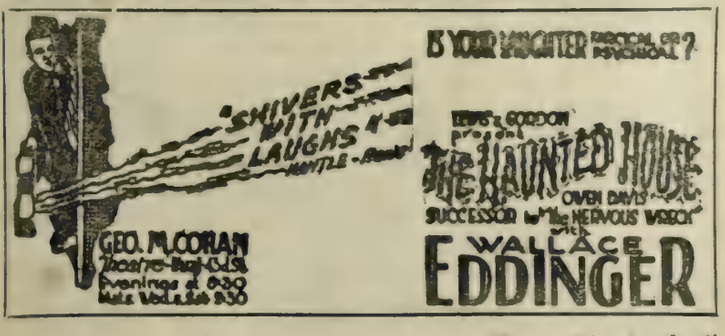
N. B.—Out-of-towners desiring a printed stenographic report of this debate, should send us their names.

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

"WHAT PRICE GLORY"

A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings

PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.



OPEN FORUM

Sunday, October 26th, 8 P. M.

"THE ELECTION"

Speakers: Elisabeth Marbury, *Democratic Party*
Ogden L. Mills, *Republican Party*
Arthur Garfield Hays, *Progressive Party*

Sunday, Nov. 2, "The Ku Klux Klan," Prof. John M. Mecklin

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, 2 West 64th St., N. Y. C.

The Public is invited

RAND SCHOOL

7 East 15th Street

Courses beginning
Nov. 10, 8:30 P.M. ..... Marius Hansome "The World We Live In"
Nov. 11, 8:30 P.M ..... Algernon Lee Senior Seminar "Social Theories and Movements"
Nov. 13, 7:00 P.M. ..... Scott Nearing "Current Opinion"
Nov. 14, 8:30 P.M. ..... Herman Epstein "With the Great Composers"
Nov. 15, 11:00 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. Scott Nearing "Dynamic Sociology" and "Current History"
Nov. 26, 8:30 P.M. ..... Johan Smertenko "Current Drama"

Beginning Nov. 1st
Saturday afternoon lectures J. F. Horrabin on "H. G. Wells" Carleton Beals "Latin America," Roberto Haberman "Mexico," Vint Laughland "Social Religion" Clarence Darrow "Crime."

DEBATE—Nov. 30—Clarence Darrow vs. Scott Nearing "Is the Human Race Worth Working For?"

The DEBATE of the Season!

SHOULD LITERATURE BE CENSORED?

JOHN S. SUMNER versus ERNEST BOYD

Sec. N. Y. Soc. for Sup. of Vice — Noted Int. Author and Critic

Chairman: CLIFFORD SMYTH, Editor, International Book Review

Temporary Chairman: John Farrar, Editor of *The Bookman*

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1924, AT 8:30 P. M.

TOWN HALL, 121 West 43rd Street

Tickets $1.10, 1.65, 2.20, 2.75, 3.30 (war tax inc.)

On sale at Brentano's, Macy and Wanamaker Book Depts. and at the offices of or by mail from

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Ave., New York (Tel. Longacre 10434)

N. B.—Out-of-towners desiring a printed stenographic report of this debate, should send us their names.

International Relations Section

La Follette's Foreign Policy

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE, in his speech at St. Louis on October 14, discussed the World War and concluded with the most comprehensive and detailed statement of his views on foreign policy that he has made since his nomination. Owing to the interest of many of our readers in Mr. La Follette's probable attitude toward foreign affairs, should he be elected President, we print the speech in full below:

The time has come to return to fundamental American principles and traditions in the conduct of our foreign policy, as well as of our domestic policy.

For more than one hundred years this Government constantly pursued a policy which had been defined early in the last century by the greatest American statesmen. Its principles involved a wide departure from the traditions and practices of European diplomacy, which were based upon imperialistic intrigue. They were as original and unique as the principles of representative government, upon which our domestic policy was based. It was truly an American policy.

Its fundamental doctrines were, perhaps, most tersely expressed by Thomas Jefferson in his first inaugural address, when he declared for "peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliances with none." They were indorsed by Washington, Franklin, and other great statesmen. Only Hamilton and his followers, who desired a monarchy in the United States and an alliance with Great Britain, dared to oppose them.

This did not mean isolation from friendly intercourse and cooperation with other nations. For a hundred years the United States displayed a constant readiness to cooperate with other nations to promote the peaceful settlement of international disputes. Its reassertion will not imply any unreadiness to act with other nations in removing the causes of war.

Early Principles

To this basic statement of American foreign policy should be added three other general principles, which were enunciated during the early years of the century: (1) Recognition of foreign governments without intervention in their affairs. (2) The Monroe Doctrine safeguarding the American continents from imperialistic exploitation. (3) Absolute neutrality toward foreign nations involved in war.

The doctrine of war neutrality was formulated and proclaimed under the Administration of George Washington. England, then at war with France, sought to stop our shipments of food to the latter country. Thomas Jefferson, Washington's Secretary of State, in a letter to the United States Minister to Great Britain, stated the doctrine of neurality, as follows:

"Reason and usage," said Jefferson, "have established that when two nations go to war, those who choose to live in peace retain their natural rights to pursue their agriculture, manufacture, and other ordinary vocations; to carry the produce of their industry, for exchange to all nations, belligerent or neutral, as usual; to go and come freely without injury or molestation; and, in short, that the war among others shall be, for them, as if it did not exist."

In order to make the meaning of this doctrine quite clear, I desire to quote from Jefferson's interpretation set forth in another part of the same letter, where he says:

"Were we to withhold from her [France] supplies of provisions, we should in like manner be bound to withhold them from her enemies also, and thus shut to ourselves all the ports of Europe where corn is in demand or make ourselves parties in the war. This is a dilemma which Great Britain has no right to force upon us, and for which no pretext can be found in any part of our conduct. She may, indeed, feel the desire of starving an enemy nation, but she can have no right of doing it at our loss, nor of making us the instruments of it."

These were the fundamental doctrines upon which American foreign policy was based. They were adhered to for more than a century. Webster, Clay, and Lincoln were among the great statesmen who insisted upon their maintenance inviolate. They made for peace, and, in spite of the relative weakness of the American nation at the time they were proclaimed, gave to the United States a position which commanded the respect of all the world.

Imperialism Has Crept In

Today there is not one of these fundamental principles that has not been ignored, violated, or utterly rejected. Those who have controlled our foreign policy during the last ten years have departed entirely from American traditions and American principles, and permitted our policy to be shaped by the imperialistic maxims and precepts of European diplomacy.

In order that we may understand the causes which have led to the abandonment of these principles, and in some measure appreciate the dire consequences arising therefrom, I wish briefly to review a few outstanding facts and events.

It is true that our departure from the traditional American policy began with the development of imperialism under William McKinley, following the Spanish-American war. The breach was broadened under Roosevelt and Taft. The establishment of colonial possessions and dependencies, the rape of Panama, and the establishment of "dollar diplomacy" were all violations of the best American traditions. Slowly but surely we were entering upon the path of imperialism, which leads only to international discord and to war.

Nevertheless, it is my opinion that the complete abandonment of the true American foreign policy came under the Administration of Woodrow Wilson and has been continued and expanded under the present Harding-Coolidge Administration.

Wilson was elected as an anti-imperialist and did, in fact, do much during the first two years of his Administration to check the tendency toward imperialism by using his influence for Philippine independence, by curbing the extension of dollar diplomacy, and by his attitude toward the Mexican revolution.

When war was declared in Europe in the summer of 1914 President Wilson declared for "absolute neutrality—neutrality in thought, word, and deed." This was a true American policy. If this doctrine had been adhered to we would never have been drawn into war. We would be free from every form of foreign entanglement; we would have avoided at home the dire consequences of the last few years.

America's War Losses

Sixty thousand American boys would still be alive. We would have no colossal war debt. We would be free from our heavy burden of taxation. We would have no problem of caring for hundreds of thousands of wounded, diseased, and shell-shocked veterans. We would not have American agriculture prostrate and demanding speedy relief. We would have had no such concentration of wealth in the hands of a few as we have witnessed in recent years. Above all, we should have preserved our proud distinction of a nation steadfastly devoted to peace. Had the plain principle of international law announced by Washington and Jefferson been followed we would not have been called upon to declare war upon any of the belligerent nations of Europe. The fatal error came in the failure of President Wilson to treat the belligerent nations of Europe alike—the failure to reject the unlawful "war zones" of both Germany and Great Britain!

I do not doubt that President Wilson was sincere when he declared for absolute neutrality. I know the influences which surrounded him and which, day after day, month after month,

brought the heaviest imaginable pressure to induce him to abandon his position of neutrality and throw the strength of the United States openly on the side of the allied governments.

The publication of the memoirs and letters of Franklin K. Lane and Walter H. Page and other documentary evidence gives us a picture of the insidious methods which were used to induce the President to abandon his declared position.

In establishing our position of neutrality during the early years of the World War two alternative courses were open, either of which led directly to peace. One was to insist upon the maintenance of absolute freedom of the seas and to resist any action on the part of either Great Britain or Germany which encroached upon our rights as a neutral nation to sell our food and other non-contraband articles to any nation. This line of policy was the one upon which Washington and Jefferson had insisted in their dealings with Great Britain and France in 1793. It was sanctioned by international law and clearly recognized in the Declaration of London, in which this field was more fully and definitely covered than in any other preceding document.

The second path that led to peace—the other alternative which was open to us—was to withdraw our commerce from both belligerents during the period of hostility and limit our trade to neutral nations.

The Path to War

We followed neither of these paths to peace. Instead we trod timidly and hesitatingly at first, and later boldly and aggressively the path that led to war.

We permitted Great Britain to mine the entire North Sea. We permitted her to cut us off entirely from legitimate commerce in food and other non-contraband articles with Germany, and to interfere with and restrict our trade with the neutral Scandinavian countries. It is true that we protested against this denial of our international rights, but we did not insist.

We permitted England to stop our shipments of food while women and children, old men, and other non-combatants were starving in Germany. We permitted our ships consigned to neutral ports to be seized and searched by the British Navy. We wrote notes of protest to the British Government, but always with the knowledge that the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's was making it clear that these protests need not be heeded by the British Government.

Everything that followed was the inevitable consequence of this failure to observe genuine and absolute neutrality.

I need not review those consequences. They are known to every American citizen—to every man, woman, and child. They know the broad events, but they do not, in my opinion, understand their significance or their causes.

I would not now refer to them except that they have a bearing of the utmost importance, not alone upon our present foreign policy but upon our domestic policy as well.

It is my opinion that our foreign policy at the present time is being dictated and controlled by the same forces which were responsible for the abandonment and withdrawal of American neutrality during the World War.

It is my opinion that the private monopoly system was primarily responsible for the abandonment of our traditional foreign policy; that this system forced us into the World War; that this system is now driving us at breakneck speed along the paths of imperialism that lead inevitably to war and to the ending of free government at home as well.

Morgan and the War

I am convinced—I was convinced at the beginning—that we abandoned our policy of neutrality through the influence of J. P. Morgan & Co., the fiscal agent of the British Empire, who, in the early spring of 1917, turned loose the press and agencies of propaganda to drive us into the war.

At that time the credit of the Allies with the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. had been overdrawn to the extent of $400,000,000, while contracts to the amount of $800,000,000 more were maturing, which could only be paid by bringing America into the war. Hundreds of other banks were in the same perilous situation. They, too, had underwritten British and French bonds. If the Allies were defeated, these debts would not be paid. The bonds of the Allied countries would fall in value, and might possibly be worthless. The House of Morgan could only be saved by being underwritten by the United States Government. This was done. It was for this reason that America abandoned the policy of Washington, the policy of Jefferson, the policy of every President of the American people for a hundred years.

You need not take my word for this. Here is the written statement of Oscar T. Crosby, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury during the war. In an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* he says under his own signature:

"I shall not soon forget the blunt declaration, made to me ten days before Sir Cecil Spring-Rice took the first fruits of our efforts, by a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.:

"'We have scraped the bottom of the box. They owe us and our associate banks $400,000,000—practically an overdraft, since we cannot sell the collateral remaining in our hands without making a panic on the New York stock market. You people in the Treasury must now bear the whole burden. We can do no more.'

"Six weeks later, we learned that, in addition to this cash commitment, the Allies had contracted for about $800,000,000 worth of goods deliverable within six months."

That was the reason that Morgan—now, by the grace of the British King, Sir John Pierpont Morgan—forced America into the World War. Then came the Treaty of Versailles. It was to end war. Instead, it is the mother of war. It gave Great Britain command of the seas and of Africa, Asia, and the resources of the world as well. It made France a militaristic, imperialistic power. It violated the terms of the armistice—an armistice entered into in good faith, by Germany at least, and to which the victorious nations were in honor pledged.

The Treaty of Versailles

The Treaty of Versailles is a treaty of shame. By reason of it, the assurances of the American people to a defeated foe became as a scrap of paper. All Europe was made a tinder box ready to burst into flame as a result of this dishonorable treaty—a treaty which must be revised if peace is again to reign on the earth.

Who were President Wilson's close advisers during the making of this treaty? Thomas W. Lamont of the firm of Morgan & Co. and other affiliated international bankers. Have you forgotten that the bankers had copies of the treaties before the Senate was permitted to see them? The international bankers used every influence at their command to force American ratification of this treaty and thus involved us inextricably in the intrigues and wars of Europe.

The abandonment of our traditional policy did not end in 1919. The present Republican Administration was elected upon a pledge to abandon the foreign policies of the preceding Administration and restore America to the same paths which had previously been pursued.

This pledge has been completely repudiated. The same forces that controlled American foreign policy when Lansing was Secretary of State, the same forces that plunged us into the World War, now dictate the policies of Secretary Hughes.

It is said, "No man can serve two masters," but Secretary Hughes, in his direction of the foreign policy of the United States, can and does serve two masters. He serves both Standard Oil and Morgan & Co. with constant fidelity. From the beginning of the Harding-Coolidge Administration our foreign policy has been shaped in the main in the interests of one or the other of these two affiliated groups.

The first act of Secretary Hughes as a member of the Cabinet was to urge the ratification of the treaty to pay Colombia $25,000,000 because, as Secretary Fall and Senator Lodge coldly stated in their advocacy of the treaty, it would give our oil companies preferential chances in securing concessions in that country.

The present Republican Administration was elected upon a pledge to recall American marines from Haiti and Santo Domingo and to right the wrongs which had been done to other Central and South American countries. Instead of redeeming these pledges, the Department of State, under the dictation of Morgan and other international bankers, has extended financial imperialism into new countries and has done nothing to redress the grievous wrongs of the previous administration. American taxpayers have borne the cost of collecting the debts and protecting the properties of American exploiters in these countries. American marines have been sacrificed and thousands of natives killed. America has been disgraced for the profit of private interests.

The present Republican Administration was elected upon a pledge to avoid entangling alliances. But under that Administration the United States has been involved in a compact with the three great imperialistic nations of the world, England, France, and Japan, which commits the United States to support those nations in the exploitation of Asia. This compact—the Four-Power Treaty—was negotiated under cover of the so-called Disarmament Conference. It is a peril to the American people and a direct threat to world peace. The international bankers, oil companies, and other exploiting interests alone will profit from it.

The Hughes Policy

The foreign policy of our State Department under Secretary Hughes has been guided by private interests. In South America, in the Near East, in Mexico, and in Asia the American Department of State has been an agency of American bankers on the one hand and the Standard Oil Company on the other. The Interior Department is not the only department of the Government that has betrayed the people's interests to enrich the oil syndicates.

As Standard Oil has shaped our foreign policy during the present Administration in matters relating to natural resources, so Morgan & Co. have shaped its policy in questions of international finances.

Thus, in foreign as in domestic affairs, the invisible government has become visible. The financial oligarchy controlled by Morgan and Standard Oil openly dominates our governmental policies in both fields.

It is for this reason that the Progressives declare that their first purpose is to break the power of the private monopoly system over our Government and return it to the people.

When I am elected President of the United States it will, therefore, be my first task to begin to restore this Government of ours to the people. That is the basic step in our program of housecleaning—a program that includes justice to all classes, to the farmer, to the worker, to the independent merchant and manufacturer, to all those unprivileged millions who have been politically voiceless during the last ten years, and who have suffered most from the war and the period since the war.

The Progressive Program

We would end war by ending the causes of war. In ending these causes of foreign war, we will in large measure reestablish our liberties at home.

First: We will end secret diplomacy. Secret diplomacy in effect makes it possible for our State Department to involve us in commitments and obligations, in acts of aggression, and in entanglements which involve the honor of the nation. Under secret diplomacy war becomes an accomplished fact before the nation is aware of even its possibility.

Second: Should war be forced upon us we would end all profit from war. Sacrifices at the front and in the home would be paralleled with equal sacrifice in the banking office, the counting room, and the munitions plant. We would enlist wealth if we enlisted men.

Third: If war is forced upon us, we shall leave no heritage of debt on subsequent generations. We shall pay for war as we go. Our taxes will not be taxes on the hunger of the poor, on necessities and comforts, on recreations and amusements. Our taxes will be levied on war profits, on unpatriotic dividends, on incomes, inheritances, and excess profits. This, too, will discourage war.

Fourth: We will not annex the territory of any other nation. We will not invade the territory of our neighbors. We will not impair their sovereignty by a display of armed force. We will not menace the integrity of Mexico. We will withdraw our marines from Haiti, from Santo Domingo, and from the Central American states. We will not join in the dismemberment of China, or seek to coerce China or any other dependent people to permit us to share with other Powers in their despoliation.

Fifth: We will give self-government to the Philippines, thus fulfilling the solemn promises of our Congress. In place of conquest we will offer help and encouragement to these peoples to establish self-government, to the end that they may enjoy the same liberties that we seek for ourselves at home.

Sixth: We will provide for a referendum on war, except in case of armed invasion—an emergency which I cannot conceive to arise. We will make no more wars by the act of the Executive Department alone; we will make no more wars by dragooning the Senate and the House of Representatives into war. We will make no war until those who are to offer their lives and who are to make the sacrifice vote their approval of war. Such a war would not require the subversion of the Constitution, the trampling under foot of civil liberties, and the denial of the rights of free opinions.

Seventh: We will seek the whole-hearted cooperation of the nations of the world to reduce armaments to a defensive basis.

Eighth: We will end financial imperialism. We will divorce the State Department from imperialistic financial agencies. We will repudiate the doctrine that the American flag shall follow the investor. American youth shall no longer be sent to the tropics, to Mexico, to Santo Domingo, or Haiti. They shall not be used in Europe or in other continents as a collection agency for private debts.

This is a constructive policy—a policy of peace on earth and good will to all mankind—a policy that would mobilize the world for peace, that would free the world from conquests, and release its workers for the production of wealth and for its enjoyment unpoisoned by fear.

La Follette's Cincinnati Speech

Senator La Follette also discussed America's foreign policy in his speech in Cincinnati on October 10. On the subject of financial imperialism he said:

America has become the credit reservoir of the world. We have 40 per cent of the gold of the world. The whole world is knocking at our doors for loans. Since the war eight billion dollars has been invested abroad. It has gone to Europe and to Asia, to Africa and to South and Central America. J. P. Morgan & Co. has become the dictator of the destiny of a great part of Europe. It fixes the terms on which governments may endure. It determines whether ministries shall rise or fall. It dictates the terms of peace and holds the fate of European democracy in its hands.

The financial power of Wall Street showed its hand in Haiti and Santo Domingo when American marines were sent to protect its investments. Should its precarious investments in Europe, Africa, or Asia be imperiled it will demand that American boys be conscripted for their protection.

The doctrine that the flag follows the investor is a bankers' doctrine. It was conceived in the British Foreign Office seventy years ago. It was this wicked doctrine that destroyed the liberties of a great part of the world; it led to the bombardment of Alexandria and the invasion of Egypt; it made Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco subject to France. It seized on the richest provinces of China. It laid its hands on all of Africa. It inspired the Boer war. It lay back of the conflict over the Bagdad Railway and the conquest of the Mediterranean.

Dollar diplomacy, financial imperialism, the doctrine that

By the Author of "Bunk"

Lottery

By W. E. WOODWARD

"PURITANISM is vice dreaming that it is virtue," says W. E. Woodward—and he avoids it as he would the plague. In this compact, swiftly moving novel is the same delicate and light-hearted satire that is in "Bunk"—plus a force only hinted at before. "Lottery" is a fresh and gay and faithful picture of American life and a novel of genuine significance besides.

Wherever Books Are Sold, $2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

Publishers Since 1817 New York, N. Y.

OXFORD BOOKS

ISRAEL BEFORE CHRIST
By A. W. F. Blunt *Net* $1.00
"Mr. Blunt has developed his subject with a keen interest in its human and social as well as its historical values."—*New York Times.*

PROTESTANT MODERNISM IN HOLLAND
By E. C. Vanderlaan $1.75
Intended for those interested in Theology and Philosophy.

CATULLUS
Translated by Sir William Marris $1.70
This beautiful book, of vest-pocket size, carries, charmingly translated, all the quaint conceits of that merry, though sometimes irascible Latin poet, Catullus. They are agreeable and acceptable respite in the hustle and scurry of this day.—*New York Evening Post.*

INTRODUCTION TO MODERN PHILOSOPHY
By C. E. M. Joad *Net* $1.00
Reviews for the layman the conclusions of modern thought explaining in non-technical language the attitude of modern schools.

SHAKESPEARE AND SPIRITUAL LIFE
By John Masefield *Net* 75c
The Romanes Lecture delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre, June 5th, 1924.

RELIGION SINCE THE REFORMATION
By Leighton Pullan *Net* $3.75
"In these fascinating pages Religion since the Reformation passes in review." *The Expositor.*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch
35 West 32nd St. New York City

VOTE! VOTE! VOTE!

FOR LA FOLLETTE AND WHEELER

GIVE! GIVE! GIVE!

TO LA FOLLETTE HEADQUARTERS
25 WEST 43rd ST., NEW YORK CITY

SEND! SEND! SEND!

TO 114 EAST 31st ST., NEW YORK CITY, FOR FREE COPY OF *THE ARBITRATOR* CONTAINING THE PRINCIPLES OF SIX POLITICAL PARTIES.

A Half Hour Well-Spent

A well informed state of mind on the world's affairs is no more than a matter of half an hour's reading.

The source of information must, however, be reliable; news presented must be facts not fiction; editorial opinion must be reasoned judgment not insinuating propaganda.

The Manchester Guardian
WEEKLY

presents in compact form all the important news of the world without suppression or distortion of facts.

During more than a hundred years *The Manchester Guardian* has earned a unique reputation among the world's journals for its frank and unbiased editorial opinion, no less than for the accuracy of its news.

Today, in more than sixty countries, readers find that given a half hour of time each week *The Manchester Guardian Weekly* keeps their knowledge of the world's affairs in repair and enables them to maintain an intelligent outlook on all vital matters.

.....MAIL COUPON BELOW.....

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY,
224 West 42nd Street,
New York City.

I enclose three dollars for a year's subscription to THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY, to be mailed to me direct from Manchester, England, commencing with the current issue.

Name .....

Address .....

the flag follows the investor, is responsible for the great war itself. For thirty years prior to its outbreak the concession hunters, exploiters, imperialists of England, Germany, Russia, and France, backed by the foreign office, supported by secret diplomacy, were at war all over the unprotected world. It was the irritations and the conflicts, the fears and the hysteria, the propaganda of the munition makers and the press that brought on the great war that left ten million youth in the trenches, that maimed and crippled twenty million more, and brought the civilized world to the very brink of destruction.

The Treaty of Versailles which we were asked to ratify was a treaty of financial imperialists, of exploiters, of bankers, of oil monopolists, who sought through mandates to sanctify and make permanent a redistribution of the spoils of the world and to cement forever the strangle hold of the power of gold on the defenseless peoples of the earth.

America has become the creditor nation of the world. We are standing at the threshold of a parting of the ways. We are menaced by our own imperialism, by that imperialism which destroyed the great nations of the past. It was imperialism that destroyed Greece. It destroyed Rome.

Contributors to This Issue

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, contributing editor of *The Nation*, is now in Europe investigating conditions in the Jewish communities.

R. A. HASTE is a Montana newspaper man who has served as Senator Wheeler's secretary in Washington.

ELIZABETH KNOWLTON has contributed articles on her travels to various current periodicals.

CARL VAN DOREN, literary editor of the *Century* and contributing editor of *The Nation*, has written a book on James Branch Cabell which is shortly to appear.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO is a New York man of letters who frequently reviews volumes of fiction and literary criticism for *The Nation*.

A. DONALD DOUGLAS is the author of "The Grand Inquisitor," a novel to be published this coming winter.

NATHANIEL PEFFER has lived in China and written for *The Nation* and other publications on Far Eastern politics.

WINTHROP D. LANE has made extensive investigations of conditions in various mining districts and is the author of a book, "Civil War in West Virginia."

Anatole France

The Unpopular Frenchman *by Ernest Boyd*
The Host *by Pitts Sanborn*
The Immortal *by John Macy*

in next week's issue of

The Nation

The
SUPER-CITY

A CHALLENGE TO YOUR SINCERITY AND COURAGE

READ ABOUT THE
WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL
and
EFFICIENT CITY

A CITY WITHOUT POVERTY OR SLUMS

HAS MANY NEW FEATURES
such as the
NEW CITY DOMICILE—THE RESIANCE
NEW CENTER OF SERVICES—
THE SERVISORIUM
A NEW AND ADVANCED CITY CENTER
NEW COMMERCIAL FACILITIES, ETC.
$2.00

At bookstores, or direct. R. Kern, The Iowa, Wash., D. C.

THE POLITICAL NOVEL
Its Development in England and in America
By MORRIS EDMUND SPEARE
Net $2.25

A fresh and vital interpretation of English prose fiction of the nineteenth century and after. Dr. Speare deals with the novel as a commentary on Politics both here and in England. Much space is given to Disraeli. Other authors dealt with are Anthony Trollope, George Eliot, George Meredith, Mrs. Humphry Ward, H. G. Wells, Winston Churchill and Upton Sinclair.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch
35 West 32nd Street, New York City

The Fifth Avenue Restaurant

EXCLUSIVELY A LUNCHEON AND EVENING BANQUET RESORT ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING, 200 FIFTH AVENUE TEL. GRAMERCY 4900 TO 4907 INCL.

THEODORE KEMM, Proprietor

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1924 No. 3096

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 481

EDITORIALS:

Aftermath 484
A Jolt for the Judges 485
In the Air 485
The Few *vs.* the Good 486
The Nation's Poetry Prize 486

MASTER ANATOLE. By John Macy 487
THE UNPOPULARITY OF ANATOLE FRANCE. By Ernest Boyd 488
ANATOLE FRANCE—THE HOST. By Pitts Sanborn 489
NOSTALGIA. By David Morton 490
THE CALIFORNIA SUPREME COURT DOES ITS BIT. By Max Stern 491
THE LINE-UP IN WASHINGTON STATE. By John Nicholas Beffel .. 492
CRYSTAL-GAZING FOR PARTIES. By William Hard 493
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 494
A COMMUNICATION 494
CORRESPONDENCE 495

BOOKS:

First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 497
A Tribute to a Master Mind. By Joseph Jastrow 498
Casanova and Galahad. By Joseph Wood Krutch 499
Eagle Forgotten. By David E. Lilienthal 499
Imaginary Souls. By R. F. Dibble 500
A Savage Kaleidoscope. By Alexander Goldenweiser 500
Books in Brief 501

DRAMA:

Two Comedies. By Joseph Wood Krutch 501

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:

The Fight Against Opium 503
British Labor and Chinese Brigands 503

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

Managing Editor Literary Editor

ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager

Contributing Editors

ROBERT HERRICK LUDWIG LEWISOHN NORMAN THOMAS

JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

PUBLICATION OF THE INCOME-TAX returns aroused a ridiculous furore. Back in civil-war days income-tax returns were made public, and business survived. It is difficult to understand the bitterness and violence of the outcry. Possibly some men of great wealth have been educated to the point of being a little ashamed of their own wealth; others may dislike the suspicions inevitably associated with their low payments. Blackmail is possible only where there is something to be concealed. Mr. Mellon, who paid an income tax of $1,173,987, will of course meet mocking laughter if he continues to argue that the present rate is too high to be productive. Publicity might, indeed, go further still. It would be a healthy thing to know just how much tax-exempt income the large taxpayers have; something is needed to awaken the country to the gigantic loss of income due to the continued issue of tax-exempt securities, supplying a government-guaranteed escape from taxpaying for those who are satisfied with the low return on such bonds.

ONE PART OF THE OUTCRY is justified: the complaint against the incredibly bungling way in which the publication of the tax-returns was handled. Mr. Coolidge's message approving the tax bill expressly suggested that he would attempt to have the publicity provision repealed before it went into effect, and there was plenty of time to do that. The Treasury, however, without warning, released the figures; then, after the newspapers had set the tables in type, issued a second proclamation declaring that while the tax statements were open to public scrutiny they must not be printed in the newspapers! Some newspapers printed them; some did not. After a night of reflection the Treasury changed its mind again; the question of legality, it declared, was doubtful; newspapers printing the lists must do so at their own risks. Such amateurishness is inexcusable. There may be room for two interpretations of the law but the Treasury should have decided which it would support, and the senators who passed the publicity clause by a vote of 48 to 27, only the Old Guard dissenting, will have cause for indignation if its plain intent is smothered by an official ruling.

WHAT MR. COOLIDGE DID or didn't do in the Boston police strike in 1919 is again under discussion because of objections raised by the *Post* of that city to statements put out by the Democratic National Committee. The *Post*, an occasionally Democratic newspaper, came out for Mr. Coolidge this year, but showed more zeal than information in trying to make the police strike redound to his honor and to the discredit of Andrew J. Peters, mayor of Boston at the time of the trouble. The *Post* was obliged to retract its statement that Mayor Peters spent the night following the walk-out incomunicado at his country home, and has not been able to prove that Mr. Coolidge, the Governor of Massachusetts, told Mr. Peters previous to the strike that he was ready to call out the National Guard if the mayor would ask for it. The only adequate, first-hand story of the strike is contained in the report of the citizens' committee headed by James J. Storrow, of Lee, Higginson and Company. This report, the truth of which has never been disputed by Mr. Coolidge, states that Mr. Peters and other members of the citizens' committee called on the governor on the day before the strike "and expressed their strong conviction as to the necessity of troops to the number of not less than three to four thousand to be present in Boston on the following day at 5.45 p. m., either upon the streets or ready in the armories." To this the governor sent a formal reply the next day which concluded: "I am unable to discover any action that I can take."

ALL THIS is only a minor issue. The important point is that Governor Coolidge did not break the strike nor restore law and order to the city after it. We presented the facts in an article in *The Nation* of December 10, 1919, and discussed them in considerable detail again in an editorial in the issue of August 15, 1923, directly after Mr. Coolidge became President. Before the police strike actually took place public sentiment in Massachusetts was fairly evenly divided on the issues, and Mr. Coolidge, although unquestionably opposed to the police, did not dare *for political reasons* to take a public stand. The police

walked out on Tuesday, September 9, and that night there was disorder and rioting. The next day Mayor Peters called out that part of the State Guard which was quartered in Boston, the law giving him the authority to do this in the face of riot but not otherwise. "By Thursday morning order had been generally restored in the city," says the report of the citizens' committee. "On Thursday afternoon, September 11, the governor assumed control of the situation, as indicated by his proclamation of that day." In other words, Mr. Coolidge waited until it was all over and then mobilized the entire State Guard. Why? Because in the presence of disorder public opinion had finally swung strongly against the police and Mr. Coolidge saw political advantage in such action. His bombastic phrases about "law and order" were circulated throughout a nation that knew nothing of the basic facts, and thus was built the myth —the falsehood—that made Calvin Coolidge Vice-President and eventually President of the United States.

IT WAS TYPICAL of Calvin Coolidge that he should make his chief address of the campaign before the United States Chamber of Commerce. It represents the kind of business which he sincerely believes holds the destiny of the nation in its hands. His speech, too, was typical of him. It was long-winded and wordy, which, we are coming to learn, is characteristic of "Silent Cal." It did not mention oil, labor, the Ku Klux Klan, campaign contributions, or the scandals in the Cabinet—and on these matters he has earned the right to be called "silent." Mr. Coolidge repeated Mr. Mellon's curious argument that "a larger amount of money can be collected from large incomes at a moderate rate than at a high rate." The figures for 1922—the last available—showed that the present rates were not, as Mr. Mellon had argued, too high; the return, even from the largest incomes, is increasing, and the people are content with that situation. Mr. Coolidge proceeded to argue that high taxes had checked business, and then lauded our present economic situation to the skies—which was hardly consistent. He compared wage scales in Europe and in America, and suggested that the difference was due to our high tariff—forgetting, apparently, that Europe had just been through a war and in addition had high tariffs of her own.

MARTIN W. LITTLETON, attorney for Senator Newberry and for John F. Sinclair, has discovered a plot. The La Follette movement, he says, is a Moscow product. Unlike T. V. O'Connor, who charged at Buffalo that Moscow money sent via Mexico financed La Follette, and at Washington pleaded that he had heard only "rumors" and could not remember from whom he had heard them—unlike Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Littleton is ready to produce a name and a date to prove his story. A man named Schwarzkopf, who once went to Washington with Ludwig Martens, he solemnly asserts, is now "second in command" of La Follette-Wheeler local headquarters in New York City. In the language of Huckleberry Finn, one is tempted to mutter "Gosh!" Mr. Schwarzkopf, who was an assistant district attorney under Theodore Roosevelt, says he was seeking contracts from Martens, and he recalls that Mr. Littleton's client, Harry Sinclair, has been to Moscow seeking oil contracts from the Bolsheviks. If going to Washington with Martens proves him a Communist, Schwarzkopf says, Sinclair's oil concessions must make him "arch-agent of the Moscow Government and chief kleagle of the big Red plot." Meanwhile, George R. Lockwood, the man who helped Daugherty invent the Wheeler indictment, has made up a new one. La Follette, he says, is in the pay of Wall Street —his paper has accepted advertising from the sugar trust and the telephone trust and the radio trust! These Republican orators seem to step on each other's toes. Must we assume that the soviet agent is in the pay of Wall Street? If we must read fairy-tales we would rather stick to Hans Christian Andersen and the Brothers Grimm.

THE EXPECTED IS HAPPENING in China. The Powers, eagerly shepherding the property rights of their subjects, are beginning open intervention. How much "suggesting" and underhand aiding they have already done is disputed. The Japanese insist that the Americans have illegally supplied Wu Pei-fu with arms; the Americans and British charge the Japanese with aid to Chang Tso-lin; and probably both are right. Meanwhile Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general" (what an advertisement for Christian missionary work!), has turned against Wu and quietly seized Peking for Chang. This has already led the Japanese to talk of reinforcements, and the American Government has sent a small expeditionary force to Peking. That is likely to be only the beginning; it gives particular significance to Mr. Bertrand Russell's article in this week's International Relations Section. Doubtless we shall be treated to floods of highly prejudiced and inflammatory news from China. State Department officials, like the few correspondents of the big news agencies, see through the colored eye-glasses of American business interests. We must be on our guard lest these officials play us such a scurvy trick as British Foreign Office officials seem to have played upon Ramsay MacDonald. Apparently they accepted as genuine a forged letter from Zinoviev to British Communists, and persuaded Ramsay MacDonald to protest against it to the Soviet Government—a proceeding which weakens him with both Left and Right in the electoral campaign.

I. W. W.'S CONVICTED EN MASSE in 1918 of violations of war-time laws are gradually dribbling back into civil life—if they are lucky enough not to be aliens. If they are aliens they are handed over to the Secretary of Labor for further investigation as to their desirability. The Secretary of Labor, according to a law passed five years after their conviction, has carte blanche to deport aliens released from prisons, and few questions are asked. Four such men—Herbert Mahler, William Moran, Pietro Negra, and Joseph Oates—are going on November 8 unless the Secretary of Labor sees the unfairness of the procedure leading to deportation and grants them a rehearing. The Federal Council of Churches summarizes the case as follows:

> The case [against deportation] was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. In the hearing before the Department of Labor inspector there was no showing that the men were undesirable or desirable residents and they were given no opportunity to prove their desirability. The Supreme Court recognized this point and, reversing the lower court, said that there was no showing in the warrants that the men were undesirable. The Court then pointed out two lines of conduct open to the Secretary of Labor. He could either institute new proceedings so that at the hearing the desirability or undesirability of the alien in question might be demonstrated or he might amend the warrants to say that they were convicted for

violation of a war-time law as proof of undesirability. The warrants have been thus amended without any new hearing. With such power in the hands of the Secretary of Labor the very least that can be asked and granted is a rehearing.

FOR SEVERAL SUCCESSIVE YEARS we have been able to record a drop in the number of lynchings. Before 1919 the average number was 107 a year; since then, according to figures given out by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the figures have been: 1919—83, 1920—65, 1921—64, 1922—61, 1923—28; 1924 (to date)—9. The sharp decline in the last two years is startling. In these days of the flaming cross and the white shroud, when intolerance and violence appear to dominate public thought and action, it is hard to account for so sudden a growth in restraint and order. What is behind it? Is it the threat of federal action, and the vigorous campaign carried on in behalf of the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill? Is it the widespread emigration of the Negro from the South and the consequent need of placating those who remain? Is it the effective publicity given each outrage in the Northern press and the Negro papers throughout the country? Probably all these elements have combined to achieve this miracle of improvement, together with the quiet work of a growing number of fine and courageous Southerners, who face the hatred of bigots and Klansmen to help make the South a home of freedom and fair play. Indeed, it is worth noting that the last lynching—in which, as often, the wrong man suffered—occurred in Chicago.

WINTER IN THE COAL FIELDS, especially when the mines are largely closed down for lack of orders, is seldom a time of productive enterprise. Occasional cheap movies, less occasional resorts to the native "white mule"—these and physical hardships and much tiresome idling consume the time of the unemployed or half-employed coal worker. But in Sub-district 5 of the United Mine Workers, in Southern Illinois, a new regime has begun. The workers voted in convention to organize adult education throughout the district under the direction of Tom Tippett, former mine worker, and since August classes have been in progress. The choice of courses is interesting. The workers, few of whom have finished grammar school, decided to spend the first three months on ancient history combined with English and public speaking, and the next three on American history with special reference to the history of the American labor movement. The program for the winter will include classes and public lectures in the mine villages conducted by prominent teachers from outside the district. This is workers' education of a real and stirring sort; in it there is no hint of uplift, no tinge of propaganda. These people want to know more about the world and the causes of their own difficulties, and they are going about it with the intelligence born of a real need.

VALIANT AND UNDISMAYED, the ignorance of S. Stanwood Menken goes marching on. Facts do not daunt him, he is untroubled by the dictates of decency, and his patriotism takes the form of making the United States appear foolish in the eyes of the world. Countess Catherine Karolyi, wife of the first and only president of the short-lived republic of Hungary, who is honoring this country with a visit, is, he says, a Bolshevik and a friend of Bela Kun; Red Catherine, she is called in the dark communist limbo from which she comes. So says the sturdy Mr. Menken in a protest to Immigration Commissioner Curran against the admission of the Countess. What matters it to him that the Count and Countess Karolyi went into exile when the Hungarian Bolsheviks took power, that they are ardent pacifists and publicly during its progress opposed the war against the Allies; that they are democrats and republicans—neither Communists nor Monarchists—and have paid for their faith by the loss of their estates in Hungary and by years of utter poverty on the Continent and in England. Luckily for the world and for Countess Karolyi, the United States is not populated solely by S. Stanwood Menken. She will be welcomed and listened to by hundreds of Americans who, like herself, are interested in democracy and freedom and peace.

IF MRS. GEORGE G. MACCURDY is right, the comic-paper view of primitive man will have to be revised again. Already science has taken the joy out of these charming pictures we used to see in which a little prehistoric boy led a gentle Diplodocus about on the end of a string. The last Diplodocus, science insists, was dead a long time before the first little boy who might have used him as a pet had appeared upon the scene. Now Mrs. MacCurdy, returning with her husband from an excavating party in France, tells us that the Caveman has been sadly misjudged. Instead of doing his wooing with a club and using an ax to obviate the need of a divorce court he was, she assures us, a gentle creature who let his wife do most of the thinking for him and was in addition disposed to honor her as an embodiment of the Creative Principle. To judge by her description, he was rather hen-pecked. If science insists on this, what will become of the convenient term by which the romantic lady novelists describe their masterful heroes? Language being so much more conservative than science, perhaps we shall not be compelled to give it up. At least it will be long before the comics will note of a particularly meek and obedient husband: "He is a regular Caveman."

SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO a novel of Laura Jean Libbey's was appearing serially in the New York *Evening Journal*. Now Robert W. Chambers, Blasco Ibanez, Virginia Terhune Van de Water are the novelists so published. This does not mean that Laura is no longer read—her novels have merely moved on to that great crowd of ten-cent romances sold in certain fixed-price stores. The story in the *Evening Journal* was about a lovely girl who worked in a mill and was beloved of the mill-owner's handsome son; difficulties beset the path of true love but in the end, when the mill (if memory serves) was destroyed by a flood and the lovely girl had towed to dry land the unconscious form of the handsome and wealthy young man, then all was well. The proud father's objection to the match vanished and they lived happily ever after. Of course the *Journal's* modern novelists, catering frankly to the tastes of their public, would scorn such a romance. They set their stories in the most exclusive New York society, or in Mexico, or any other place strange to their readers; they introduce modern inventions to make their tale realistic; but they are as careful to allow the heroine to fall into the hero's arms at the proper time and never at any improper time. The result is not so different from Laura Jean Libbey. She, dying with eighty-two novels and forty plays to her credit, would salute them all as brothers, albeit with a new cut to their coats.

Aftermath

WHILE we await the counting of the ballots let us take stock and look ahead. First let us give thanks that the Progressive campaign has been waged, and that it has been carried on upon such a high plane of principle. The most despondent should take heart that our democracy in this emergency was able to furnish two such leaders as Senators La Follette and Wheeler. Their campaigns have been beyond criticism; not even their narrowest antagonist has denied that. The attacks of Republicans and Democrats alike have been aimed at the platform, but not at the manner in which it has been presented. More than that, to the Progressives alone belongs the credit for putting issues and constructive proposals before the public. But for them the campaign would have been the mere comparing of the personalities of Messrs. Davis and Coolidge. We should have had once more an election by disgust, the choice of Democratic fire or Republican frying-pan.

Millions have been compelled to reexamine the bases of their faith, to explain to themselves where they stand and why they hold their beliefs. The fundamental issue has been clarified to multitudes. Thanks to the revelation of the Republican campaign fund, the effort of the privileged to hold by the weight of millions of dollars the positions they have achieved and fortified is so obvious that none can deny or close his eyes to its significance. A long, long step has thus been taken toward the realignment for lack of which America suffers and is a laggard upon the path of progress. More Americans than ever before realize the essential oneness of the ownership of both the old parties, that oneness which Theodore Roosevelt defined when, as an expert witness, he declared that "the crooked control of both the old parties by the beneficiaries of political and business privilege renders it hopeless to expect any far-reaching and fundamental service from either"—a truth as sound today as when it was uttered in 1912. It was this same truth that Woodrow Wilson thus voiced without contradiction: "The Government, which was designed for the people, has got into the hands of bosses and their employers, the special interests. An invisible empire has been set up above the forms of democracy." For all the smoke screens raised by the defenders of the old parties, for all the almost incredible misrepresentations of the Progressive aims to which such party prostitutes as Charles E. Hughes and Charles G. Dawes have stooped, the truth has reached more and more people that this is no new and dangerously radical or visionary crusade, but the renewal of the old fight against the "invisible empire."

It is no short battle in which American liberalism is engaged. It would not be won should Senator La Follette achieve success. It is a long, long row because Americans have not been thinking politically or economically, because few have worked out a philosophy in keeping with the times and corresponding to the country's ever expanding economic and social needs. That a political upheaval must and will come no sound-minded person ought to doubt. Whether it will come upon a country unprepared is the fundamental question—perhaps the gravest one. Just a year ago the leaders of the British Labor Party were hoping they would not be compelled to take office. After years of preparation and study they felt themselves still unprepared for the responsibilities which later they accepted and bore so nobly. If they were unprepared, what of our Progressives? Where are the groups in America that are setting themselves to solid thinking on fundamentals? Where are those who are biting deep into problems upon the solution of which depends the question: Will democracy master the financial and industrial juggernaut, or will its enslavement to the invisible empire be permanent?

This almost utter lack of political inquiry, speculation, and study makes the necessity of permanent organization the immediate duty of the hour for the Progressives. This movement originated not with any one man but out of the aspirations of great bodies of workers. Its essential democracy has been its profoundest asset. But the new party will need greater self-sacrifice, greater wisdom, and tactical skill than the campaign has developed. We do not underrate the wonderful spirit of loyalty, devotion, and readiness to subordinate self or organization which the Progressive campaign has brought out. But even more will be required, both of leaders and rank and file, when the convention of the Conference for Progressive Political Action meets in January, 1925. It will be no easy task then to formulate a short and terse platform upon which the allied groups may unite. It will be still more difficult to assign to each the role it should play. The initiative in this campaign came from the railroad brotherhoods. Will they be willing to relinquish their control for the common cause of an American Progressive or Labor Party? Can the great groups of foreign-born citizens who joined the movement for diverse reasons be permanently woven into it? Can there be agreement on a few fundamental economic issues between men as diverse as the Gompers set of labor leaders, the farm-labor groups in the Northwest, the Socialists, and the liberals?

The answer can be Yes, but only if the patriotism of all concerned is so intense, their recognition of the transparent needs of the hour so complete, that they will set themselves unreservedly to the task of finding fundamentals upon which they can agree. We hope that the beginning of this search after the least common denominator will not be left until January. The campaign has aroused in the breasts of millions the hope and the belief that a new and a clean weapon is to be forged by which they may control their destinies and those of the country. Any disappointment of these hopes would further increase abstention from political life, spread widely a contaminating cynicism, arm the extremists, and drive into deeper despair the hundreds of thousands who are now plunged into economic misery and see no way out.

For the Progressives who have fought this brave and worthy fight the opportunity remains tremendous. They have truly served their country; they have stood above pelf or party; they have quickened the faith of millions. Upon them rests, as Bertrand Russell has pointed out, a tremendous responsibility. Our liberals have not only to win their own country. It is their task by winning it to save the world from the domination of that baleful American financial despotism against which in our domestic strife the Progressives have, whatever the result at the polls, struck another great blow.

A Jolt for the Judges

TEN years after the passage of the Clayton act, and at a time when hope had been virtually abandoned among workers that its provisions could be used to protect them against injunctions, the United States Supreme Court has upheld the statute in a way that will sensibly reduce judicial abuses in the future. It will commonly be possible for anyone accused of violating an injunction issued in a labor dispute by a federal court to obtain a trial by jury instead of being fined or imprisoned for contempt by the arbitrary ruling of a judge.

The provisions of the Clayton act in regard to injunctions seem to be entirely sustained in so far as they go, and this will be a definite advantage to workers conducting strikes henceforward. Unfortunately, the Clayton act does not provide a jury trial for accused persons in all cases of federal labor injunctions, nor for every contingency under any one, and so we shall have to await subsequent tests to know the exact value of the decision to organized labor. In his opinion Justice Sutherland says of the Clayton act:

> It is of narrow scope, dealing with the single class where the act or thing constituting the contempt is also a crime in the ordinary sense. It does not interfere with the power to deal summarily with contempts committed in the presence of the court or so near thereto as to obstruct the administration of justice, and is in express terms carefully limited to the cases of contempt specifically defined.
>
> Neither do we think it purports to reach cases of failure or refusal to comply affirmatively with a decree—that is, to do something which a decree commands—which may be enforced by coercive means or remedied by purely compensatory relief. If the reach of the statute had extended to the cases which are excluded, a different and more serious question would arise.

Thus it appears that in order to obtain a jury trial under an injunction one must be accused of having done something which without the court order would be punishable as a crime. Of course an injunction should by right never prohibit any except criminal acts, but it is the shame of the United States that many do. We commented last week, for instance, on the case of Gottlieb and Seiff, in which even peaceful picketing was prohibited. In this the judge went entirely beyond the law, as peaceful picketing is not a crime in New York State. Apparently, therefore, it is still possible for a judge to escape the limitations of the Clayton act, provided his injunction is sufficiently outrageous and extra-legal in its prohibitions! It is precisely in his most despotic acts that he can refuse a jury trial and act under the ancient tyranny of contempt of court.

Still, with all its limitations, we are intensely glad that the injunction provisions of the Clayton act have been upheld just at this moment when the powers of the courts are under public scrutiny as a result of Senator La Follette's proposed limitations. The authority of the courts to overthrow legislation has perhaps worked larger public mischief than their power to punish individuals for contempt, but the latter is even more despotic and in its possibilities perhaps equally threatening to democracy and freedom. A reader has written us lately objecting because in an article in *The Nation* of September 24, entitled Our Despotic Courts, we said that the bench was now the sole possessor of the ancient "divine rights of kings." We have no apologies to make. We had in mind precisely this power to punish for contempt, which is a direct carry-over from the prerogatives of royalty and absolutism. Punishment for contempt is not only not provided for by the Constitution but it is in plain violation of that document. The Sixth Amendment says: "In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury." Good, reply the judges, but contempt of court is not a crime. Well then, we return, how about the Thirteenth Amendment which provides: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States"? Either contempt of court is a crime and carries the right to a jury trial, or it is not and to imprison a person for it is a monstrous injustice and a direct assault upon the Constitution.

Doubtless it is true that, except in labor-injunction cases, contempt proceedings have not so far been frequent nor had great public effect. But there is every sign that unless checked they are soon going to become the means of a widespread attack upon freedom of speech, of public assembly, and of action. We believe that in place of the contempt power there should be laws making it a crime to obstruct or disobey a court order. Other than this the courts need no protection or assistance outside of existing law. Talk of preserving "judicial dignity" or upholding the "majesty of the law" is sheer balderdash based on traditions and trumpery that can be genealogically traced without a bar sinister to the "divine rights of kings."

The decision on the Clayton act will, we hope, direct interest toward this question of contempt of court and lead eventually to abolishing the power root and branch.

In the Air

WHEN the Robert brothers started skyward from the Tuileries one hundred and forty years ago, carrying silk-covered oars with which they hoped to row their way through the air, they probably felt sure that a few decades would bring realization of the ancient dream of human flight. Our progress must seem slow to them. Yet we may imagine that at last we have launched upon a sudden boom-period of air flight. Five years ago the world gasped in successive months when the NC-4 made its interrupted flight across the Atlantic in May; when Alcock and Brown in a Vickers-Vimy bomber shot across the ocean and plunged into an Irish bog in June; and when the R-34, modelled on a captured Zeppelin, floated painfully over the sea in July, and then drifted back to England. There followed a series of disappointments. The ZR-2 exploded over the Humber in England in 1921; the Roma burned here in 1922; the Dixmude disappeared in mid-Mediterranean in 1923. The airplane developed; but the dirigible airship seemed hopeless.

Now, following the triumph of the Shenandoah, designed by American naval engineers after a model of the Zeppelin L-49 captured by the French in the middle of the war, comes the magnificent victory of the ZR-3, beating all records—even that of the R-59's 4,000-mile mid-war trip into the heart of Africa—with a non-stop cruise of 5,066 miles completed in 81 hours. Apparently we may expect more progress from German designers working in American shops with American capital behind them.

As a matter of fact, the rest of the world must confess

that it is just catching up with the Germans, and that but for post-war hates and hindrances the conquest of the transatlantic air might have come sooner. The Allies refused—until the United States forced permission for the ZR-3—to permit the Germans to continue their Zeppelin experiments. That inventive nation was cut out from the progress of the world. And accordingly the world limped. For the Germans had mastered the problem of the Zeppelin before the war. They had hardly built a dirigible since—but the ZR-3 was the one hundred and eighth Zeppelin built in that country. Count Zeppelin sent up his first huge rigid ship in 1900; after various partial successes he was able to establish regular commercial air traffic in 1911, and in the year before the war ten Zeppelins and a number of the smaller Parseval ships were making regular commercial cruises from Berlin to Hamburg and to Frankfurt. Tickets for Zeppelin trips could be bought at any tourist agency in Europe. Then came the war; the Zeppelins were put to evil uses, and their bad name endured.

Overnight, almost, it has become a commonplace to expect air cruisers carrying passengers overseas for a week-end, linking San Francisco and Honolulu in a single day. Doubtless we shall live to see it—we who have seen the telephone and the automobile and the radio become unnoticed necessities in the daily life of millions. To our children they may seem as matter-of-course as a steamship to us. One indecent thought intrudes itself upon this self-congratulation: our dirigibles were developed by our navy as Germany's were by her war-men. Eagerness for new potentialities of destruction has achieved this miracle. When shall we be ready to spend millions as lightly for peace?

The Few *vs.* the Good

SCARCELY anybody needs to be told that this is an age of satire. More and more of the best books published each year let fly with irony or with open scorn against whatever thing is considered evil. And what, judging by such books, does this age consider evil? Evidently enough, it is not badness of the classical sort, for the days when Juvenal lashed the cardinal vices—lechery, gluttony, extravagance, and such—seem very remote. Few up-to-date readers are interested in the standard English satirists for any other reason than that they were superb writers; Pope is remembered for his epigrams, not for his rather florid diatribes against vanity and venality, and Swift is commended oftener as a master of narrative prose than as a clergyman who vented his savage indignation against abstract meanness, selfishness, and hypocrisy. Mark Twain, perhaps the last of the classical satirists, filled hundreds of pages with denunciations of human depravity which, now that they are appearing posthumously in the third decade of the twentieth century, have an old-fashioned if a truly terrible sound.

The change seems to have come about in Mark Twain's very lifetime. Two English men of letters contemporary with him announced that the most formidable modern evil was beginning to be not too much badness but too much goodness. This was a paradox, but Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw have succeeded so well in their endeavor to make it an axiom that among the members of a fairly large class today excessive goodness, or even goodness in a rudimentary form, seems something to be ashamed of. The word "noble" is a term of reproach, and some would almost rather be caught killing their mothers than being kind to them.

Butler was a profoundly sensible man, and so is Shaw. Some of their followers have been less profound and sensible. But all of them have performed a service by demonstrating that there is no such thing as an abstract vice, that, in fact, every one of the traditional vices can somehow be brought under the head of stupidity. Guile and hypocrisy are interesting myths, but an examination of many minds fails to find them actually existing. It is inertia of spirit and heaviness of soul which keep society unhappy. And since stupidity chiefly dwells in the mass of the middle class, the new satire turns upon the average man. Whereas this man once stood by and smiled while the few and the great were attacked—a Roman emperor, a dissipated prince, a son of the idle rich—he now is the target himself; the only circumstance to render the reversal incomplete being that the few who attack him are his superiors intellectually, not socially.

As to the degree of popularity which this sort of satire is likely to attain only time can pronounce. Will the triumph of the intellectuals be as brief as it is brilliant? Not if the average man can be persuaded to despise his own virtues and forget the fascination of others' vices. Perhaps the conclusion is obvious. At any rate it ought to be pointed out that the Empress Messalina, one of Juvenal's most awful heroines, reigns in the season's movie houses, while no billboards announce a new novel by the author of "Main Street."

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Master Anatole

By JOHN MACY

IN the last years of his life Anatole France was the acknowledged master of French letters, the dean of European letters. None could match his venerable achievement except perhaps Thomas Hardy. And even Thomas Hardy has not so completely obliterated the boundaries of states and established himself as an international figure, as a great European. As a slight indication, though no final test of merit, the Nobel prize inevitably was awarded to Anatole France. It is conceivable that it may never be awarded to Hardy, who is now the supreme surviving genius of that passing but never passing generation of men of letters—with Georg Brandes sitting at the other side of the desk. Who else?

Anatole was universal, European, but he was the most French of Frenchmen. He belonged to the breed of Rabelais, Montaigne, Voltaire, Renan, of his contemporary Remy de Gourmont. That kind of intellect could not have been born and nourished anywhere in the world but in France. That combination of grace and profound erudition is Latin and it is peculiarly the gift of the French branch of the race, though other nations can show examples of it. And his rationalism was French, albeit the reasoning faculty is not an endowment exclusively bestowed upon any one people.

The more obvious qualities of this highly organized genius have been many times noted and analyzed: skepticism, irony, pity without sentimentality for the human being, wit, humor, a fantastic imagination governed by serene wisdom, a style lucid and brilliant and easy. Though these qualities are obvious to the most casual reader, it is worth while to reconsider them, both to remind ourselves what they may contain that is not quite obvious and to recall some of the books in which they are embodied.

The skepticism of Anatole France, like all truly critical philosophic doubt, is not mere negation, not mere standing in the middle of the road or facing both ways; it is a positive philosophy. The attitude of doubt is an assertive attitude, and denial is affirmation. "I doubt" is of course not so strong as "I deny"; the relation between them is somewhat like that between "I believe" and "I know."

Anatole France wrote no systematic work of philosophy but put his beliefs and disbeliefs into the mouths of fictitious characters and more directly into some of the essays in the miscellaneous collection, "The Literary Life." An example of his method, of his habit of mind, of the positive declarative mood of skepticism in adroit indirection is that exquisite little story, The Procurator of Judea. Two old Romans, retired officials, are talking about earlier days when they were in active politics in Palestine. One of them is that famous governor who asked the question (which Anatole France asked all his life): "What is truth?" They recall a beautiful dancing girl who stopped dancing to follow a preacher who seemed to take a strong hold on some of the people. Who was he? The veteran Roman governor cannot even remember his name. And so is dismissed the person, god or man, who for two thousand years was the most revered and influential individual who ever lived on earth or in heaven. The story is not blasphemous, not irreverent, for Anatole France was too skilful to play a false note; it is no doubt an historically accurate account of what a Roman aristocrat would have thought, and the element of doubt is innocently transferred from the mind of Anatole France to the mind of the gouty old ex-governor.

But the old governor remembers the dancing girl. And there—not to dwell too long on one little story in a dozen volumes of masterpieces—is a sample of Anatolean irony. It is not the rhetorical device of saying one thing and meaning another. That trick, to be sure, he plays, as when he calls his story of a blameless old scholar "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard." But in that book and in many of the other novels the irony is not verbal; it is the irony of fact. In "Thaïs" the holy man converts the prostitute but loses his own soul. In "M. Bergeret in Paris" the anti-Dreyfusards ruin their case by being absurd. And notice that Anatole does not parody, does not exaggerate or raise his voice, when he is dealing with his intellectual opponents. There is a deadly quiet in his manner, and only in that sense is his irony "gentle"; there are often sharp claws under the soft manner.

Irony, satire (the words are not synonymous but they overlap) are at their best in "Penguin Island," a devastating portrayal of the French, specifically, but more broadly of mankind. I had the pleasure of introducing it to Mark Twain with the comment that there are only two other books which so soundly spank the human race: "Gulliver's Travels" and "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg." I never heard whether Mark Twain read the book, for he was then old and ill, but he would have chuckled over it. I will invite controversy by saying that as a humorous representation of what fools we mortals be "Penguin Island" is superior to Gulliver. Swift's Yahoo is terrible, annihilating, the most laughless humor ever written. When Anatole France starts us off in the guise of those solemnly ridiculous birds, he makes you laugh at once by the picture of the male penguins chasing the female penguin who has covered her natural feathers with some kind of garment; and then he keeps you smiling as he comes down through history with a sort of comic symbolism to that terrific ending, his most appalling page, in which the world after all its struggles toward civilization is destroyed and begins all over again upon the same old cycle.

"Penguin Island" is transmogrified history, for Anatole France was a great historian though never technically a professor of it. His finest work, in which the humorist has taken off his motley and put on his scholar's gown, is "The Life of Joan of Arc." Here our skeptic and rationalist shows himself as the true romantic. The story is the more wonderful because it has the accent of reality, the conviction of facts carefully studied and analyzed. The conventional legend of The Maid will not do. We no longer believe in miracles. Yet something amazing did happen in France in the fifteenth century. Let us examine all available evidence, not only the character of the girl but the conditions that surrounded her, the states of mind of the soldiers that followed her and of all other classes in that century. The book has been called anti-clerical; it is not, it is anti-superstitious. Whenever a writer touches even

the outskirts of a religious question he is sure to be misunderstood, and that is more or less true of purely secular historical questions. The late Andrew Lang found fault with "The Life of Joan of Arc." I do not remember the objections that he raised. And it does not matter. Anatole's portrait of his great countrywoman and her times is a magnificent work of art and will survive any errors it may contain.

In general all the relations of the sexes are for Anatole a rather pathetic joke; certainly he has no interest in a mere love-story, and I do not remember that he ever wrote one. His feeling for human beings is not passionate but is genuinely sympathetic in a somewhat remote philosophic way. Evidently there was a conflict in him between satire and tenderness—this is a not uncommon conflict; we have familiar manifestations of it in Thackeray and Mark Twain. If Anatole France did not know passionate love (and that is perhaps why his skilful verses are not poetry of the first order) neither did he blaze with hate or with righteous indignation. Though he was in all the fifty years of his literary life unmistakably Anatole France, and in a sense did not develop because he was a master from the beginning, yet in his later years he did become more mellow and one of his ripest and richest books is "The Gods Are Athirst." Another late masterpiece which has afternoon glow is "The Revolt of the Angels."

For fifty years a master, an infallible master of style. He may have been born with it. He certainly cultivated it very carefully with self-conscious criticism, and in a passage on style he speaks of a "beautiful and desirable simplicity," which indeed defines his own merit. His simplicity is not so simple as it seems, but it is elaborately worked out, and the most subtle ideas are expressed through a transparent medium which looks easy to manage—after he has managed it. His thought is often deep but never obscure; his touch is light but never flippant or undignified. Intensely individual and modern, he carried on the ancient classic tradition of France.

The Unpopularity of Anatole France

By ERNEST BOYD

EVER since the Dreyfus case, which dragged Anatole France into the political arena, his socialism had made him abhorrent to all conservative Frenchmen, but at the time of his death he had survived long enough to encounter another sort of unpopularity, which will seem surprising to those who think of him as a consecrated name and an already established classic of modern French literature. He had lived long enough to become the *bête noire* of all the smart young men who are building up a French literature basely largely upon maudlin Catholicism, eccentric syntax and typography, and a strange combination of homosexualism and sport-mysticism. These aggressive youths, led by a generation masticating the cud of stale controversies dating from the Dreyfus affair and the separation of church and state, constitute today a well-organized opposition to Anatole France and all that he represented. By some mental process, known only to themselves, these young prodigies adored the tub-thumping jingoism of Maurice Barrès; the socialist platitudes of Anatole France excited their contempt. The one was credited with political genius, the other with senile demagoguery. Obviously neither should be judged by political tests, but while there is always an excuse amongst the younger generation for Barrès the chauvinist, there is none for France the socialist.

This triumph of Bergsonian intuition was, of course, in the act of development before the war, an event which came appropriately to test the protestations of mystic patriotism and anti-rationalism which marked the literature of the generation which was to be practically exterminated before peace was declared. But their successors, the writers who were not articulate in 1914, always under the safe tuition of the sheltered survivors of the Dreyfus pogrom, carry on the proud tradition which consists in "conspuing" Anatole France. He, it will be remembered, volunteered for active service, whereas Barrès talked and wrote the war to the bitterest end. They are adept pupils of that school of abuse of which Léon Daudet is the laureate. As witness Philippe Soupault:

> Anatole France's name falls from my pen like a blot. All his books, or at least all those that I forced myself to read, pursued me for some weeks like nightmares. I ceased to write myself. This rose-water skepticism, this cheap perfection of style, represents to me all that is worst in literature. I fled in terror.

An older commentator, the celebrated caricaturist, André Rouveyre, a great friend of Guillaume Apollinaire, wrote shortly before the celebration of France's eightieth birthday:

> The most significant representative of those writers who have paraded the greatest vanity and ostentatiously displayed their own superiority is undoubtedly Anatole France. . . . He is the last and most perfect type of what seems to us most out-of-date. He is the witty trifler, with a set, beatific smile, the elastic man whose curves are soft, the image of instability, both because of his poverty of original ideas and systematically: a rhetorician to the marrow of his bones, whose Nirvana is vague and inexpressive. . . . His great official renown has made him impressive, but is not connected with any genuine, positive, human action, precisely because the talent of an Anatole France is made up entirely of scholastic acquisitions, with nothing original which might contain the profound spiritual fire of this epoch. The time has passed for such feeble, servile copyists.

Both these quotations are typical, including the muddy, redundant style of Rouveyre, which is not altogether preserved in translation. They will suffice as specimens of a certain criticism which, if remotely traceable to the politics of the Dreyfus case, has now evolved into a semblance of something more important than politics. It is not mere royalism, for Rouveyre is no *Camelot du Roy*, and Charles Maurras, the only intelligent royalist in France, is not only a lifelong admirer of Anatole France, but is actually the writer whose mind is most nearly allied to his, the one person, in fact, who should succeed to his chair in the French Academy. It is an attitude engendered by aesthetic Catholicism and dadaism, using the latter term in its most

general sense to describe incoherent writing, disordered thinking, and a total lack of all humor and urbanity—the Fascist spirit in literature, which corresponds in Europe to Ku Klux Kriticism in America.

The chief exponent of the neo-Catholic revolt against Anatole France is that medieval inquisitor of letters, Henri Massis, editor of *La Revue Universelle* and literary critic. Massis's pursuit of demons is not limited to France, for it extends to André Gide and the *Nouvelle Revue Française* group, which is remote from Anatole France and includes some of his least sympathetic critics. Gide as a Protestant, of course, is even more hateful to Massis than the pagan Anatole France. Thus he accuses the former of "demoniality," but the latter is an "inhuman humanist," a pitiful victim of the superstition that Greek civilization was beautiful and that Christianity drove the joy of life and beauty out of the hearts of men. Being older and more educated than the irrepressible Monsieur Soupault, Henri Massis makes no effort to be unnecessarily ludicrous by denying Anatole France's supreme qualities as a master of French prose. In fact, when he dismisses him with Voltaire as a wretched man who misused his gifts, one hardly feels it necessary to continue the discussion. It is better, I should say, to be dismissed with Voltaire than to be classed with Claudel. Aesthetic Catholicism has its reasons which reason cannot understand. It is interesting to note that Charles Péguy, one of the few authentic Catholics in the front rank of French literature, had no doubt as to the importance of Anatole France, who gave "Crainquebille" and other contributions to the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, that enduring achievement of Péguy's editorial genius.

The unpopularity of Anatole France, in other words, is neither a political nor a religious question, although both elements enter into it. He did not shock the deep, elemental Catholicism in Péguy nor has the monarchical Maurras ever allowed himself to misunderstand the real significance of the Dreyfusard who created M. Bergeret and Jérôme Coignard. But neither of these writers is an obscurantist, and political and aesthetic obscurantism are the order of the day. Anatole France disturbed the two groups, so they coalesce in defense of all the aborted literature to which his own luminous French is the retort courteous, and of all the faded dogmas to which his clarity and wit meant destruction. His career itself was a negation of the hasty, half-baked, modern method of forcing a way that has not been prepared into literature. It is forgotten, as a rule, that he was nearly forty when he wrote "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," his first contact with the general reading public and his first success. Even his first book of verse was not published until he was within a year of thirty.

That long apprenticeship, that gradual maturity are often overlooked by critics like Ortega y Gasset, who accuse him of a monotonous perfection that has never advanced beyond its earliest culminating point. If he had only rushed in where nowadays nobody fears to tread, his rawest efforts would not only serve to measure publicly his progress, but would serve to earn him immediate laurels as a genius. By so doing, of course, he would have sacrificed all that ease and balance and dignity, that deft assurance in his ideas and in his craft, which are his enchantment. He would have fumbled and groped, and thus escaped the hatred and mistrust which superior men excite in their inferiors.

Anatole France—the Host

By PITTS SANBORN

IT was by grace of Jean Longuet that I got to see Anatole France. Old friends of the sage of the Villa Saïd had told me that he was approachability itself if fate happened to lead one into his presence, but that otherwise no man on earth was harder to reach.

"The *maître* is at his town house now," Longuet told me. "If you want to see him, the thing to do is simply to go out to the Villa Saïd and call. No preliminaries of any kind, no attempt at forewarning, above all no letter-writing. I will give you a card of introduction; hand it to the maid who opens the door. I can't guarantee anything, but I believe that if the *maître* is at home, he will receive you."

I discussed further ways and means with Philip Moeller, who had just come over to Paris from London, and we decided, inasmuch as audacity seemed to be the note, to time our call (Moeller had consented to accompany me) just before the probable luncheon hour of the great man. Thus he would be least likely to escape us.

So, late one dazzling morning at the beginning of August, 1920, we two Americans were jogging out in an old-fashioned, horse-drawn *fiacre* through the airy spaciousness of the Champs-Elysées and the embowered opulence of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne toward that intimate, tranquil byway off the Avenue du Bois where Anatole France lived when in Paris. One has only to open "Le Lys Rouge" to find numberless glimpses—by day, by night; in sunshine, in rain—of the very section of Paris we were driving through.

Our *fiacre* turned off through the lawns and shrubbery of the Avenue du Bois and came to a stop before one of a row of pale little stucco houses, miniature specimens of those *hôtels particuliers* that are almost a rarity in Paris. Our objective was a long way from the dingy paternal bookshop by the Seine, in the heart of old Paris, where Anatole France had spent his boyhood. But the glistening neatness of the small house nestling in the verdure of the Villa Saïd as in a sacred grove was no less typical of the Parisian Anatole than the *bouquiniste's* stall on the Quai Malaquais.

A maid responded to our ring—frowzy, but what maid that isn't frowzy ever opened a door in Paris? As if the matter were of no possible moment to her she said she would ask whether M. France was in. Presently she returned and bade us enter. Nothing could have been more characteristic of the master than the two rooms of his house that we were permitted to see. The one we entered from the street was a square hall or overgrown vestibule. Through a large rear window the sun of noon poured in. The room was empty of everything except the sunlight and an antique marble that occupied its center—the heroic torso of, I think, an Aphrodite, whose whiteness was dark against the golden flood that poured around it. Here was Anatole the perfect classicist. By a door on the left we

passed to a square salon of impressive size. Here was Gallic Anatole. This room, furnished just enough and richly, was as French as the anteroom was Greek.

Those who are aware of the fact that much of Anatole France's ample fortune he owed to his expert knowledge as an antiquarian and his ability to buy and sell will not be surprised to know that this room was a model of artistic taste. Without belonging rigidly to a period it tended toward the semi-severity of *régence*. It might almost have been the salon of any wealthy bourgeois of Paris, except that no one of that species would have proceeded with the inevitable fineness in selection and the inevitable sense of space and measure that marked the achievement of the first French *prosateur* of our time. If it be true that the house expresses the man, no two rooms could have more veraciously expressed the cultural idiosyncrasy of Anatole France, stemming straight back through French centuries to Rome and Athens.

But the figure that soon entered the salon through the door that had admitted us had no part in Rome or in Athens. The narrow, long-nosed visage, as of knotted ivory, and the knotty whiteness of the beard were of a magician from far eastward of the Ionian sea, and to this necromantic head a turban of crimson velvet imparted the final touch of Oriental wizardry. So much for the East. The sustaining pillar of the head could have happened nowhere but in France. The spare body of the ancient sage was attired in pepper-and-salt trousers, whose holding braces passed over the dark blue of a very *negligée* shirt. He wore a collar and a tie, but of coat or waistcoat there was none. A buttonless dressing-gown of brownish yellow replaced both, and a pair of carpet slippers completed the extraordinary costume.

Of course the stranger who is admitted at all to a Frenchman's house is admitted to the bosom of a family whose members do not go on dress parade in honor of the admittee. As we gazed at the master of the house in the Villa Saïd, somehow the sage got the upper hand of both the wizard and the Frenchman, and what we really seemed to see was a high priest of Israel standing before us in the intimacy of his home!

Immediately France began talking, and in the easiest and most casual way imaginable. Our visit fell just at the time when he was strongly impressed by Moscow. "The future of Europe is dark," he said at the very outset. "The one hope for Europe is the triumph of socialism, and the one hope for socialism is the triumph of Russian Bolshevism. Lloyd George and Millerand are ignorant men. I observe that Lenin and Krassin are very intelligent." And then the skeptic and ironist emerged: "But, after all, the Russian Government is discouragingly like any other government. I observe that it too makes war!"

France was unsparing of what he termed clericalism in America. "The Protestants," he said, "are liberal only when they are weak. When they become strong, they become as Catholics." Liberals in Europe had awaited Woodrow Wilson as the herald of a new world, but he turned out a Protestant pastor admonishing his little flock. France condemned prohibition: "Men have fermented liquors and partaken of them since the world began. Bacchus and Dionysus were names of a great god of antiquity. Greece and Rome did not fall because of drunkenness." He dwelt on the depopulation of Rome through her unceasing wars and pointed the moral for today. "We have been overrun with armies of soldiers," he declared, "and to what end? At one time we were overrun with armies of strikers. Did they accomplish anything? Jaurès did not believe in strikes as a means to justice, and I have long agreed with Jaurès."

One of us put the question, foolish, if you like, but hardly escapable, whether the *maître* thought world revolution of the bloodless kind possible, or was resigned to a less pacific march toward the light.

"Do you know 'Cinna'?" he asked. "Very well! . . .

C'est un ordre des Dieux qui jamais ne se rompt,
De nous vendre un peu cher les grands biens qu'ils nous font.
L'exil des Tarquins même ensanglanta nos terres,
Et nos premiers consuls nous ont coûté des guerres.

"Beautiful verses, aren't they?" he concluded.

I might add that while this conversation, a few of whose high points I have attempted to throw into relief, was in progress to the intense interest of the visitors the bosom of the family had not been entirely passive. A clatter of dishes that seemed suspiciously deliberate came from the probable direction of the dining room, and once the maidservant who had opened the door to us announced at another door that luncheon was ready. Impatiently the *maître* sent her away, at the same time waving aside our expressed willingness to depart at once. But as he talked on, despite the rattling china and the importunity of the maid, another and more formidable voice was heard from beyond the doorway. This was the property of that devoted housekeeper who only a few weeks later became the second Mme Anatole France.

"Come in, Mademoiselle; don't be afraid; I'm with friends here; there's no hurry about luncheon," our host spoke with a reassuring cheeriness evidently meant for us. Nevertheless, Mademoiselle did not come in, and as soon as we well could—there was no waning in France's cordiality and talkativeness—we said the good-bye that had become imperative on our part and went out into the sunlit verdure of that Paris which now more than ever seemed the personal domain of Anatole France. Almost his last words to us were the heartiest of invitations to call on him again whenever we wanted to. I could not help saying to him that this call had made the day one never to be forgotten.

"Hush!" he interrupted. "You must not say things like that or really I won't see you the next time you come."

Nostalgia

By DAVID MORTON

I know how autumn will be coming, there:
With haze and sunlight . . . and the long, dark rains,
With smell of wood-smoke blowing in the air,
And dead leaves huddled in the shivered lanes;
There will be starlight when the dusk comes down,
On gray, hushed meadows reaching to a hill
Far from the lighted windows of the town,
Where walked a lover once—who loves them still.

My mind as well might be a plot of ground
Edged with dark trees and gray with ghostly light . . .
Or old roads where a soft and lonely sound
Of rain is wandering in the autumn night—
For this is all my thought on nights like these,
When other rains are stripping other trees.

The California Supreme Court Does Its Bit

By MAX STERN

IN California the four to three decision of the State Supreme Court denying La Follette electors place as independents on the ballot emphasized once more the seriousness of allowing the courts to block the obvious will of the legislature. Here we have the possibility that one California judge, a political appointee of a reactionary governor, may be the deciding instrument in the election this fall and give us four years more of Coolidge and the Grand Old Party.

The ruling was on the question of the right of La Follette independent electors to be placed on the ballot by petition. On September 1 union labor of California had undertaken to obtain the necessary number of signers to the petition. The question as to whether the thirteen electors could be nominated under the direct primary law in a group or whether they must be put on singly caused labor to circulate two petitions: one the group and another to which the signer must append his name thirteen times, or once for each of the thirteen electors. When the workers on Labor Day added 50,000 signers' names to the La Follette independent ticket they actually brought in 700,000 signatures—an unheard-of demonstration of popular will.

At the first opportunity the La Follette electoral group sought to get its giant petition filed with the Secretary of State through the various county clerks. The State direct-primary law had never been invoked for the nomination of an independent presidential candidate's electors and the law, although framed and passed by the progressives in 1909, did not specifically mention presidential electors. It did declare that in all questions of doubt the statute was to be interpreted liberally so that the real will of the electors should not be defeated, and the assumption was that presidential electors, being State officers, were to be nominated like all other State officers—by petition. However, they decided on a test case to remove all chance of subversion of "the will of the electors." A Marin county clerk refused to accept the petition, and mandamus proceedings were brought before the Supreme Court.

The case was filed on the earliest possible date. Three weeks later, on September 22, the Supreme Court made its ruling. It was a thunderbolt to the people of California. Over the protest of three Supreme Court judges the majority of the court ruled that the great La Follette petition had no standing before the law. Presidential electors were not State officers but mere "messengers" and could be nominated only by party convention. The direct primary law providing for nominating State officers by petition did not hold in their case.

A storm of protest arose. Senator Hiram Johnson, who was the first governor under the law, and C. C. Young, the present lieutenant governor, both declared the ruling to be contrary to the spirit of the law and to block the obvious will of the people. The three dissenting justices all took into consideration the widespread sentiment of the people and applied this to the clause placing a mandate on the court to interpret the law in spirit rather than in letter.

"To construe statutes strictly when the statute demands a liberal construction is," said Justice Thomas Lennon, "in cases of this character to defeat not only the will of the Legislature but 'the real will of the electors' as well."

"To unequally obstruct the independent electorate from exercising its will is contrary to the principles and precepts of a republican form of government," said Justice Emmett Sewell.

"The rule of construction provided by the primary act places the duty on the courts to interpret the law so that . . . one group of citizens may not be denied rights enjoyed by other citizens," said Justice William P. Lawlor.

For the benefit of those who hold Supreme Court decisions to be the will of God it may be said that the majority four are all "regular" Republicans, three of whom hold their seats by appointment of Governor F. W. Richardson, the present executive of California, known as friendly to the corporations. Of the three dissenting judges, one, Lennon, is a progressive Johnson Republican and the other two, Lawlor and Sewell, are progressive Democrats.

Chief Justice Myers and Justice Shenk come from Los Angeles, where political matters are indirectly in the hands of the business interests and directly in those of the "Better America Federation," the State's open-shop propaganda organization. Former Chief Justice Curtis Wilbur, Mr. Coolidge's Secretary of the Navy, held up his resignation until after the inauguration of Governor Richardson so that Richardson might appoint Myers to succeed him.

Justice Richards owes his promotion to the supreme bench, as do Myers and Shenk, to recognition by Governor Richardson. Myers, Shenk, and Richards are running with both old party nominations for election this November. Some are unkind enough to wonder whether they held off their ruling on La Follette until the day before closing time for independent candidates to file against them so that their own elections might not be hampered by a revengeful electorate.

Justice Waste is what is popularly known as a "good man." He is a director in the Y. M. C. A. and was at one time thought to be a progressive. He is president of the Commonwealth Club of California, an organization of business men, described recently by the Los Angeles *Record* as "an organization given to service in the vineyards of the ruthless exploiters."

Up to the time of the decision every indication was that California was headed toward a break in the Republican corral. Conditions were similar to those of 1916, when California turned the trick for Woodrow Wilson. In spite of the big Republican registration, and the fact that the leaders were giving lip-service to Coolidge, the rank and file of the party were for La Follette. Hiram Johnson had not come out for Coolidge and the bulk of his army—union labor—was actively in the field for his colleague, "Fighting Bob." The Hearst straw ballots were showing La Follette well in the lead in northern and central California and running even south of the Tehachipi.

Did the decision come in the nick of time to whip California back into the regular Republican fold? This

depends on how well the new propaganda can be put over with the voters. The La Follette movement, denied representation on the ballot in an independent column, has been forced to accept the offer of the Socialist Party to indorse La Follette as the only means of getting their candidate before the people of California. This extremity has been, of course, seized upon by the reactionaries who shout that the La Follette movement is radical. Typical of this propaganda is the utterance of California's governor: "Every bolsheviki, every anarchist, every socialist, will rally to the La Follette banner," he announced.

The defeated thirteen independent electors—one of whom is a millionaire and only one a Socialist—are stumping the State explaining that they are not "reds" and urging the people not to permit the decision to influence their choice for President. They are making the point that if, as the decision says, an elector is merely a "messenger," no one will commit himself to socialism by voting for Socialist "messengers." And while the California reactionaries are denouncing La Follette as a "red," William Z. Foster has been out here denouncing him for being a conservative.

The Line-up in Washington State

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

LA FOLLETTE is opposed tooth-and-nail by the Federated Industries of Washington, which is backing Colonel Roland Hartley, wealthy employing lumberman, for governor on the Republican ticket. One confusing factor in the campaign was the appearance of three so-called La Follette parties, all allegedly spurious, in addition to the authorized La Follette group. One of the superfluous parties remains in the field with a State ticket, another collapsed of its own weight, and the third was barred from the official ballot by the State supreme court, after testimony revealed that this party held its "convention" in a hotel lobby at 1:15 a. m. on primary day, with only ten persons present.

The race here is manifestly between Coolidge and La Follette. This is made plain by Hartley's backers. Fear of victory by the Wisconsin Senator is upon the State's big financial and industrial interests. In a confidential letter to the 3,152 members of the Federated Industries John McIntosh, its manager, writes: "In so far as the State's future progress and prosperity is concerned it would be a calamity if the La Follette crowd, with its communistic principles, were to get control of either State or nation."

Three issues stand out in the State campaign—the Bone water-power bill, the compulsory public-school bill, and the Centralia case. The Bone bill would permit municipalities to operate hydro-electric power plants and sell surplus energy outside their corporate limits. Washington is prodigiously rich in water-force; publicly owned plants in Seattle and Tacoma sell power at the lowest rates in the country. Bone's measure is called "vicious and socialistic" by the Federated Industries. Louis Benedetti of Seattle was convicted of conspiracy to defeat the Bone bill by substituting fraudulent signatures for genuine ones on petitions supporting it. Initiative No. 49 would compel every child between seven and sixteen to attend the public schools, under severe penalties. This would eliminate all private and Catholic schools.

The Centralia case involves the liberties of eight I.W.W. members serving twenty-five to forty years in prison for the death of Warren Grimm, Legionaire, killed when the Centralia I. W. W. hall was attacked by an Armistice Day mob. Two newly found eye-witnesses swear that Grimm was shot while breaking in the hall door; six jurors admit that they were terrorized into convicting the defendants. For a year defense speakers have told audiences throughout the State that no man could be elected governor who would not agree to liberate the eight defendants.

But the prospect of any willing action in the Centralia case by the next governor is slim. Hartley, with the strongest machine and with plenty of money, bitterly opposes the I. W. W. Mayor Ben Hill of Walla Walla, Democratic candidate, apparently has little chance of winning. State Senator J. R. Oman, Farmer-Labor candidate, whose party is pledged to free the Centralia defendants, might win except for the fact that he must share the Progressive vote with three other candidates—Emil Herman, Socialist, who has long urged liberation for the Centralians; David Burgess, Socialist-Labor nominee, who is similarly pledged; and William Gilmore, self-invited "progressive," who was compelled by the courts to drop the La Follette label from his ticket.

Hartley is frankly against freeing the Centralia men. "Probably there *was* a raid on the I. W. W. hall before the shooting," he told me last June. "There ought to have been a raid. I believe in raiding I. W. W. halls if we can't get rid of the Wobblies any other way. They are a menace." Defeated twice at the primaries because of his open-shop activities, Hartley is now patting labor (except the I. W. W.) on the back and approving the eight-hour day. He has sworn that only $1,918.75 was spent with his acquiescence in his 1924 primary campaign. But a Democratic investigation shows that Hartley advertising throughout the State cost at least $25,000 and that $2,125 went for newspaper space in Seattle alone.

The Democrats are backing the Bone bill, and their platform is fairly liberal. But they have a weak machine and a weak press. Their candidate, Hill, is not well known, and old-timers say he comes from the wrong end of the State. For Walla Walla is east of the mountains, a psychological wall in Washington politics.

Edward Clifford, supported by the State Federation of Labor for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, ran a bad third. Letters supporting Clifford, sent out by George Vanderveer, attorney and head of the Seattle Central Labor Council Legal Bureau, drew a terrific backfire from the "conservative" interests. Vanderveer defended the Centralia I. W. W., and it was now widely charged that Clifford had promised Vanderveer that he would free the eight imprisoned industrialists.

W. D. Lane, Bruce Blake, and Justice William Pemberton, running for places on the State Supreme Court, also were supported by Vanderveer and the Labor Federation. These utterances aroused the "conservatives" to fever pitch. Blake and Lane were defeated, and Chief Justice John Main and Justice John Mitchell were renominated. Pemberton ran fourth and must contest with the third man, Judge W. D. Askren, at the November election. Main and Mitchell were both members of the Supreme Court when it upheld the verdict of guilty in the Centralia case, despite proof that John Wilson, trial judge, suppressed a great mass of evidence which would have shown that there was a conspiracy of business men to raid the I. W. W. hall.

Crystal-Gazing for Parties

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

MR. LA FOLLETTE says truly that parties are born, not made. They are born out of the womb of environment; and even thereafter they are not made—hand-made—by the mere will and wish of their owners and operators. Having been conceived and brought to birth by environment, they are nurtured, they are developed, they are matured, by environment. An important part of this environment consists of other parties, which are their rivals.

When our present prospective new party in America, having been born, as it is hoped, out of this campaign, gets its cradle and its nursery and its christening next year, it will find the Republican Party and the Democratic Party existing about it and affecting and conditioning it. The new party will endeavor to be what is called "progressive" and it will endeavor to be a national party, reaching every section of the union. What help, or what hindrance, will it have from the two older parties in the consummation of its ambitions?

It can safely be stated that from the Republican Party it will receive help. The Republican Party, under its present management, is in effect as ardent for a clear cleavage and a perfect split between "progressives" and "conservatives" as any La Folletteite could possibly be. The present Republican management not only wishes the Republican Party to be purified of the whole La Follette element, but it also would like to see it purified in Congress of all those temporizing conservatives who failed to confine themselves to the pure milk of Coolidge's word and of Mellon's food in the matter of the method of taxation reduction. It would also like to purify the Republican Party in Congress of all those demagogic characters who voted for such things as the bonus for ex-soldiers and the pay increase for postal employees.

The people who at present are the top-dogs in the Republican Party are all out for producing a party built on purely business principles. Compared with them, the Mark Hanna Old Guard consisted of demagogues, conscienceless and time-serving and afraid of popular prejudices. The New Guard, much more than the Old Guard, believes that the Republican Party need make no sacrifices to popular prejudices and that if it does what is right from the business standpoint the electorate will follow and approve.

Thus, up to the moment at which these words are written, the White House has issued no statement commending the Senators and Representatives of the Republican Party and asking for their reelection. Such a statement, by precedent, should long ago have been issued. The present Republican Party management, however, is far from being in love with the mass of the present Republican Senators and Representatives. Its immediate interest is to elect Calvin Coolidge. It concentrates on that interest. If it gets a Democratic Senate and a Democratic House of Representatives during the next two years, it will not order any sackcloth or call for any rain of ashes. It will hope, in 1926, to produce a Republican Congress from which many anti-Coolidge conservative Republicans will have been eliminated and in which the Republican majority will be overwhelmingly composed of Coolidgeites correct and convinced and obedient.

This course of policy is by no means unfavorable to the growth of the new progressive party. If the Republican Party under its present management is dissatisfied with even that paragon of conservatism, Representative A. Piatt Andrew of Massachusetts, because he quarreled with Mellon about Treasury statistics, and if it is dissatisfied, as it is, with even the stalwartness of Henry Cabot Lodge, because he voted for the bonus, where will Republicans less conservative and less stalwart go?

At that point certain powerful and quite numerous Democrats will endeavor to prepare an answer. One of the great quiet but determined political efforts of the next four years will be by the Democratic elements which followed William Gibbs McAdoo to wrest all control of the Democratic Party away from the influences which they describe as "Wall Street" and "The Bosses." Their bitterness against the concentrated capitalism of New York and against what they regard (incorrectly, this writer believes) as the anti-progressive and anti-honest politics of Boss George Brennan of Chicago is as intense as any that could be felt by Senator Brookhart or Morris Hillquit.

They back this bitterness with a willingness to toil to vent it. They are determined to toil. They do not intend merely to protest against what they call the reactionary part of the Democratic Party. They intend to try to kill that part of the party. They want to make it into a corpse and tie a ton of lead to it and throw it into the river. Nothing will satisfy them except the utter demise and disappearance of the Tammany element and of the Brennan element from all power and all place in Democratic Party management in the future.

The elements entertaining this view and entertaining this ambition exist widely in the South and widely in the West; and in some degree they exist also in the East. They are not to be despised for bulk or for courage or for energy. They include notable Democratic leaders, and they are angry, and they are all painted up with war-paint and are ready to set forth on the trail, and they have some wampum.

They maintain that "The Bosses" of their party are mere agents of wicked wealth and that wicked wealth either does nothing at all for the Democratic Party or else double-crosses it when it pretends to do something for it and that the correct policy for the rank and file of the Democratic Party is to make an end, once for all, of its whole connection, direct or indirect, with all the wicked predatory privileged interests which do only insincere reverence to the memories of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson.

They may achieve a certain success in forwarding this policy. They rely with some reason upon the existence of a considerable pro-labor sentiment, for instance, now—or still—within the Democratic Party. They note that while the La Follette national organization was able to indorse only three new Republicans now trying to get into the House of Representatives, it was able to indorse sixty-two new Democratic candidates, while at the same time it in-

dorsed only twenty new "independents." They think that they can compete with the new party for the allegiance of "progressive" labor and "progressive" agriculture.

In any case, if the Klan issue subsides, they may readily be in numerically firm control of the next national Democratic Convention. Then we shall have the new party appealing to "progressives"; and we shall have the dominant element in the Democratic Party appealing to "progressives" and trying to expel the "conservatives" from its reservation; and we shall have the dominant element in the Republican Party trying to expel even "middle-of-the-roaders" from its party counsels and appealing strictly to chambers of commerce, with the conviction that the people will follow that leadership.

Such a situation might give us again three parties in 1928, with the "progressives" split and the Coolidgeites trimphant at the polls. Therefore in the prophetic crystal there may perhaps be discerned during the next four years certain conferences of accommodation between "progressive" Democrats and the leaders of the new party.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter does not mind confessing that most of his experience with big-game hunting has been in the library. There he has read with breathless interest and burning indignation the tale of some intrepid hunter who sneaked through the African bush and returned with seven lion skins, twelve pairs of elephant tusks, an alligator's eye tooth, and the left hind foot of a hippopotamus. His sporting blood is easily aroused, but it is aroused always in sympathy for the animal against the hunter. So far there is no immediate danger that the human race will become extinct; therefore, the Drifter is on the side of those species for whom extinction is a very real possibility. The massive elephant, the lumbering rhinoceros, the sinuous lion—he would cheerfully sacrifice an occasional member of the genus homo to provide any one of these with a good dinner. And if that member be an ordinary big-game hunter, with no interest in the animal except the "sport" he derives from pursuing and killing it with weapons immeasurably superior to the animal's own, the dinner would doubtless be all the sweeter.

* * * * * *

THERE are, however, certain hunters of wild animals for whom the Drifter has only respect and envy. These are the ones who, leaving their rifles behind for some kind friend to hold, advance armed only with a camera and return with trophies infinitely more valuable than a hide or a tusk. Nor is this sport one to be sniffed at as too easy. The man with the camera gets closer to the animal than the man with the gun, and has only his two legs and his wits to carry him out of a situation that may easily become critical. Thanks to the activities of the "sportsman," the African elephant, for example, has become so timid that he almost never appears except at night. In the day time he stays safely in the almost impenetrable bush, and the eye of the camera can find him in the open only at dawn and not often then. Even the slight click made by the closing shutter frightens the largest living animal; he plunges about in his excitement; sometimes he runs away; sometimes he runs toward this little creature in front of him that has just made such a queer noise. At this moment, were he in the photographer's place, the Drifter hopes that his dignity would not desert him.

* * * * * *

FROM time to time, as he read that there were only a few herd of giraffe left, or that the rhinoceros was becoming scarcer and scarcer, or that the bounty on lion skins in one section of the African jungle was high enough to bring in hundreds of specimens every year, the Drifter has wished that he had a few miles of territory which he might fence around and allow wild animals to roam in unmolested. And to his great delight, he learns that just that has happened, although through no agency of his. The Belgian Government has set aside 250 square miles of territory near the Uganda district; in this sanctuary not a beast nor a plant will be killed or removed by man, although scientists will be permitted to make observations and to take pictures there. The Drifter has already bought his ticket; as soon as the modern Garden of Eden is announced as officially ready he will take his leave. The rest of his life will be spent with his brother the bison and his cousin the gorilla; from time to time he will climb up and peer into one of the three volcanoes that are included in the sacred territory. Doubtless he will often see a zoologist with a camera or a botanist with a microscope. He will remember having seen such an animal before, but will be sure that it is not indigenous to his present abode and will pass it by warily, not quite comfortable until he sniffs its strange scent no longer.

THE DRIFTER

A Communication

The Dawes Plan—The Knell of Internationalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The isolationists are right, more right than they themselves know. The sooner we can rid ourselves of economic relations with Western Europe, the better for us. What economic throes Europe may experience inside of a decade may make her chaos of the last five years fade into insignificance. Oddly enough, I make this prediction at a moment when a large international loan to Germany is achieving brilliant success, when almost everyone in every country expects a great future for the Dawes plan, and when a genuine spirit of optimism for the restoration of the world's economy is developing in all lands. But the reason for my prediction is simple enough. It is that the people of the world are inherently incompetent to deal with the large problems of international business organization.

Prior to the war this fact was not manifest, chiefly because no difficult problems in international commercial organization had come to the fore. For many decades there had been no first-class war to disarrange seriously the currents of trade and industry throughout the world. The delicately adjusted system of international exchange of goods prevailing in 1914 had developed more through organic growth than through the will of specific individuals. Little conscious planning took place.

Then the war of 1914 shattered that system. During the last five years the world has yearned to have it back again. But the system showed no signs of reviving by the organic process through which it first evolved. How could it? For the social organism was diseased. The poisonous emotions of nationalism and race hatred were fed by the poisonous nostrums concocted at Versailles, St. Germain, and Trianon.

So the world decided to try to think out its problem rationally. A group of business men, with some trained economists as assessors, was assembled from various countries. Let us try to put ourselves for a moment in their position as they assembled.

They saw most of the people in the Allied countries and the United States convinced that Germany needed only the will to make large reparation payments. They saw certain Germans, like Dr. Schacht, pathetically eager to make the limit of concession to the Allies in order that the existing impasse might end. So the pressure on them to fix fairly large reparation amounts was strong. But they also saw the fundamental economic blindness of the world. They saw that the Allied countries, while continuing to shout, "Pay us!" would never make it possible for the German goods which would constitute the payments to get inside their borders. And more than that—and it is a serious charge to have to make—they undoubtedly saw that the German Government could not hope to raise in taxation anything but trifling sums over and above its expenditures on German domestic economy.

In essence then, their problem was this: "Shall we, for the sake of order in the immediate future, gamble on the ultimate future? That is, shall we, knowing full well that Germany cannot pay, fix on compromise reparation sums in order to get international economic recovery started, hoping against hope that the process of trying to pay will educate the world to the fact that payment by its very nature is impossible? Or shall we confess candidly that we believe Germany cannot pay and announce that we can do nothing until the world seems a little more intelligent?" They chose the first course. Their philosophy was that the world would learn from this huge scale experiment that large international payments cannot be made unless the receiving countries are willing to modify considerably their own industrial systems. To this end they provided that instead of Germany having to furnish the currencies of her treaty creditors as best she could mobilize and deliver them, as heretofore, the Western governments themselves should shoulder this task, through a Transfer Committee responsible for getting the payments across Germany's borders.

If the German Government itself were likely to have a surplus available for reparation purposes, the scheme might succeed. The Allies would have only themselves to blame for their failure to be paid, and in a few years would presumably offer handsomely and generously to cancel the German reparation debt. However, responsible members of the committee were aware that the chances of a German surplus of receipts were negligible in fact, however much could be demonstrated on paper. And yet they brought forth a plan which makes possible the sale, sooner or later, of billions of dollars of new German securities to the credulous citizens of the western world! I have heard this plan referred to as a stock promotion scheme which if it were on a smaller scale and operated by private individuals, would land its originators in the penitentiary. It might be well to have an international blue-sky law against Dawes plans and similar international get-rich-quick schemes.

If we are right—those of us who are convinced that the Transfer Committee will never have any money to transfer—the problem becomes: What will the Allies and the United States do when their widows and orphans find their German bonds worthless? Mayor Hylan, in writing to President Coolidge on the subject, is no such fool as the New York press would make him out. Granted that at the present time Britain, and to a certain extent the United States and France, are tolerant toward Germany, what will they be when the mails are full of letters asking that Germany be forced to make good her bonds? Our own action toward small Latin-American countries that have occasionally defaulted on loans suggests that we shall demand an official receivership. Why not an Allied-American financial occupation of Germany? "We will administer the German finances until we have put them into sound condition. Then we shall withdraw." The old story. The trouble will be, of course, that any interference with Germany's international affairs, beyond the already drastic participation contemplated by the Dawes Plan, will instantly cause political trouble in Germany, followed by economic breakdown and a more bitter disillusionment than even the past five years have witnessed. The reaction on the rest of Europe would be bitter enough too. Unleavened hopelessness would logically be Europe's portion until an entirely new generation should come to manage her affairs.

And so the Dawes Plan contemplates a fearful gamble with Europe's fortunes. In effect, if it is fully carried out, it converts a rather shadowy inter-government obligation into bonds for which private citizens the world over will have paid out their savings. If Mr. Dawes *et al.* win, they will have contributed greatly to solve the greatest problem of the day. If they lose, they will have their proximate stability at the cost of ultimate disruption. Europe will be plunged into a darkness compared with which the present degree of light over there is dazzling. And being perhaps naturally pessimistic and desirous of protecting my private fortunes, I say, let us cut loose from Europe as soon as it is convenient.

Washington, D. C., October 25 CONSTANT SOUTHWORTH

Correspondence

Science or Superstition?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After a tremendous response from all over the country to my limited appeals, the anti-fundamentalists of San Francisco met together last week and organized the Science League of America (California Division) to combat the efforts of bigots to eliminate textbooks on evolution from the public schools and generally to oppose the substitution of superstition for science. At present the textbook question is in the hands of a committee of nine college presidents, five of these nine colleges being under denominational or other religious influence. The epidemic of medievalism that has swept several Southern States now menaces California, and must be averted by the effective work of all friends of scientific freedom in and out of the State.

I wish that all who are interested in joining with us actively or in giving us their support and cooperation would write me at Box 573, San Francisco. MAYNARD SHIPLEY

San Francisco, September 1

From a Friend of Gandhi

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No doubt, Mr. Kunz's letter entitled Against Gandhi will have been answered long ago in your paper, but your readers may care to have the opinion of one who has been with Mahatma Gandhi, both in South Africa and in India, and has not always seen eye to eye with him. While I acknowledge that Mr. Kunz, at the distance of Australia from India, and with very meager newspaper information at his disposal, could draw the picture he has drawn in all good faith, yet to us, who have been with Mr. Gandhi in India all the while, it is strangely out of proportion and perspective. Mr. Kunz does not understand one very simple fact, that if Mahatma Gandhi had *not* stood absolutely for non-violence, after the crowning horror of Amritsar in 1919 there would have been bloodshed and anarchy of the worst description. Again he has not realized that even at Amritsar itself, in December, 1919, Mahatma Gandhi's influence alone turned the scales at the National Congress and carried a vote *for* an acceptance of Reform Councils and a readiness to cooperate in working them. It was the whitewashing Punjab Disorders' Commission, and the Prime Minister's treachery to his promise to India about preserving the Turkish homelands intact, that turned Mahatma Gandhi into a non-cooperator and made him call the bureaucracy "satanic."

I was present in the midst of the Moplah area during the late rebellion and it is an absurd thing to make Mahatma Gandhi responsible for that. There have been about twenty rebellions in the last eighty years in that area, if my memory serves me rightly. The ultimate causes are always agrarian trouble and

police tyranny. The proximate cause, in the late rebellion, was anger at the treatment of Turkey. If Mahatma Gandhi had been allowed to visit that area, it is probable that there would have been no rebellion at all.

I do personally feel that Mahatma Gandhi unconsciously encouraged violence by burning the foreign clothes at Bombay. It was on his part utterly unconscious; but it had that effect. Yet he made the most noble amends for this; and when violence again broke out at Chauri Chaura, he called off the whole aggressive movement just at the time when nearly everyone of his party was for pressing forward with mass civil disobedience. No political leader, except one like Mahatma Gandhi, would ever have done that. It was the supreme and final test of his sincerity.

Since his release from prison he has done more than anyone to put down violence in any shape or form, in thought and word and deed. He is unquestionably the one supreme personal force in India today which prevents bloodshed. For non-violence is with him, not merely a creed, but life itself.

Santiniketan, India, September 24 C. F. ANDREWS

The Department of Justice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial appearing in *The Nation* of October 8, last, the following statement is made: "Within a week the Department of Justice dropped a group of indictments against Remus, 'the King of the Bootleggers,' who recently made a statement in behalf of Harry Daugherty." The implication is, I think, quite obvious. The facts have been widely published and could have been easily ascertained by inquiry here. The "group of indictments" referred to were two, among five, counts of the indictment on which Remus was indicted and convicted in Cincinnati. They were dismissed "not within a week" but on July 17—nearly three months before the date of the editorial in *The Nation.*

At the trial of the indictment in Cincinnati Remus demurred to the two counts in the indictment, and the demurrer was sustained. It was therefore impossible to try him at that time on these counts. Remus was placed upon trial on the remaining three counts and convicted. Meanwhile, an appeal had been taken from the judge's determination on the first two counts and the determination of the trial court was reversed on appeal.

Also upon the same evidence, Remus and others were again indicted in the District of Indiana and that indictment still stands against him. In the meantime, and before the dismissal of the two counts referred to on July 17, Remus, together with his wife and sixteen others, was again indicted in the Eastern District of Missouri for conspiracy to violate the National Prohibition Act in connection with the Jack Daniels distillery warehouse. This indictment still stands and will be tried as soon as Remus can be placed on trial. There are several indictments pending against the W. P. Squibb Company, which was controlled and organized by Remus.

After securing the indictment in Indiana and in Missouri some of the minor defendants convicted with Remus at the Cincinnati trial would have become entitled to their parole but for the fact that the two counts stood of record against them. In view of this fact, and in view of the fact that the Government had an indictment against Remus upon the same set of facts in Indiana, and a new and much more important indictment against Remus and others in Missouri, it was deemed advisable to dismiss the two counts in Cincinnati so that the minor defendants, who were in a very real sense victims of Remus, might become eligible to parole. Remus will not be eligible to parole so long as the indictments in Indiana and Missouri stand against him.

I am trying to give a decent, honest, and straightforward administration to the Department of Justice. *The Nation* knows that. If it doesn't, it ought to know it. One of the most serious obstacles which I have to overcome is the false and misleading reports of the activities of the Department of Justice given out by responsible newspapers. It is of the first importance that public confidence in the administration of justice should be restored wherever the facts warrant it. Is it too much to expect that a paper of the character and aspirations of *The Nation* should make sure of its facts before publishing false and misleading statements calculated to destroy confidence in the administration of the Department of Justice?

Assistant Attorney General Willebrandt, who gave the instructions to dismiss the counts in the Remus case, is no more capable of committing a dishonest or corrupt act than you are.

I sometimes wonder how long the American people can count upon the services of decent citizens in public office when they are the victims of false and misleading statements such as have been repeatedly made with respect to this department and its personnel since I took office.

Washington, October 14 HARLAN F. STONE
Attorney General

[*The Nation* has never had any question of the decency, honesty, and straightforwardness of Attorney General Stone. It has not the same faith in subordinates who were able to serve under Harry Daugherty. It is glad to print Mr. Stone's letter clearing the record of the department in the Remus case from the disagreeable implications of the newspaper reports on which it based its comment.—Editor THE NATION.]

Anti-La Follette Arguments in California

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers may be interested in a little glimpse of how the campaign against La Follette has been carried on by the reactionaries in southern California.

Two weeks ago we had a mass meeting in the high-school auditorium addressed by Mr. Lew Head, a Pasadena newspaper man, and myself. About seventeen hundred people turned out, which was quite a shock to this "millionaire city." Something had to be done about it, so this morning I open my Los Angeles *Times* and find the headline:

LA FOLLETTE IS HIT BY W. C. T. U.
CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE SOUVENIRS SCORED BY WOMEN

The *Times* tells that a Coolidge lady at a gathering of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union "related to the convention that certain mothers of high-school boys had complained to the Pasadena High School principal that little champagne bottles, bearing the words, 'champagne,' and 'made in Germany,' were distributed among high-school boys and others at a recent La Follette-Wheeler political meeting in the high-school auditorium. The temperance workers resented distribution of such souvenirs at a political meeting and especially among boys, and on motion of Mrs. Elizabeth Paine adopted a resolution against such souvenirs."

This was the first the La Follette-Wheeler committee had heard about these champagne bottles; neither of the speakers saw any such bottles, neither did any member of the committee or any of the workers who distributed literature at the meeting. My wife was in and out of the hall all through the meeting and afterward, and saw no champagne bottles. Needless to say, no member of the La Follette-Wheeler committee had anything to do with giving out champagne bottles, made in Germany or elsewhere. It is evident that somebody who had an interest in injuring La Follette thought of this brilliant plan to do it; maybe some bottles were secretly passed around by such persons. Mr. Lew Head tells me that as soon as he heard of the story he appeared before the W. C. T. U. convention and stated the facts, and that the convention passed no resolution "against such souvenirs," but that it did pass

a resolution appointing a committee to cooperate with the La Follette-Wheeler committee in tracing down the matter. If the facts are ascertained possibly the Los Angeles *Times* will publish them, but if so it will be the first act of decency committed by the *Times* during the eight years that I have been living in southern California.

Pasadena, October 18 UPTON SINCLAIR

Free the Air!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Radio Corporation is the radio trust. It has control either directly through ownership or indirectly through its affiliations with the other dominating concerns in the radio-communication field of most of the basic radio patents upon which broadcasting depends. This combine includes the General Electric Company, Westinghouse, Western Electric, and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, as well as other large concerns in the industry. Through its control of the basic patents and more especially through its connections with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which controls 97 per cent of the telephone lines in this country, it has the power to create one single system of broadcasting stations and services throughout the whole United States under the sole ownership of this private bloc.

If this monopoly were under strict governmental control and authority, it could, through its control of patents and engineering facilities, be of great service to the people But the trouble is that large combines having monopolies and special concessions by law have a habit of getting out of hand and then it is necessary to start "trust busting" to give back the people their inheritance. In fact, the combine has already been under investigation by the Government; and radio broadcasting is only three years old!

Yet I suppose that if the Government had complete control of broadcasting, the followers of Anthony Comstock would see to it that the Government would exercise proper censorship compatible with their ideals and their interpretation of the constitutional provision allowing free speech. Neither the Government nor private interests should have the slightest influence over this means of communication. The air should be really free. But since technical limitations and patent monopolies for the present make that unattainable, the control of the air will have to be fought out between the Government and the radio combine.

New York City, July 18 MORRIS KLOSNER

Contributors to This Issue

JOHN MACY is the author of "The Critical Game" and "The Story of the World's Literature" which has been announced for early publication.

ERNEST BOYD is an essayist and critic and the author of "Ireland's Literary Renaissance."

PITTS SANBORN is musical critic on the New York *Evening Mail-Telegram.*

MAX STERN is Pacific Coast correspondent for the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL has been studying political conditions in the West and Northwest.

JOSEPH JASTROW is professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL is a lawyer in Chicago.

R. F. DIBBLE has achieved a reputation as a biographical essayist by his book "Strenuous Americans."

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER is lecturer in anthropology and sociology at the New School for Social Research, and is the author of "Early Civilization."

Books

First Glance

LONG before his death Anatole France was the victim in his own country of literary source-hunters who, inspired sometimes by pedantry and sometimes by malice, came out with articles or dissertations tracing his indebtedness to earlier authors. That is to say he was already a classic, and though to be treated so must upon occasion be flattering, it may also humiliate. It is not recorded what he thought of the various books written about him in English during his last years. If he saw them, doubtless he was kind. But none of them was entirely satisfactory. Lewis Piaget Shanks was heavy if comprehensive, and Lewis May, whose "Anatole France, The Man and His Work" (Dodd, Mead: $3) anticipated the death of its subject by the narrowest of margins, has rendered a service which at best is trifling.

Mr. May is the translator of two volumes by the man whom he calls The Master, and his critical study is published uniformly with the standard English edition begun by the house of John Lane. It scarcely deserves the distinction—as perhaps no study which it is possible to write at present would. Mr. May is frankly a worshiper of Anatole France, and for that he will, of course, be pardoned. He is most enlightening, indeed, when he is most abandoned to adoration—as when he relates with awe how one evening in London the great Frenchman threw consternation into the members of the Fabian Society by kissing Bernard Shaw on both blushing cheeks, or when he trembles to tell how The Master once "took my hand in both of his and smiled a smile of such kindly warmth that the glow of it is with me yet." Such tributes to a literary hero show the measure of his contemporary fame. But they do not take us very far into the mind which merited that fame. Neither the biographical nor the critical part of Mr. May's book attains to penetration. The biography is little more than a chain of quotations from Anatole France's four volumes of memoirs; when these do not help a bit of gossip is thrown in, or else whole pages are filled with argument about matters upon which most readers already agree. It was scarcely necessary, for instance, to defend Monsieur France against the authors of the Index. The criticism is weakened by a failure to understand or appreciate the merciless author of "Penguin Island"—that is, the satirist—and by a rather sentimental preference for the beguiling author of "My Friend's Book" and "Pierre Nozière." Mr. May is conceivably right when he predicts that "The Revolt of the Angels" and "The Reine Pédauque" will eventually be forgotten; but his almost exclusive occupation with Anatole France the poet and stylist, the maker of Virgilian music in modern prose, leaves him little space in which to demonstrate that this is so. Especially when he has covered so much valuable paper with summaries of novels that do not submit to summary.

Anatole France, after all, is one of those great writers about whom either nothing or everything must be said. A little critic has literally nothing to say about this man who was perfectly clear; what is there to explain, and what is there to add? His best books were what Plutarch said all good works of art are, old as soon as born yet bound to be fresh as long as there is any audience to look or listen. On the other hand, a great critic has everything to say about this man whose easy thought sped over all the fields which the imagination is accustomed to cross, and whose works, therefore, must tempt one ripest reader to infinite commentary. Doubtless it cannot be expected of Georg Brandes at this late day that he should add two volumes on Anatole France to his others on Goethe and Shakespeare. But his successor at the head of European criticism, whoever that may be, will be commissioned sooner or later—and there is plenty of time—to erect an equivalent monument.

MARK VAN DOREN

BIRMINGHAM PUBLIC LIB

A Tribute to a Master Mind

Chance, Love, and Logic. By the late Charles S. Peirce, the Founder of Pragmatism. Edited with an Introduction by Morris R. Cohen. With a supplementary essay on The Pragmatism of Peirce by John Dewey. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THE belated recognition of one of the most brilliant intellects in American thought finds expression in this notable volume. It contains two groups of essays, the first on the logical theme (1877-1878) and the second on the philosophical order of nature, cosmic and human.

> Few nowadays question the great value of these pioneer minds; and it is often claimed that universities are established to facilitate their work and prevent it from being lost. But universities, like other well-managed institutions, can find place only for those who work well in harness. The restless, impatient minds, like the socially or conventionally unacceptable, are thus kept out, no matter how fruitful their originality. Charles S. Peirce was certainly one of these restless pioneer souls with the fatal gift of genuine originality.

This editorial comment reflects upon the imperfect provisions for the intellectual life in America, academic or otherwise—a costly failure to provide stimulation for its master minds. A modest offer from a courageous college president would have sufficed in Peirce's case, with what result is now a vain regret or an idle speculation. For Peirce's was a versatile mind. His longest service was upon the United States Geodetic survey (he became an authority on the pendulum); he was a mathematician as was his distinguished father, an astronomer, a logician, a philosopher versed in the history of science and in philology, a reviewer in many fields, a contributor to encyclopedias. For many years he lived a detached life with few contacts and an uncertain income.

The first group of papers in "Illustration of the Logic of Science" present a model of lucidity, directness, and originality and are to be placed among the classics of scientific exposition —an impression confirmed a half-century after their first publication.

> We come to the full possession of our power of drawing inferences the last of all our faculties, for it is not so much a natural gift as a long and difficult art. The history of its practice would make a grand subject for a book. . . . Every work of science great enough to be remembered for a few generations affords some exemplification of the defective state of the art of reasoning of the time when it was written; and each chief step in science has been a lesson in logic.

The theme oscillates between the technique and temper of the logical procedure—proof, evidence, types of inference—and the psychological processes of response—inclination, belief, doubt, habit, action. The solution called truth is often a compromise between the objective and the subjective demands. Man is presumably by nature a somewhat rational animal; and practical pressure (reenforced it may be by natural selection) pushes him toward logicality; yet he uses any slack in the stress of living to fill his mind "with pleasing and encouraging visions," which measure of optimism may likewise have survival value. So logical method gropes its way through the earlier trends of tenacity and inclination, of believing what seems aesthetially attractive and conformable to reason similarly motivated, to the more aggressive method of authority—itself the expression of the social enforcement of the belief-process (for we live together by common belief-habits even more really than by common customs, and are divided by wars of ideas as disastrously as by conflicts of interests)—but slowly yielding to the scientific method of objective proof. "Liberal civilization is a consequence of scientific rationalism."

Through the cultivation of the trend toward rationality always struggling with the emotional urges (anticipating the contrast of the Freudian reality principles with the pleasure and phantasy principles), the order of the universe is established and the scientific mind finds its occupation and expanding orbit. Chance remains and love lingers, yet logic rules. "The character of things" must be related to "the perceptions of and active powers of living beings." The world must be not only one of uniformities but one of uniformities "interesting and important." Otherwise there would be nothing to ask, nothing to puzzle about, nothing to shape conduct or inject it with significant consequences. "The actual world is almost a chance world to the mind of a polyp. The interest which the uniformities of Nature have for an animal measures his place in the scale of intelligence." It is this story, at times technical, at times dramatic, always original and infused with a human interest, that runs through Peirce's notable series of presentations.

In the later group of essays the philosophical replaces the logical focus in Peirce's thinking; yet the germinal ideas—and they are many and the pragmatic formula but one of the many —are logical in temper and inspiration. Whether "the world makes an exact poem or not" is another question; how far is it ruled by chance or love or logic? The stars are not randomly splashed on the firmament; yet they are set by no precise system either. But philosophies are human products (or guesses) and themselves emerge not so much by systematic evolution as by happy thoughts. "To postulate a proposition is no more than to hope that it is true." On the one side the pattern of thought supplied by the rigid conclusions of mathematics which fit and work, and the temptation of metaphysics —"the ape of mathematics"—to posit its conclusions as of like status; on the other the chance spontaneity and variety of biological evolutionary forces. Which contains the clue to the riddle of existence? Is reason inherent in vitality? "The hind legs of a frog reason when you pinch them." Habit is the law by which ideas acquire the power of exciting reactions. Physical events may even take on the appearance of "degraded or undeveloped forms of psychical events." The mystical interpretation invites; and William James referred to Peirce's later speculations as "flashes of brilliant light relieved against Cimmerian darkness." Peirce remarks that "the atmosphere of Cambridge held many an antiseptic against Concord transcendentalism," yet acknowledges that some "benignant form of the disease" may have been "implanted in my soul, unawares, and that now, after long incubation, it comes to the surface, modified by mathematical conceptions and by training in physical investigation." The trend culminates in the concluding essays on "Man's Glassy Essence" and on "Evolutionary Love." It takes almost a mind of Peircian range and reach to follow and reconcile the positions attained, to bring molecules and protoplasm to common terms, and to see the common forces thus objectified again operative in the social world of human sentiments and human needs historically embodied. Mathematical formulae give way to moralized sentiments, and theories of kinetics to criticisms of the Christian gospels. Churches as well as academies are justified by their works: "I willingly confess to having some tincture of sentimentalism in me, God be thanked!" The moral value is recognized, and the idealist emerges. The menace of greed is foreseen, the menace of the too typical human who "wants his Mammon flavored with a *soupçon* of God." There is also prophecy, but with the date set too late: "The twentieth century, in its latter half, shall surely see the deluge—tempest burst upon the social order—upon a world as deep in ruin as that greed-philosophy has long plunged it into guilt. No post-thermidorian high jinks then!"

Just how far Peirce brought to more systematic expression the essential principles of his philosophy, and in what directions, will appear when the contemplated publication of his manuscripts takes form. The present volume is sufficient meanwhile to serve as a tablet in the Hall of Fame of American thinkers.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Casanova and Galahad

The Green Hat. By Michael Arlen. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

Young Archimedes. By Aldous Huxley. George H. Doran Company. $2.

THE reviewer knows no book more suave and accomplished than "The Green Hat" in the employment of a subtly beautiful style to describe the doings of the most talented of contemporary wasters and to satirize with matchless impudence both those who follow the conventions and those who hope, by breaking them, to escape the absurdity of life. When the story, bubbling with wit, is finished there seems nothing more to say. One could hardly confront such people with the sorry commonplaces of morality or preach to them solemn homilies upon the conduct of life; one knows that either would be annihilated with unanswerable skepticism. And yet, as the characters themselves demonstrate, the life of wit and pleasure alone ends in despair when the maddest music is no longer mad enough to banish the boredom of an aimless life. Beside this novel Mr. Huxley's new collection is thin and harmless, since "The Green Hat" is almost worthy to be compared to "Antic Hay" while the new volume by the author of the latter book is not. The stories which make it up are amusing and charming, but in them he is not, as both he and Mr. Arlen sometimes are, powerful as well.

At their best both of these writers are clearly distinguished from certain other sophisticates of both England and America whom it would be ungracious to mention. While these last are cultivating their irresponsibility with a desperate earnestness and congratulating themselves upon each immorality which their ingenuity succeeds in inventing, the former seem to be chaotic in spite of themselves and actually to hanker after the permanent values which they have so much difficulty in finding; so that their cynicism seems to flow from some source of disillusion beyond their control. Mr. Arlen, indeed, comes out frankly for the simple virtues as the only possible refuge, and in reading even the most nihilistic of Huxley's writings the reader cannot escape the feeling that the author would willingly trade many a destructive flash of wit for some conviction which sophistication could not shake, some standard of values by which life could be judged and found not wholly without meaning. Thus both these writers are at once more destructively brilliant than their rivals and less content with destructive brilliance.

In so far as it deals with any one thing the story of "The Green Hat" is the story of a loose lady who admired chastity, and her predicament is characteristic of all who find themselves in Mr. Arlen's milieu. His personages, one and all, are incapable of leading any but aimless lives, but since aimlessness does not satisfy them the author can swing into something very like moralizing without ceasing to be ultra-smart:

> The Place Vendôme is a paradox in gray stone. Spacious, noble, monumental, it is cast, even at the stranger's first glance, in an everlasting mould. The Place Vendôme is, without doubt, one of the very few things about which we may say with certainty: "That will last." And yet, monumental and everlasting though it is, what do we find in the Place Vendôme? Do we find therein the practice of the seven liberal arts, the learning of the nine humanities, the study of any one among the august array of sciences, nay, the application of any one among the Ten Commandments? We do not. We find forty-eight motor-cars and one coach-and-six. We find that it is given over only to the frivolities of the trivial of two worlds and to every sort of "high-minded depravity" that may occur to the enfeebled wits of the exquisites. We find, in other words, that the Place Vendôme is the center of that floating population of a few thousand dressing tables, sables, and Cachet Faivre of which, under the lofty title of *l'aristocratic internationale,* the Chevalier Gilulio di Risotto [a restaurant-keeper] is the ultimate survivor.

Thus the distinction of Mr. Arlen lies in the fact that while he is an immoralist in manner he is nevertheless a moralist in matter.

Perhaps the English, unlike certain continentals, are temperamentally incapable of getting along without morality or of casting off conscience with good grace, and perhaps it is because of this fact that the two writers who have best described the ultra-sophisticates of that country have ended by a longing for the purity which seems to both largely a myth. If one may judge from their work the young of their group have lost their innocence but not their sense of guilt, so that while they have destroyed their faith in all of the illusions by which human nature has maintained its sense of its own importance they are not happy without them. They lack no kind of "emancipation" in conduct, yet they are not content in the world. They cannot achieve or at least cannot be satisfied with that light-hearted grace and that perfect gesture which among other peoples makes triviality seem to justify itself. Unsatisfied with gallantry, they push on to debauchery; and it is not strange that the writers who describe them turn quickly bitter. Schnitzler can tinge his pictures with sentiment, Anatole France with a tolerant acceptance of human limitations and frailties; but their seasoning is gall and the reason is plain. Casanova and Galahad are, in their respective ways, almost equally attractice persons; but a Casanova with a conscience or a Galahad who must indulge himself in an occasional fling is not pleasant to contemplate. One may escape the cankering conviction of sin in either of two ways—but one must not wander from the road he has chosen.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Eagle Forgotten

Altgeld of Illinois. By Waldo R. Browne. B. W. Huebsch. $3.

ALTHOUGH he was a man of great influence during a critical period of American social history, Governor John P. Altgeld is today obscure, if not unknown. In Mr. Browne's book we find, for the first time, not only the life-story of this significant figure, but what is of even greater importance, the first accurate picture of the social and economic stage upon which he played his tragic role.

The dominant note throughout the life of this man is that of deep, unrelieved tragedy. His boyhood and youth were cramped and dismal; his refusal to sell the government of Illinois to the public-utility interests for a "million-dollar bribe" resulted in the loss of his entire personal fortune; his stand for his convictions in the anarchists' pardon and in the Pullman-strike cases brought down upon him a terrific storm of foul vituperation and personal abuse which shattered his already fragile health and made him a hated figure throughout the land. His views on the social problems of his day, while not of particular penetration, were prompted by a genuine love of mankind; yet his reward was always frustration, calumny, and disaster. Perhaps there is no more cruel and disillusioning story in all the annals of American public life.

Two incidents in Altgeld's administration as Governor of Illinois from 1893 to 1897—the pardon of the anarchists and the Pullman strike—brought him before the entire country under dramatic circumstances. Mr. Browne has gone into these matters with admirable thoroughness, so that for the first time we are given the complete story of those acts which caused both the mob and the "respectables" to vilify this man with a ferocity rarely equaled. It will be remembered that of the eight men tried and convicted for implication in the Haymarket anarchist riot of 1886 all but three had been executed by the time Governor Altgeld came into office. He pardoned these three men, not as an act of mercy, but because he was convinced that their trial had been grossly unfair and clearly illegal. Because he thus dared to assert the right of even the lowliest to the benefit of a fair trial the lupine mob was set upon him by a vicious press, and to the day of his death he was

generally regarded throughout the country as a bloodthirsty and dangerous person. Because he sought to save a vital principle of democracy he was, ironically enough, pictured as an ardent anarchist!

The storm of abuse which the pardon brought down upon the head of this courageous man was beginning to subside when his encounter with President Cleveland over the Pullman-strike situation again aroused the hounds to baying, and with redoubled fury. President Cleveland had sent federal soldiers to Chicago when the railroad workers under Debs had nearly won their strike; the coming of the troops, together with the famous "omnibus injunction," soon broke the strike. Altgeld protested against the troops upon the ground that the carriers had not made a single request for State military protection, and that he, as Governor, had not asked for federal assistance. Even as recent a historian of this episode as McElroy portrays it as the triumph of virtue and patriotism—Cleveland—over a tiresome and inconsequential, if not actually traitorous, windbag—Altgeld. It is significant that the full facts in this controversy have never before been set forth by any recognized historian.

Mr. Browne makes no attempt to canonize Altgeld, and offers no "interpretation" of his life. His book is a notable contribution to our biographical literature, and should be widely read. It is not too much to hope that it may be the medium whereby the memory of John P. Altgeld may, in the end, become precious to a nation which during his life so despised and mutilated him.

> Sleep softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone.
> Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

Imaginary Souls

Bare Souls. By Gamaliel Bradford. Harper & Brothers. $3.50.
Imaginary Lives. By Marcel Schwob. Translated by Lorimer Hammond. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

IT would be difficult to find two books which better illustrate two very popular and almost utterly different tendencies in present-day biographical essay-writing than do Mr. Bradford's and M. Schwob's. The "psychographic method" of Mr. Bradford is of course not at all new, in spite of a great deal of foolish criticism that has been written about it; every generation fondly imagines that it has discovered some new method of intellectual approach to the types of art. Essentially Mr. Bradford's method is as old as Plutarch, if, indeed, it is not older. Exposition and analysis, a careful balancing of individual virtues against individual vices, and a constant effort to discover universal traits in particular foibles—these ancient-modern devices form the essence of his art. And one freely agrees that he is probably the best practitioner in this special branch of writing. He is tolerant, perspicacious, and not infrequently shrewd; his phrases often sing; and he possesses that rare form of self-skeptical humility which turns its own weapons upon itself. In short, he is a terribly adequate writer.

His defects are largely the defects of the type. More and more Mr. Bradford interests himself too exclusively in "souls"—his three most recent titles prove the point. He might well have been one of the monks who instructed Fra Lippo Lippi: "Your business is to paint the souls of men. . . . Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!" He can be concrete, and even flesh-loving, on occasion; but he deliberately chooses to be abstract—to philosophize rather futilely on the "insoluble mystery" of existence as illustrated in his clinical subjects. His eight essays, structurally considered, resemble a series of equations: Voltaire = vitality (in this, that, and the other); Walpole = dilettantism (in this, that, and the other); Cowper = hell-dodger (in this, that, and the other); and so on.

If Mr. Bradford is too much the monkish instructor, M. Schwob is Fra Lippo Lippi himself. "Thales might have said 'Know thyself' as well as Socrates, but he would never have scratched his leg in precisely the same manner before drinking the hemlock draught." Art, says M. Schwob, "does not classify, it unclassifies." His book is a magnificent demonstration of his creedless creed—one can actually agree with almost all the effusions printed on the jacket. He does not, Bradford-like, attempt to pigeon-hole individualities in a nicely tabulated and labeled series of generalities; he believes—so far as he believes anything—that the artist should draw "generalities so that they should seem to be individual." Claiming no originality of method, admitting indeed that good old Aubrey is chiefly his master, he, like Strachey, endeavors to shoot "a sudden, revealing searchlight into obscure recesses hitherto undivined." His twenty-two essays are extraordinary examples of terseness, lucidity, and elegant ease. Too wise to be a mere literary dandy, too sober to be always cynical, M. Schwob ranges with perfect facility over the multifarious careers of "priests, criminals, or nobodies." He is equally at home with a Greek god, a Renaissance mystic, an Elizabethan rogue, or a rip-roaring pirate. From Empedocles to Captain Kidd, from Petronius to Pocahontas, he wings his flight with no apparent effort, his eagle eye detecting every essential detail of the particular landscape over which he is hovering. He has that rare wisdom which realizes that a myth is often more true than what we are pleased to call history. "The science of history leaves us uncertain as to individuals," he remarks.

Mr. Bradford invites dangerous comparison by writing about writers who have already been written almost to death; his eight "bare souls" remain as essentially inexplicable and well-clothed as ever, for, after all, he has given us little but the creations of his own mind. M. Schwob has wisely gone fowling after rarer game. He differs from Mr. Bradford chiefly, perhaps, in this: Mr. Bradford points rather laborious morals for his readers, while M. Schwob, assuming an intelligent audience, chastely narrates individual episodes which throw a flood of light on the dark corners of morality. "While he scratched himself with his uncut nails he observed the twofold profit, as he called it, of wearing down these nails to their proper length while relieving his itch at the same time." One trembles to think what the psychographic method might have made of this incident in the life of Crates the Cynic: "Metrocles . . . lacked tranquillity. Troubled continually by a flatulency he could not control, he resolved upon suicide. Learning of his ailment Crates went to him after first eating a quantity of lupine. When Metrocles confessed himself no longer able to support the disgrace of his infirmity, the cynic showed his disciple how all men are submitted by nature to the same evil." One reader, at least, finds more of the consolations of philosophy in that passage than he would expect to find in silver-mounted psychographs of all the saints in glory.

R. F. DIBBLE

A Savage Kaleidoscope

Pearls and Savages. By Captain Frank Hurley. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50.

STUDIES of primitive life with the aid of a hydroplane and a moving-picture apparatus—such is the last word in twentieth-century ethnography. Captain Hurley has achieved a marvel of photographic description. Not that his word-pictures, inspired by many an experience among New Guinea natives, hospitable as well as cannibalistic, are lacking in vivacity or, for that matter, in accuracy. But these are put in the shade by the superlative excellence of his photography, which thrills the imagination with an entirely new force. Examples may be cited at random.

The portrait of Hamoji, chief of the Sambio tribe, bears witness that an eater of man may yet possess a countenance no less dignified or intelligent than that of an eater of cows and chickens. Nor is this fact wholly to be accounted for by the Semitic features of the gentleman, a circumstance to which the

captain seems to ascribe undue weight. Such "Semitic" faces are found the world over, from South America to the South Seas and China; their presence need not arouse hazardous speculations about ancient invasions by representatives of the Chosen People. In the modern world experiments in communal living have usually resulted in dismal failure. Not so in primitive days. The Typical Communal Long House which extends like a gigantic caterpillar at the lakeshore of a forest brings material evidence how two tribes, even though distinct in language, may yet live under one roof no less harmoniously than do the host of birds which serve to fill the rest of the picture.

The fact has often been noted that primitive man, while mystical in his philosophy, can apply himself to the concrete tasks of technology with all the matter-of-factness and concentration of a "civilized" expert. No one would suspect magical proclivities behind the interested and businesslike demeanor of the two Babai men, one a teacher, the other a learner of the art of making arrow-heads. Yet magic is merely lurking behind the corner, for the Babai, like other savages, lay aside the craftsman's matter-of-factness as soon as the arrow is finished and call upon magic to explain the mortal effect of the weapon. The coastal folk of New Guinea, like all their Melanesian and Polynesian brethren, are water men. They move about, in and upon the water, with the grace and confidence of aquatic creatures. A beautiful long-range view of their activities is given in the Orokaiva Fishing Fleet, while a close-up at short range of the Goaribari Canoe leaves no doubt as to the athletic prowess of the warrior oarsmen or as to the speed of their slender craft. Many of the natives of New Guinea share with other tribes of Northern Melanesia the institution of the Men's Clubhouse, taboo to women and often devoted to sacred and secret ceremonies. One of these houses, the Great Dubu of the Urama, is seen looming behind rows of warriors. The immoderately tall gable of the entrance suggests the wide gaping mouth of a crocodile ready to destroy any careless uninitiated who may draw too near the sacred precincts.

As between people and people, terror and humor are convertible terms. One wonders whether the risibility of the Urama would be aroused by the humorless hoods of the North American Klansmen as ours is by the sight of their Taboo Goblins, immensely tall masks woven out of palm leaves with grotesque faces on the top which are employed by the old men of the Urama "to keep the village in control and to guard certain fruits and vegetables for use at festival time." To the Urama, at any rate, these goblins are terror-inspiring.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

Books in Brief

The London Adventure. An Essay in Wandering. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

A third volume of extremely diluted autobiography by this over-rated mystic of Wales and London.

Master Richard Quyny. By Edgar I. Fripp. Oxford University Press. $3.35.

A laborious attempt to make William Shakespeare of Stratford real through a portrait of one of his fellow-townsmen. The connection is tenuous and the achievement negligible.

Ancient Rhetoric and Poetic. By Charles Sears Baldwin. The Macmillan Company. $2.10.

Examination by an authority into Greek and Roman theories of composition, with emphasis upon a classical distinction, now too often ignored, between oratory and poetry—perhaps the only rhetorical distinction that ever had a meaning.

A Bibliography of the writings of H. L. Mencken. By Carroll Frey. With a Foreword by H. L. Mencken. Philadelphia: The Centaur Book Shop.

The most revealing survey thus far of the uncanny literary labors undergone by America's most methodical and most inspired journalist. The Foreword gives a hint of the new sort of books which Mr. Mencken expects to write within the next few years.

Why the Weather? By Charles Franklin Brooks, with the collaboration of John Nelson and Others. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Popular meteorology, conveniently and accurately purveyed.

The Depths of the Universe. By George Ellery Hale. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A reprint of three admirable magazine articles upon sunspots, dark nebulae, and the distances between the stars.

Drama

Two Comedies

TO even the most capable actors and the most intelligent directors we are accustomed to give credit for no more than an "interpretation" of the author's work, thus assuming that they cannot, at best, do more than call to the attention those things which, even though latent, the author must have managed somehow to suggest. We forget that the playwright, unlike the novelist, is directly responsible for only a small part of the sum total of impressions which we receive at any theatrical performance and that for many of them he may not deserve, even indirectly, the credit. It is quite possible for the director, the designer, and the company to take hold of a relatively barren script and surround it with gestures, intonations, and backgrounds sufficiently significant in themselves to transform the work, exactly as a novelist may transmute, by his style, his descriptions, and his asides, an unimportant narrative into a charming piece of belles lettres.

Perhaps it was a desire to prove something of this sort which led the Theater Guild to begin its season with a piece so unimportant in itself as Molnar's "The Guardsman" (Garrick Theater). The piece was never more than a bit of ingenious theatricality and time has made it as outmoded almost as "Divorcons"; but Philip Moeller, Lynn Fontanne, Helen Westley, and Dudley Digges have, working together in marvelous harmony, made it one of the current plays indubitably worth seeing. To them, not to Molnar, belongs the credit. Not one word do I remember of the speeches allotted to Mr. Digges, but I have a very vivid memory of the suave cynicism of his Critic; similarly Miss Fontanne is charming and seductive not because of the text she speaks but because of herself; and Miss Helen Westley is never funnier than when, as in the brandy-sipping scene, she has nothing to say, but can make the most of her opportunity to speak with grimaces as eloquent as her delightfully raucous voice. One can hope perhaps that in the future the Guild will confine itself to more important plays, but if it does we shall never again have so good an opportunity of realizing the creative talent of its members.

Decidedly it is fancy rather than research which is responsible for Mr. Edwin Justus Mayer's highly diverting comedy, "The Firebrand" (Morosco Theater). Its hero does indeed resemble in some respects the Benvenuto Cellini whose name he bears, but the author has not burdened himself with history. The Florence of the sixteenth century is, so he must have argued, sufficiently remote to furnish a local habitation and a name to that fanciful city of ideal gallantry where all love to take, in Lamb's phrase, "a moral holiday," so that they may kill their enemies with impunity and love widely without regret. Moreover, the costumes are picturesque beyond all others; so why not father upon Benvenuto the joyous fancies of a poet's brain? The result is a comedy as amusing as it is naughty.

Though the real Italy would have turned his stomach, Congreve would have appreciated Mr. Mayer's vision of it; and Mrs. Behn would have burned with jealousy to think that not

she but another had conceived a scene so comic and so luscious as that in which the Duke and Duchess, each in *robe de nuit* and each with a candle in hand, are brought to an unwilling *tête a tête* by the mysterious disappearance of their respective lovers, who, as the audience is delightedly aware, have flown to one another's arms. Even to the presence of a *fausse ingénue* the piece is thoroughly Restoration; yet, were it not for the fact that the intellectuality of pure wit somehow antisepticizes impropriety, "The Firebrand," though that is supposedly sophisticated, would seem innocent entertainment by comparison with Wycherley and Vanbrugh. So charmingly unreal is it, however, that the present reviewer could no more believe that real blood flowed from any of Benvenuto's victims or that more than a few witty indecencies passed between the persons hidden in the Duke's bed than he could imagine the Pure Ideas of Kant guilty of an indecency. And so, speaking for himself, he can say that he was diverted but not corrupted; though in the interest of truth he must confess that when Benvenuto, on the morrow of his one great romance, turned to his work with the sad exclamation "Night does not burn with that ecstasy but once," there arose from the darkness of the theater a sigh, feminine and middle-aged, which seemed to say: "How true that is!"

The only unfortunate feature of the evening is the acting of Mr. Joseph Schildkraut, who seems somehow to stay outside of his role and to achieve no more than mechanical and humorless swagger. Frank Morgan is, however, excellent as the amiable but degenerate Medici who gets a reputation for leniency because he cannot remember to hang those whom he has decided to execute; and Hortense Alden as the *fausse ingénue*, always eager and eternally innocent, is as good as she was in a somewhat similar role in "Liliom."

"The Farmer's Wife" (Comedy Theater), a placid but amusing comedy of Devonshire, is somewhat broadly acted by the Coburns. "Cock o' the Roost" (Liberty Theater) is a brightly written comedy in which two young people decide that money is not necessary to happiness and then are saved the necessity of testing their theory by achieving wealth with that celerity common to all young men in the domestic pieces manufactured for Broadway.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
"WHAT PRICE GLORY"
A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE
in Pinero's famous drama,
"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"
CORT Theatre, W. 48th St. Evenings at 8:20. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

RAND SCHOOL
7 East 15th Street

Courses Beginning
Nov. 13, 7:00 P.M. ..... Scott Nearing
"Current Opinion"
Nov. 14, 8:30 P.M. ..... Herman Epstein
"With the Great Composers"
Nov. 15, 11:00 A. M. and 1:30 P. M., Scott Nearing
"Dynamic Sociology" and "Current History"
Nov. 26, 8:30 P.M. ..... Johan Smertenko
"Current Drama"

Debate November 30—Clarence Darrow vs. Scott Nearing
"Is the Human Race Worth Working For?"

Just Published!
THE STENOGRAPHIC AD VERBATIM REPORT of
Is CAPITAL PUNISHMENT a Wise Public Policy?
The DEBATE of the Century!
CLARENCE DARROW versus JUDGE A. J. TALLEY
Attorney of the Leopold-Loeb Case N. Y. Court of General Sessions
Preface by LOUIS MARSHALL
Foreword by LEWIS B. LAWES, Warden of Sing Sing Prison
Held in New York on Oct. 26, 1924, before an audience of 3,500
Illustrated with portraits of the debaters Price $1.00 postpaid
THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Avenue Dept. N. New York

"REINCARNATION"
Free Lecture, Sunday, November 2, 8:15 P. M.
UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS
No. 1 West 67th Street
(Hotel des Artistes)
No Collections. Public Cordially Invited.

The DEBATE of the Season!
SHOULD LITERATURE BE CENSORED?
JOHN S. SUMNER *versus* ERNEST BOYD
Sec. N. Y. Soc. for Sup. of Vice Noted Int. Author and Critic
Chairman: CLIFFORD SMYTH, Editor, International Book Review
Temporary Chairman: John Farrar, Editor of *The Bookman*
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1924, AT 8:30 P. M.
TOWN HALL, 121 West 43rd Street
Tickets $1.10, 1.65, 2.20, 2.75, 3.30 (war tax inc.)
On sale at Brentano's, Macy and Wanamaker Book Depts. and at the offices of or by mail from
THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Ave., New York (Tel. Longacre 10434)
N. B.—Out-of-towners desiring a printed stenographic report of this debate, should send us their names.

OPEN FORUM
Sunday, Nov. 2, 8 P. M.
"The Ku Klux Klan,"
Prof. John M. Mecklin, Dartmouth College
Sunday, Nov. 9, 8 P. M.
The Rebellious Theatre,
Rachel Crothers, *Equity Players*
Helen Arthur, *Neighborhood Playhouse*
Kenneth Macgowan, *Provincetown Playhouse*
SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, 2 West 64th St., N. Y. C.
The Public is invited

DEBATE on PROHIBITION!
CLARENCE DARROW versus REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
(Against) (For)
Chairman, Hon. Royal S. Copeland
Sunday, December 14, 3 P. M.
Manhattan Opera House, 34th St., W. of 8th Ave.
Tickets $1.10, 1.65, 2.20, 2.75. Box Seats $3.30.
On sale at the office of or direct by mail from
THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. (Longacre 10434-4447)
N. B.—Out-of-towners desiring a printed stenographic report of this debate should send us their names.

The Nation's *La Follette-Wheeler Campaign Fund has reached* $7,112.24. *Last-minute gifts are most precious!*

International Relations Section

The Fight Against Opium

WE reproduce below a single page of the great petition which will be presented to the opium conference at Geneva this month. This page includes the names of several of India's most noted leaders, among them Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, R. Chatterjee, editor of the *Modern Review* of Calcutta, and K. T. Paul, President of the All-India Christian Council. The signature of C. F. Andrews, writer and friend of India, whose opinions of Gandhi are printed elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, appears below that of Gandhi. The Anti-Narcotic Society and the American representatives at the Geneva conference will fight for the abolition of narcotic drugs except in a limited amount for strictly medical use.

Petition of the White Cross, Nº 1846

International Anti-Narcotic Society, Seattle, Washington, U. S. A.

To the International Opium Conference

The undersigned, viewing in the growing addiction to narcotic drugs a deadly menace to individuals and to nations, an insidious, rapidly spreading poisoning of the human race, which can be overcome only by cooperation among all nations, respectfully petition the International Opium Conference assembling in November, 1924, to adopt measures adequate for *total extirpation of the plants from which they originate*, except as found necessary for medicine and science in the judgment of the best medical opinion of the world.

DIRECTIONS: All persons of voting age may sign. When signatures are secured party in charge please return to White Cross International Anti-Narcotic Society, Seattle, Washington, U. S. A., for transmission to International Opium Conference. Blank forms for petitions and further information sent on request. Additional sheets may be attached to this. Use one side of paper only. WRITE PLAINLY. USE INK WHERE PRACTICABLE.

Name of Organization, Firm or Person	*Address*	*No. of Members in Organization*
m k gandhi	Sabarmati	
C. F. Andrews	Santiniketan	
Ramananda Chatterjee	Santiniketan	
Rabindranath Tagore	Santiniketan	
Fernand Benoît	do.	
H. P. Moore	do.	
Balvir Singh	Santiniketan	
Kanakarayan T Paul.	President, All-India Christian Council.	

British Labor and Chinese Brigands

THE connection between civil war in China and European imperialism and the responsibility of the British Labor Government for the continued disorder and the suppression of the liberal movement of Sun Yat-sen are discussed by Bertrand Russell in the following article which we take from the *New Leader* (London) for September 19:

British policy in China illustrates some of the difficulties of constitutional as opposed to revolutionary socialism. I make no doubt that not a single member of the present Government has the least idea of what is being done by British officials in China, for China is considered unimportant, since its population is only about the same as that of Europe. It is impossible for any one in England, even the Prime Minister, to know the truth about any event in China until six weeks after it has happened. The telegraphic agencies, and the British diplomatic and consular representatives, transmit such news as they think good for us, not without a certain economy of truth. It is true that the Russians have established their own telegraphic agencies, which give opposite propaganda, but are equally indifferent to fact.

Many war-lords contend for mastery in China; each governs in some province or group of provinces; and seeks to

extend the area of his authority. They are merely ambitious men, despised by all decent Chinese, but their rivalries are convenient to the Powers. . . .

There is one exception, and only one, to the rule that the Chinese war-lords are merely ambitious brigands. That exception is Sun Yat-sen, who holds power in Canton. He is a veteran leader of Chinese radicalism, the pioneer of republicanism. He led the revolution of 1911, which overthrew the Emperor, and decreed a parliamentary regime. But he stood aside after the revolution had succeeded, in the hope of preventing civil war. This hope proved vain, not through his fault. Since 1920, he has been in power in the south. Some of the best authorities maintain that his is the only legal government in China. His policy has been enlightened. He has favored the proletariat, done all that was possible to suppress opium and gambling (the twin vices of China, encouraged by foreigners), and endeavored for years to cooperate with the Soviet Government, which has only recently received formal recognition from Peking.

This man has been singled out by the British in Hong Kong for a bitter and unscrupulous enmity, partly by means of propaganda, partly by fomenting rebellion. The temper of the official world in Hong Kong is illustrated by the fact that two years ago a British naval officer stationed there was compelled to retire because his wife was opposed to the continuance of slavery in Hong Kong—and this in spite of the fact that the agitation with which she was connected was successful. Our conflict with Sun Yat-sen began over the Cassel Agreement. This was an arrangement which we had been negotiating with the former government, by which the British would have acquired a virtual monopoly of the railways and mines in the province of Kwangtung (the hinterland of Canton). When Sun Yat-sen acquired power this agreement was awaiting ratification. Very properly he refused to ratify, and from that moment we regarded him as our enemy.

Early in 1922 a great shipping strike broke out in Hong Kong, and received support from Sun Yat-sen. The British authorities resisted until the whole Chinese population of Hong Kong set to work to leave the town in a body; then they were compelled to give way. (Of course the strikers were wholly in the right.) This incident did not increase the love of the British officials for Sun Yat-sen. Recently he has been in conflict with certain of the merchants in Canton, who have received from Hong Kong such support as our officials dared to give. This incident is too recent for the truth to be as yet wholly ascertainable. It is known that a Fascist militia, intended to carry through a rebellion against Sun Yat-sen, has been organized among the merchant class of Canton, and that a Norwegian cargo of arms intended for their use has been seized by Sun Yat-sen's Government. Certain further facts are given in a well-informed article in *L'Humanité* (September 8). It appears that the leader of the Fascist army in Canton is a manager of the Canton branch of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, which represents British power in the Far East. . . .

Communists mistakenly represent the Canton Government as a proletarian government, engaged in the class war. This view is altogether un-Chinese. Only an infinitesimal minority of the population of China is employed in modern industrial undertakings, and Chinese questions are therefore not such as Communists are in the habit of considering. The outlook of Sun Yat-sen and his Government is more analogous to that of our Liberals of forty years ago. He would like to diminish abject poverty, but does not aim at an economic revolution. His chief crime, in British eyes, is that he wishes to retain what is left of Chinese independence. The Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, which decides what shall be thought about Chinese questions by English people (whether Labor ministers or not), naturally wishes to control as much as possible of the railways and mines of China. Sun Yat-sen has the support of practically all the genuine public-spirited Chinese, and if he were to succeed China might be in a position to resist foreign aggression. . . .

How Books are Sold in Chicago

PUBLISHERS:

As you know, books are sold rather than bought. There is no mad clamor for books; no "book riots" as there have been bread riots. Still, the market is *always receptive,* and books are not hard to sell —if brought to the attention of buyers through efficient mediums.

That publishers who follow this line of reasoning in Chicago are making a success is reflected in the distribution of book advertising among the Chicago newspapers. Chicago is a vast and ever growing market—and The Chicago Daily News is its outstanding medium for the sale of books, as this table shows.

Book advertising in Chicago papers for the first nine months of 1924:

	Agate Lines	Comparison Agate Lines
The Daily News	80,565	80,565
The Daily Tribune	54,704	54,704
The Post	48,522	
The Daily Herald-Examiner	3,021	
The American	782	
The Journal	44	
The Sunday Herald-Examiner	7,192	
The Sunday Tribune	5,111	
The Daily News leads the next highest score by		25,861

This has been going on for years, and is of significance and value to all publishers of worth while books. Selling *more* books in Chicago is largely a matter of increasing your advertising appeal in a medium to which the greater part of literate Chicago looks for book information and guidance.

The Chicago Daily News

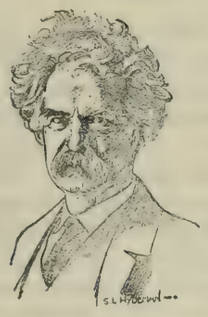
First in Chicago

Note.—If you will "listen in" any Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock to Radio Station W M A Q—The Chicago Daily News' own broadcasting station—you will hear Book Editor Harry Hansen of The Daily News "telling the world" about books.

The Daily News was the first newspaper to broadcast book talks, and the response from the public has been gratifying. The talks further stimulate interest in The Wednesday Book Page.

Important Harper Books

"Probably the most interesting autobiography of the twentieth century."



MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"As Mark Twain speaks to us again the glamor that was always his to evoke falls about us like a cloak," writes *Cameron Rogers* in the *World's Work*. "His book ranges at its own sweet will, always spontaneous and filled with enthusiasm. It reads like a series of enthralling conversations with the man himself. It is as if his passing were a deception, for he is here, infinitely to be honored once again, and infinitely to be loved." In two volumes, with photogravure frontispieces, boxed.

Bare Souls

By Gamaliel Bradford
Author of "Damaged Souls"

"Mr. Bradford is the creator of a new literary form. It is more like St. Beuve's than like anything in English literature. It is a very great divining gift, that of this master of all psychographers, one that America, in the years to come, must be increasingly proud to cherish." — *The Boston Transcript.* $3.50

Leviathan

By William Bolitho

"Bolitho is more nearly the ideal writer from Mars than anyone who has appeared in journalism to look upon the world the war left behind it. He achieves contrast, irony, indignation, pity and derision, and he is a highly flavored stylist."— *Saturday Review of Literature.* $2.00

Distressing Dialogues

By Nancy Boyd
With a Preface by
Edna St. Vincent Millay

This is an outrageous little book, by an author known for higher things. If immoderate laughter hurts you, avoid it! $2.00

Fiction

Lottery

By W. E. Woodward
Author of "Bunk"

"A new novelist for intelligent people to keep up with," said *The Nation* when "Bunk" appeared. "Lottery" is even better than "Bunk"—a fresh and gay satire upon the career of a hero of modern business, by a man who writes from the inside of the financial and advertising world, and whose pen is dipped in wit, in joyousness and in pity. $2.00

Isles of the Blest

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

Here at last is a novel by this distinguished short-story writer—an extraordinary drama of human loves and hates in a brilliant tropical setting. Out of a strange situation is developed a climax as unexpected as it is deeply true in its understanding of the complexities of the human heart. $2.00

Julie Cane

By Harvey O'Higgins

"Julie and her father stand out, true, living, loved and lovable—two characters about whom there will be much talk. A real story which deeply probes the psychology of real people—a most distinguished novel," exclaims the *Boston Transcript.* $2.00

Political Parties of Today

By Arthur N. Holcombe

An impartial, authoritative analysis by an expert in government, which gets behind campaign speeches and party platforms. Mr. Holcombe traces the development of the party systems in the United States, and discusses the constitutional, economic and sectional basis of national politics. $3.00

The Causes of Industrial Unrest

By John A. Fitch

An investigator of twenty years' experience has here brought into a single volume all the available data regarding the conflict between labor and capital, illumined by a thorough understanding of labor psychology. $3.00

The Black Golconda

By Isaac F. Marcosson

"Intensely interesting from cover to cover, full of enlightening facts and human incidents," says the *Christian Science Monitor* of this story of world oil. $4.00

R. F. D. No. 3

By Homer Croy
Author of "West of the Water Tower"

"Very vivid and poignant—strangely saturated with the stuff of which the hearts of men and women are made," says *John Clair Minot* in the *Boston Herald.* $2.00

Talk

By Emanie N. Sachs

"The book rings with essential truth throughout. More than this, the telling is masterly," writes *Clement Wood* in the *Literary Review* of this wise and witty best-seller. $2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS Publishers Since 1817 NEW YORK, N. Y.

The fighting which is going on in the neighborhood of Shanghai is of little immediate importance. It is part of the struggle between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin, which has been going on for years. Chinese battles are seldom bloody, and wars are waged with little effect on the general population. Even the *Times*, never too friendly to China, remarks that the fighting "leaves time and energy for movements of a very different kind. Commerce and agriculture persist. Nothing seems to stop the growth of the remarkable educational movement in China, which is now being extended to the poorest villages by means of a simplified script" (September 11). In the same issue, however, the *Times* points out with approval how, under Western influences, war is beginning to become as serious as in Europe. The pet of the British and Americans in China is the so-called "Christian" General, Feng Yu-hsiang, whose army, the *Times* states, "is out and away the best in China, and his 10,000 troops, who are not afraid to come to close quarters and use the bayonet, would walk through any provincial troops, which in general are disinclined for anything but long-range fighting." This, apparently, is what Christianity is understood to mean in China: military discipline and the bayonet.

There is one very simple question which one would have hoped to see satisfactorily dealt with by the present Government, and that is the question of Wei-hai-wei. By the terms of the lease, we were to hold it as long as the Russians held Port Arthur, which they lost nearly twenty years ago. Nevertheless we are still there. It is admittedly totally useless to us. Nevertheless we are still there. Lord Balfour, at the Washington restored to China at once. Nevertheless we are still there. . . .

It is clear that, in regard to a distant country like China, which is not in the forefront of British politics, we cannot hope to see any policy such as the Labor Party can approve carried out while the Government works through officials who are opposed to all its aims. Ministers are far too busy to go behind the information supplied to them, but those who supply it have such a strong bias that they are certain to color their reports, even when they intend not to do so. I do not think Labor's policy will ever be adequately carried out until a certain number of men who are in sympathy with it are placed in important official posts, both in the Foreign Office and in the diplomatic service.

I do not urge that we should actively support Sun Yat-sen; I urge only that we should be genuinely neutral. It is not desirable to interfere in the internal affairs of foreign countries, even on the right side. At present, in China, we interfere surreptitiously, but always on the wrong side. The bulk of the British in China prefer the most corrupt and reactionary elements among the Chinese, and are never weary of inveighing against those who have had a Western education. The true ground of their objection is that educated Chinese are better able to see through and resist Western intrigue. Unless some special effort is made to check the information derived from British banks, British merchants, and British officials, our Government is bound to continue to serve the interests of capitalism in China, however little Ministers may wish to do so.

The Nation for November 26

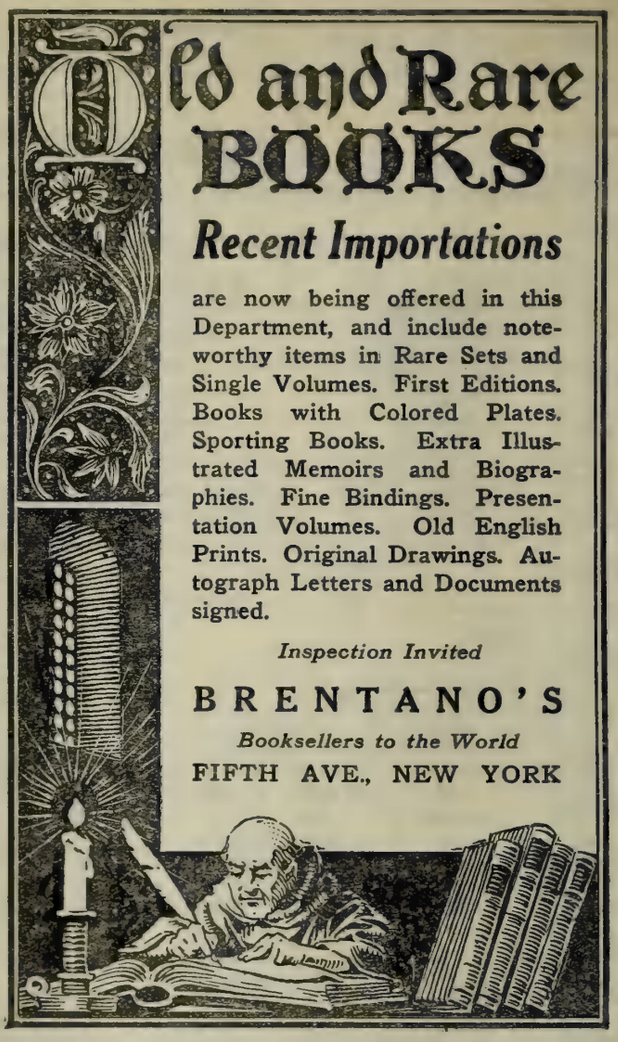
Will Be a Special

Russian Number

LEAVES FROM A RUSSIAN DIARY

The remarkable story of Kerensky's Secretary, who found himself, after the dissolution of the Constitutional Assembly, hunted as a "reactionary," a "counter-revolutionist" and a "dangerous enemy" of the Soviet regime.

By PITIRIM SOROKIN. Price $3.00. E. P. Dutton & Co.


Old and Rare
BOOKS
Recent Importations
are now being offered in this Department, and include noteworthy items in Rare Sets and Single Volumes. First Editions. Books with Colored Plates. Sporting Books. Extra Illustrated Memoirs and Biographies. Fine Bindings. Presentation Volumes. Old English Prints. Original Drawings. Autograph Letters and Documents signed.
Inspection Invited
BRENTANO'S
Booksellers to the World
FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Help Build
the
SUPER-CITY

The
WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL
and
EFFICIENT CITY

Read about the
NEW CITY DOMICILE—THE RESIANCE
NEW CENTER OF SERVICES—THE SERVISORIUM
AN ENTIRELY NEW DOWN TOWN SECTION
A NEW ORDER OF INDUSTRIAL, COMMERCIAL
AND FINANCIAL FACILITIES.

$2.00

Order from your bookseller or direct,
R. KERN, The Iowa, 13th and O Sts., Wash., D. C.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1924 No. 3097

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 507
EDITORIALS:
- Business Wins 510
- England's Choice 511
- Breaking Ranks 511
- Anatole France Again 512

PATRIOTISM THAT PAYS. By Will Irwin 513
NEW MORALS FOR OLD:
- Men Who Understand Women. By Florence Guy Seabury 516

EUROPE TURNS TOWARD PEACE. By Robert Dell 518
COUNTESS KAROLYL By Emil Lengyel 520
THE POINT OF THE ELECTION. By William Hard 521
THE WISE. By Countee P. Cullen 522
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 522
CORRESPONDENCE 522
BOOKS:
- First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 524
- A New Genre. By Clifton P. Fadiman 524
- Tartar History. By Emil Lengyel 525
- An Englishman to Excess. By Hartley C. Grattan 525
- A Religious Pollyanna. By Norman Thomas 526
- "H. D." By Irwin Edman 526
- Books in Brief 527
- *The Nation's* Poetry Prize 527

DRAMA:
- An Accomplished Actress. By Joseph Wood Krutch 527

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- Scandinavia Moves to Disarm; France Takes Alarm 529
- A Peace Conference in Berlin 529
- Friendship Week 530

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FREDA KIRCHWEY, Managing Editor MARK VAN DOREN, Literary Editor

ISABEL LA MONTE, Advertising Manager

Contributing Editors

ROBERT HERRICK LUDWIG LEWISOHN NORMAN THOMAS

JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

"AS YOU WERE" was the command of the voters, not only as to the Presidency but as to the constitution of Congress. The Republicans gain slightly, but the La Follette insurgents still hold the balance in both houses. There were no startling overturns. David Walsh made a splendid fight against former Speaker Gillette for the Senatorship from Massachusetts, and may even overcome a Coolidge lead of 300,000—returns are still incomplete as this issue of *The Nation* goes to press. Thomas Walsh appears to have carried Montana, despite early pessimistic reports, and Montana is spared the disgrace of depriving the nation of so excellent a public servant. Idaho has done its duty in returning Senator Borah, and Nebraska turned out magnificently to show its affection for Senator Norris. South Dakota, electing former Governor MacMaster, has probably added one to the insurgent group in the upper house. Fortunately Mr. Fall's friend Senator Bursum seems to have lost in New Mexico. Wisconsin again returns a complete set of La Follette congressmen except for one or two Socialists; and New York City reelected Fiorello La Guardia, the lone La Follette supporter from the East in the lower house. In the new Congress are no new figures as picturesque as those who enlivened the last, but there is ground for encouragement; the progressives will still be able to dominate the legislative situation in Washington, and if they use their opportunities effectively the voters will ultimately appreciate it.

JUDGE BEN LINDSEY was defeated in Colorado—and thereby Colorado loses a man who has made his State famous in the annals of the national juvenile-court movement. The Klan turned out against him, and in Colorado the Klan counted. In Kansas William Allen White, who "kicked the Ku Klux joss in the slats" in a colorful campaign, ran behind both the candidates who accepted the Ku Klux label. In Indiana, too, the Klan candidates swept in victoriously. Former Governor Walton was defeated for the senatorship from Oklahoma, although Davis carried the State, but Walton's record as governor had been enough to discourage the bitterest Klan-haters from voting for him. Across the border in Texas "Ma" Ferguson rode into office despite the power of the Klan. In its old strongholds that hate-ridden organization is beginning to weaken, but its influence is spreading northward and westward—and as it spreads its influence may be dissipated. Wyoming probably matched Texas in the choice of a woman for governor; but the feminist can find scant ground for enthusiasm in the election of two women who stepped into their husband's shoes and made their campaigns on the records of their male companions—Governor Ferguson had been impeached and thrown out of office; Governor Ross had died. Mrs. Mary Norton, a wet Democrat elected to Congress in Jersey City, was the only woman elected to high office on her own merits, although several able women were elected to hold seats in the various State legislatures.

WHAT DEMOCRATS WILL POINT TO as their one great victory is the reelection of Alfred E. Smith as Governor of New York. It is, in fact, an impressive and a satisfying victory, but it is in no sense one for the Democratic Party. "Al" Smith won not on his party label but because of his personality and his record during two previous terms in Albany. Indeed, his triumph may almost be called a rebuke for his party, since it was insured in no small degree by his strong anti-Klan stand, a position which the Democratic National Convention did not dare to indorse. Governor Smith announced his candidacy late, and did not make the spectacular campaign that was waged by young "Teddy" Roosevelt, his opponent. The latter showed great strength outside of New York City, but the metropolis stuck by its own authentic product so well as to carry Governor Smith to success. Although his majority was smaller than two years ago, he ran ahead of Davis by more than half a million votes. Unfortunately, the State Legislature will probably be Republican in both branches instead of divided as at present. Thus Governor Smith will have a hard row to hoe. But he is a good hoer, and we wish him luck.

IN THE CAMPAIGN just closed the Republicans expended not only the official fund of some $3,500,000, but uncounted and uncountable sums paid out by various individuals for electioneering activities of their own. Among these latter the largest amount of publicity per dollar spent was probably netted by the trip to Washington of John Drew, Al Jolson, and other footlight favorites. The newspapers, whatever their politics, loaded their columns with stories of the breakfast of griddle cakes and maple syrup with which Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge entertained their guests, and the Sunday photographic sections pictured the event elaborately. It was so touching that busy Broadway stars should be sufficiently devoted to "Cautious Cal" to spend their money in going to Washington and that Al Jolson should have so exerted himself as to make the President "laugh out loud." It was so touching—until it came out that the expenses of the devoted actors had been paid for by Rhinelander Waldo, formerly police commissioner of New York City, as his gift to the Republican campaign. But after all, the trip did its work. Nothing succeeds like publicity; and few who read the first stories, or saw the Sunday pictures, will ever know that the happy event was bought and paid for like other campaign propaganda.

HELENA HILL WEED'S Independent candidacy to succeed the late Senator Brandegee at the special election in Connecticut is important. Her father, Ebenezer J. Hill, represented the southwest corner of Connecticut in Congress for twenty-six years. He was too progressive for the railroad-controlled Republican State machine, which finally cast him aside and picked Brandegee for the Senate in his place. Mrs. Weed, however, has a record of public service all her own. She was one of the suffrage pioneers. She has been an active worker in the cause of international peace and through long experience has acquired familiarity with legislative work in the national capital. She is now president of the Norwalk branch of the Connecticut League of Women Voters. This year she resigned her position as a member of the Republican State Central Committee to become an active worker for the La Follette-Wheeler Independent ticket, heading its list of Connecticut electors. A straight colonial ancestry running back eleven generations has rooted Mrs. Weed in the finest American principles. It is consistent with her family traditions that while her only son is a lieutenant in the United States Navy she has been outspoken in her opposition to American imperialism. She made a notable presentation of the case of Haiti at the Williamstown Institute of Politics in 1922. A weakness of the present Progressive movement to date has been its failure to give adequate recognition to women. Mrs. Weed's candidacy offers a splendid opportunity to retrieve the situation and to add to the Progressive bloc in the United States Senate a well-equipped and conscientious public servant.

SCORE ONE FOR THE LEAGUE! It has provided the machinery for a peaceful settlement of the dispute between Great Britain and Turkey regarding the Turco-Irak frontier in the Mosul region. That poor frontier has been kicked all over the map. During the war the Allies, in one of those conferences at which they attempted to avoid post-war conflicts by dividing the swag before they got it, allotted Mosul to France. The British knew the Mosul region to be rich in oil; Clemenceau apparently did not, so Lloyd George was able to arrange a shift in the frontier by which Mosul came under British sway—still hypothetically. British troops did not occupy Mosul until long after the armistice, when a British fleet was safely anchored off Constantinople. Of course, the Treaty of Sèvres gave Mosul to England, but the Turks never ratified that document. The Treaty of Lausanne, signed after the Turks had driven the Greeks out of Asia Minor, left the Mosul question, still too hot to handle, for future settlement, merely prescribing that England and Turkey would observe the status quo.

LORD CURZON USED TO INSIST that England must remain at Mosul to protect the inhabitants against the Turks, but when the Turks suggested a plebiscite the British hastily intimated that the inhabitants were beneath the voting level. However, the English encouraged certain Christian tribes to settle across the Turkish frontier, where they had never dwelt before, and undertook to protect them. The Turks protested, and enforced their protest with an army which paid little respect to the agreement made in far-off Switzerland. Local British and Turkish captains were on the point of starting a war when their home offices checked them and agreed to refer the question to the League. A League committee headed by Mr. Branting, Sweden's able Socialist premier, has drawn a temporary compromise line which both sides have agreed to observe; and a commission is to study the question and draw a permanent frontier. Our bet is that any League body will make peace by leaving the oil to Great Britain.

THE RECOGNITION OF RUSSIA by France did not save the British Labor Government from defeat, but it will have a useful effect. It will certainly make it difficult for a Conservative Ministry to take any backward steps in that respect; France cannot be left to play with Russia alone. There are, for instance, important iron mines in the Ukraine; there are timber and flax, and there will be grain to export. Ramsay MacDonald made excellent terms for England in his trade treaty with Russia, and no government once in office, no matter what its preelection protest may have been, will dare repudiate them, especially with France in the process of negotiating its own terms of economic friendship. All of which is well understood by European statesmanship, given to acting on realities rather than on indignations and abstract theories. The United States, rooted in Mr. Hughes's idea of what should constitute a Russian Government, stands alone. Even the commercial appeal fails to touch or corrupt that large, empty vision. Not what Russia is, not what the Russian people want, not what Europe recognizes as the stable and existing fact, not these, but something lurking in the head of the Secretary of State holds America in its position of foolish isolation. Can we endure four more years of this?

NOBODY ABLE TO UNDERSTAND the English language can read the statement of Attorney-General Stone in regard to income-tax returns without deciding that publicity is unqualifiedly mandatory in so far as concerns the amount paid by any person. This is all that the newspapers have been publishing or demanding, and the Attorney-General's proposed suit can serve no purpose except to suggest to the public that there has been some excuse for the withholding of such information by certain collectors of customs when, in fact, such action has been a

plain attempt to defeat the law by officials who happened to disapprove of it. Mr. Stone's comment that the law does not expressly authorize publication by the newspapers is naive. The law does not need to. The newspapers are entitled to print any information to which the public has access. They cannot demand any information to which John Doe is not entitled, but they cannot be put off with less. In other words, a person may demand public information as John Doe or as a reporter for the *Daily Bazoo*. In either case he is entitled to the same facts and he is free to print them. Any law or administrative order which attempted to abridge this right would be in clear violation of the First Amendment to the Constitution, guaranteeing freedom of the press. Without waiting for Mr. Stone's suit, a newspaper or any person who is denied information in regard to the amount of an income tax, or required to give a reason for his demand, should ask the nearest federal court for an order compelling the collector of customs to obey the law.

MOST APPALLING ARGUMENTS are being put forward in opposition to the Child Labor Amendment, apparently in the confident belief that no one will investigate. If their fears have been stimulated sufficiently it is hoped the legislatures will act upon their "best interests." The immediate cause of the publicity about the proposed Twentieth Amendment is that during 1925 a majority of the State legislatures will vote for or against ratification. Enemies of the amendment are painting pictures of extravagant waste in the administration of such a law, of boys and girls loafing in the streets unable to lift a finger until the magic 18-year mark is attained, farmers' children reading novels while their parents work extra hours doing all the chores, schoolboys with summer jobs forced by an inexorable Congress to sit in idleness, children obeying Congress instead of their parents. These are no exaggerations. Read the Georgia resolution refusing ratification:

> The amendment would destroy parental authority and responsibility throughout America, would give irrevocable support to a rebellion of childhood which menaces our civilization, would give Congress not only parental authority but State authority over education. . . . It would place Congress in control in every home in the land between parent and child.

Read the pamphlet published by the National Association of Manufacturers; then read the amendment, and the literature sent out by the Federal Council of Churches; and you may learn how far are the facts from the expressed fears.

THIS IS THE THIRD ATTEMPT by Congress to establish some minimum standard below which no State can fall. Honest argument against the amendment may be based on the contention that the question is not serious enough for federal action. We believe that it is. In support of that belief we reprint the figures from the Census of 1920—1,060,858 children between the ages of 10 and 16 were gainfully employed in that year—one child in every twelve and in some States one in four. One glance at the civil codes of Mississippi, North Carolina, or Georgia ought to be convincing. As Father Ryan says in the *Catholic World:* "Only thirteen States have statutes which are in all respects as good as the laws enacted by Congress in 1916 and 1919; nine States do not prohibit all children under 14 from working in factories and stores; eleven States allow children under 16 to work from nine to eleven hours a day, while four States permit children under 16 to work at night." Read the last few lines again; that is what is meant by "child labor." When you hear those wonderful arguments about Bolshevist origin, administrative expense, State rights, violation of parental sovereignty, remember the children working eleven hours a day and often through the night.

AMERICAN ELECTIONS are rather tame affairs compared to the expressions of the people's will in England. Here a man who interrupts a candidate with a question is regarded as a rowdy and thrown out; there heckling is a fine art, and it takes thoroughgoing "hustling" to arouse disapproval. Some of the American correspondents reporting their first British elections have been much stirred by the sight of candidates with bandages on their heads or with their arms in slings. Apparently these guileless chroniclers had assumed that all Englishmen are such harmless gentlemen as inhabit the lecture platforms of America. As a matter of fact, England has a tradition of red-blooded electioneering methods which would put an American frontier community to shame. In the good old days before pacifist ideas began to pervade politics a candidate counted it a regular part of his election expenses to hire mobs to pelt his opponents with stones and rubbish. To howl down an opposition candidate was one of the simplest of tactics. The *Manchester Guardian*, indeed, digs an interesting item out of the expense account submitted by his campaign manager ("election agents," the British call them) to Sir F. Deval, candidate for the Andover seat in 1786. It read: "To being thrown out of the George Inn, Andover, to both my legs being thereby broken, to surgeon's bill and loss of time and business, all in the service of Sir F. Deval, £500." Nor was there any wave of popular indignation against such treatment. At the polls Sir F. Deval received precisely seven votes.

ACCORDING TO THE NEWSPAPERS, "Nick Carter" is dead. It is the third time in two years. In May, 1922, he committed suicide in the Hotel Broztell, New York; in July, 1924, he died a natural death; and now, on October 28, he passes away once more, this time in a county infirmary in Ohio. The news is startling, but a little investigation solves the mystery. John R. Coryell invented, so it seems, the character, but soon passed it on to Thomas C. Harbaugh, the last to die, who wrote most of the weekly stories from 1880 to 1890, and then resigned the tremendous task to Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey. In addition to "Nick Carter," both Dey and Harbaugh wrote many of the books published under the name of Bertha M. Clay, and each produced an incredible amount of work, Dey being credited with more than 1,076 stories, or more than 40,000,000 words, and Harbaugh with more than 300 volumes. Though both must have enormously increased the prosperity of their publishers, neither seems himself to have profited greatly, for Dey, finding himself destitute, committed suicide and Harbaugh, too, died in poverty. Anxious mothers may have preferred "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the famous author of which has just ended a prosperous career, but boys, impatient of the mild perfection of her little hero, usually slipped away to peruse in the privacy of the coalshed the more exciting adventures of the unbeatable detective.

Business Wins

IT was both deep as a well and as wide as a church door. For present purposes it will do and do well. For once the political prophets in the press, the straw ballots, and the betting accurately forecast the result. Yet not Coolidge but business wins. Will Rogers put it exactly when he said that the United States voted to be let alone. The public, misled and deceived about actual conditions in Washington and the country generally, decided to have things remain as they are. "Business as usual" and a cessation of politics was the slogan that carried. Millions, trembling for their jobs while observing the unemployed about them, voted for Coolidge lest a change take their work from them. They clung not to a full dinner pail, but to a partly filled one, and their fears were still further preyed upon by the skilful use made of two of the La Follette proposals. Once more the Democratic Party did not even interest the electorate, and as a result that party seems wiped out in most of the West.

All of which is not without a certain amusing side. When one thinks of the terrible dread the little Progressive Party caused in the breasts of the Republicans and the way the latter shouted themselves red in the face that the country was in danger of immediate collapse or bolshevism overnight, it is impossible not to smile. Late in October in more than one Northwestern State the Republican leaders were privately admitting their defeat—doubtless they are still rubbing their eyes. As for Mr. Davis, whose high-grade and dignified campaign with its unusually fine sportsmanship we are happy to recognize, he must admit now that *myopia candidata,* if we may coin a term, is the easiest of human maladies to catch. He was persuaded that he would win and he solemnly declared that he knew Mr. La Follette would carry ten States. Where stands he now? If this was apathy, well, make the most of it, as was said after the Roosevelt election—and Mr. Coolidge evidently knew how to. As for ourselves, we thought the prairies were beginning to catch fire, and so they did at the edges, but the blaze must be fanned a good deal yet before it will drive the coyotes and the timber-wolves into the open. This year the back-fires easily held the flames in check.

Yet we would not for one moment appear to belittle the magnificent achievement of Senators La Follette and Wheeler. Contrasted with that of Roosevelt in 1912 it is nothing less than amazing. Roosevelt had popularity, wealth, and a tremendously powerful daily press on his side, and many experienced politicians went over to him, taking the party machinery with them. If the 1924 Progressives have received $300,000 it will surprise us. With every bit of machinery to erect and no money to do it with, a necessarily double-headed organization to set up overnight, with only the Scripps papers on their side, La Follette and Wheeler none the less rolled up 4,000,000 votes, obtaining 400,000 votes in conservative New York State alone. It was the La Follette movement which contributed the brains, the life, the color, and some of the real issues to the campaign. When it is known that until October 7 the party could only place seventeen national speakers in the field to talk to a hundred million people, that on one day the national treasurer received only $15 from the entire country, and that in many cities it could not organize at all; when one recalls that the Republicans had $4,000,000 at their disposal, there is not the slightest ground for discouragement. It was a noble and patriotic achievement and we have nothing but the most heartfelt felicitations for Senators La Follette and Wheeler. Against incredible odds they took their cause to the people. It gained steadily and what they accomplished will endure to their lasting renown. It will not be their fault if their clean and high-minded and unselfish appeals to the electorate do not result in the organization of a third party. To our minds, with the incomplete returns before us as we go to press, the results show so widespread a desire for a new deal that we believe no time should be lost in organizing on a permanent basis. Certainly we do not see how Mr. La Follette and Mr. Wheeler can continue to function in their former parties, and the millions who followed them have a right to demand that their independent leadership continue.

No, for us this hour brings no discouragement, and much cheer, side by side with inevitable regrets. No realist believed that the third ticket would win; it would probably have been in some respects a misfortune if it had, for its very newness would have made the control of the government vastly difficult. The British Labor Party did not consider itself equipped to take over the Imperial Government last January—yet it is years and years ahead of our labor movement in ability, integrity, and clear-cut constructive program. A truly great labor party in this country can only be built up by years of travail and by agreement upon certain definite aims as to which many of the leaders are as yet in the kindergarten stage. We cannot deny our disappointment that labor, which first talked of a million-dollar fund, appears to have given less than $100,000; that in a city like Philadelphia only 34,000 working men and women voted for Mr. La Follette. Loyalty to the cause was not always observable, which is hardly surprising when one thinks for how many years so-called labor leaders have taken Republican and Democratic money or jobs. Only a magician's wand could alter these conditions in the twinkling of an eye.

As for President Coolidge, we do not alter or abate our opinion of him one jot or tittle. We are still of the opinion we expressed when he took office—that with him the Presidency stands low indeed. To us he remains a myth. We still believe him to be lacking in the ability, in the finer sense of honesty the American people have a right to demand of their Chief Executive. And we are clear in our minds that Charles G. Dawes is morally unfit for the high office to which he is elected; his campaign verged on blackguardism. We are, however, not at all sure that four years more of the crass materialism now enthroned in Washington, of the soulless Republican exploitation of the people for the benefit of the rich and privileged, of the licensing of corruptionists to proceed if only they do not get caught, and of the loosing of our financial imperialism upon the world will not bring about an early reaction and a bitter awakening for the masses. We do not—we cannot lose heart; we can only see the need for greater and greater efforts, for persistent, continued, and devoted patriotic service to the end that all the people shall see where lies salvation and where is the high road to American ideals.

England's Choice

ENGLAND has voted the Tories back into power. She did not reject Labor; she rejected the Liberals whose tacit support of Labor had kept it in office. Labor gained; but the Tories, who were the strongest single party before the election, emerged stronger still, while the Liberals suffered collapse.

In Parliament the Tories have an overwhelming majority; but in the country they are still a minority party. Advocates of proportional representation will find plenty of fuel for argument in the contrast of these figures: The Tories elected more than two-thirds of the members of the new House, but only 47 per cent of the voters cast Tory ballots. The Liberals are reduced to 36 votes, about 6 per cent of the whole; but 18 per cent of the people voted for them (as compared with 30 per cent a year ago). Labor lost forty seats in the Commons, but a million more people voted Labor than did so last time—35 per cent of the total number of voters, as compared with 31 per cent in 1923. The election was not, then, a defeat for Labor, but it turned the minority Labor Government out of power.

Probably the Tories would have gained in any case, but they gained unfairly by a dastardly last-minute trap into which Ramsay MacDonald fell. The Zinoviev letter, apparently forged, calling upon the British Communists to prepare for armed insurrection, was thrown into the campaign at the last minute. A Tory newspaper had the letter before the Government had it; and fearing the possible effect of its exposure MacDonald permitted the Foreign Office to denounce it without waiting for its authenticity to be proved. Its genuineness was still in doubt when the ballots were cast. Undoubtedly it aided the bolshevik scare which was the great Tory campaign argument. If it was genuine, MacDonald's Russian policy was obviously wrong—he had pledged government support to a Russian loan. If it was false he had blundered egregiously. In neither case could he make a brave appearance to the voters. As it turns out, it was almost certainly false; and the people of England must feel that they have been tricked by a lie.

Without that trick, however, a Tory Government, perhaps aided by the Lloyd-George Liberals, had seemed likely. The nine months of the Labor Government had done much to crystallize party lines in England. The Liberal Party was left without a program or an issue, and the voters naturally tended to one or the other of the two parties which plainly knew where they stood. In England, even more than here, there are essentially two parties—one conservative, one progressive; and the British Liberals had ceased to stand clearly for progress. It was impossible that they should continue to keep Labor in power without becoming merged with Labor; and the election proved, as expected, that while Labor's constituency is growing the bulk of England still prefers Tories to Laborites.

What will the Tories do, now that they have a clean majority of 200 in Parliament? It is possible that there will be little change. Tradition is strong in England; governments bow to its will regardless of their party labels. It is doubtful if the Tories will dare go far toward restoring the tariff system which was so violently repudiated a year ago. They will hardly think seriously of restoring the veto power of the House of Lords. MacDonald, in his short term of office, left scant impress upon the educational policy of the country; and the civil servants of the Foreign Office carried on the imperial tradition much as before. The Tories may, of course, resuscitate the plans for an enormous naval base at Singapore; and they may further exacerbate imperial relations by a deliberate policy of no compromise in Egypt and in India. They have the power to do great harm in Ireland. MacDonald's greatest achievement was the restoration of cordial relations with France and the promotion of Franco-German peace; that was, however, not so much a matter of party principle as of personal spirit. Certainly the Dawes plan was no ideal Labor program, and the Tories will hardly seek to undo it. They should be able, now that he has made the way easy, to carry to fruition what MacDonald began. *The Nation* regards the Tory victory as a loss for England; but Mr. Baldwin, if dull, is no jingo. If the Tories have the wisdom to stick to him and do not let their wild men, the die-hards and the Churchills, control party policy Tory rule will be no tragedy.

For five years, barring accidents, the Tories will rule England. Those may be very fruitful years for England and for the Labor Party. Labor grew strong in opposition; it proved its mettle in the seat of power, and returns to its habitual role of opposition strengthened and tempered. If for five years it can continue to develop its resources of leadership and increase its popular prestige as it has done in the five years since the peace was signed, it may return to power a majority party, and so able a group as to revive the world's waning faith in political democracy.

Breaking Ranks

ACCORDING to a gloomy friend the doctrine of free speech is doomed to a speedy repudiation. Born of democratic enthusiasm, it is the direct opposite of what nearly all organized bodies have professed, and even the lip-service which most moderns pay it is speedily to pass. Already it has become, he points out, a mere formula and the attacks made upon it by the politicians on the one side and the moralists on the other are destined to success because almost no one in his heart really believes it sound. Gradually, he says, the meaning of "disloyalty" will be extended until it covers every unorthodox utterance concerning society, and the various moral censorships will extend themselves until the official *imprimatur* is attached to every book which issues from the press. The Justice Fords will make common cause with the Admiral Plunketts when they see clearly that their individual objections to "immorality" on the one hand, and to *lèse majesté*, on the other, rest upon the common assumption that there is one standard opinion to be accepted by all.

Having realized that, they will accept the Bryans as comrades because, whatever their private opinion on the subject of evolution, they will understand his acceptance of their common doctrine. Against the united front of the millions who hold that in one particular or another freedom of expression should be limited the scattered few who hold no single opinion which they would back by law will be powerless. The official newspaper, the sound thesis, the clean book, and the municipal radio will reign supreme. Every citizen will be ignorant that dissent even exists and some new Saint Thomas Aquinas will fix in some greater Summa the answer to every question which man can propound.

None can deny the facts with which our acquaintance justifies his gloom. Never during the hundred years just past has the right of dissent been attacked in America from so many different quarters as in our decade; never have suppressions figured so frequently in the news of the day or been accepted so complacently. A book disappears from the shelves of the public library, a theatrical manager modifies or withdraws a play, and the process of censorship comes to be, by mere repetition, accepted as a normal process. But though these facts may not be questioned the interpretation put upon them may be. If suppression is common, so, by the same token, are the things which the orthodox feel called upon to suppress. If throughout the nineteenth century the theater in America escaped the official censor his absence was in part due to the fact that only safe plays were written and if no "clean-book bill" passed even a State legislature it may have been because no accepted author was ever minded to write a book which the most prurient could consider "unclean." Where rebels are being suppressed the spirit of rebellion must be abroad, and, similarly, every "radical" arrested gives proof that a "radical" exists.

In truth the battle is not yet won, but tolerance is being submitted to its severest test, because never before was the conservative called upon to tolerate so much. The solid ranks of safe respectability are breaking all along the line and accordingly the drill-masters are attempting to enforce more strictly their wavering discipline. Mustachioed generals and timid clerical corporals shout their frantic orders, but the individual stands doubtful whether he should listen or no. The ideal of regimentation and the ideal of freedom are struggling for mastery, but, the arguments of our gloomy acquaintance notwithstanding, the battle still hangs in the balance.

Anatole France Again

IT was Anatole France himself who said that "A beautiful verse is like a violin bow drawn across the resonant fibers of our souls. It is not his own thoughts but ours that the Poet sets singing within us. When he tells us of a woman he loves it is our own loves and griefs he awakens entrancingly in our souls." Anatole France always despised attempts at objective criticism. "We have in us, every one of us," he said, "a copy of each of our poets which no man knows and which will perish utterly and forever with all its variants when we shall cease to feel and know. And do you suppose we should love our lyric bards so fondly if they spoke to us of aught but our own selves?"

It would seem natural to Anatole France that the criticism poured forth upon his death should betray rather the idiosyncracies of his critics than the master himself. Anatole France "despised men tenderly," like his Abbe Jerome Coignard, and he would have smiled tenderly enough at the caricatures of himself which formed in his readers' minds. Here is an American critic who imagines Anatole France laughing aloud at his own penguins, as any American would. Here is Henry W. Nevinson, English to the last, picturing Anatole France "setting out at daybreak in the sweet air of the Somme or the Loire with fishing rod and wicker basket, from which the neck of a wine-bottle wrapped in a napkin emerged, laid beside a foot or two of bread and scraps of veal pinned on a wooden skewer . . . sitting beside the quietly running water all day, to return contentedly at sunset with the basket empty as the bottle." Here is Clive Bell reporting that "he looked like a sixteenth-century scholar, smiled like a Chinese sage, and talked like one of his own books," and that his conversation was "perfect"; and here is Theodor Wolff noting that he lacked the French gift of conversation. And finally, here is Stuart P. Sherman, deeply concerned with the problem of France's effect upon the morals of American youth.

Mr. Sherman, in whom a purposeful Puritanism still struggles, cannot believe that Anatole France's "conquest of Puritan Christendom" can be explained by "his sense of pity, pathos, and futility." These all are too negative, he thinks; and "the leader of a revolution must be a positively seductive person." Some of Anatole France's seduction, he finds, lies in his clear and musical style, and some in the richness and variousness of his culture; these, however, are hardly adequate to explain his fascination. Mr. Sherman's third explanation is "the seduction of his point of view, which is that of an immensely sophisticated loiterer in the garden of Epicurus . . . believing that if paradise is to be regained it will be by yielding to temptation and avoiding satiety only in order to preserve desire." Mr. Sherman obviously shudders at this, as he calls it, disintegrating point of view, but he is as obviously fascinated by it. Perhaps the youth who are turning to Anatole France would say somewhat the same thing in another way. There is something exciting in the boldness of Anatole France's mind. It cuts clear; it accepts nothing on faith; it has no hidden reverences; it can smile even at what it loves most. It rejects only after the test of experience. Some of Bertrand Russell's earlier writing communicates the same zest of adventure in intelligence. Possibly there is a seduction, to a generation which has lost faith in its old gods and codes, in mere intelligence. Possibly the war, forcing so many to think who never thought before, coercing unwilling minds to endure the miseries of disillusionment, has also developed a taste for the exercise of intelligence which a Puritan age stifled. And intelligence is close kin to a "sense of pity, pathos, and" at least a willingness to accept "futility."

Our pity has been "choked with custom of fell deeds." Anatole France penetrated behind the custom. The shams of the day, consecrated by venerable age, never deceived him. He had the uncanny gift of looking at old institutions through eyes which combined the fresh simplicity of Riquet, M. Bergeret's dog, or of Crainquebille the pushcart vendor, with the mellow culture of the centuries. The result is sometimes catastrophic to old standards and idols. But is it a sign of moral disintegration, or of mental toughness, that a new generation is able to delight with Henry Nevinson in such a passage as this?

> "Do you see, my son," exclaimed the holy Mael, "that madman who with his teeth is biting the nose of the adversary he has overthrown, and that other one who is pounding a woman's head with a huge stone?"
>
> "I see them," said Bulloch. "They are creating law; they are founding property; they are establishing the principles of civilization, the basis of society, and the foundations of the state."
>
> "How is that?" asked old Mael.
>
> "By setting bounds to their fields. That is the origin of all government. Your penguins, O Master, are performing the most august of functions. Throughout the ages their work will be consecrated by lawyers, and magistrates will confirm it."

Patriotism That Pays

By WILL IRWIN

PROBABLY the readers of this periodical understand the true inspiration of anti-Bolshevik propaganda in America and the uses of its by-products. I merely summarize here. When the war was over certain powerful and well-supported societies which had engaged in whipping up "national resistance" found their occupation gone. Happily for them and their professional secretaries, bolshevism had broken loose in Russia. Denunciation of bolshevism, exaggeration of our own imminent peril, appealed strongly to the timid old ladies and gentlemen whose funds had supported these organizations. And the pack was off, on the trail of the Reds. They had difficulty in scratching up enough actual American Communists and Bolsheviki to make a respectable straw man. But by patching out the list with all persons holding views which differed from those of Henry Cabot Lodge, these societies made a splendid showing of national peril. Mr. Ralph Easley of the National Civic Federation repeated that bolshevism, anarchism, socialism, pacifism, the British Labor Party, and so-called liberalism were the same thing, until even he grew weary. This process had splendid practical uses, at first almost unperceived. By tagging all forward-looking opinions and movements with the Red label you discredited them in a body. It seemed a sharp weapon to fight strikes, the closed shop, municipal ownership, the child-labor amendment, and all such "unconstitutional" frills. Before this campaign was over, pillars of the stock exchange together with uninstructed and impressionable citizens of the back country believed in their souls that all these fancy ideas had their origin in the brain of Trotzky.

Then Brigadier-General Fries of the Chemical Warfare Service put a cap-stone to this structure, and opened up new vistas for the professional patriot. In Washington Fries is known as the Junker of the Army. Long ago he had proved to the satisfaction of all stockholders in chemical companies that poison-gas warfare is humane, beneficent! "Little jail breaks, little strikes, and little lynchings, in themselves, are of little importance," he wrote once, "but if back of the United States Government there is not sufficient force to quell these little disturbances we might get a conflict of internal war that would overturn the government." His inclusion of jailbreaks, strikes, and lynchings in the same category illuminates the profound clarity of the gallant general's social views. And speaking one day at a public luncheon, General Fries revealed a startling fact. He had it on incontrovertible proof—the word of a woman in California—that the National Council for Prevention of War was financed, inspired, directed, from Moscow.

This organization is a kind of holding company for all peace societies in the United States. Among its vice-chairmen were at the time President Lowell of Harvard University, President Hibben of Princeton, and William Allen White. Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, wife of the Governor of Pennsylvania, served on the Executive Committee. Startling charges these! Yet upon any timid person who had kept up with the literature of his favorite anti-Bolshevik society burst a great light. Had not the presidents of Harvard and Princeton permitted Reds, advocating or expounding such dangerous measures as municipal ownership and the British Labor Party, to address the students? Had not William Allen White shown a complaisant interest in the scheme of that invidious Pink, Woodrow Wilson, to barter away our national sovereignty at Paris? As for Gifford Pinchot, some of his political vagaries and assaults on property—such as his socialistic conservation policy, foiled before it was too late by the right-minded Secretary Fall—now stood explained. For years he had been listening to the counsels of a Bolshevik wife! Unhappily for this campaign, certain persons of high station saw Secretary of War Weeks about the matter, and the Secretary somewhat reluctantly silenced General Fries. Silenced him officially, that is. He may no longer bawl his opinions from the front door, but he may, as will presently appear, whisper them out of the window.

Here was new and magnificent bunk to put new pep into the campaign! Long before this the professional secretaries of these societies had educated most of their members to believe that pacifism—which means in their language any doctrine looking toward the possible abolition of war—is exactly the same thing as bolshevism. General Fries gave these opinions a kind of official approval. The pack was off again, on the trail of the Red pacifists.

None pursued more valiantly than the American Defense Society; its four years of running down industrial Bolshevists was but training for this more congenial task. This society and its soul-mate, the National Security League, sprang into existence during the preparedness agitation which preceded our entry into the war. After we entered, they served as scourges to lash up the war spirit and as centers of volunteer spy-hunting. Both, sharp on the armistice, overhauled plants which had been making sausage of pacifists, pro-Germans, and conscientious objectors, to make mince-meat out of Reds and Pinks. The Security League, very active in 1919-1920, has seemed of late rather lax toward its duties.

But the American Defense Society has been on the job night and day, unrelenting in its pursuit, sleepless in its vigilance. While in circular letters it offers to make itself for a fee of five dollars a year the agent of the private citizen in the fight against bolshevism and Red radicalism, its real backer and angel is Elon H. Hooker, the multimillionaire who recently entered the Muscle Shoals bidding against Henry Ford. Mr. Hooker is one of our greatest chemical manufacturers; and a strong army, adequate to defend our institutions from external and internal enemies, will need a great deal of poison gas. He, however, merely gives his benediction, his name, and his money; for three years ago he made a great discovery. One day the late R. M. Whitney, a newspaper man, got access to William J. Burns's "Red file" in the Department of Justice. I have reason to believe that this file is more than a trifle inaccurate. It is a "privileged" record, not supposed to stand the merciless light of publicity. Perhaps, therefore, Mr. Burns's flatfeet may be pardoned if, knowing on which side their bread was buttered, they touched things up a bit. From this and other similar sources Mr. Whitney wrote his masterpiece, "The

Reds in America." The Boston *Transcript* performed its first sensational act in a century of conservative respectability by publishing this work in full. In the Back Bay and Beacon Hill regions it scored a mad, riotous success. It had all the thrills of an old-fashioned dime novel; and much of a dime novel's literary style. The Back Bay trembled as it read, fascinated. And in this work Mr. Whitney showed himself a pioneer of thought. Long before General Fries he "discovered" the "sinister connection between Russian bolshevism and American pacifism." Americans agitating for universal peace, he declared again and again, were only playing into the hands of Moscow—breaking down our national resistance against Red conquest. Mr. Hooker reads the *Transcript*. He was delighted, transported. He caused "The Reds in America" to be printed as a pamphlet; and its author got a permanent job at once as leader in the American Defense Society's White Crusade.

"The radicals, it was learned," said Mr. Whitney in one of his pamphlets, ". . . working through pacifist and religious organizations and backed by an adequate radical fund, were desperately trying to cut down military preparedness to a point where no opposition could be offered the Reds when the time came for their armed revolution against the United States." That is the text for Mr. Whitney's subsequent activities.

Of course, this campaign had its sympathizers in the Government; now and then Mr. Whitney got more than passive support from the constituted authorities. I have mentioned his access to the "Red file" in the Department of Justice under the Daugherty-Burns regime. Last year, it would seem, the War Department helped a bit.

Paxton Hibben, captain in the U. S. Reserves, conducted during the Russian famine a relief organization in rivalry with that of Secretary Hoover and somewhat more closely allied to the Soviet Government. Also, he has urged resumption of trade relations with Moscow. "The Reds in America," as published by Mr. Whitney in the Boston *Transcript*, attacked him with special energy and virulence. Hibben sued the *Transcript* for libel. Shortly after that Secretary of War Weeks haled him before a board of reserve officers with a view to canceling his commission. "Captain Hibben has been charged with holding beliefs favorable to the enemies of the United States Government," said the Secretary in a statement to the press; ". . . . these charges are to the effect that while serving in the Russian relief he had expressed himself in terms friendly to the Soviet Government as interpreted by the State Department." While we do not recognize Russia, we certainly are not at war with her; but in his phrase "enemies of the United States Government," Secretary Weeks seems to have declared hostilities on his own account. In the course of the trial, a curious fact appeared. The Intelligence Department folder on Captain Hibben and the statements in the *Transcript* were almost identical in content—"even to two purely imaginary points," writes the captain.

The notion that all peace movements in the United States were a conscious part of the Moscow plot seemed ridiculous enough when General Fries first broached it. Those newspapers which noticed his statement at all merely scoffed and gibed. But reiteration is the soul of successful advertising. By harping on this string, Mr. Whitney and his associates cast discredit here and there on the peace sentiment of the country. They had long viewed with alarm the spread of "pacifist foolishness" among our women. For example the League of Women Voters, with an exceptionally intelligent membership of two million, had made world peace and international cooperation the livest issue on their program. Scenting danger, Mr. Whitney swung into action with a pamphlet on "pacifist" women. Among six million or more, he discovered about fifty with a background which could fairly be called "radical"—as the American Defence Society defines radicalism. At about this same period, the militarists among our army officers broke loose again from the tolerant control of Secretary Weeks. Brigadier-General A. J. Bowley, addressing the Columbus, Ohio, Chamber of Commerce, exposed the details of the "bolshevist plot" against our national security. First asking the reporters to keep his remarks out of print, he averred solemnly that Frederick J. Libby, secretary of the National Council for Prevention of War, had been educated by Bolsheviki in Moscow for the purpose of leading the social revolution in America, that he had taught communism in a Pennsylvania college, that his every move was directed from the Third International. Warming up to his subject, the General alleged that S. E. Nicholson, Mr. Libby's friend and close associate in peace work, figured as sub-villain in the plot. Mr. Libby and Mr. Nicholson, he informed Columbus, took turn and turn about in Washington and Moscow, the one getting instructions from the Soviets and the other putting them into operation. And the worst of it is that the general seemed to believe what he said.

Now as a matter of cold truth, Mr. Libby holds no strong political views except his overwhelming conviction that war should be abolished by international agreement. Certainly he is not a Communist—not the "reddest of the Reds," as General Bowley called him. And he was never in Russia in his life. At about the period of General Bowley's address, Mr. Nicholson was just visiting Moscow for the first time—as head of a Quaker reconstruction unit. A hide-bound, hard-shell Indiana Republican, the close political friend of Senator Jim Watson, he testifies with pride that he has never even scratched the party ticket except on the liquor issue. But misstatement of this kind always has its temporary effect; members of the League of Women Voters say that the general made many converts in Columbus.

Secretly, the Gas Warfare Service had already wriggled back into the game. The agent, this time, was not General Fries, but his librarian, Miss Lucia B. Maxwell. At some time in 1923, she compiled a sort of patriotic poster—a curious document, difficult of description and impossible of reproduction. In the circles which she and Mr. Whitney frequent, it is called "The Spider Web Chart." At its top shines the legend, "The Socialist and Pacifist Movement in America is an absolutely Fundamental and Integral Part of International socialism; (Lusk report, page 11)." Down its center, in neat typewritten boxes, runs a list of women's societies active in the cause of peace, including the Y. W. C. A., the W. C. T. U., and the National Council of Jewish Women. In corresponding boxes on both sides stretch the names of twenty-one American women suspected of radicalism in its various degrees, together with their "records." The name of each woman in the list, and the name of that society which she is "tainting," are joined by a straight line. Similar lines run from the societies to the head of the chart where like accusing fingers they point at two names—Frederick J. Libby, mentioned before, and Mrs. Maud Wood Park, chairman of the League of Women

Voters. They—it is made graphically to appear—are head and front of the "socialist-pacifist plot." I have shown already where Mr. Libby stands. To anyone who knows Mrs. Park, the accusation of Red radicalism is just funny.

In the lower right-hand corner of the chart runs a rhyme of Miss Maxwell, distinguished alike by its political profundity, its haunting meter, and its original grammar:

> Miss Bolshevik has come to town,
> With a Russian cap and a German gown,
> In *women's* clubs she's sure to be found,
> For she's come to *disarm* AMERICA.
>
> She sits in judgment on Capitol Hill,
> And watches the *appropriation bill*
> And without her O. K. it passes—NIL
> For she's here to *disarm* AMERICA.
>
> She uses the movie and lyceum, too,
> And alters text-books to suit her view,
> She prates propaganda from pulpit and pew,
> For she's bound to *disarm* AMERICA.
>
> The male of the specie has a different plan.
> He uses the bomb and the fire brand,
> And incites class hatred whenever he can
> While she's busy *disarming* AMERICA.
>
> His special stunt is arousing the mob,
> To expropriate and hate and kill and rob
> While she's working on her *political job*—
> AWAKE! AROUSE!! AMERICA!!

This document, apparently, was never intended for general circulation. But reproduced in photostat, its admirers placed it where it might do the most good. When President Harding died in San Francisco, a copy lay among the papers on his desk, awaiting his return from the West. Among the builders of the Bolshevik straw-man, it created a furore. That odd group of reactionaries centering round the *Woman Patriot*, journalistic ghost of the old anti-suffrage cause, threw transports of joy. Mr. Whitney started an agitation to get Miss Maxwell the Distinguished Service Medal. Attorney-General Daugherty remarked that he did not know how he could do his work of running down Red Radicals without Miss Maxwell's valuable assistance.

To show the spirit in which Miss Maxwell did her work, let me cite my own family record in the Spider Web Chart. Toward the lower right hand corner Miss Maxwell polishes off my wife as follows:

> Inez Haynes Irwin (wife of Will Irwin) member International League for Peace and Freedom, member I. W. W. Defense Committee, made an appeal for funds for the I. W. W. Defense (see Lusk report). Member National Woman's Party. (Will Irwin was the Socialist candidate recently defeated in California.)

Now to be very charitable, these statements are mainly—mistakes. My wife does belong, though inactively, to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. She has been active in the Woman's Party—though what this organization has to do with the case does not appear. She has never been a member of the I. W. W. Defense Committee. To the best of her memory, she has never appealed for funds for the I. W. W. defense. In 1918, certain I. W. W. were arrested in Chicago as draft obstructors and were being put through the mill—not, everyone knew, because they hampered the war as charged, but just because they held radical opinions. Thereupon, my wife, who had been doing rather more than most American women to help win the war, signed a manifesto asking that these men be given a fair trial. Perhaps asking a fair trial for people accused of political offenses has become in these later days un-American. At any rate, she was placed on the Tory blacklist; parrot-like the builders of the Bolshevik straw-man have passed on from list to list, from manifesto to manifesto, the charge that she is an active and Dangerous Red Radical. Whereas, she is just a writing woman, interested relatively little in politics and very much in her job of creating fiction. As for me—I have never belonged to the Socialist Party. I have never run for office. I have not lived in California for twenty years. I should have voted for Wilson in 1916 had I not been at the British front; and I came out for Davis this year. However, this ingenious invention appears not only in the Spider Web Chart but in one of Mr. Whitney's pamphlets. In my case, the explanation is easy. I am a vice-chairman of the National Council for Prevention of War.

I have in my possession letters from eleven of the women listed in the Spider Web Chart. All but one call attention to some glaring inaccuracy of the same kind. And the wise political discrimination which infuses the whole document may be judged by a passage in the "record" of Mrs. Raymond Robins: "led a Red Demonstration May 20, 1907, consisting of 3,700 cheering, boisterous Socialists, anarchists, trade unionists, members of liberal societies, etc., in Chicago. . . ." There you are again; trades unionism and liberalism all part of the hellish socialist-pacifist plot. Also the Spider Web Chart, in common with much other militarist literature, makes much of the "slacker's oath" proposed at a convention of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. This pledged the members never in any way to engage in war or to assist war even by relief work. But the Spider Web Chart fails to mention that the motion to adopt the "slacker's oath" was defeated by an overwhelming majority.

Then some outsider secured a copy of the Spider Web Chart, and hawked it to the press. With its talent for getting off on the wrong foot politically, Henry Ford's Dearborn *Independent* published the interesting document virtually in full. Shortly afterward, the League of Women Voters, meeting in convention at Buffalo, took official cognizance of this attack on Mrs. Park, their active leader. Just in time to prevent a storm, the Secretary of War burst into action. On behalf of the department he repudiated the Spider Web Chart as full of "glaring misstatements"; ordered General Fries to destroy all copies in possession of his office and to call in for destruction all outstanding copies. However, it had probably done its little work. The builders of the Bolshevik straw-man have carried its misstatements and insinuations to every corner of the country. The copy of the Dearborn *Independent* was scarcely off the press before a manufacturers' association in Kentucky, engaged in fighting unions and the child-labor amendment, had reprinted its version of the Spider Web Chart as a pamphlet. And I can personally testify to the time I wasted during the subsequent few weeks in answering letters which asked me if the charge against me could possibly, possibly be true.

Yes, the Bolshevik scare, worked up by so much honest industry and creative imagination, is paying magnificently.

The Better America Federation of Los Angeles, whose chief object is to put I. W. W. in jail, defeat progressive legislation and maintain the open shop, uses it every day. Abolition of child labor, compulsory education up to the sixteenth year, the eight-hour day, the forty-hour week, prohibition of night work for women and children, minimum wage, the right of labor to organize, the initiative and referendum—all these measures, according to the Better America Federation, are entering wedges for bolshevism. One of its staff-orators goes round telling women's clubs that she who reads the books of H. G. Wells, Sinclair Lewis, and James Harvey Robinson, or attends certain plays by Bernard Shaw, Eugene O'Neill, and Channing Pollock, more menaces society than he who preaches out-and-out socialism from a soap-box. The official organ of the Republican National Committee roared weekly, even to the moment of its untimely death, the charge that those senators who started the Teapot Dome investigation and ejected Secretary Fall got their instructions straight from Moscow. Ex-Attorney General Daugherty, sharp on his involuntary resignation, took the platform to prove that Moscow did it; that the assault on his just and honest administration was a first step toward the social revolution. Jim Curley, running on the Democratic ticket for Governor of Massachusetts, had indorsed the child-labor amendment. Suddenly the Roman Catholic church of Massachusetts came out strongly against the measure. With the church against it the Democracy of the Bay State is lost. Curley had to duck into some hole. He picked the anti-Bolshevik dugout. "It has been brought to my attention," he announced officially, "that this amendment was conceived in Moscow."

It all seems a little futile to me. But I bow to expert knowledge; the piece must draw, or such skilled showmen would have taken it off long ago. Perhaps this late, hysterical activity in laying to Bolshevik Moscow all the ills that afflict political or financial privilege is a case of cashing in before the game closes down. For Russia is settling back from her Bolshevik jag to a more or less orderly socialized republic. She is resuming production, preparing to develop enormous resources. Soon we shall have to trade with her or pay the penalty in loss of foreign commerce. By that time, certain gentlemen now most afraid of bolshevism will find it convenient to alter their views. And it will not be diplomatic to cast aspersions on Russia's past.

Meantime, what is an American Bolshevik? From the clear wisdom of childhood comes the answer. Gifford Pinchot's son, aged eight, quarreled with a little girl. "She's a Bolshevik!" he told his mother. "Why do you call her that?" asked Mrs. Pinchot. "Because I don't like her," replied Pinchot, Jr.

New Morals for Old

Men Who Understand Women

By FLORENCE GUY SEABURY

IF Clarissa Harlowe could have stepped out of her pre-Victorian world to witness some of the women stevedores and "longshoremen" now at work along the New York water front she would certainly have fainted so abruptly that no masculine aid could have restored consciousness. If we can believe the 1920 census, a goodly number of Clarissa's timid and delicate sex are toiling gloriously in the most dangerous and violent occupations. Nor are they only engaged in handling steel beams and freight, running trucks and donkey engines, but as miners and steeplejacks, aviators and divers, sheriffs and explorers—everything, in fact, that man ever did or thought of doing. They have proved, moreover, as successful in such a new occupation as capturing jungle tigers as in the old one of hunting husbands, as deft in managing big business as in running a little household.

But the census bureau, compiling all the facts of feminine industry, forgot to note that woman might perform these amazingly varied operations, outside the home, without changing in any measurable degree the rooted conception of her nature and activities. She may step out of skirts into knickers, cut her hair in a dozen short shapes, and even beat a man in a prize-fight, but old ideas as to her place and qualities endure. She changes nothing as set as the stereotyped image of her sex which has persisted since Eve.

The Inquiring Reporter of the New York *Sun* recently asked five persons whether they would prefer to be tried by a jury of men or women. "Of men," cried they all—two women and three men. "Women would be too likely to overlook the technical points of the law." "Women are too sentimental." "They are too easily swayed by an eloquent address." "Women are by nature sentimental." Almost anybody could complete the list. Ancient opinions of women's characteristics have been so widely advertised that the youngest child in the kindergarten can chirp the whole story. Billy, aged ten, hopes fervently that this country may never have a woman President. "Women haven't the brains—it's a man's job." A. S. M. Hutchinson, considerably older than Billy, has equally juvenile fears: that the new freedom for woman may endanger her functions in the home. Whatever and wherever the debate, the status and attributes of women are settled by neat and handy generalizations, passed down from father to son and mother to daughter. For, so far, most women accept the patterns made for them and are as likely as not to consider themselves the weaker vessel, the more emotional sex, a lay figure of biological utility.

Optimists are heralding a changed state in the relationship of men and women. They point to modern activities and interests as evidence of a different position in the world. They say that customs and traditions of past days are yielding to something freer and finer. The old order, as far as home life is concerned, has been turned topsy-turvy. Out of this chaos interpreters of the coming morality declare that already better and happier ways have been established between man and maid.

It sounds plausible enough, but the trouble remains that, so far, it isn't true. The intimate relationship of men and women is about as it was in the days of Cleopatra or Xanthippe. The most brawny stevedorette leaves her freight in the air when the whistle blows and rushes home

to husband as if she were his most sheltered possession. Following the tradition of the centuries, the business woman, whose salary may double that of her mate, hands him her pay envelope and asks permission to buy a new hat. Busts and bustles are out, flat chests and orthopedic shoes are in, while the waist line moves steadily toward the thigh—but what of it? Actualities of present days leave the ancient fantasies unchanged.

Current patterns for women, as formulated by the man in the street, by the movies, in the women's clubs and lecture halls can be boiled down to one general cut. Whatever she actually is or does, in the stereotype she is a creature with only one function. The girl on the magazine cover is her symbol. She holds a mirror, a fan, a flower and—at Christmas—a baby. Without variety, activity, or individuality, her sugary smile pictures satisfying femininity. Men are allowed diversity. Some are libertines, others are husbands; a few are lawyers, many are clerks. They wear no insignia of masculinity or badge of paternity and they are never expected to live up to being Man or Mankind. But every woman has the whole weight of formulated Womanhood upon her shoulders. Even in new times she must carry forward the design of the ages.

One of the quaint hang-overs of the past is that men are the chief interpreters of even the modern woman. It may be that the conquest of varied fields and the strain of establishing the right to individuality has taken all her time and energy. Or it may be that the habit of vicarious expression has left her inarticulate. Whatever it is, in the voluminous literature of the changing order, from the earnest tracts on "How It Feels to Be a Woman" by a leading male educator to the tawdry and flippant syndicated views of W. L. George, masculine understanders take the lead. And the strange part of their interpretations is that they run true to ancient form. Old adages are put in a more racy vernacular, the X-ray is turned on with less delicacy, but when the froth of their engaging frankness disappears hoary old ideas remain thickly in the tumbler.

Take the intimate life story of a girl of the younger generation—Janet March—written by that good friend of women, Floyd Dell. The blurb on the jacket of the book announces that she moves toward "not a happy ending but an intelligent one." And the end? Janet finds her mate and the curtain falls to the soft music of maternity. "One has to risk something," Janet cries. "All my life I've wanted to *do* something with myself. Something exciting. And this is the one thing I can do. I can"—she hesitated. "I can create a breed of fierce and athletic girls, new artists, musicians, and singers."

As a conclusion this is acceptable to any one with a heart, but wherein is it intellectual and not happy? Queen Victoria, the Honorable Herbert Asquith, or the Reverend Lyman Abbott would be equally pleased by its one hundred per cent womanliness. And how does it differ from our cherished slogan "Woman's place is in the home"? Only in that Floyd Dell cuts Janet in a large, free-hand design. The advance pattern calls for a wealth of biological and gynecological explanation, pictures the girl as a healthy young animal who "smoked but drew the line on grounds of health at inhaling," and, following the fashion of peasants in foreign countries, consummated the marriage before it was celebrated. Yet Janet, who claimed her right to all experience and experiment, finally raises her banner on the ancient and familiar platform of fireside and nursery.

Despite its unquestionable orthodoxy, Janet March was retired from circulation. But no one has successfully dammed the flowing tide of W. L. George. He draws with somewhat futuristic effect, at times, but his conclusions are those of the old masters. "No woman," he enunciates authoritatively, "values her freedom until she is married and then she is proud to surrender it to the man she has won." Or take this: "All women are courtesans at heart, living only to please the other sex." Wherein does this differ from the sentiment of Alexander Pope, who, one hundred and fifty or more years before the birth of W. L. George, declared:

> Men, some to business, some to pleasures take,
> But every woman is at heart a rake.

H. L. Mencken, stirred by debates about the intelligence of woman and her newer activities, essayed "In Defense of Women," to put his old wine in a fancy bottle, but it was the same home brew. Generously conceding brains to women, he proves his point on the evidence that they are used to ensnare men, who, weak-minded and feeble in flight, are usually bowled over in the battle of wits. "Marriage," he says, "is the best career a woman can reasonably aspire to—and in the case of very many women the only one that actually offers a livelihood." . . . "A childless woman remains more than a little ridiculous and ill at ease." . . . "No sane woman has ever actually muffed a chance." . . . "The majority of inflammatory suffragettes of the sex-hygiene and birth-control species are simply those who have done their best to snare a man and failed."

In H. L. Mencken's favor is his absence of the usual gush about feminine beauty. He declares with refreshing honesty that in contrast to the female body a milk jug or even a cuspidor is a thing of intelligent and gratifying design. Of woman's superior mental ability he says: "A cave man is all muscle and mush. Without a woman to think for him, he is truly a lamentable spectacle, a baby with whiskers, a rabbit with the frame of an aurochs, a feeble and preposterous caricature of God." What a pity that women use all these advantages of superior mentality and ability only in the age-old game of man-hunting. But do they?

D. H. Lawrence shares this philosophy of the chief business of women, and he is much more gloomy about it. In fact, he is decidedly neurotic in his fear of the ultimate absorption of man. Woman he describes perpetually as a great, magnetic womb, fecund, powerful, drawing, engulfing. Man he sees as a pitiful, struggling creature, ultimately devoured by fierce maternal force. "You absorb, absorb," cries Paul to Miriam in "Sons and Lovers," "as if you must fill yourself up with love because you've got a shortage somewhere." The Lawrence model, madly, fiercely possessive, differs from older forms in the abundance of physiological and pathological trimming. His conclusion, as voiced again by Paul to Miriam, is: "A woman only works with part of herself; the real and vital part is covered up." And this hidden reality is her terrific, destructive, fervid determination to drown man in her embrace.

So it goes. To Floyd Dell woman is a Mother, to H. L. Mencken a Wife, to W. L. George a Courtesan, and to D. H. Lawrence a Matrix—always specialized to sex. There may be men who are able to think of woman apart from the pattern of female, but they are inarticulate. Most

of them spend their lives associating with a symbol. The set pieces they call Mary, Martha, Elaine, or Marguerite may follow the standardized design of grandmother, mother, or aunt. Or, in more advanced circles, the pattern may call for bobbed hair, knickers, and cigarette case. Under any form of radicalism or conservatism the stereotype remains.

The old morality was built upon this body of folk-lore about women. Whether pictured as a chaste and beautiful angel, remote and untainted by life's realities, or more cynically regarded as a devil and the source of sin, the notion was always according to pattern. Naturally, the relationship of men and women has been built upon the design, and a great many of our social ideals and customs follow it. The angel concept led, of course, to the so-called double standard which provides for a class of Victorian dolls who personify goodness, while their sisters, the prostitutes, serve as sacrificial offerings to the wicked ways of men. The new morality, as yet rather nebulous and somewhat mythical, has fewer class distinctions. The angel picture, for instance, has had some rude blows. As portrayed by the vanguard of radicals and interpreters, however, the changing conventions have their roots in the old generalizations and fantasies.

Perhaps this is only to be expected, for the man or woman does not exist whose mind has not become so filled with accepted ideas of human beings and relationships before maturity, or even adolescence, that what is seen thereafter is chiefly a fog of creeds and patterns. If several hundred babies, children of good inherited backgrounds, could be brought up on an isolated island, without a taint of superimposed custom and never hearing generalizations about themselves, never having standardized characteristics laid heavily upon their shoulders, perhaps a different type of relationship founded upon actualities would be evolved. Without a mythology of attributes, based chiefly upon biological functions, real human beings might discover each other and create new and honest ways of comradeship and association. As it is today, we do not know what the pristine reactions of individuals, free from the modifications of stereotype, would be like.

It was the development of means by which beliefs could be separated from actual facts which brought modern science into being and freed the world from the quaint superstitions of the ages. Not until the nature of substance could be proved and classified in contrast with the mass of ignorant notions which clogged ancient thought was the amazing mechanical, economic, and scientific advance of the last century possible. The world of antiquity had standardized life and tied thought down to speculative creeds. Empirical science discarded all supposition and centered itself upon building up another picture—life as an examination of its actual nature proved it to be.

In the creating of a new order which will bring with it a different type of social and personal contact something similar must take place. For most of our ideas, even those classified as liberal and advanced, are built upon the reactions of an alleged, not an actual human being. Men have suffered from pattern-making, but never have they been burdened with the mass of generalizations that are heaped upon women from birth. Nobody knows what women are really like because our minds are so filled with the stereotype of Woman. And this picture, even in the interpretations of those who claim to understand the modern woman, is chiefly one of sex, not character. It is impossible to create a satisfying relationship between a red-blooded individual and a symbol. A changed morality cannot successfully emerge when half of those who participate are regarded not as people but functions. As long as women are pictured chiefly as wife, mother, courtesan, or what not—defining merely a relationship to men—nothing new or strange or interesting is likely to happen. The old order is safe.

Europe Moves Toward Peace

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, October 2

THE fifth Assembly of the League of Nations has been quite unlike its predecessors and for the first time since the League was founded it is possible to hope that it may become a reality. For this is the first time that the League has made a serious attempt to do the principal work for which it was founded, namely, to take measures for the prevention of war. Ramsay MacDonald must in the first place have the credit of the change. His speech, so refreshingly undiplomatic, so different in its blunt frankness from the speeches to which we have been accustomed in past years, transformed the atmosphere of the Assembly. At previous Assemblies the English and French delegations concealed their differences in public and worked against each other in private.

If Ramsay MacDonald initiated the change, other men, when he had left Geneva, carried to fulfilment the work that he had indicated. Two reputations have been made at Geneva—those of the French Socialist delegate, Paul-Boncour, and of M. Politis, the Greek Minister in Paris. The Protocol was Paul-Boncour's idea and it was in great measure thanks to his tact, persuasiveness, and skill that it was successfully piloted through the committees. One knew him to be a man of ability, but he had not been suspected of the great qualities of statesmanship that he showed at Geneva. Paul-Boncour is a man whose career deserves watching. He is likely yet to hold high office in France. M. Politis was already known to students as an authority on international law, but Geneva made him known to the European public. His speech on the difficulty and inadequacy of economic "sanctions," which is believed to have converted Ramsay MacDonald to the view that some use of military force was necessary, was one of the most remarkable delivered during the Assembly.

Of course, what has been done at Geneva could not have been done without the change in French policy. As to the reality of that change even the most skeptical became convinced before the end of the Assembly. It is clear that the present French Government sincerely desires peace. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the attitude of Viviani at previous Assemblies and that of Paul-Boncour, and even of Briand, this year, to say nothing of Herriot himself. Moreover, the French Government has said quite definitely that it wants Germany in the League and is prepared to give her a permanent seat on the Council. It is now seen by the French in power that a political and economic understanding with Germany is necessary to France. An economic understanding is made necessary by the situation of Alsace-Lorraine, which needs German coke and German markets, and a

political understanding is necessary to an economic one. It may yet be that Alsace-Lorraine, after having been for centuries a bone of contention between France and Germany, will become a bond of union between them.

The fifth Assembly has been an Assembly of one subject and has done one thing—the Geneva Protocol—but that one thing is incomparably more important than anything done at any previous Assembly. If it be ratified by all the Great Powers, including the United States, a long step will have been taken toward making war impossible and a great reduction of armaments made possible. The Protocol is very different from the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance which Ramsay MacDonald wisely rejected. It is widely different from any previous measure with the same purpose in that it includes compulsory arbitration for all international disputes. This in itself is an immense advance—an advance undreamed of even a year ago. The whole difficulty of determining the aggressor in a dispute disappears. The aggressor is the Power that has refused to go to arbitration or has disregarded an award. This principle, which was that of the American plan, was advocated years ago by Jaurès and has since been the official policy of the French Socialist Party. It is not surprising that when MacDonald proposed it at Geneva it was at once accepted by the French delegation.

The two chief objections urged against the Geneva Protocol are that it includes the use of armed force and that it interferes to some extent with national sovereignty. For my part I was as convinced by the speech of M. Politis as Ramsay MacDonald is believed to have been, and I am sure that the French are right in saying that the power of using armed force in the last resort against an "aggressor," as defined, is necessary. Nor do I understand the objection to it on the part of people ready to admit the use of economic "sanctions," including a naval blockade. If there is a ruthless and effective form of force, it is a naval blockade, as every German knows. Air raids are less merciless. Besides, the French are surely right in their view that, if all countries agree to the use of armed force, it will probably never be necessary. The threat will be enough, for what nation will dare to risk war with the whole civilized world? It is not true, by the way, that Lord Parmoor ever put the British navy at the disposal of the League of Nations, but the Protocol involves its use in certain circumstances and must involve it. In what circumstances, is a question depending on the degree of acceptance that the Protocol obtains. If the United States unhappily refuses to accept it, England will not pledge itself to any use of the British navy that would involve a conflict with America, perhaps over an alleged breach of the Monroe Doctrine. In such a case England might agree to the use of the navy only in Europe.

That the Geneva Protocol involves a certain limitation of national sovereignty is true, but peace is impossible without such limitation. As the Belgian Senator Lafontaine said at a previous Assembly of the League, national sovereignty means the right to make war, and it is just that right that the Protocol denies. Absolute national sovereignty is incompatible with permanent peace and we must choose between the two. How could we have social peace without limiting the sovereignty of the individual? The claim to absolute national sovereignty is in fact a claim on the part of a nation to do as it likes, regardless of the rights and liberties of other nations. Permanent peace involves a super-national authority of all the nations to which they must all submit so far as their international relations are concerned. There are even questions of internal politics that are not merely internal questions. Such are questions of immigration and of the rights of racial minorities subjected to a government of another race. I think that the authors of the Protocol were conscious of the danger that the Japanese amendment might prevent the United States from signing the Protocol, but they felt nevertheless that the amendment was justified.

One great danger there is—that the Protocol may tend to stereotype existing territorial arrangements in Europe, some of which are manifestly absurd and unjust. It is right to prevent their alteration by force, but there must be some means of revising treaties and frontiers. The Covenant of the League gives the Assembly the power to revise treaties but, so long as unanimity is necessary, that power will never be used. On this point the Protocol needs amendment. The German Government, in its reply about the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, made the excellent suggestion that a special arbitration tribunal should be set up for this purpose. If and when the inhabitants of some particular territory show a desire to be transferred to another allegiance, there must be some tribunal to consider the question and, if necessary, hold a plebiscite in the territory concerned. The prevention of war cannot be allowed to become the permanent consecration of such injustices and absurdities as the Polish Corridor through Germany or the annexation of German South Tyrol to Italy.

Too much must not be expected from the disarmament conference. Total disarmament is not yet, and can come only naturally, when nations have become accustomed to settling their disputes by arbitration and feel themselves secure. Moreover, total national disarmament involves an international police force. The aim should be to reduce armaments to the minimum necessary to fulfil the obligations of the Protocol and, above all, to abolish conscription. Without the universal abolition of conscription any so-called reduction of armaments will be a farce. No country can have a larger army than one composed of the whole of its able-bodied male inhabitants. A great reduction of armaments would be an immense financial relief, although it would not in itself make war impossible. War will not become impossible until every nation recognizes that war is not to its real interest, just as normal individuals recognize that it is not to their real interest to take the law into their own hands. Such recognition would be aided by the removal of the economic causes of war, of which protectionism is the chief. Until all the markets of the world are opened to all nations by universal free trade, the competition for new markets must continue and bring about quarrels between nations. If the Geneva Protocol becomes a reality, and compulsory arbitration is universally accepted, it must lead to the recognition of that fact.

As regards the League of Nations, it still needs to become universal before it can be really effective. The absence of America, Germany, and Russia from the discussions of the Protocol has been a serious drawback. It seems likely that Germany will apply for admission to the League. If so, a special session of the Assembly will be held in December or January to consider the application, and Germany will be elected. There will probably also be an application from Turkey and it is not quite impossible that Russia, too, may decide to apply for membership.

Countess Karolyi

By EMIL LENGYEL

COUNTESS MICHAEL KAROLYI, the former Countess Catherine Andrassy, is one of the strongest and most picturesque personalities the European upheaval has produced. The story of her metamorphosis from a feted beauty in pre-war Hungary to an exiled apostle of pacifism is crowded with romance.

While living in the castle of her step-father, Count Julius Andrassy, the Countess Catherine took part in the gay life of the high aristocracy. But even then, in a series of articles published in one of the London magazines, she drew a somber picture of the empty life which her friends were leading. Their favorite book was the Almanach de Gotha. Their minds were occupied with hunting parties, imperial receptions, and petty court intrigues.

The home of Count Julius Andrassy was a meeting place of those members of the Hungarian aristocracy who took an active part in politics. His father had been the most distinguished minister of foreign affairs Francis Joseph ever had, and at the Berlin Conference had so manipulated the European balance of power that Austria-Hungary won the permission of the great Powers in general and of Disraeli, the English prime minister, in particular, to occupy Bosnia-Herzegovina, a former Turkish vilayet, and thus obtained the privilege for Austria-Hungary of giving the world a pretext for plunging into war half a century later. Five decades after the signing of the Bosnia-Herzegovina pact the son of the "great" Andrassy, Count Julius Andrassy, the step-father of Countess Michael Karolyi, became the last foreign minister of the moribund Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. In the house of the Andrassys the countess, who was to become the wife of the first president of the Hungarian republic, imbibed that feudal spirit which the Andrassy family has preserved throughout the centuries in its medieval purity.

At the time of his marriage to the Countess Andrassy Count Karolyi was one of the most prominent of Hungary's aristocrats. He had immense landed properties scattered all over the country. The union of Hungary's richest young nobleman and most beautiful girl was a sensation throughout the country. Nobody would have dared to think at that time that ten years later these conspicuous members of Hungarian society would be driven out as "radicals" and "pacifists."

Before his marriage Count Karolyi had been a typical "dissolute youth" whose political career seemed to be predetermined not so much by his achievements as by the imperative necessity of giving high office to the bearer of a name which ranked so prominently in the Almanach de Gotha. After his marriage Count Karolyi became, suddenly, a profound student of sociology and one of the most serious-minded politicians of the monarchy. Then as the war progressed both he and his wife became ardent pacifists.

The conversion to pacifism of these two prominent aristocrats was an important event in the monarchy. In the whole territory of the Central Powers Count Karolyi and his wife were the only conspicuously placed members of the upper class who not only avowed their pacifist aims but actively carried on a crusade against the war. They were surrounded by a host of spies employed by the German and Austrian supreme army commands.

When at last the revolution and the end of the hostilities came Count Karolyi became the first president of the Hungarian republic. On the surface it seemed that this democratic state was firmly founded. The former rulers flocked to swear allegiance to the "People's Republic"; Joseph, the Hapsburg prince, was seen almost every day in the offices of the National Council assuring the leaders of the new Hungary that he would make every sacrifice in order to aid the cause of Hungarian democracy. Yet Count Karolyi and the other leaders of the new government had well-founded forebodings. The soldiers of the succession states continued to march against Hungary. Their politicians would not heed the assurances of the Hungarian revolutionary leaders that democratic Hungary would not follow in the footsteps of the old reactionary regime which had deprived the nationalities of their most elementary civic rights. Meanwhile reaction was rapidly and quietly preparing to punish the champions of Hungarian democracy who, so they charged, had permitted the enemy to invade their country. The oath of allegiance of Joseph the Hapsburg did not mislead Count Karolyi and his supporters. After a brief, tragic struggle to maintain their young democracy they gave up and the Bolshevists took over the Government. The Count and Countess went into exile and when the Soviet regime was replaced by the white terror Count Karolyi was officially declared a traitor.

Thus, Count and Countess Karolyi, penniless and exiled from their own country, wandered about the countries of Europe and looked for a place where they could settle down. In his memoirs Count Karolyi says that but for his wife he could not have survived the trials of the last years. Down in Dalmatia, where they took refuge, the countess operated a small ferryboat to supply a bare living. Even in London, where they have been living, their condition has not improved materially.

In Hungary, where the reactionary enemies of the Karolyis are still in power, a well-organized campaign of slander, financed by the government, was recently undertaken against Countess Catherine. A reactionary member of the Hungarian Parliament "discovered" the alleged diary of the Countess. It was given wide publicity, although it developed subsequently that its entries were copied from an obscene novel. Fortunately this maneuver had the opposite effect from the one intended. A spontaneous popular demonstration took place in behalf of Countess Karolyi, and six workers of the Debreczen tobacco factory, poor girls themselves, retained a lawyer to vindicate her honor and to prove that the alleged diary had been forged. It was proved, and the six tobacco workers were swamped with presents from anonymous donors all over Hungary.

Countess Karolyi has come to America with a message of peace, but the Hungarian Government is quite naturally afraid to have her story heard. They succeeded at first in inducing America's consular representative in London to refuse her a visa. The consul was made to believe that she intended to propagate "bolshevism" in the United States. Finally Countess Karolyi's American friends intervened and the visa was granted. Even the more recent efforts of Mr. S. Stanwood Menken and his National Security League to have her deported as a Red upon her arrival in New York have been laughed into thin air. America is ready to hear the message of this countess who is also a pacifist and a democrat.

The Point of the Election

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THESE words are written before the election. One thing, though, is sure—one supreme thing. The point of this election will be in the vote for La Follette in the industrial region between Chicago and Boston. That is the only new point. Or, to put it more accurately, it is the only new point in the contribution made by this election to the history of radical departures in America. Never before has the eastern industrial region given any notable support to a western agrarian presidential candidate.

It is just to call La Follette a western agrarian presidential candidate. He certainly comes from the West; and the base of his strength in his State has been among its farmers; and his this year's platform owes little, if anything at all, to ideas not natively current among the western Greenbackers and Anti-Monopolists and Populists of the thirty years succeeding the Civil War.

This statement is not meant as any reflection upon La Follette or as a compliment to the Greenbackers, Anti-Monopolists, and Populists. It is meant as, and it is, only a neutral statement of sheer historical fact.

The further fact is that in spite of the labors of Professor Turner of Wisconsin and Harvard universities a most inadequate degree of justice is done by almost all political observers and narrators to the radical and even revolutionary character and career of the American farmer. It was he, in the valleys of the Alleghenies, that gave to Thomas Jefferson his decisive backing for the overthrow of primogeniture, of the established church, and of other "special privileges" of the capitalistic coast. It was he, in the valleys and plains beyond the Alleghenies, that gave to Andrew Jackson his decisive backing for the overthrow of the United States Bank and its capitalistic Philadelphia and New York supporters. It was he, on the prairies of the Northwest, that gave to Abraham Lincoln his decisive backing for the overthrow of slavery. It was he, in his Granges, that first gave us regulation of railroads. It is he today that has laid the hand of governmental regulation upon grain exchanges and stockyards. It is he today that out of the last flare of the subsiding American frontier gives us Robert Marion La Follette.

We have had, in a sense, no geographical western American frontier since 1890. By that time the tide of settlement from the Atlantic Coast and the tide of settlement from the Pacific Coast had pretty well met and flowed over the previously unoccupied frontier land.

The frontier political spirit, however, survived. It has continued to give us the mass of our governmental innovations, all the way from purely political ones like direct primaries to economic political ones like graduated income taxes. The eastern States, brimming with wage-earners, have given little effective originating support to these innovations. They have given little support at the polls to the candidates of indigenous American radicalism.

When James B. Weaver of Iowa, who was to his age what La Follette is to this age, ran for President on the Greenback ticket in 1880 he had a platform plank extremely favorable to labor; but he polled less than half as many votes in New York State as in Texas. Running again in 1892 as the presidential candidate of the Populist Party, with a platform again sympathetic to labor and again containing quite a few ideas subsequently translated into legislative fact, he polled in New York State only one-sixth as many votes as in Texas and one-tenth as many as in Kansas.

New York State never gave to any radical "new party" candidate any appreciable number of votes till there had appeared in this country, and had been politically organized in it, the imported radicalism of Karl Marx. Weaver in 1892 polled in New York State just 16,429 votes. Debs in 1920, as the candidate of socialism, polled in New York State 203,201 votes. He did this while most of the leaders of regular trade-unions were actively hostile to him and to his creed. Yet he did it; and he was to eastern proletarian radicalism what Weaver was to western agrarian radicalism.

This year Weaver and Debs melt into La Follette. They melt into him with the added ingredients and flavors of Warren S. Stone and Samuel Gompers.

The vote for La Follette west of Chicago will be—in a sense—an old, old story. It will be one more page in the book which started with the writings of those inland characters, Jefferson and Jackson, against the money lenders of the Atlantic seaboard. Let the reader, however, take his pencil and jot down the returns of the votes given to La Follette in the cities and in the manufacturing and mining towns and villages from the southern tip of Lake Michigan to the northern edge of Boston Bay. Or, roughly, let him take the total La Follette showing in the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts.

If it is really large, then the reader may with absolute historical truth say to himself:

"I witness an epochal novelty. I witness the capitulation in America of Karl Marx to Jefferson and Jackson; and, along with that capitulation, and in size eclipsing it, I witness in any case the first successful effort by western American agrarian radicalism since the Civil War to provide itself with eastern wage-earning allies."

The reader may further with absolute historical truth say to himself:

"American radicalism—the really decisively innovating part of it—from its home in the frontier part of Virginia under Jefferson retreated under Jackson to Tennessee and under the Populists to a headquarters in Kansas; and then, with Kansas cooled off, it retreated into the Northwest. There La Follette, out of its antique principles, has developed modernistic applications for it and has given it its last truculently surviving citadel. Out of that citadel he now, in an industrializing age, reaches back into eastern mines and mills and shops to transmit to them—perhaps—the innovating activity which in this country, in fact, has arisen decisively among us only from the frontier farm. That is the point of this election. That is the place of La Follette in American history."

The Wise

By COUNTEE P. CULLEN

Dead men are wisest, for they know
How far the roots of flowers go,
How long a seed must rot to grow.

Dead men alone bear frost and rain
On throbless heart and heartless brain,
And feel no stir of joy or pain.

Dead men alone are satiate;
They sleep and dream and have no weight,
To curb their rest, of love or hate.

Strange, men should flee their company,
Or think me strange who long to be
Wrapped in their cool immunity.

In the Driftway

NOW that the election is over and the ballyhoo is stilled for a time, the Drifter feels free to go about his own more important businesses, not the least pressing of which is his Bill for the Elimination of Hotel Clerks. The Drifter's own invention to take their place consists of a handsome metal keyboard on which a key for each room is hung; the keys will be in three colors: white for the most expensive rooms, blue for those of a more moderate price, red for the least and lowest. If a key is on its hook, it signifies that the room may be rented; no more will guests have to return their keys to the desk on leaving the hotel for fifteen minutes, in order that the clerk may satisfy an entirely unnecessary curiosity as to whether or not the room is occupied. The advantages of this method are obvious: the Drifter will rush to the keyboard, snatch a red key and mount to his room, feeling himself still an honorable and reasonably respected member of the human race.

* * * * *

AS things now are, when he approaches a hotel desk, a young man, patently able to buy out the hotel and give it away the same day, advances with a kindly smile and sweeps the registry book to the Drifter's hand. "A room, sir," he asks brightly, "or perhaps a suite? We can take care of you very nicely in number forty-two, bedroom, sitting-room, bath. Boy, take the gentleman's bag." The Drifter grasps his bag firmly, refusing to relinquish it to the obliging boy; he takes a long breath, straightens his collar with his free hand, clears his throat. Already a cloud is passing over the face of the opulent young man. "I don't care for a suite," mumbles the frightened victim; "I'm staying only a short time. Something quite small will do—without a bath." This last he adds timidly and in an almost inaudible voice. But the clerk is far from inaudible. "We *have* no rooms without baths," he announces loudly, clearly, coldly. Passing guests look at the Drifter and do not trouble to hide a smile; they have only just escaped themselves. A telegraph boy sniffs; the maître d'hôtel, passing to the dining room, raises his eyebrows and coughs behind his hand. By this time the Drifter is reduced to ashes and water. "Any room will do," he says in desperation, and clutches at the key passed out to him with an icy stare. He does not ask the price; he would not dare. He enters the elevator feeling like a criminal on his way to prison for life.

* * * * *

FROM hints dropped by friends, he gathers that he is not alone in his cowardice. One man assured the Drifter that he frequently spent a good ten hours planning his approach to the hotel desk. He would, so he planned, advance briskly, fix the clerk with a severe eye, and in a firm, confident voice say: "I want a small, cheap room. If you have one for two dollars, give it to me." But of course this never happened. Always his determination oozed out through his shoes at the first gleam from the dazzling smile of welcome. There are, of course, other creatures who should go forever with the clerk. Waiters in large restaurants could well be spared, taxi drivers who growl at the size of their tip, vendors of neckties and shirts who are inconsolably hurt to find that their customer wants something less than the most costly. These, however, the Drifter usually manages to avoid. He eats in a place where self-service is the rule; he walks; he wears last year's clothes, unfortunately a process which cannot go on forever. But the hotel clerk cannot be avoided, and he has the same nature in Zanesville, Ohio, as in New York's largest and most princely hostelry. He is incontrovertible proof of the decline of civilization; where once Mine Host himself hastened out to greet the weary traveler, personally superintended the serving of his dinner, and with his own candle conducted him to his room, we now have the Haughty Hotel Clerk, denying even civility to honest poverty and deriding those persons who are, in any other situation, considered upright and decent. The Drifter does not anticipate any difficulty in the passage of his bill.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

An Incoming-Tax on These Foreigners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Here is an important communication from my friend Smith of Rotaryville, Ohio, who recently returned from Europe on the same ship with me. He has asked me to read it and then forward it to you in the interest of sound Americanism.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Westport, Connecticut, October 12

SIR: Perhaps Sinclair Lewis (whose real name, so I am told, is Sidney Lewisohn) may think that he has been very funny when he wrote that interview with Mr. George Babbitt, but I can't see it. To me it seems good sound common sense and I know of what I speak, for I have just come back from Europe myself and I can agree with everything Mr. Babbitt said.

But that is beside the point. I am the editor of one of the largest dry-goods house-organs printed west of the Mississippi. Perhaps we are not exactly what you would call "highbrow" but we have a circulation of 200,000 copies a month and that is more than some of the so-called organs of "liberal thought" can say.

Well, the wife and I came off the boat and had to pay all sorts of duties because we had bought a few things in Paris. Now, I am not kicking. I know it costs the U. S. A. a lot of money to maintain an adequate army and navy and I'd just as soon pay my money right at the gate as afterwards in the form of taxes as they do in old Europe. But what got me sore was the idea that our tariff is so unevenly distributed. If my wife is obliged to pay out good money for a bit of Belgian lace

or a little Paris gown, why should other foreign products go in without paying a cent? I refer, as you have undoubtedly guessed, to the foreign "authors" who seem to have got a monopoly on our literary market.

There is Heinrich Mencken, who hates the United States, and Josef Hergesheimer, who writes about Cuba, and Eduard Bok and Juan dos Passos and Theodor Dreiser and that Swede Andersen. There is an Italian whose name escapes me just now who is allowed to write every day in the *Evening Post* and there is that Turk, Achmed Abdullah, who has no business in a Christian nation anyway. The same is true of "Konrad Bercovici," which is said to be a nom de plume for a beautiful Gypsy girl who stabbed herself several years ago for the sake of her lover, and there is Karl van Vechten, with his un-American love for cats, and there is the "Van Doren Literary Trust"—a whole family of performing Dutchmen who dictate to us what we shall read and what not, and there is Hugh Lofting, whose Dr. Dolittle is merely a thinly veiled bit of propaganda for the Prince of Wales, and there is Deems Taylor (whose real name, so I am creditably told, was Dominik Schneidermeister), and there is that fellow van Loon, whose cheap theories about "evolution" have literally made him millions of dollars, and there are a score of others—foreigners all, whether naturalized or not—who exploit our country, debauch our children, and force our women to read their radical ideas, and all for the sake of our American gold.

This may be a joke to your Mr. Lewis, but we out here in the West feel differently about it.

If I am made to pay 80 per cent on a pair of English trousers, and 90 per cent on an imported Edam cheese, why shouldn't the Government place an adequate tariff on those foreigners who merely compete with our home talent and can work cheaper because they do not have to live up to the American standard? The same goes for musicians and painters and opera singers and all the other dancing-masters who come to our shores to fill their pockets with our dollars.

I once talked about this with one of our leading educators, himself of German descent, and therefore biased. "It is a great pity," he answered, "but as long as those fellows can write and sing and fiddle and dance and compose better than we do, I suppose there is little hope." I think that that fellow was wrong. We can better do without this foreign invasion than expose our country to their unfair competition. Meanwhile, until we have caught up with Europe in those useless arts (for which unfortunately there seems to be such a great demand) why not put a great big fat incoming-tax on every writer and artist who drags his foreign name across our boundary? A flat rate of 100 per cent on his net earnings would be a good beginning.

Sign the Opium Petition!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The array of illustrious names from India which you published last week in support of the White Cross petition against narcotics was a veritable Southern constellation—Mahatma Gandhi; the poet and philosopher Tagore; K. T. Paul, native leader of the All-Indian Christian Council; Chatterjee, the publicist and editor; the missionary C. F. Andrews, who is the most influential Englishman in India; and others who are laboring in the field of Indian education. These names show how ill-informed are those who declare that India sees nothing wrong in opium.

We used to hear the same about China, how the country "would rise in insurrection" if opium were taken away, "the streets would run with blood," "peaceful settlements would be turned into hell"; whereas when the Chinese got the chance to break their slavery they celebrated the day with banners and music, processions and gala festivities, and old smokers burnt their pipes for thank offerings in stacks as high as the houses.

This remarkable Indian expression is to be presented to the International Narcotics Conference at Geneva by the president of the White Cross in person, together with thousands of other names, as a visible expression of world conviction. If readers of *The Nation* who have not had the opportunity of signing the petition will send their names to William K. McKibben, secretary of the White Cross, care Hotel Belmont, New York City, they will be forwarded to the International Opium Conference *provided this is done immediately.* Sessions of the conference begin this month.

New York, November 1 William K. McKibben

Feminists Must Fight

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent issue of *The Nation* there appeared, under the title A Women's Bloc? a thoughtful and yet I believe somewhat confused criticism of the election policy of the National Woman's Party. That policy had been announced as an effort "to elect all women nominees, irrespective of their political affiliations, who seem qualified to sit in Congress and who will support the Equal Rights Amendment and a general feminist program." Your writer held that this was good publicity but bad politics, that while it was possible to hold women as a disfranchised group together in a fight for the single issue of their enfranchisement, across party lines and irrespective of economic and class interest, such tactics were no longer possible. Now that women were voters economic and class interests would prove stronger than sex interests. "There are other revolutions going on in the world besides the women's revolution."

"For every party job," the writer concedes, "for every political office, for every legal change in the direction of equality, women will have to fight as women. But the lines will be drawn inside party lines, not across them. Inside the party organizations the women will have to wage their own battle for recognition and equal rights."

At this point some very careful thinking must be done. It is probably true that the battle for "recognition," political and official, will have to be fought inside party lines. If women want to be in politics they must be politicians, they must choose their party and play the political game from the ground up. But it seems to me most emphatically not true that the battle for "equal rights" must be fought within party lines. It can never be won there. It must be fought and it will be fought by a free-handed, nonpartisan minority of energetic feminists to whom politics in general, even "reform" politics, will continue to be a matter of indifference so long as women are classed with children and minors in industrial legislation, so long as even in our most advanced States a woman can be penalized by the loss of her job when she marries.

If I am right about this distinction, then perhaps it is unfortunate that the National Woman's Party has undertaken for the moment a double role. But the principle of the Equal Rights Amendment is supremely important. The very passion with which it is opposed suggests that it is vital. To blot out of every law book in the land, to sweep out of every dusty court-room, to erase from every judge's mind that centuries-old precedent as to woman's inferiority and dependence and need for protection, to substitute for it at one blow the simple new precedent of equality, that is a fight worth making if it takes ten years.

And I expect to see the writer of your editorial, who is I am sure a feminist, backing the National Woman's Party in this fight long before the time is up.

New York, October 30 Crystal Eastman

The editors of The Nation *wish to give their hearty thanks to those who have contributed to the La-Follette-Wheeler campaign fund. A total of $7,243.74 was received.*

Books

First Glance

"MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY" (two volumes, Harper: $10) will be disappointing to anyone who expected a consecutive or otherwise ordered account of Mark Twain's life. How much order anyone had a right to expect from the mind of this man is a question; but the fact remains that the book as it now appears is a jumble of things some of which are consequential and some of which are not. Mark Twain was obsessed for years with the idea that autobiography is an impossible art, and he only gradually evolved what he called a method, which was to "start at no particular time of your life; wander at your free will all over your life; talk only about the things which interest you for the moment; drop it the moment its interest threatens to pale, and turn your talk upon the new and more interesting thing that has intruded itself into your mind meantime." Even then the mass of the writer will remain hidden—"it and its volcanic fires that toss and boil, and never rest, night nor day. These are his life, and they are not written, and cannot be written." Add to this confession the circumstance that the book was written or dictated over a period of almost forty years in places as different from one another as Vienna, Florence, Fifth Avenue, New Hampshire, and Connecticut, and not very much will be looked for in the way of consistency either of tone or of material. Unpublished articles and other scraps on hand were shoveled in to make the manuscript "complete." The sections were arranged in the order of their composition, not in the order of the events related. Fifty of the seven hundred pages deal with the marketing of General Grant's "Memoirs"; thirty are given to a description of the Florentine villa in which Mark Twain was living in 1904; the rest are covered with whatever reflections or reminiscences occcurred to the author on the day he composed. Strictly speaking, "Huckleberry Finn" is better as autobiography than this, for at least it is complete within its limits, and limits were good for Mark Twain. The present volumes do not even reproduce all of the available manuscript; Albert Bigelow Paine's introduction hints of a third volume yet to come.

Neither are the disclosures of Mark Twain's private opinions as stirring as the public was induced to hope. The book was to be a voice "from the grave," yet no one will shudder upon reading it. Certain very pessimistic passages about human nature have been anticipated in earlier posthumous works if not in "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg"; and the few outbreaks here against obscure individuals of Mark Twain's acquaintance attain no new height of rage. The bitter criticisms of Theodore Roosevelt, General Wood, and General Funston are, to be sure, very welcome, being just; but any reader will say that they would have been ten times more important, because ten times more useful, if they had been published when they were timely. No explanation of their author's curious ideas as to the impossibility of being frank in this world will explain their failure now to be impressive.

But the "Autobiography," shapeless and disappointing as it is, must still be called a great book. Perhaps by very reason of its imperfections it reveals, in the plainest and most naked way, the quality of Mark Twain's literary sinew. Unclothed, his genius seeks the company of Fielding, Shakespeare, and Rabelais, and is accepted there. He shares with those men their vast riches in the mine that is so indispensable to a writer of the first rank, the mine of eloquence. This is shown here not only in numerous paragraphs and pages which mount to the top pitch of expression, not only in eulogies and diatribes which sweep the reader from his bearings, but more convincingly yet in the evidence everywhere that Mark Twain's interest in the arts of language was unbounded. He is always coming back to language—now analyzing the oratory of his various friends, now professing an enormous relish for profanity in all its forms, now making game of the German tongue, now slipping into a disquisition upon grammar and the literary rules, now seeking to establish that newspaper English is the best English in the long run, now letting himself go on the subject of narrative style. A quotation bearing upon the last point will both reveal his theory and prove his gift:

> With the pen in one's hand, narrative is a difficult art; narrative should flow as flows the brook . . . a brook that never goes straight for a minute, but *goes*, and goes briskly, sometimes ungrammatically, and sometimes fetching a horseshoe three-quarters of a mile around, and at the end of the circuit flowing within a yard of the path it traversed an hour before; but always *going*, and always following at least one law, always loyal to that law, the law of *narrative*, which *has no law*. Nothing to do but make the trip; the how of it is not important, so that the trip is made.

This is first-rate writing, or perhaps it should be said first-rate talk. For it has been pointed out that Mark Twain's language at its most powerful moments is the language of passionate and impetuous speech; significantly enough the section of the "Autobiography" which was written at Vienna is indistinguishable in manner from the section dictated at Florence. More than he ever was aware, no doubt, Mark Twain was concerned with the art of writing without art, and it is conceivable that critics of his books a century hence will be more concerned as to how he made his long, triumphal trip than as to the obvious fact that he made it.

MARK VAN DOREN

A New Genre

Mark Only. By T. F. Powys. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE Cranford myth consists in the belief that the English countryside is politically a charming hangover from the manorial system, aesthetically a well-arranged geometrical pattern of clipped hedge-rows, and socially a region largely inhabited by two classes: well-mannered Oxfordian curates with a lovable mania for tea, and quaint rustics who dance on the village green, raise caps to the squire, and drink their four-ale, all in the most approved genre manner. On the surface Mr. Powys may appear merely as the leveller of a lance against this Cranford myth, one of the prosaic band of "uncompromising realists" who are at present engaged in inaugurating a new controversy. His three books of fiction, "The Left Leg," "Black Bryony," and now "Mark Only," present pictures of life as it is lived in the south and west of modern England. Mr. Powys, ruthless, Dante-visioned, bitter with the agony of long and continuous contact with the environment he describes, strips this life of every possible idyllic association. We arise from these novels of the most exquisite realism with a vision of the mutilated corpse of the gentle Mrs. Gaskell, who saw life steadily but saw it over the rim of a teacup.

Those, however, who have read Mr. Powys's early book of confession, "The Soliloquies of a Hermit," and who have patiently endeavored to define for themselves the rare, if bitter, savor of his novels, are convinced that he is more than a crusader against sentimentality. It is true that in "Mark Only" the hero Mark Andrews is technically a moron, the villain Tulk a despicable satyr of the most fiendish type, and the other characters either wandering in their wits or mudded with brutality. It is true that the story itself is a compound of every horror-inspiring melodramatic device known to the hack of fifty years ago. It is true that a bestial passion creeps through the pages of the story like a dirty white fog, compelling our nostrils to an involuntary quiver. Granted—Mr. Powys is not for the weak-stomached. He may very well be presenting a faithful, if revolting, portrait of country life; or he may not be. He overdraws at times, being given more particularly in "Mark Only" to piling horror upon horror with the persistence of a Sophocles.

But all this does not so much matter—the importance of Mr. Powys is that his concern is with deeper things than mere truth to externals. What, for example, is the aesthetic problem that he has so successfully solved?

The people in Mr. Powys's world move so slowly that they seem to compose an almost static society. Their lives are so intensely primitive and simple that the intrusion of drama into them seems an impossibility. They are all governed by one or two elementary desires, or rather obsessions—the poor halfwit Mark by a half-realized desire to keep his life running or creeping in the old channels familiar to him, the lame Tulk by an uncomplicated lust for power over his immediate fellow-creatures, Emmie the little servant by a tragic and childlike sexual curiosity that masters her like a Greek Fate, Mr. Beggwell, prosperous farmer, by an overweening pride in the enormity of his prize mangelwurzels, and so on. The minds of these people stir like the thick mud at the bottom of a stagnant pond; it is as if they were being put through their paces by the operation of a slow-motion camera. Nothing surprises them. The flame of life has burned so low that they are the most passive of receptacles for the most limited of experiences. They do not seem organic; they are the agents through which operates a continual and relentless process of petrifaction. They live in a worn world; their environment is sessile. So quiescent are they, so slow in reaction, that it seems impossible to find any conflict among them—and narrative is born of conflict.

Mr. Powys in describing this negatively accelerated universe with sympathy and power has performed an amazing technical feat. He has synchronized the volatile motions of his brain with the unbelievably impeded tempo of the village of Dodderdown. His style is carefully graduated so as to approach monotony but never quite reach it. It is one of stark simplicity where the lacunae of human speech count for more than the words themselves, where omission lights up emotion. He wastes little time in reflection, none in characterization. He stamps his characters with the decision and accuracy of a minting machine: "Mr. Thomas had a wife who was in ill-health and made the most of it." Never is there the slightest concession to fine writing, although the flame of a twisted and tender beauty flickers through these pages. Mr. Powys, in short, has presented an organic picture of an almost static society. He is a splendid example of the adaptation of the artist to his material. And it must not be thought that his people are dull. They are fascinating. We enter into their squalid but intensely poignant lives as if we were making an excursion into the mind of primitive man. Kinship we cannot feel, but the Balboan thrill of discovery is ours. Mr. Powys has described, it may be invented, a new world where Mr. Peach and Mr. Tolly discourse of the soul "which do be a hedgehog," where old Mrs. Andrews, patting her thin and greasy hair, gibbers the story of a tragic girlhood, where Mr. Hayball the parson escapes unwitting from the life around him by indulging a queer antiquarian taste for rainfall statistics. Mr. Powys has invented a new genre—the tragi-comedy of rustic life seen by one as over-sensitive to ugliness as the flayed Marsyas was to pain. CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Tartar History

A Thousand Years of the Tartars. By E. H. Parker. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THERE are many uncharted regions in the national history of the Tartars. For a time one of the most powerful peoples of Asia, they crowned the long row of their successes, which they had achieved in their native territory, by subjugating a considerable part of Europe. This climax of their military achievements was at the same time the beginning of the decay of their power. They were too sparsely settled on that immense territory which spread from Kamchatka almost to the Atlantic coast of the Eurasiatic continent to enable their leaders, however powerful they might have been, to preserve their authority over the unruly tribes whom they had conquered.

Mr. Parker was among the first who went back to Chinese sources in an effort to explore the early history of the Tartars and to gather information on their racial origin. In the present volume he describes the events of importance in the life of the tribes which are commonly designated as Tartars from the second century before the Christian era until the death of Tashih in 1136. Strictly speaking, therefore, the book gives more than it promises in its title. Apparently the author was of the opinion that the period described by him was a complete chapter which, considered as a whole, would permit students of Tartar history better to understand its further developments and the subsequent spectacular role which the Tartars played in Europe under Bathu Khan. Moreover, the nature of the material which was placed at his disposal by a chief judge of Shanghai—and which was limited to Chinese sources—made him select as the topic of his book that part of the history of the Tartars in which their orientation was toward China.

One of Mr. Parker's discoveries is that the Hiung-nu, Scythians, Huns, and Turks trace their ancestry to the same root. In the "empires" which the Tartars set up these branches of the same race alternated with one another, permitting a further intermixture of the different racial elements. It was the Tartars, according to Mr. Parker, who imported early Buddhism into China. Contrary to the formerly current opinion that the moral code of early Buddhism found its way to China through Tibet, the author insists that it was mainly through the Punjab and the Pamir that the new religion took its way. Mr. Parker reminds the reader that modern Chinese is derived to a considerable extent from the Tartar language. If one bears in mind that in that period of Chinese-Tartar history which the author describes Tartars and Chinese fought for the hegemony around and inside the Chinese walls, and that their struggle resulted in a more or less periodical alternation of rulers in Northern China and Tartary between members of both peoples, the great importance of Tartaric in the evolution of the Chinese language can be better appreciated.

Mr. Parker has given a powerful impetus to a further study of Tartar history and ethnology by making accessible contemporary Chinese sources. As might have been expected, his side of the narrative presents chiefly the Chinese attitude toward the Tartars. Today there are living about three million Tartars scattered over European and Asiatic Russia. The story of their origin is one of the most interesting chapters in human history. It is to be hoped, now that one aspect of their ancestry has been taken care of by Mr. Parker, that their relation to the Turks, Scythians, Huns—with whom, it is argued, they are in many respects identical—will be as elaborately and as interestingly treated. EMIL LENGYEL

An Englishman to Excess

Contemporary Criticisms of Dr. Samuel Johnson, His Works, and His Biographers. Collected and Edited by John Ker Spittal. E. P. Dutton & Company. $6.

TO discover and publish what the reviewers of one of the major magazines of his time had to say about Samuel Johnson and his writings, and to collect, also, their comments upon the books that were published about him, has been Mr. Spittal's purpose. The result is a valuable addition to existing Johnsoniana. It is fortunate that Mr. Spittal was able to know Johnson's own opinion of the source chosen, for Johnson remarked to George III that the *Monthly Review* was the most carefully written of the magazines then appearing, although its principles on religion were not above question. What the reservation signifies is very apparent to Johnsonians.

Not the least striking fact brought to light is that the vast superiority of Boswell's "Life" was immediately recognized and hailed, and that there was no question in the mind of a contemporary reviewer that Johnson deserved so meticulous a rec-

ord. It is unwise to generalize from the views of so partial a writer, but there is no trace here of that sneering depreciation of Boswell's genius that Macaulay made the fashion but which under the blows of Mr. Tinker is passing. Concerning Boswell's qualifications for his task it was remarked: "Among the literati of the present age, and particularly those who were intimately conversant with Dr. Johnson, we know of none better qualified, from a personal acquaintance with the hero of the story, than is Mr. B. for a complete execution of the task which he had imposed on himself, in writing the life of this extraordinary man."

The general lineaments of Johnson emerge from the ordeal by criticism not at all changed from those which are familiar. Mr. Tinker lately devoted an essay to discouraging the idea that Johnson was a dictator to all literary London of his day. No review here of his critical writings fails to note his biases and prejudices as vitiating the value of his dicta, and there is frequent complaint that some of the prejudices verge on childishness. But a clear appreciation of his defects does not exclude an equally clear appreciation of his merits. In the whole range of his writing he was greeted with serious attention. Not in all respects was it granted that he had supreme facility; as a moralist, not as a literary man, he was praised in greatest measure. The tragedy "Irene" was little valued as a stage drama, but the sentiments were applauded. The heaviness and pomposity of his style was pointed out, and one reviewer approvingly quoted a stylistic comparison of Johnson and Addison which favored the latter. The hardest censure fell upon the political pamphlets. The reviewer of "Taxation No Tyranny" was of the opinion that Johnson's "present performance will yield no considerable addition to his credit, either as a writer or as an honest, independent friend of his country. . . ."

Some of the selections of course are more interesting than others, and some are so dull as almost to defy reading. Incidentally they offer a commentary on the eighteenth-century manner of reviewing. The notice of Boswell's "Life" extended over three issues of the "Review" and covers thirty-five pages in this reprint. That Johnson's absurdities were constantly noticed and sometimes deprecated has been indicated, but much of the interest in Johnson arises out of them and Boswell's biography is the great source of examples. Johnson without Boswell would be nothing, and even with Boswell what would he be if he was not, as Boswell remarked in regard to his prejudice against the Scotch, "to some degree of excess a true-born Englishman"? Something of this was realized by his contemporaries, for they in a measure perceived that it was as a man that Johnson was to go down to posterity.

C. Hartley Grattan

A Religious Pollyanna

Why I Am a Christian. By Dr. Frank Crane. Wise and Company.

"WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN" achieves the distinction of being "modern" and yet probably acceptable—in small doses as put up by the doctor—to almost every Rotary Club. Any syndicate writer or popular magazine editor will tell you that such achievement spells success.

Dr. Crane has given us such a book as Pollyanna might have written after a short course in William James's pragmatism and a shorter and somewhat critical course in Tolstoi's non-violent ethics—always assuming that Pollyanna could have mastered Dr. Crane's readable newspaper style.

An extended review of the book would involve a careful consideration of the adequacy of popular pragmatism as a philosophical defense of religion in general and Christianity in particular—a subject on which the present reviewer is skeptical.

Dr. Crane reduces the matter to its lowest terms: "I am a Christian, not because I know the Christ story is true but because it produces its beneficial effect upon me when I act as if it were true." But he nowhere satisfactorily explains what the Christ-story is which he thus believes or just what—beyond a general decency of life—is meant by acting as if the story were true.

For the rest, Dr. Crane believes in God, human nature, and himself. Difficulties in the way of his simple faith are easily disregarded. The tone of the book is fairly indicated by a paragraph like this: "The world God said He loved was not a Christian world. All its people were just plain ordinary human beings; God loved them and thought they had sense enough to understand what He told them. So do I."

The significance of such a book is that it popularizes the modern version of Christianity—a Christianity so different from the historic Christianity of the church in its philosophy and creeds as to be almost a new religion. In this attempt Dr. Crane's happy way of stating platitudes and his skill in steering his bark away from the swirling deeps of human experience may be useful.

Most assuredly the record of his religious life will not go down to posterity along with Augustine's or Bunyan's or Pascal's or Newman's or John Woolman's. But then the late editor of the *American Magazine* might not have asked them to write such a book. He did ask Dr. Frank Crane. And that is a testimonial no critical reviewer can gainsay.

Norman Thomas

"H. D."

Heliodora and Other Poems. By H. D. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

QUARRELS about free and formal verse seem singularly irrelevant in the presence of these magnificent poems. H. D. writes with indiscriminate perfection. She uses the freer rhythms with flawless art and the more formal meters with skilful and spontaneous rapture. It is futile, too, after reading these poems, to argue the distinction between poets whose hypnosis lies in music and those in whom images are the charm. Her lines sing always, and her phrases break constantly into images so vivid that they fairly hurt with beauty. It would be absurdest of all to talk of classicism and romanticism. Here is passion patterned to the serenity of form, and form so sinuous, sensitive, and fluent that it seems the native ungarlanded language of passion itself. H. D. is, in short, a poet of the first water, and it would be stupidity on the critic's part to try to classify her. The most that one can hope to do is to indicate some of her special beauties, and to define the special flame that sings in this small fine book.

H. D. is, in the first place, what I suppose might be called a thoroughly Greek spirit. By that I do not mean simply that her themes are Greek, as many of them are. That no more constitutes her a Greek than owning a library turns a man into a man of letters. Nor is she Greek in the eighteenth-century sense of faded calm. She is Greek in simplicity and directness, and Greek, too, in the terrible rapture out of which these are distilled. She is a poet in her own right whose imagination happens to have been fired by Greek legends and whose art gives fire to the favorite Greek themes of Helen and song, love, wine, and the salt sea.

If any unique quality of her verse demands pointing out, it is the urgent persistency of its music. Below the carefully modulated rise and fall of the phrases there is a surging undertone which sings itself steadily through whole stanzas or whole poems. "What is this secret of sound?" one asks, "and how does she manage this subtle music?" Some of the external mechanics are obvious, but the secret, I suppose, will always be her own. It is an unteachable cadence, the voice of a clear mind and uncorrupted ecstacy. Sometimes the device is very simple, the repetition of a phrase or the chant-like reiteration of a word:

> Better the wind, the sea, the salt in your eyes,
> than this, this, this.

Sometimes the wave of the music is secured by the skilful unexpected ring of a rhyme, a barely perceptible assonance:

> All Greece hates
> the still eyes in the white face,
> the luster as of olives
> where she stands
> and the white hands.

Heliodora, the title poem, is pure magic of sound, of visual loveliness, and of an almost stinging passion. It is the dramatic conversation of two friends debating the perfect epithet for the beauty of a girl. Included is a translation from two epigrams of Meleager:

> He said:
> "I will make her a wreath,"
> he said,
> "I will write it thus:
> I will bring you the lily that laughs,
> I will twine,
> with soft narcissus the myrtle,
> sweet crocus, white violet,
> the purple hyacinth, and last,
> the rose, loved-of-love,
> that these may drip on your hair
> the less soft flowers,
> may mingle sweet with the sweet
> of Heliodora's locks,
> myrrh-curled.

Certainly the surge and thunder of the Odyssey has never been more finely caught and wrought into English verse than in the beautiful translation of the opening lines. The Look-Out is recommended to those who wish an example of how agony can be poured into the mold of verse, how it may be pictured in beautiful postures and carried by coherent music. H. D.'s own lines in the introductory Wash of Cold River form the best commentary on her work:

> rare, of pure texture,
> beautiful space and line,
> marble to grace,
> your inaccessible shrine.

IRWIN EDMAN

Books in Brief

Fundamentals of Social Psychology. By Emory S. Bogardus. The Century Company. $3.50.

This is a general account of the principal features of social behavior couched in rather traditional terminology. Very little use is made of the exact work of modern psychology or of the contribution which psycho-analysis has made touching the close relationships between the social environment of the individual and his behavior. Moreover, the author unfortunately mixes sociological and psychological concepts without discrimination. The classifications strike one as unduly academic and far too minute. But the book possesses excellent illustrative content. It deals with concrete matters of interest such as fashion, custom, public opinion, conflict, assimilation, and leadership. Falling midway between the more rigid treatises on psychology and sociology and the popular discussions of these topics so common today, it may prove of use not only to beginning students but to the lay reader as well.

More Obiter Dicta. By Augustine Birrell. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25.

Mr. Augustine Birrell's writings always seem to suggest that their author is a gentleman. Perhaps that is why we in America have difficulty in taking Mr. Birrell seriously as a critic. He is always easy, unruffled, accomplished, unpedantic, and unprofessional in his manner. This new miscellany, the harvest of many years of literary journalism, is not different in quality from the first series of "Obiter Dicta" which appeared forty years ago; there is no "early," "middle," and "later" Birrell for us to cope with. Obviously, Mr. Birrell is not warmly contemporaneous. It is rather his pleasure to recount his adventures among the lesser masterpieces and his tramps on the lower slopes of Parnassus.

The Diary of a Country Parson: The Reverend James Woodforde. 1758-1781. Edited by John Beresford. Oxford University Press. $4.20.

A classic of the commonplace. The hero was as undistinguished as he is unknown, yet he set everything down, even to the last penny he paid for his servants' port. Pepys without a sparkle.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

An Accomplished Actress

"L'AIGLON," the play, would hardly be worth discussing at so late a date were it not for the fact that the badness of the piece encourages the badness of Madame Simone's acting and plays into the hands of her most cherished defects. From this story of Napoleon's son, a hopeless weakling who, dreaming of conquest, gets no further than a white uniform and an old cocked hat, a master psychologist might possibly extract some meaning; but even he would have at best a sorry theme and be compelled to deal, not merely with a failure, but with a failure essentially mean. If he found, as Rostand found, his central figure pathetic, he would have to ask our tears in behalf of a self-pitying cipher who felt himself wronged because denied the opportunity of amusing himself with bloodshed and cannon; our psychologist would probably find his pathos verging toward satire as he realized how fortunate it was for the world that it was spared a Napoleon without genius.

Rostand, however, bourgeois to the core and loving rhetoric

as only a man incapable of poetry can love it, has never been accused by even his admirers of being a master psychologist and he is never in danger of looking deeply enough into his theme even to perceive its defects. His situations like his images are palpably false and so completely external that they manage to escape criticism from himself or others. When, for example, the Duke enters the court he enters at the very moment when one of the ladies is reading aloud a passage which seems to refer to the situation in which he finds himself; such fortuitous occurrences constitute nearly all the supposed "moments" of the play. At the appropriate instant the bodyguard dresses himself in Napoleonic uniform, wooden soldiers in semblance of the grande armée appear upon the table, or L'Aiglon himself treads accidentally upon a cockade. Such, in the mind of the author, are the labored puerilities which constitute the art of dramatic writing.

The method of Madame Simone is the one perfectly adapted to such inanities. She is what is sometimes called an accomplished actress, and by that is meant that she has learned a series of gestures, vocal and manual, much as the bright infant accustomed to annoy his parent's guests has learned them; and at the appropriate times she trots them out. Doubtless they are all classified in her mind for purposes of ready reference, so that when she studies a role she merely dresses it up with appropriate effects much as an expert costumer dresses a character from the stock on hand. With her, all is imposed from the outside; she would no more think of letting an inward emotion work itself out in a natural and purely individual gesture than an old-time stock manager would have thought of designing a new scene to fit the mood of a play. Just as he, looking over his stock, would select "an elegant drawing room" or "a road in the mountains," so she drags forth from the storage room "haughty disdain" or "sudden despair" as the occasion may demand. An actress working upon this method may, if her stock be large enough, be "accomplished"; but to those who expect to find life in the theater she is certainly dull.

Moreover, Madame Simone's performance, as she gives it at Henry Miller's Theater, is cheaper, even granting her method, than it needs to be. So obviously is the central character a weakling that the patriotic appeal of the play is somewhat mitigated, but Madame Simone, wishing no doubt to give the sad compatriots who come to see her as much comfort as possible, forgets sometimes that he is not even potentially a hero. Accordingly she rises a good deal higher in her declamation than the occasion calls for and she moves the critical auditor to remind her that the Duke is, even by the title of the play, merely an eaglet and not, as she seems sometimes to suggest, an eagle.

"Tiger Cats," another French play, is presented at the Belasco Theater with the somewhat oppressive opulence characteristic of its producer. It has the advantage of being more up to date in the style of its theatricality, but it is, like so many of the modern plays imported from Paris, glittering rather than profound or true. The theme is strikingly like that of the "Amoureuse" of Porto-Riche, but the story of the great man ensnared and destroyed by the sinister physical attractiveness of his wife is made the occasion of sensational scenes rather than of a serious study. Katherine Cornell and Robert Loraine, unlike Madame Simone, struggle against instead of yielding to the artificiality of their roles and do as much as could be done to make the play moving. At the National Theater Miss Florence Reed returns from the movies but brings a good deal of their spirit with her, and in "Ashes" suffers as only a movie mother can. Her play has, however, the modest virtue of being unassuming in its obviousness.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS

The DEBATE of the Season!

SHOULD LITERATURE BE CENSORED?

JOHN S. SUMNER *versus* **ERNEST BOYD**

Sec. N. Y. Soc. for Sup. of Vice — Noted Int. Author and Critic

Chairman: CLIFFORD SMYTH, Editor, International Book Review

Temporary Chairman: John Farrar, Editor of *The Bookman*

SUBJECT

RESOLVED: That limitations upon the contents of books and magazines as defined in proposed legislation would be detrimental to the advancement of American literature.

MR. SUMNER, Negative **MR. BOYD, Affirmative**

THIS SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, AT 8:30 P. M.

TOWN HALL, 121 West 43rd Street

Tickets $1.10, 1.65, 2.20, 2.75. Box Seats $3.30

On sale at Box Office (Bryant 9447), Brentano's, Macy and Wanamaker Book Depts. and at the offices of or by mail from

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Ave., New York (Tel. Longacre 10434)

N. B.—Out-of-towners desiring a printed stenographic report of this debate, should send us their names.

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

"WHAT PRICE GLORY"

A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings

PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

ETHEL BARRYMORE

in Pinero's famous drama,

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"

CORT Theatre, W. 48th St. Evenings at 8:20. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL

Course 4: ***American Literature.*** Five lectures by ***John Macy,*** formerly literary editor of The Nation. Thursdays 8:30 p. m., at 239 E. 14th St., beginning Nov. 13: "Poe, Whitman, and American Poetry." Fee $1.50.

Course 1. ***A History of Art.*** Illustrated. By ***Dr. Will Durant.*** Wednesdays 8:30 p. m., at Second Ave. Baptist Church, Second Ave. at 11th St. Sg. adm. 25c. Nov. 12: "Gothic Architecture."

Course 2. ***The Development of the Drama.*** By ***Dr. Will Durant.*** Sundays 5 p. m., 9 Second Avenue. Sg. adm. 25c. Nov. 9: "Shakespeare."

RAND SCHOOL

7 East 15th Street

Courses Beginning

Nov. 13, 7:00 P.M.....**Scott Nearing** "Current Opinion"

Nov. 14, 8:30 P.M.....**Herman Epstein** "With the Great Composers"

Nov. 15, 11:00 A. M. and 1:30 P. M., **Scott Nearing** "Dynamic Sociology" and "Current History"

Nov. 26, 8:30 P.M.....**Johan Smertenko** "Current Drama"

Sat., Nov. 8, 1:30 p. m.....Carleton Beals, "Mexico"

Sat., Nov. 15, 3:30 p. m...Vint Laughland, "Social Religion"

A Dinner for Nation Readers

Thursday, Nov. 13

Is America So Bad, After All?

Speakers—

Hendrik Van Loon
Author, "The Story of Mankind"

Glenn Frank
Editor, *The Century*

Chairman,
Lewis S. Gannett
Associate Editor, *The Nation*

Tickets $2.50
See page vii for details

International Relations Section

Scandinavia Moves to Disarm; France Takes Alarm

RECENT moves toward disarmament or reduction of armament in Sweden and Denmark have excited grave fears in France, where any move in that direction seems to be regarded as a threat to peace. The leading article in the *Temps* (Paris), the semi-official organ of the French Government, for October 11, consisted of the following illuminating comment on the Scandinavian proposals—casting light both on Scandinavia and on France:

There is a contemporary movement in the Scandinavian countries which deserves attention, for it is characteristic of a state of mind which, from a general point of view, is disturbing. The recent legislative elections in Sweden, indicating a distinct gain for the Left, and the incredible program of total disarmament which was revealed at the Assembly of the League and which has just been presented to the Danish Parliament by the Socialist Cabinet are two facts which should be stressed. Only the change in the conditions of existence and the overturn in social values can explain the developing current in these northern countries, where a high general level of culture and political maturity seemed to protect the masses from simple mistakes and risks of adventure. One wonders whether the immediate neighborhood of Russia and contact with the most active elements of the Soviet regime have not had a moral influence upon the Scandinavian countries the effect of which is only now becoming obvious, giving birth to the most dangerous illusions in these nations noted for their judgment and common sense.

The military question played a prominent part in the electoral campaign in Sweden, where the Conservative Ministry led by Mr. Trygger had been governing with the support of the Liberals. The Trygger Ministry failed to persuade the old Chamber to adopt a military budget of about 50 million kronen. The Government, however, considered that the minimum indispensable for the national defense and to enable Sweden to fulfil the obligations which will fall upon her if the principle of mutual assistance is definitely fixed as the basis of the international order. The Socialists, encouraged by the advanced Liberals, expect to obtain a considerable reduction of the war budget by a military reform which would consist essentially in replacing the standing army by a militia system. The results of the recent election will probably assist the realization of that policy. In any case the Swedish people did not seem to understand the reasons which require it not to risk any weakening of its means of national defense under present circumstances, since the Socialists, who were the strongest party numerically in the old Chamber, have gained several seats at the expense of the Liberals. With the aid of 5 Communists they will number 109 in the new Chamber, against 65 Conservatives, 23 Agrarians, and 33 Liberals—the latter divided into two groups—a total of 121 for the bourgeois parties. But since, probably, most of the Liberals will support the Social Democrats in the new Chamber, the Trygger Ministry will doubtless give way to a Socialist Cabinet which, while representing only a minority of the country, will have the power of imposing its program of immediate realizations and especially of asserting its theories as regards the national defense.

In Denmark the situation is still more serious. The Socialist Cabinet headed by Mr. Stauning governs there with a majority of two or three, including the one German elected from North Slesvig. The Chamber of Deputies consists of 55 Socialists, 45 members of the Moderate Left, 20 Radicals, 28 Conservatives, and one German, aligned as a Socialist-Radical bloc of 76 against a Conservative-Liberal bloc of 73. Under these conditions the Stauning Cabinet presented its program of virtually total disarmament on land and sea. In outline it proposes suppression of real military service and of the ministries of war and of the navy; dismantling of all the fortifications, and suppression of the munitions factories; finally, creation of a police corps, to maintain order and tranquillity, which could not in any case be used in a struggle against regular enemy forces. This would amount to suppressing all national defense and depriving the country of the practical means of opposing aggression. . . .

It appears that the Socialist Government has no chance of inducing the Chamber of Deputies to accept its strange program, for even its Radical allies are disposed to ask the maintenance of at least a minimum of the forces indispensable to the safeguard of the territory. The disarmament of Denmark will not come so rapidly if it ever comes at all, but the serious fact remains that the responsible government of a country which has always had the greatest respect for its duty to itself and to others has been able to arrive at such a point of view, and to risk recommending to Parliament a proposition of which the least that one can say is that it implies absolute failure to recognize the obligation of every nation to look out for its security and to maintain the dignity of its independent existence.

This is a striking example of the general danger created by the ideology and phraseology of the revolutionaries, by which the grandiloquence of demagogues misleads the masses. All this literature concerning disarmament as the only effective means of destroying war, which grows out of the most mediocre demagoguery, tends to upset simple-minded people and unstable minds. A pretext is sought to avoid the primary duty to one's country, to escape all international obligations which might interfere with sacred egoism. At the bottom of this movement for spontaneous disarmament is the idea that even in case of aggression a people should refuse to defend itself and rather submit to the rule of the aggressor than expose itself to the harsh test of war. The principle that it is better to give up any national defense if one is not in a position to guarantee oneself against an aggressor is the beginning of that collective resignation which inevitably leads to every failure.

Whatever the audacious suggestions of its temporary leaders the Danish people has certainly not come to that. . . . What use would it be to provide for all the nations mutual assistance against any aggressor state if those who think they have nothing to fear begin by reducing to nothing their means of action and thus destroy any possibility of effective assistance by them to the victims of aggression? In such conditions the theoretical organization of peace would be a monstrous deception for the nations of good faith. The red wave now rolling in the Scandinavian countries will break against the solid dike of national feeling and of popular common sense. There as elsewhere the reflux will finally come, carrying with it the puerile hopes and easy dreams which please the spirit of revolution.

The point of view of the *Temps* is doubly interesting in the light which it casts upon the possible effect of the Geneva protocol upon the hope for disarmament in Europe. Apparently disarmament is regarded by the partisans of the Geneva program as an obstacle to their program!

A Peace Conference in Berlin

THE twenty-eighth International Conference for World Peace (an assembly of representatives of the world peace movement) was held in October in Berlin, the opening meeting being held in the Reichstag Building. Ferdinand Buisson, president of the League of the Rights of Man, Professor Victor Basch of the Sorbonne, and Marcelle Capy were among the French delegates. Senator Henri Lafontaine of Belgium presided, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence

was one of the English delegates, Fridtjof Nansen was present, and delegates came from most of the European countries. The following extracts are from a report in the *Wochenblatt* of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* for October 9:

Senator Lafontaine said: "We hail the fact that we are meeting in the capital of the German Republic, in the Reichstag Building, as a sign of the times, as a hope and an encouragement." [After outlining the horrors of the next war and suggesting the slogan "Kill War" he continued:] "A few days ago that cry rang out at Geneva from the rostrum of the League of Nations, and it is for us to study whether the means recommended by the diplomats are really fitted to prevent war. The partial disarmament promised is only a modest first step on the path to the complete liberation of mankind. Economic disarmament must begin simultaneously, for the existence of customs frontiers is a constant cause of conflicts and a strong barrier to the development of a world market. Moral disarmament can only follow economic and military disarmament. Those nations which have been forced to disarm should congratulate themselves and attempt to bring about a free exchange of goods. It is our task to follow attentively the discussions of the Geneva Disarmament Conference and ourselves to make suggestions. We must so influence the education of the masses and of the youth that the will to peace shall be dominant in them. The League of Nations must be inspired with a democratic spirit and turned into a great republic of humanity. The uprightness of the peoples which compose the League will stand in direct proportion to the uprightness with which democratic ideas are realized in their various countries. The League must include all the peoples; that will make its power and give it respect. The ideal of solidarity and brotherhood which it should realize will be granted to mankind only when the League of Nations has become a league of peoples, an all-inclusive home of mankind, and each of us thinks of himself as a citizen of the world. . . ."

Fridtjof Nansen said: "The Geneva Assembly of this year was the most important since the foundation of the League. It was a great step toward a better future for Europe. It now seems as if that future were not so hopeless as it had seemed. We are now seeing the glimmerings of dawn, and I believe that the sun will yet rise again over the Western countries. We shall experience a new day, in which the peoples of Europe will work together as citizens, in which war will be a crime, and in which the word 'enemy' will no longer exist."

Friendship Week

THE following account is taken from the *Vossische Zeitung* of August 22:

A young Dutch student in Paris worked alone for a year in preparation for an International Friendship Week to be participated in by French and Germans. Her work bore fruit after many struggles and difficulties. In the lovely valley of the Chevreuse, two hours from Paris, on the estate of Dr. Demarquette, the leader of the Society of the Friends of Nature—the Trait d'Union—a village of tents was erected from July 27 to August 4, for the fifty to sixty young people from France, England, Germany, Holland, and other countries. Wibina Boisevain, the young Dutch woman, was assisted by Dr. Demarquette, who acted as leader of the camp, and Dr. Dumesnil, the leader of the Christian-pacifist movement of France.

Besides the special lectures very earnest work was done in conference, private talks, and in silent meditation. The poet Duhamel pointed out the foundations of a new ethics, which is based on individual responsibility. Dr. Dumesnil showed that peace between nations is one of the demands of Christianity; Hein Herbers reported on the peace movement in Germany. Various delegates told of the movements with which they were affiliated, and which in purpose were similar to the meeting being held. The Dutch Youth Movement, called the Practical-Idealists, the work of the French teachers, the German Youth Movement for the voluntary rebuilding of northern France, the French Naturalist Movement, all were described in pertinent way. . . .

It is unnecessary to mention the fruits that grow from such a conference. The particular significance of the conference was not in the work, but much more in the fact that for the first time since the war, perhaps even at any time, the Roman and Teutonic, the French and the German were united in a simple brotherhood after the manner of the European Youth Movement. As one of the speakers expressed it: "An hour spent in a common activity unites more than an hour in a lecture." The working together, fetching water and wood, cooking, playing, dancing, singing, tramping, living together and holding common worship, it was this which put the stamp on the week. It was more than a conference; it was a community of spirit which will remain after the individuals have scattered again. . . .

The spirit of the conference is pictured most clearly in the manner in which the last day began. It was the tenth anniversary of the declaration of war. Gerd Knoche told how as a German soldier in the World War he had experienced both the cruelty and the goodness of mankind; then Dr. Demarquette gave similar experiences as a former French soldier. More than through any ethical discussion or through a set program were these meetings shaken by these simple, and yet in most cases, cruel facts. After this Dr. Dumesnil epitomized the mind of the group as he read the words: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, then I am as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." And finally: "There remains faith, hope, and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

A circle, a joining of hands, a silence. The conference was at an end.

In an early issue of The Nation
"Canada and the Empire"
By Owen E. McGillicuddy.

Contributors to This Issue

WILL IRWIN is a writer who was several times decorated for his services during the Great War.

FLORENCE GUY SEABURY is a contributor to current periodicals.

ROBERT DELL represented *The Nation* at the recent meeting of the League Assembly at Geneva.

EMIL LENGYEL is a Hungarian journalist living in New York.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is in charge of the English department at Urbana University School, Urbana, Ohio.

IRWIN EDMAN, assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia University, will publish his first volume of poems this fall.

NORMAN THOMAS was the recent Socialist candidate for Governor of New York.

Just Published!
THE STENOGRAPHIC AD VERBATIM REPORT of
The DEBATE of the Century!
Is CAPITAL PUNISHMENT a Wise Public Policy?
CLARENCE DARROW versus JUDGE A. J. TALLEY
Attorney of the Leopold-Loeb Case N. Y. Court of General Sessions
Preface by LOUIS MARSHALL
Foreword by LEWIS B. LAWES, Warden of Sing Sing Prison
Held in New York on Oct. 26, 1924, before an audience of 3,500
Illustrated with portraits of the debaters Price $1.00 postpaid
THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Avenue Dept. N. New York

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1924 No. 3098

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 531
EDITORIALS:
- Why Should the Democratic Party Survive? 534
- Our Claims Against Germany 535
- Our Own Vikings 535
- Burning Forests 536

WHAT EVERY VETERAN KNOWS. By A. Hamilton Gibbs 537
HENRY CABOT LODGE—A SCHOLAR IN POLITICS. By Oswald Garrison Villard 539
NEW MORALS FOR OLD:
- Women and the New Morality. By Beatrice M. Hinkle 541

SONNET. By Marie Luhrs 543
COWS. By Marie Luhrs 543
WOMEN IN THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT. By Isabelle Kendig 544
SHE DOES NOT LIST SO MUCH. By William Hard 545
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 546
CORRESPONDENCE 546
BOOKS:
- First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 547
- Aspects of Politics. By William MacDonald 547
- A Specialist in Souls. By Angus Burrell 548
- General Botha. By Ruth S. Alexander 548
- The Persistent Illusion. By Allen Tate 549
- When Hope Was Young. By Henry Raymond Mussey 549
- Books in Brief 550

THE FEIS CEOIL. By Henrietta Straus 550
THE NATION'S POETRY PRIZE 551
DRAMA:
- Pinero the Timid. By Joseph Wood Krutch 551

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- Western Imperialism in China 553
- Marshal Foch on Peace 554

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
Managing Editor Literary Editor
Contributing Editors
ROBERT HERRICK LUDWIG LEWISOHN NORMAN THOMAS
JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

WE CANNOT WIND UP our comment on the election without a word of appreciation of the admirable way in which the press of the larger cities, notably of New York, reported the La Follette campaign—in the smaller towns suppression was often the rule. The sponsors of the new movement were fearful from the beginning that they would not receive adequate metropolitan reporting. They were agreeably disappointed. If there was some slackening in the last week, that was probably explainable by the belief that the campaign was over, and won and lost. Whether this changed attitude of the press was a fortunate result of the recent severe criticisms of our dailies, or due to a realization that there were millions behind La Follette and Wheeler and therefore additional circulation to be won, or whether it was owing to a recrudescence of fair play, it was so delightful a change as to warrant a hearty word of appreciation. Particularly the New York *Times* deserves thanks for its full reports.

A GREAT MANY CHICKENS were counted in the newspaper offices on the morning after election without waiting for the hatching. The chorus of rejoicing over the defeat of Smith W. Brookhart for United States Senator from Iowa was one of the largest and loudest choruses which New York ever raised over anyone from Iowa. It held the front pages and spilled over on to the editorial pages for three whole days—and on the fourth day small notes in obscure columns reported that Senator Brookhart had been reelected after all. Minnesota's choice took almost as long to determine, but in the end Magnus Johnson lost to former Representative Thomas D. Schall, running as a regular Republican. Schall, however, is about as regular as Senator Borah. Complete returns show the Republicans much stronger than in the last Congress, but the Old Guard will have no easy sailing—the Republicans will have 55 or 56 seats in the Senate, which is enough to take the balance of power out of the hands of the out-and-out Progressives (La Follette, Norris, Ladd, Frazier, and Brookhart); but whenever Couzens or Schall or MacMaster or Capper or Borah or any of the mild Progressives join them they, with the aid of the Democrats, will be able to tip the scales. Much the same situation prevails in the lower house.

JUDGE LINDSEY was reelected in Denver after all, despite the Klan sweep which gave Colorado two Republican Senators and turned Governor Sweet out of office. Klan referenda intended to close the parochial schools were defeated in Washington and in Michigan, but it elected most of its candidates in Texas, and it showed the power of its teeth in Oklahoma, Kansas, and Indiana. Women seem to have been elected to State legislatures as never before, and two wives of former governors become chief State magistrates, but Congress has to content itself with its usual one lone woman. Mrs. Norton of Jersey City is the fifth woman to be elected to the House, but no two of them have been triumphant at the same polling. In the East the Klan showed no strength at all. Indeed the two outstanding rocks of opposition to the Republican tidal wave were the magnificent votes cast for Governor Smith in New York and for Senator David I. Walsh in Massachusetts. Senator Walsh was defeated by 10,000 votes, but he ran more than 400,000 votes ahead of John W. Davis. It is plain that in any but a tidal-wave year his State would prove its affection by electing him, and it is to be hoped that he will soon have an opportunity to fill the seat which Senator Lodge's death vacates. Massachusetts showed a mood of reaction too; it overwhelmingly defeated the child-labor amendment.

EUROPE'S POLITICAL POT is boiling again. The electoral triumphs of the conservatives in England and the United States have given fresh courage to continental reactionaries just when fascism's course seemed run and its normal crop of chaos seemed ripe for the reaping. In Italy General Peppino Garibaldi, grandson of the great Garibaldi, has challenged Mussolini to a duel because of a fascist attack upon unarmed ex-soldiers; in Spain Primo di Rivera is losing the little grip he had upon that unhappy country. He has arrested many of the heads of the Opposition, but the country is turning against him. Germany, meanwhile, is in the throes of a new national election, following only seven months on the heels of the last, and monarchist restoration is again in the forefront of Bavarian

discussion—there is small doubt that the Bavarians are ready for it, but fear of the Allies deters. MacDonald's fall weakened his liberal ally Herriot in France. On the eve of the British election Herriot recognized Soviet Russia; two weeks later he made a new treaty, this time with J. P. Morgan and Co. The French Government is to get a loan of $150,000,000, in return for which it promises to follow a "conservative fiscal policy." Herriot is now at grips with the budget, the severest test of French statesmanship. Millerand's hot pronunciamentos are not likely to hurt him, but his own supporters may shy at the tax burden which he will find necessary.

MORGAN'S LOAN TO FRANCE reveals once more the dominant part being played in Europe by American bankers. "Wall Street dictated the terms to the French Government," says the New York *World's* Paris correspondent, "obliging it to follow a conservative financial policy, much as it obliged the London Reparation Conference to accept its conception as to how the Dawes Plan should be put into operation." "Wall Street's" influence is also evident in Austria and Germany. A general strike on Austria's railways has stopped all but food trains, and the Government, although many of its members sympathize with the strikers' demands, has resigned, because to increase the railwaymen's wages would endanger fulfilment of the Geneva program, under which the international bankers granted Austria her reconstruction plan. Such situations are likely to recur. Indeed there is already threat of a German railway strike, and reports indicate the dire need of the workers. Henceforth in such struggles the workers are likely to find lined up against them not only their own employers and their own governments, but the enormous power of international finance. Unfortunately, Europe judges America by the decisions of our bankers.

STANLEY BALDWIN'S NEW CABINET is as good as a Tory Cabinet could well be. Indeed there are names in it that give hope that an English tradition, of letting the Tories realize the reforms for which their opponents have fought, may be revived. Neville Chamberlain, who was offered the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, has taken instead the lesser office of Minister of Health, with the announced determination at last really to do something about housing. The erratic Winston Churchill takes the position which Chamberlain declined, a guaranty that Baldwin does not intend to return to the policy of protection which lost the 1923 election. Churchill may have shifted in every other principle he ever had, but he remains true to free trade; his enormous vanity is appeased by his assumption of the office his father abandoned forty years ago. Lord Curzon and the Marquis of Salisbury, die-hards both, receive purely ornamental positions, Austen Chamberlain taking over Curzon's task in foreign affairs. Indeed there appear to be fewer peers in this than in MacDonald's Ministry. Austen Chamberlain, who was out of the last Tory Ministry because of his coalitionist sympathy; Churchill, whom Baldwin fought at a bye-election only six months ago; and Baldwin will be the dominant triumvirate. The nominations of Lord Birkenhead as Secretary for India and of Mr. Amery as Secretary for the Colonies portend trouble in the Empire; but among the more encouraging names is that of Lord Eustace Percy as President of the Board of Education.

STEPHEN V. GRAHAM, U. S. N., is captain of the Brooklyn Navy Yard but he talks like a radical:

> It does not require a very exhaustive review of history to show that business has been the underlying cause of every war that has ever been fought. Humanitarian causes have always been given prominence during a war, for the purpose of stimulating the zeal and patriotism of the participants, and in recorded history after a war, because it appears too sordid to record that the great devastation of war has been only on account of business.

This appears in a Navy-Day article printed in *Brooklyn*, the organ of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce. Captain Graham continues:

> The very life of the world is so organized that business is its prime necessity. Without business how should we live? Can anyone conceive of the condition that would prevail if there were no business in the world? What is more natural than that wars should be fought on account of business? . . . Make it your business to see that your business is protected by the only means that can adequately protect it, that is, by an adequate navy.

Business makes all wars, and that is right and fitting; therefore, we should have a bigger navy. It's curious logic.

THE OFFENSIVELY NATIONALISTIC and illiberal character of the program drawn up for American Education Week, November 17 to 23, was the subject of editorial comment in our issue of October 1, and we are glad to see that the sponsors of the movement were called sharply to account by a large number of educators, while the Young Women's Christian Association, which took part in two previous programs, declined to do so this year. Some of the program, the association said, "seemed to be inconsistent with the position of the board in relation to world peace and international cooperation." John J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education, has been especially criticized for apparently allowing the American Legion to dictate the character of an effort which should be entirely beyond partisan manipulation. Charles W. Eliot, president-emeritus of Harvard University, is among those expressing disapproval of parts of the program for American Education Week. In a letter on the subject he wrote:

> The red flag is a symbol in some nations, and perhaps in some communities, of all the woes described in the program, but denunciation of it does not seem to me appropriate in the government's program for American Education Week. Indeed, it ought not be mentioned in the same section with the flag of the United States.
>
> There is an objectionable inference under the heading of "Illiteracy Day." Is it only illiterates who become "a tool of the radical"? It seems to me that the educated are quite as apt as the uneducated to depend on second-hand, and therefore inaccurate, information.

IN THE WINTER OF 1922, Wallace W. Atwood, the newly elected president of Clark University, stopped a lecture before the student body by Scott Nearing. His action was followed directly by the resignation of several of the strongest professors on the faculty and by a loss both in morale and in numbers among the students. And now, two and a half years after the event, comes a report by a committee of the American Association of University Professors which condemns Mr. Atwood both in regard to the Nearing incident and in his policy of attempting to change the academic character of the university without consultation with or support from the faculty. The com-

mittee, which consisted of Arthur O. Lovejoy of Johns Hopkins, John M. Brewer of Harvard, Robert K. Root of Princeton, and H. S. White of Vassar, says:

> Voluntary student organizations for intellectual purposes, for the study of social problems, or for becoming acquainted with contemporary political and social movements, especially those current among social groups other than that to which most American college students belong, ought to be encouraged in every possible way; they are among the most welcome evidences that a student body is both intellectually and morally alive. . . . Dr. Atwood, however, expressly holds that a less degree of freedom of speech on public questions should obtain in universities than in the community at large; the process of education seems to him so delicate and mysterious and the danger so great that the minds of university students will be infected with error through even a single brief exposure to it, that an open forum where all kinds of ideas may be aired, though useful elsewhere, is inadmissible in a university. He conceives it, in short, to be a function of a university to protect students against even hearing doctrines which to the president or faculty seem pernicious; and consequently regards it as an important part of the duty of a university executive to act as a chief of quarantine with respect to political, sociological, and economic ideas.
>
> Such a conception seems to the committee to betray a failure to understand either the spirit of a university or the ordinary workings of human nature.

THE COMMITTEE is no less severe in passing upon Mr. Atwood's general administrative policy than in commenting upon the Nearing incident. It admits that the new president of Clark found himself faced with serious financial difficulties. But instead of building upon the foundations already laid, the trustees, without the knowledge of the faculty, adopted the policy of eliminating or reducing several of the existing departments in order to establish a new School of Geography, of which President Atwood is head and to which more than 30 per cent of the departmental funds are devoted. The trustees and president defended this as enabling Clark to make a new and distinctive contribution in a field where it would not be in competition with larger and wealthier institutions, but the committee thinks that the presumption against so radical a change was strong, and that it has not been justified by success:

> The present position of the university, with respect to its post-graduate departments, is inferior to that which it held in 1919-20, and has lost much of the character which once constituted its special distinction. That matters of educational policy should not be decided by a lay governing board of a university without ascertaining the opinion of the educational staff is a usually accepted principle; if it were commonly disregarded the future of American higher education would not be hopeful. . . .

"TAX NOT THE ROYAL SAINT with vain expense" began Wordsworth in a marvelous sonnet directed against those who lamented the money wasted in the building of magnificent churches, and, agreeing with the poet, we have no theoretical objection to cathedrals. Nevertheless when Bishop Manning renews his drive for the $12,000,000 still necessary to complete the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights we do not kindle as we should. We do not kindle partly, perhaps, because we cannot quite see the fire-eating bishop as the saint of Wordsworth's line. Some day when mankind is once more united in a common faith, temples may rise again as they rose before, soaring and beautiful, but the creed of Bishop Manning, aristocratic and bitterly partisan, is fortunately the creed of too small a part of the American nation to endow with meaning the vast fabric of a cathedral. Doubtless he and his little group have money and to spare—enough to build a dozen temples in the best of imitation gothic—but millions whose religion is warmer, kindlier, and more humanitarian will remain outside. His cathedral will lack the only thing which has ever made a cathedral great—the united soul of a people.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, in creating for Robert Frost a life fellowship by the terms of which he is required to do nothing more than remain in residence and write poetry, has done a handsome and liberal deed at the same time that it has assumed a rather formidable responsibility. It has subsidized an artist of the finest quality in a day when such subsidies are all too rare—when the institution of the private patron seems dead beyond revival and when the question of subsidy by the state is at best but feebly discussed. But what shall be its attitude toward Mr. Frost, who so eminently deserves the favor bestowed upon him? It is to be hoped that there will be no attitude at all. Ann Arbor's business henceforth is to let Mr. Frost alone—to dine him very seldom, give him no work to do, make no complaint when he is not productive, and above all refrain from suggestions as to the kind of poetry he shall write. Even the best of institutions, and the University of Michigan is a good university, are capable of censorship when they least suspect it. Pressure can come from the gentlest of academic atmospheres, and the wildest poet there can grow too tame. Mr. Frost is anything but a wild man, yet he has a character. Ann Arbor will prove worthy of its trust if in keeping hands off that character it shows itself superior to individual patrons, who are always capricious, and to states, which are sometimes stupid.

WITH PLEASURE we record the giving of a testimonial dinner in New York on November 14 to Mrs. Florence Kelley, so long secretary of the National Consumers' League. No tributes could adequately portray the public-spirited service that Mrs. Kelley has rendered, not only to the League, which she has served as secretary for twenty-five years, but to a host of other good causes. In such a discouraging political hour as we have just lived through it is especially heartening to be reminded not only of the devotion of such as Mrs. Kelley, but of her extraordinary record of actual practical achievement. The truth is that no one has any right to be discouraged as long as we have such patriots as this. The daughter of a distinguished father who served his country well in Congress, Mrs. Kelley has approached every problem with wisdom and understanding and has faced every public issue without fear. As a result she has at times been honored by the criticisms of the super-patriots and the would-be blood-letters, most of whom are not worthy to touch the hem of her skirt, into whose narrow brains there can enter no true conception of the amount of patriotism and devotion it takes to give one's self year in and year out to the unending grind of fighting with inadequate means for a great cause. When the professional patriots have long since been forgotten the name of Florence Kelley will be cherished with increasing gratitude and appreciation by the numerous groups which she has served so faithfully without thought of self.

Why Should the Democratic Party Survive?

THE more one studies the election returns the clearer emerges the desire of the average business man to be let alone in order to sink himself completely in the making of money. From this point of view the voter was right in turning to the Republican Party, for Mr. Coolidge typifies what this state of mind desires; hundreds of thousands voted for him because of his negative qualities and characteristics, because they believed that he would do nothing and accomplish nothing. There was very little enthusiasm for the President personally, according to the daily press, and victory parades were few, which may perhaps be explained by a discounting in advance of the Republican success. Mr. Coolidge's reported determination not to call an extra session of Congress but to mark time for a whole year will undoubtedly be a popular decision. We are witnessing, for the moment, the apotheosis of stand-pattism, the exalting of one-man government, without the unpleasant features usually attending upon fascism. In the record-breaking stock sales and the evidences of a boom in industry the Republicans, from Mr. Coolidge down, find the most gratifying results of their victory.

The one-sidedness of that victory brings with it, however, its own dangers to the victors. The Republicans have won tremendous victories before, as in 1888 and in 1920, only to lose much ground within the next two years. Their margin of control of the Senate is still too narrow to make it possible for them to ride rough-shod. Already, therefore, the Coolidge machine is at work further to strengthen its hold upon Congress in the election two years hence. But as to that there will be factors operating during the interim which not even Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Butler can control—we refer particularly to economic conditions abroad, and these, despite the Dawes Plan and its excellent beginning, are far from being satisfactory. Short after-election booms are not unknown in our business history because of the holding up of orders prior to election. For lasting prosperity there must be wider and sounder bases. At present there are too many deep-seated symptoms of business ill-health to make it likely that they can all be waved aside as if by a magic wand because Mr. Coolidge is to have four years more in the White House. A party which bases its appeals upon its ability to create prosperity pays a high price when prosperity lags. But for the present the business man is wholly wedded to the Republican Party. The question is even to be asked whether we are not today in far more danger of one-party government in America than government by three parties.

All of which brings up anew the question of the Democratic Party. Why should it survive? We are aware, of course, that the New York *Times* heralds the election as proof of the triumph of the two old parties and their system, and that the *World* is complacent in its belief that the Democratic Party will survive because nothing can shake the hold of that party upon the South. The *World's* attitude on this issue was one of the curiosities of the campaign, quite enough to cause Joseph Pulitzer to turn many times in his grave. For it can be demonstrated by endless citations from its own editorial columns, in the days of Cleveland and later, that the Democracy in the South, buttressed as it is by a grave violation of the Constitution, by fraud, chicanery, and deceit, is an impossible stumbling-block to its progress as a party. Upon no such foundation can a liberal party be built, not even if the South purges itself of the K. K. K. No; the Democracy of today consists only of the Irish Catholic city groups, the advocates of the League of Nations, and the Southerners. Each year the latter are less and less Democrats at heart, and, by reason of economic changes, more and more eager to divide normally rather than upon the outworn issue of Negro domination—a news service reports efforts to form a political-economic bloc in the South to back President Coolidge.

The fact is that the Democratic Party is practically wiped out beyond the Mississippi River. Taking seventeen of the States west of that river, including Minnesota but omitting Missouri, which is naturally one of the border States, the amazing fact develops that the Progressive Party, which came into being on July 4 last, polled in these States in round figures 1,829,000 votes, while the historic Democratic Party with its long-created machinery polled only 957,000 votes—about one-half as many, and 364,000 votes less than Governor Cox polled in the same States in 1920. In California Mr. Davis's vote was one-fourth that of Mr. La Follette. In only five of these seventeen States did Mr. Davis obtain more votes than Mr. La Follette. Taking the country as a whole, the figures show how ridiculous was the charge made by the frightened *World* in the last week of the battle that La Follette was wrecking the Davis campaign. In only nine small States did the combined La Follette and Davis vote exceed Coolidge's; the forty-two electoral votes of these States would not have affected the result had they been placed in the Davis column. Even if it be granted that many voters were frightened into supporting Coolidge through fear of La Follette, it is still impossible honestly to allege that the third party elected Coolidge. On the other hand, the true measure of the wreck of the Democratic Party lies in the fact that Davis carried only one State more than Cox did. Practically, Davis carried only the Southern States that had nowhere else to go. Why should the Democratic Party survive? What function can it fulfil?

Obviously, the only excuse that can be put forward for continuing it is the hope that another Grover Cleveland or Woodrow Wilson may breathe the breath of life into the corpse. The Baltimore *Evening Sun*, a Democratic newspaper, has just shamed the devil and told some refreshing truths about its party. The Democracy, it says,

> has become an inchoate grouping of men of many minds on important matters. What little coherence it has is given not by devotion to any fixed principle or political action, but solely by the desire of professional politicians . . . to get as close to the feed-bag as possible. The differences of opinion which developed at the New York Convention . . . are ample to demonstrate that the party has no chart to guide its course.

True. The Democratic Party is deservedly wrecked because it is without principle. Indeed, its speakers were so wholly without a program as to be compelled to mouth the most commonplace generalities and platitudes—they appealed for honesty, virtue, humanity, and good-will abroad *ad nauseam*. Even Mr. Davis had nothing concrete to offer that

really stirred the imagination or inspired his listeners. It is very easy for people to say that the Democratic Party is now going on triumphantly. Who is going to direct it? The *World* admits that Mr. Davis cannot, and Governor Smith we believe to be too canny to allow the party to be wished upon him, as some are already trying to do. Whatever receiver is finally found, he will take the party over bankrupt financially as well as morally. With the internal dissensions—between its Catholics and its anti-Catholics, between its Southerners and its Northerners, between its progressives and its conservatives, between its tariff reformers and its high protectionists, between its imperialists and its anti-imperialists—entirely unhealed, the receiver will have to deal daily with stupid and visionless if not corrupt bosses of the type of Brennan and Taggart, who do not object to the Democracy as a minority party because they batten on the many privileges a minority party obtains. Why try to reorganize and resurrect any organization like this? It would be infinitely better for the Southerners to form their little bloc and flock by themselves, and to let the progressive Democrats come over to the new party which furnished the only vitality, the only enthusiasm, the only really forward-looking platform of the campaign.

Our Claims Against Germany

ONE of the most important conferences of the post-war period is now going on in Paris. It was called among the Allied Powers and the United States to supplement the London Conference on the Dawes Plan, for the purpose of distributing the industrial and railroad bonds to be issued by Germany in execution of that plan.

For the United States the conference is of the utmost importance. The Secretary of State has announced that we are making a claim for $500,000,000 of these bonds, half to cover the cost of our Rhine army and half to cover the claims now being settled by the Mixed Claims Commission in Washington. We make this claim under Part XI of the Dawes Plan, which provides that

> the sums denoted above comprise all amounts for which Germany may be liable to the Allied *and Associated* Powers for the costs arising out of the war, including reparation, restitution, all costs of *all* armies of occupation, clearing-house operations, . . . commissions of control and supervision, etc. Whenever in any part of this report or its annexes we refer to treaty payments, reparation amounts payable to the Allies, etc., we use these terms to include all charges payable by Germany to the Allied *and Associated* Powers for these war costs.

This journal in its issue of June 4, 1924, was the first to suggest that in view of the fact that the Dawes Plan imposed an absolute maximum of payments to be exacted from Germany over a long period of years, the United States must for the payment of its claims share in the so-called Dawes bonds, or forego their collection for at least two generations. It will be recalled that our share of the Rhine army costs, which was paid in full into the reparation fund by Germany, was appropriated by the Allies, and that when we demanded our share we were told by Poincaré that as we had not signed the Treaty of Versailles we were not entitled to be reimbursed. Maintaining the position that our demands did not depend on the treaty, but on the fact that the service was rendered to the Allies, the Secretary of State obtained a compromise by which we were to share to a limited extent in *future* payments to be effected by Germany.

The Dawes Plan requires a revision of this compromise to the extent of substituting German bonds for the paper agreement with the Allies. And now, under the Dawes Plan, we include a proper demand for the payment of our pecuniary war claims against Germany. We did not insist upon this claim at London, evidently because of an apprehension that it might give France an excuse to break up the conference. Now we advance the claim in Paris, and although Germany is anxious that we be paid we are informed that France will oppose our claim.

It is to be hoped that the Secretary of State will successfully defeat any such opposition. But for the United States, France would not have had one cent of reparations; yet when we demand our modest share of the Dawes bonds, as provided for in the Dawes Report, we are informed that as we did not sign the Treaty of Versailles we are not entitled to reparations. The New York *Times*, overlooking the fact that Germany has already paid $5,000,000,000, and asserting in the face of the Dawes Report that we "declined to take any responsibility in making Germany pay" —how more could have been extracted from Germany its editors do not suggest—seems to criticize our position by asserting that our "just claim" will cause us to be hated. This is a remarkable position for an American newspaper to take. The Allies since 1919 have ignored and even thwarted the interests of the United States. They have sought to influence us to confiscate the private property held by the Alien Property Custodian, contrary to American tradition and interests. The fact that the Allies confiscated private enemy property elicited a resolution of the International Law Association at Stockholm denouncing the practice as "a relic of barbarism worthy of the most severe condemnation."

It is time for the Department of State to do some plain speaking.

Our Own Vikings

THE U. S. S. Trenton has been sent north by the Navy Department to look for the long overdue Leiv Eiriksson and her crew of modern vikings who, it is feared, have been either lost in the Arctic ice or driven to take refuge at some obscure point whence no word can be dispatched for perhaps many months. The Leiv Eiriksson is only a tiny sloop in which three amateur sailors set sail from Norway early last July to follow the path of the original vikings by way of Iceland and Greenland to North America. The adventurers thus setting out were William Washburn Nutting, Arthur S. Hildebrand, writer, and Eric Todahl, painter. They made the trip safely as far as Julianshaab, Greenland, leaving there for Labrador on September 8. The distance is not much over 500 miles, and in any ordinary circumstances should not have taken even a small sailboat more than a couple of weeks, but the date of departure was rather late for crossing Davis Strait, and the polar ice may have reached out and trapped the voyagers, leaving no hope of survival unless by escape over the floes to land.

The voyage of the Leiv Eiriksson is only one of several brave adventures in small boats with which the imagination of wall-bound city dwellers has been haunted lately. The November number of *Yachting* contains the first part of the

story of Frederic Jay Wells, who with his father and a few others undertook this same viking journey almost simultaneously with the Nutting party. Indeed, Mr. Wells recounts meeting Mr. Nutting in Bergen, sailing thence only a few days after the Leiv Eiriksson. Mr. Wells and his party made a successful crossing by way of Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador in a 47-foot yawl-rigged vessel called the Shanghai, but they were driven on the rocks of the Nova Scotia coast in the hurricane that blew up out of the Caribbean late last August. The Shanghai was lost, although all aboard were able to clamber up the cliffs to safety.

These viking voyages have especially captivated the imagination of the public because the route is the same as that described in such detail in newspapers at the time of the world flight of our army airplanes, but they are only instances of a kind of adventure which seems to have gripped individuals in all parts of the world in the last few years. From 1914 to 1918 the European War drew into it, willy-nilly, about all the lust of danger of which the world was capable; but six years have flown by since the armistice, and human hardihood is demanding new outlets from the mechanistic civilization to which most of humanity finds itself bound. Hence the especial fascination of voyages to the remotest of the South Seas, or of trips through Arctic ice in the path of the vikings. Only this year, too, Alain Gerbault, a Frenchman, accomplished the remarkable feat of sailing alone across the Atlantic Ocean in a small boat. After terrific experiences with gales and unruly seas he brought his craft into New York harbor, where he began fitting it for a voyage around the world. In this latter ambition he is essaying to follow in the wake of Captain Joshua Slocum, whose achievement a quarter of a century ago, when he sailed alone around the world in his little yawl Spray, stands as the most remarkable adventure in single-handed seamanship of which we know. Captain Slocum owed his success partly to the excellence of the boat, which he himself built and rigged, and partly to his skill and resourcefulness as a sailor. But neither one nor the other was proof against fate, for he sailed away on another voyage from which no word has ever come back.

These long voyages in small boats through tumultuous seas are not only making interesting epics of the ocean; they are leading adventurous souls to study and build craft especially adapted to them. The Shanghai, of which we have already spoken, was built in the port of that name by a group of young Danes, who then proceeded to sail their boat around the Cape of Good Hope to their native land. The desire of amateur sailors for more seaworthy small boats is leading designers away from the old smooth-water, fair-weather models and back to the days when all ocean voyages were made by sail, mostly in what nowadays would be regarded as ridiculously small vessels. Thus in yachting we are getting further and further from the saucer-hulled defenders of the America's Cup, which so long dominated the construction of our pleasure boats. The closing of the famous Herreshoff boat-building yard at Bristol, Rhode Island, recently was more than the end of a famous plant. It was the end of an idea—of an era—in yachting. The idea was splendidly suited to the particular end in view—the defense of the America's Cup—but it was a blight upon the development of seaworthy pleasure boats. Fortunately the old human craving for adventure by water—as strong today as when the vikings made their voyages—has turned us back toward a craft more worthy of our spirit.

Burning Forests

FOREST fires are an American invention. Those appalling holocausts which sweep bare mile after mile of ancient forest, driving the frightened animals before them, darkening the sky by day and turning the sun into a dull red ball, lighting up the sky by night, are unknown in Europe. There they know that wood is too precious. Here we are beginning to learn it. The prohibition of hunting in a dozen States this autumn is indication that at last we are awakening to the menace and are ready to put public interest above private pleasure.

We have been lavish with our resources; forests seemed cheap and abundant. Our great American pastime—camping—has lent itself to the work of destruction. Campers, who should most cherish the woodland which gives them their joy, are often least careful. They build bonfires where small fires would do their cooking better and be safer; they neglect to dig away the leaves about their fireplaces; they leave the embers smoldering. The campers must learn better. It is a glorious thing that along with the increasing urbanization of America has gone a great movement to open up country playgrounds. The national forests and State forests which have been set aside in recent years, largely to protect the watersheds, have become at the same time summer playgrounds for millions of city-dwellers. Automobiles have brought close to the cities regions hitherto inaccessible. New York now has two million acres of State forests and parks; Pennsylvania a million; Michigan, South Dakota, and all the New England States have set aside some of their choicest mountainsides. New York's voters at the last election authorized the expenditure of $17,500,000 more to buy and develop State parkland. Three States are cooperating to make a park of the deep valleys and wild mountains of the Taconics, where New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut meet. Already the weird bluffs and lovely tarns of Montauk, the tip of Long Island, have been saved for the people.

Close observation by national and State foresters is rescuing much forest land which a decade ago would have been lost. New York newspapers this autumn carry daily reports from the State foresters of both large and small forest fires in the State. A few years ago many of these would have done their irreparable damage unnoticed. The berry-pickers who used to burn the hilltops every third year in order to avoid the shade which ruined their crops today would not dare admit the crime which was recently a matter of course. Fire protection has become so much a recognized industry that there are sinister rumors of fires set by men eager for jobs as fire-fighters.

We still cut each year, in the United States, four times as much timber as is reproduced, but the work of reforestation has begun. The carefully supervised national forests—160,000,000 acres of them—now show a slight balance of receipts over expenditures. Even the cities are beginning to have their own forests. Fitchburg, Massachusetts, has begun to make its forest pay. Rochester, Gloversville, and Glens Falls, N. Y., have their city forests, and those who have strolled through the beautiful city forests of German towns know how much they may add to a city's resources. Within another decade, although the South and West will still be deforesting themselves, the East may be gaining on itself. The next generation of American small boys will not be without woods in which to play Indian.

What Every Veteran Knows

By A. HAMILTON GIBBS

THE date of the next war has been variously set for 1929, 1934, and 1939. As, of course, it is going to be a world war the question of who will declare it against whom is unimportant.

What matters is what we are going to do about it—"we" meaning you and I, individual citizens. The last one as the war to end war was a conspicuous failure. The admission of this failure was made on Armistice Day. Since then the proof of the evaporation of whatever will to peace there was can be partly found in the purely physical expression of death rays, amphibious tanks that are faster than cavalry, and gas bombs that will exterminate cities. Then, too, there is oil. At the moment it is underground in more senses than one. But economically and psychologically we are in *status quo*, and a little bit more so.

They sprung that last show on us too quickly. Most of us hadn't time to do any thinking. Only those who were on the inside were able to jump to cover. The rest were in from the drop of the hat. But from now on the other fellow isn't going to do our thinking for us. In case the next war should break in five or ten years from now, we have got comfortable time to decide whether we shall be brigadier generals, profiteers, or temporary members of a government prison.

That is the purely personal equation. The wider and really important aspect of the problem is whether we shall let it happen at all.

Supposing the show should begin in 1949. How would you like that corking little boy of yours to be the Unknown Soldier of the next war? Incidentally, do you think he would like it any more than you would have? Of course now the Unknown Soldier is enviably enshrined in marble in the capitals of many nations; and statesmen and generals bear him official wreaths and orations—which is as it should be. But before that the Unknown Soldier, lousy and soul-battered, went over the top and stopped a shell. The chances are that he didn't die at once. He probably lay there for hours, pursuing his motionless way through aeons of pain, calling on Jesus to put him out of his agony and let him die. . . . In the last show, you remember, you and I passed hundreds of them as they lay screaming and disemboweled. We hadn't time to stop and try to bandage them. There was a war on and so we had to pretend not to hear them. But we still can at night sometimes.

So I say again, what are we going to do about it, you and I who know that war is "the bunk"? Something or nothing? Are we going to remain inert and let another generation fester and rot in shell holes while we, with sadistic sorrow, salute the flag and say: "I have given my son!"?

If anybody has read thus far, I can imagine him saying: "Who is this fellow? What does he know about it, anyway?"

I can only refer him to the English military records which show that I was in France in 1914 as a private and, after four and a half years fighting on various fronts, was demobilized as a major of artillery with a trifling disability on account of being gassed and a souvenir in the form of a silver cross that was pinned to my chest by His Britannic Majesty in one of the somewhat crowded rooms of Buckingham Palace—a rather more trying experience, in some ways, than the *strafe* which got me the cross.

It will be admitted, therefore, that I am, unimaginably enough, what is known as a veteran of the World War; one of those young-old persons into whose hands a rifle was thrust with the words: "Go out and fight, hero!"—young enough then to believe that I was helping to end war by fighting, old enough now to know better.

One of my numerous brothers was a war correspondent. He was honest enough, in writing an introduction to a war book that I wrote immediately after the armistice, to say that although my protest voiced the opinion of millions of fighting soldiers, still that protest was incoherent; that neither they nor I had found the answer.

He was right.

But six years have elapsed since then. We've had time to let our experience crystallize, to let all the emotional froth blow away, and to be able to assume a thoughtful, reasoned attitude toward this next war which, we are told calmly, will wipe out civilization. Personally I think that is entirely absurd. The economic system, as we now know it, may go to smash. A number of so-called sovereign states may lose their sovereignty. But civilization, which wrung its hands a few years ago at the cry of Armageddon and bemoaned the youth of the world lying dead on the battlefields of France, is still humping along, and still will be long after the conclusion of the next war.

The point that I wish to make is that apart from its being a repetition of wholesale murder, the next war is not only a waste of time, a completely unintelligent spending of energy, but a confession of our utter lack of gray matter. Why? *Because there need not be a next war!* If you don't believe this, ask H. G. Wells, or Frank Simonds, or Norman Hapgood, or my brother, or any shrewd observer who is not in the political scramble, who has not got some ax to grind.

After all, what *is* war? It used to be a tribal excursion either for food or revenge. In feudal days it became a baronial picnic. After the industrial revolution it was assumed to be the ultimate economic weapon. Today it has been proved not only economically unsound but ethically criminal. Every nation engaged in the World War spent millions of dollars in publicity in the effort to disclaim any responsibility for starting it, and other millions in camouflaging the real issues.

It seems to me obvious, therefore, that some psychologists to the contrary notwithstanding, fighting is not an instinct like sex and hunger. Mankind breeds and feeds in the same way as it breathes and sleeps. It has to. But it only fights if the breeding or feeding is interfered with. In other words, it needs a reason to fight, an appeal to the mind first and the emotions afterwards. And that, if civilization means anything, is the proof that there is no need for a next war.

There was, of course, absolutely no need for the last one. If all the White Papers and foreign-office files were

examined, you would find that eight million people were killed as a result of misunderstanding and misrepresentation. The trouble is that nations, like individuals, do not like to admit having made fools of themselves; and though we are all united in declaring war a crime and, more importantly, that it does not pay, yet there is no one nation with courage enough and brains enough to make the gesture of chucking the lethal weapons away and to announce that it intends to sink or swim on a peace plank.

It is almost time someone tried it out. The Bible says that those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword—but nobody believes in the Bible any more. All right. Take up a history book. You'll have a hard time disproving Christ's statement. A few years ago when the Wrights tried to fly everybody howled with laughter and said that they were crazy, going in the face of nature. Today there are air mail boxes in the streets of New York. Flying is a part of our daily life. Yesterday every nation spent every nickel it had in building instruments of warfare in order to end war. Tomorrow the only instruments of warfare left in the world will be in museums.

Is tomorrow such a long way off? The idea of living without war is much less fantastic than the Wrights's idea of flying, and they were successful for two very simple reasons: they were not afraid, and they kept on working.

Judging by the contempt with which the word pacifist is uttered, one would imagine that to work for peace was a shameful and cowardly thing. Oddly enough, I can't remember ever having heard Christ called a coward. For that matter it would be quite unbecoming to call the veterans of the World War cowards, and yet I don't believe there is a single one of them who is not a pacifist. Incidentally, every militarist is really a pacifist, too, only he doesn't see that he is going all round the bush. He wants to impose peace by destruction. The non-militarist wants to bring it about by construction. That's the only difference, except that the militarist has a blind spot in that he won't see that it will take him a far longer time to reach the objective.

Here we are, then, all desirous of peace, each group convinced that its way is the only way of getting it. At the moment the non-fighters are far outnumbered by the fighters and the non-combatants. I lump these latter with the fighters because it has been well and truly said that war has no fury like a non-combatant. As far as the next war is concerned it looks as if the "ayes" have it; but, and this is also true, the non-combatant may be likened to a third political party which, knowing that it can not get into power, will vote for that one of the other two parties whose promises sound better. It is human, after all, to expect a *quid pro quo*. So it is not unreasonable to suppose that if we veteran ex-militarists offer the non-combatant group a better *quid* than the militarists we may get our numerical share of the *quo*.

In a nutshell the situation is this: The militarist, who is preparing now, says: "The next war may wipe out civilization. We are going to fight to save it!" You remember how successful he was in the war to *end* war! The non-militarist, on the other hand, seems to be on pretty firm ground, logically, when he says: "If none of us fight there won't *be* a next war. Civilization can't be wiped out!"

The defense rests.

How naive to say: "If none of us fight"! I can almost hear the howls of derision, the yells of "How are you going to stop it?"—which, after all, is only another way of phrasing my own question: What are we going to do about it?

There are a great many things which you and I, with the background of our war record, can do. Most of us have in a drawer somewhere an old tunic on which are sewn wound stripes and decorations. It is locked away out of sight for the same reason that most of us have kept our mouths shut and refused to utter a word about the Great War. I would say then, first of all, let us come out of our silence. Let us tell the truth as we have learned it in sweat and blood—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help us God! We know that war is "the bunk." If we don't know it, who does? With the weight of veteranship behind us every word that we say will have to be listened to. Except for a few isolated voices here and there the world has never had the truth about war dinned into its ears. It has had a vast amount of untruth and a quantity of half-truth, which is, perhaps, the most insidious of all. There is no one to blame but ourselves. We have retired into that obstinate conspiracy of silence from which, as yet, nothing has been able to drag us. As a form of self-protection it was permissible during that brief period when the peace-idea was fashionable. But that has been discarded now and there is more than talk of this next war. The newspapers print photographs of new guns that will shoot farther than the Big Berthas. Every day brings its invention of a new ray or gas, its mention of a bigger fleet of war planes; and behind it all are the impotence of the League of Nations and the edginess between government and government. Of course, one appreciates the tremendous difficulties that block the path of those who run a country but, to a pseudo-intelligent onlooker, the only possible conclusion to be drawn from the recent breaking of a certain Gentleman's Agreement is that because some flatulent politician saw fit to make a grand gesture, with nothing more admirable in view than winning a few votes for his party, another generation may have to march to an unnecessary and unspeakable death.

Shall we still remain silent?

Then there is another weapon against war that has never been used—laughter. War can be laughed, ridiculed, off the face of the earth. Think of "the glory of the trenches," the "living bayonets," the "privates who would rather fight than eat." The ghastly humor of all that stuff appeals to us. *We know!* But the non-combatants don't. They take it all literally—as it was intended that they should in order to keep the game going. They still believe that war is glorious, that generals are heroes, that we went over the top eagerly and joyously, filled with a righteous and blessed hate of the enemy. They still believe in "the Hun atrocities" and all the priceless inventions of the various bureaus of propaganda. Of course they believe it. We did, too, until we got into the firing line and saw the joke for ourselves across barbed wire decorated with corpses. That's why I've suggested that if we are only going to take the next war personally we've got ample time to decide whether we'll be generals, with all the "kudos" and none of the risk, or profiteers with government backing who can clean up safely from the outside, or join the small but determined band who will march to the nearest prison and demand government hospitality during the course of hostilities.

One cannot particularly blame those generals and profiteers in the last war. They were not entirely aware

of what they were doing. But two blacks don't make a white, and if any of us, knowing what we know, should do it in the next war our name would be worse than mud. Most of us, however, are taking it a little more seriously than that. We have come to the conclusion that living for one's country is, after all, a great deal more useful, and far harder, than dying for it. And although, as yet, we have observed no guaranteed cure for war-cancer, we can at least apply the modern treatments of truth and ridicule. We can show it up to our friends, write about it, contradict the lies that are told on public platforms, and do much to destroy the popular sentiment about it that exists only from thoughtlessness and ignorance.

All those things can be accomplished in the ordinary process of everyday living. If we feel it deeply enough to set ourselves a real and constructive task, we can see that our children are not educated in mere flag-waving, but grow up in the belief that not only they personally were born free and equal, but that all men are, independently of race and country. We can see that our politicians live up to their responsibilities—by rubbing their noses in it any time they perpetrate a grand gesture. And we can see to it that similar loud-mouthed utterances on the part of foreign politicians are not interpreted as expressions of that nation's feeling, but are merely read as the indulgence of the individual ego of a man who has fallen down on his job.

We have proved already that we are not afraid. There will be no next war if we keep on working.

Henry Cabot Lodge—A Scholar in Politics

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THUS Henry Cabot Lodge was hailed when first he entered political life—a scholar in politics. A man of more than comfortable means, he had taken his A.B., LL.B., and Ph.D. at Harvard, had been for three years editor of the *North American Review*, for two years editor of the *International Review*, a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and had written several excellent biographies, besides a useful short history of the English colonies in America—all this before he was thirty-three years old. Men like Carl Schurz, Edwin L. Godkin, George William Curtis, and Governor Boutwell looked with profoundest satisfaction upon Lodge's coming into public life as they did upon the political debut of his friend Theodore Roosevelt. Together with others of the same caliber, their appearance gave rise to the hope that a new and golden era in our politics was at hand. It was a delusion for those who placed ideals above party loyalty, for both Lodge and Roosevelt, after fighting staunchly at the Republican convention in 1884 against the nomination of James G. Blaine because of his unfitness, after declaring that they would bolt if he were chosen to lead the party, finally decided that they would make their fight for reform within the party and violated their consciences by swallowing the man they had declared hopelessly blemished.

Not unnaturally, the then editor of *The Nation* could not refrain from pointing the moral when the news came that Henry Cabot Lodge had been defeated for Congress at the 1884 election, which placed Grover Cleveland in the White House. His words are worth reprinting for several reasons:

> The defeat of Mr. Cabot Lodge for Congress in Massachusetts is to be regretted because he would undoubtedly have made a good legislator; but it is to be rejoiced over because it is a distinct discouragement to his kind of politician—we mean the kind furnished by nature and art with every assistance in being better than they are, but who refuse it vigorously, and insist on being bad or mediocre. It is the special function of such men to make a good show of moral fiber at great crises, and when they fail there is really nothing left of them. It was undoubtedly due to Mr. Lodge's influence that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt threw away the admirable position he had acquired in the politics of this State last spring, by not only coming out for Blaine but going back on Governor Cleveland. They put their heads together and thought they would show the theorists a wonderful "wrinkle" in the way of practicalness, and now they are both out in the cold, and their natural friends and allies are not sorry, and the real "practical men" are laughing at them. It is, however, never too late to mend.

The hostilities thus established never ended during Mr. Lodge's lifetime. As long as he was editor of *The Nation* Mr. Godkin lost no opportunity to use grape upon the renegade scholar from Massachusetts—and there were plenty of good opportunities, for Mr. Lodge was elected to Congress in 1887 and immediately began to make himself felt. In that year he defended the sale of the governorship of Rhode Island to a rich New Yorker by the gang of corrupt politicians who then, and for many years thereafter, controlled that State. "The American stump has seen many strange things," wrote Mr. Godkin, "but nothing stranger than a man of fortune and a scholar, a Harvard graduate and quondam instructor, and an author of some repute, perorating publicly against the people who object to this degrading [Rhode Island] spectacle as 'guilty of a mixture of sham morals and false issues which is revolting to any honest-minded man.'" Mr. Lodge's apostasy to the cause of tariff reform which he had championed in his biographies of Hamilton and Webster and his final swallowing of the extreme protection doctrine similarly brought down upon him the editorial thunder, and so did his extraordinary vagaries in the matter of the gold standard and in the field of international politics.

Strange as it may seem, this man, who was in his later years voted an Anglomaniac, began his political career as a most deliberate and determined tail-twister of the British Lion, in which pastime no Fenian exceeded him. He was for war with England not once but a dozen times. As far back as 1895 he announced in the Senate that we were "a part of the European balance of power. As in 1778 and 1812, we shall find ourselves in practical alliance with Russia and France, and in practical hostility to England and the Dreibund [Austria, Germany, and Italy]." His reason for this was that "Halifax is a menace to us, Bermuda is a menace to us, and so is Kingston. . . ." Therefore we must enter an alliance with France and Russia "because, so long as Great Britain remains a power on this continent, in Canada, we can be nowhere else" than hand in glove with Paris and St. Petersburg. When Grover Cleveland sent to Congress

his amazing and still inexplicable Venezuelan Message which so nearly precipitated war with Great Britain, Senator Lodge fairly threw himself into Cleveland's arms—up to that time he had assailed and maligned him at every opportunity. They became brothers before the war-god. Curiously enough, his change of opinion as to England came while he was writing his "Story of the Revolution" in 1897. At the outset the book abounds in the conventional violent abuse of England's conduct as the ruler of the American colonies. "When he began to write," a reviewer declared, "it was the fashion to curse England, and he cursed her soundly. When he ended everyone was falling on England's neck, and he fell, blubbering with the rest."

Until that conversion Senator Lodge injected his hatred of England even into economic and monetary discussions. Incredible as it will now seem to Wall Street, Senator Lodge was for years an ardent pro-silverite and opponent of the gold standard. To oppose the latter he wanted on April 6, 1895, in a speech in the Senate, to boycott England, if not to war upon her. These were his words—not the words of Bryan:

> The gold monometallic policy of Great Britain, now in force among all great civilized nations, is, I believe, the great enemy of good business throughout the world at the moment. Therefore, it seems to me, if there is any way in which we can strike England's trade or her moneyed interest, it is our clear policy *to do so in the interest of silver.*

All of which did not prevent the Senator from Massachusetts from joining, *just fifteen months later,* in the hue and cry over William Jennings Bryan for taking the same position. Nobody could have been more unctuous than Henry Cabot Lodge or held up his hands in holier horror over the rude and violent Nebraskan whose sole offense was that, like Mr. Lodge prior to the Democratic nomination, he did not want humanity crucified on a cross of gold. Commenting on Senator Lodge's Carnegie Hall speech on September 28, 1896, *The Nation,* after quoting from the *Herald* that Mr. Lodge received the ovation of the evening for his "terse and scathing arraignment of the sponsors of the silver movement," pointed out that "he should have included himself in the arraignment, for no man has ever been more reckless or shameless in pandering to the silver party and inflaming it to the point of desperation."

Indeed, so superficial is the usual thinking among our financial and social leaders that such lapses in Senator Lodge as well as his inconsistencies and his deliberate turning his back upon traditions and standards to which he was pledged by birth, antecedents, and training were hardly noted by the powers that be in Massachusetts. True, a vigorous minority of conscience ever fought him, and in his last campaign for reelection he won by a mere handful of votes. But State Street and the Back Bay could find nothing wrong when he backed the Force Bill in 1889 and 1890 and declared that he was willing if necessary to place a file of United States soldiers at every polling-place in the South. When he sought to gerrymander the State of Massachusetts in the most outrageous way in his own interest it seemed to them the right thing to do. They found no fault with his belligerency against England, his persistent imperialistic policy in regard to the Philippines, the South American countries, and the rest of the world. They were certain that the interests not only of New England but of the whole country were safe in his hands, and so he became, with the lapse of years, one of the leaders and dictators of the Republican Party, a chieftain of the Old Guard, a maker of Presidents, and the bosom friend and adviser of more than one. No one could question his ability, his political skill, his historical knowledge, or his power.

To the average politician he remained the cold intellectual, the "highbrow." And yet they came to value him as one of the greatest window-dressers of their party and defenders of its misdeeds. Take, for instance, the postal scandals in 1903. His defense then reads exactly as would have read his defense of the scandals of the Harding Administration had his health permitted him to take part in the campaign which has just ended. Thus, he was certain in July, 1903, that the postal scandals could only have a favorable effect upon the fortunes of the Republican Party. He did not, of course, dwell upon the fact that a gang of Republican rascals and thieves had been enriching themselves at the expense of the government, but, like Calvin Coolidge, he stressed the fact that some of them had been found out and that the party was in the process of punishing them.

When the war came Mr. Lodge was once more compelled to throw himself into the arms of a Democratic President whom he loathed. He who had wanted for so many years to war against England warred side by side with England with all the enthusiasm he had lavished upon his efforts to force us into hostilities with her. His war speeches, now separately published, give the Wall Street side of the war to perfection and the British case in all its passion and all its falsity. He was then a regular of the regulars—until the Treaty of Versailles. As to that, politics never made stranger bedfellows than the cause which put under the same blanket Senator Lodge and the editors of *The Nation*—he hated it as much as we. Of course Lodge's personal dislike of Wilson had much to do with his opposition to the treaty, but there was sincerity in it, too. He acted according to his lights and he stood his ground, though he came in, for the first time, for a tremendous amount of personal abuse, some from old friends. All of which he received with characteristically sharp cynicism. It was his last great fight and he enjoyed his triumph to the brim, believing that he rendered to his country his greatest service. Some will never forgive him for it; to others it outweighs his sins.

But as the years passed by some things did happen to Henry Cabot Lodge which must have made many of his triumphs turn to ashes in his hands. True, he remained the darling of the Back Bay. There were men, like the late Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard, who believed to the end that Henry Cabot Lodge was the finest modern product of American statesmanship. His hold upon big business was never shaken until 1924. The great mill-owners, protected manufacturers, and banking houses knew he was theirs, so much so that they did not have to tell him what they wanted. He knew instinctively. Was he not one of them? But when he favored the soldiers' bonus, and voted for it even over the veto of President Coolidge, State Street rose in anger and Mr. Lodge knew what it was to experience popular ingratitude, or rather ingratitude at the hands of those whom he had served most faithfully. It is the irony of fate, too, that this blue blood of the blue bloods, this Brahmin of the Boston Brahmins, this pillar of Harvard University and the church and every other venerable institution, this worshiper of the god of things as they are, should have been edged out of his commanding position in

the party by another Massachusetts man—Calvin Coolidge—his very antithesis in breeding, training, and tradition. At the last Republican convention Henry Cabot Lodge was a pitiful figure. He was occasionally called to the platform publicly for consultation, but he was a feeble old man whose power had so evidently passed that his fall was the subject of various letters by correspondents who witnessed it. This veteran pilot of his party President Coolidge dropped, sent over the side, knowing full well that the pilot had lost his skill and his strength and that he was at the end of his career. It was the farmer's boy who gave the final push to the scholar in politics.

What is the moral of it all? What encouragement is there to be drawn from the achievements of this scholar in politics? Precious little for those who believe that all would be well in America if only all the offices could be filled with aristocratic gentlemen of ancient lineage, men of wealth, writers of pleasant essays, representatives of success in business, favorites of "society." There is nothing in Henry Cabot Lodge's career to furnish a text to youth, to inspire young men. He was a compromiser of compromisers; for office and party loyalty he sold himself not once but endless times. On the side of the privileged and the larger battalions he, save only once, invariably trimmed his sails to favoring breezes. Men will read his books, a few his speeches; they will find nowhere the divine afflatus and never will it be truthfully claimed for him that he broadened the range of American idealism, or brought the achievement of our ideals an hour nearer, or advanced in any way the brotherhood of man.

New Morals for Old

Women and the New Morality

By BEATRICE M. HINKLE

IN the general discussions of morality which are the fashion just now, sex morality seems to occupy the chief place. Indeed, judging from the amount of talk on this subject one would be inclined to think it the outstanding problem of our time. Certainly the whole of humanity is concerned in and vitally affected by the sexual aspect of life. Sexuality in its capacity for transformation is the source of power underlying the creativeness of man. In its direct expression, including its influence on human relationships in general, it is woman's particular concern. The position of importance it is assuming seems, therefore, to be justified, regardless of the protests of the intellect and the wish of the ego to minimize its significance.

A general weakening of traditional standards of ethics and morals and their gradual loss of control over the conduct of individuals have long been observed in other activities—in business affairs and in the world of men's relations with each other. This has taken place so quietly and with so much specious rationalizing that sharp practices and shady conduct which formerly would have produced scandals, shame, and social taboos now scarcely cause a protest from society. These aspects of morality belong to the masculine world in particular and produce little agitation, while the upheaval in sex morals particularly affects the feminine world and by many people can scarcely be considered calmly enough for an examination. The changes in this field are the most recent and are being produced by women; they are taking place in full view of all with no apologies and with little hesitation. They appear, therefore, most striking and disturbing. It can be said that in the general disintegration of old standards, women are the active agents in the field of sexual morality and men the passive, almost bewildered accessories to the overthrow of their long and firmly organized control of women's sexual conduct.

The old sex morality, with its double standard, has for years been criticized and attacked by fair-minded persons of both sexes. It has been recognized that this unequal condition produced effects as unfortunate for the favored sex as for the restricted one, and that because of this it could not be maintained indefinitely by a psychologically developing people. As a matter of course, when people mentioned the single standard they meant the standard governing women, ignoring the fact that it is easier to break down restrictions than to force them upon those who have hitherto enjoyed comparative freedom. Furthermore, it was not realized that a sex morality imposed by repression and the power of custom creates artificial conceptions and will eventually break down.

This forced morality is in fact at the present time quite obviously disintegrating. We see women assuming the right to act as their impulses dictate with much the same freedom that men have enjoyed for so long. The single standard is rapidly becoming a *fait accompli*, but instead of the standard identified with women it is nearer the standard associated with men. According to a universal psychological law, actual reality eventually overtakes and replaces the cultural ideal.

Although this overthrow of old customs and sex ideals must be chiefly attributed to the economic independence of women brought about through the industrialism of our age, it is safe to say that no man thought ahead far enough or understood the psychology of women sufficiently to anticipate the fruit of this economic emancipation. As long as women were dependent on men for the support of themselves and their children there could be no development of a real morality, for the love and the feeling of the woman were so intermingled with her economic necessities that the higher love impulse was largely undifferentiated from the impulse of self-preservation. True morality can only develop when the object or situation is considered for itself, not when it is bound up with ulterior and extraneous elements which vitiate the whole. The old morality has failed and is disintegrating fast, because it was imposed from without instead of evolving from within.

A morality which has value for all time and is not dependent upon custom or external cultural fashions can arise only from a high development of the psychological functions of thinking and feeling, with the developed individual as the determiner of values instead of general custom or some one else's opinion. The function of feeling and the realm of the emotions have universally been re-

garded as woman's special province; therefore it is women who are specially concerned with testing out moral values involving sexual behavior.

Women have been reproached by men again and again as being only sexual creatures, and they have meekly accepted the reproach. Instead of examining the statement, they have adopted the sexual problem of men as their own, and with it the weight of man's conflict and his articulateness. For sexuality as a problem and a conflict definitely belongs to man's psychology; it is he primarily who has been ashamed of his domination by this power and has struggled valiantly to free himself; his egotistic and sexual impulses have always been at war with each other. But whoever heard of women being ashamed of yielding to the power of love? Instead they gloried in the surrender of themselves and counted themselves blessed when love ruled. It is this need of man to escape from the power of the sensual appeal that has made him scorn sex and look upon the great creative power of life as something shameful and inferior—made him treat it as a joke or with the indifferent superficiality which betrays emasculation and inadequacy.

One has only to "listen in" where any large group of men, young or old, are gathered together in easy familiarity (the army camps were recent examples on a large scale) to discover the degree to which sexuality still dominates the minds of men, even though its expression is confined so largely to the jocose and the obscene. Many men can corroborate this report from a military camp: "We have sexuality in all its dirty and infantile forms served daily for breakfast, lunch, and dinner." It is the inferior and inadequate aspect of masculine sexuality that made it necessary for man to conceive of it as something shameful and unclean, and to insist that woman must carry his purity for him and live the restrictions and suppressions that rightly belonged to him. Woman on her part became an easy victim of his ideas and convictions, because of the very fact that the function of feeling and the emotions so largely dominate her psychology. The translation of feeling into thought-forms has been slow and difficult. About herself woman has been quite inarticulate and largely unconscious. This inarticulateness inevitably made her accept man's standards and values for her, for little directed thinking is achieved without form and words. Because of her sexual fruitfulness woman had no sexual conflict; therefore, man easily unloaded his psychological burden upon her, and claimed freedom for the satisfaction of his own desires.

Thus woman was made a symbol or personification of man's morality. She had to live for him that which he was unable to live for himself. This was the reason for his indignation at moral transgressions on her part. She had injured the symbol and revealed his weakness to him.

This lack of adequate self-consciousness in woman, her general inability to translate feeling into forms capable of being understood by the masculine mind, accounts for her acceptance of the statements made about her by men. There is no doubt that woman's inarticulateness about herself, even when her feelings were very different from those she was told were normal, has been responsible for a vast amount of the nonsense written about her.

When women discovered, however, that they could be economically independent of men they commenced to find themselves interesting. As they have gradually come to think for themselves about fundamental questions there has begun a tremendous activity and busyness in regard to the very subject which was previously taboo.

A recent writer boasts that men have changed their attitude toward sexual problems very little and are not much concerned in the new interest of women. This is probably true, for man has contributed all he has to give to the subject. He has laid down his taboos and externalized his restrictions, chiefly applicable to the other sex, and he is finished with the subject—bored by having it thrust forward as an unfinished problem needing reconsideration. All of this knowledge or understanding of the sexual aspect of life—the aspect underlying human creativeness, the faulty development of which is responsible for a large part of his woes, "can be told in two hours to any intelligent sixteen-year-old boy," another writer recently stated. It is this youthful ignorance and assurance that the last word has been spoken on this subject that has awakened women, no longer dependent economically, to the fact that they must also become independent of men intellectually if they wish to gain expression for their knowledge or to form rules of conduct based on their own psychology. In the true scientific spirit of the age they are now experimenting and using nature's method of trial and error to find out for themselves by conscious living experience what feeling has vaguely told them. This is the first step toward objectifying and clarifying woman's intuitive knowledge.

With the revolt of women against the old restrictions and the demand for freedom to experience for themselves, there has appeared a most significant phase of the changed morality—the new relation of women toward each other. The significance of this enormous change which has been taking place very quietly and yet very rapidly is scarcely appreciated. When one realizes that only a generation ago the newspapers were still publishing their funny paragraphs at the expense of women ("The dear creatures; how they love one another") the great difference in their relations today becomes evident. The generally accepted distinction between the personal loyalties of the sexes can be summed up in the statement that women are loyal in love and disloyal in friendship, while men are loyal in friendship and disloyal in love. It is this attitude of women that is gradually disappearing with the awakening of a new sense of themselves as individuals.

Their changed attitude toward each other—the recognition of their own values, and the growing realization that only in solidarity can any permanent impression be made on the old conception of woman as an inferior, dependent creature, useful for one purpose only—constitutes the most marked difference between their present social condition and that of the past.

As long as women remained psychologically unawakened, their individual values were swallowed up in their biological value for the race. They were under the unconscious domination of their sexual fruitfulness and an enemy of themselves as individuals. Weininger gives as the chief difference between the masculine and feminine creeds that "Man's religion consists in a supreme belief in himself—woman's in a supreme belief in other people." These other people being men, the sex rivalry among women that has so long stood in the way of their further development is easily understood. It has been a vicious circle which could only be broken by women's gaining an-

other significance in the eyes of the world and in their own eyes. This other significance is their new economic importance.

It makes little difference within the social structure how many individual women have forged a position for themselves and have won a freedom and independence equal to that possessed by the ordinary man, so long as they are isolated phenomena having little understanding of the peculiar difficulties and problems of women as a whole, and no relation with each other. These women have existed in all culture periods, but they have produced little effect upon the social condition or psychology of women in general. There was no group action because the majority of women were inarticulate. The woman who was different became abnormal in the eyes of the world.

This passive acceptance of the opinions of others has been most disastrous for woman's development. Her superior psychological processes consist of feelings and intuitions, and when these are stultified or violated by being forced into a false relation, or are inhibited from development, the entire personality is crippled. The inadequate development of the function of thought and the dominating role played by the function of feeling in the psychology of woman have produced an obviously one-sided effect and have caused men to postulate theories about her which are given forth as though they were the last word to be said—fixed and unchangeable. Indeed, the statement that women are incapable of change and that no growth is possible for them is one of the favorite assertions of masculine writers on the subject of women's psychology. As the present is the first time in our historical period in which there has been any general opportunity for women as a whole to think for themselves and to develop in new ways, the basis for this assertion does not exist, and it obviously conceals an unconscious wish that women should not change.

The effect of collective ideas and cultural traditions upon the personality is immeasurable. The greatest general change that is taking place today is the weakening of these ideas and the refusal of women to be bound by them. Women are for the first time demanding to live the forbidden experiences directly and draw conclusions on this basis. I do not mean to imply that traditional moral standards controlling woman's sexual conduct have never been transgressed in the past. They have very frequently been transgressed, but secretly and without inner justification. The great difference today lies in the open defiance of these customs with feelings of entire justification, or even without recognizing a necessity for justification. In other words, there has arisen a feeling of moral rightness in the present conduct, and wrongness in the former morality. Actually the condition is one in which natural, long-restrained desire is being substituted for collective moral rules, and individuals are largely becoming a law unto themselves. It is difficult to predict what will be the result of the revolt, but it is certain that this is the preceding condition which renders it possible for a new morality in the real sense to be born within the individual. It has already produced the first condition of all conscious psychic development—a moral conflict—and woman has gained a problem.

In the general chaos of conflicting feelings she is losing her instinctive adaptation to her biological role as race bearer, and is attempting adaptations to man's reality. She is making the effort to win for herself some differentiation and development of the ego function apart from her instinctive processes. This is the great problem confronting woman today: How can she gain a relation to both racial and individual obligations, instead of possessing one to the exclusion of the other? Must she lose that which has been and still is her greatest strength and value? I for one do not think so, although I am fully conscious of the tremendous psychic effort and responsibility involved in the changing standards. It is necessary that women learn to accept themselves and to value themselves as beings possessing a worth at least equal to that of the other sex, instead of unthinkingly accepting standards based on masculine psychology. Then women will recognize the necessity of developing their total psychic capacities just as it is necessary for men to do, but they will see that this does not involve imitation of men or repudiation of their most valuable psychic functioning. The real truth is that it has at last become apparent to many women that men cannot redeem them.

It is not the purpose of this article to deal with the practical issues involved in the new moral freedom. One thing, however, is clearly evident: women are demanding a reality in their relations with men that heretofore has been lacking, and they refuse longer to cater to the traditional notions of them created by men, in which their true feelings and personalities were disregarded and denied. This is the first result of the new morality.

Sonnet

By MARIE LUHRS

Time, of all artists, draws most clear, most true;
He washes out the false and careless line;
What should be red he never kills with blue;
His pictures are not *Ikons* for a shrine.
He paints this unsung queen beloved and soft,
And that one hard for all her sonneteers;
Beneath his brush Caesar is drawn aloft
And little men are shadowed by their fears.
And when I am composed within Time's dream
I shall be drawn in shadow dark and blue;
I am no queen who lost a throne for you;
I am another leaf spun on a stream.
Still, queens in love were light leaves only. They
Quivered and cried—there is no other way.

Cows

By MARIE LUHRS

Tethered they trample a field without bars,
Petals and green leaves, red fruit and white stars
Under their hoofs till the boy with the shears
Cuts the unraveling rope of their years.

And where they will pull up their grasses then
Is the cud they have chewed since God knows when;
Their jaws are still working, their mouths look wise;
Did you ever see the tears in their eyes?

Women in the Progressive Movement

By ISABELLE KENDIG

THE criticism which I heard most frequently of the Progressive Party concerned the position that was accorded to women in the movement. It was pointed out with truth that out of fourteen members of the national joint executive committee, which directed the campaign, only two were women; that the recommendation of the national women's division to enlarge the committee to give equal representation to women, together with the twelve additional names of women nominated for it, received a pocket veto; that no women served as State chairmen, though in at least one State the logical choice was a woman; and that women on the whole played a small part in shaping the policies of the campaign. It was pointed out, to the disparagement of the Progressives, that both the Republicans and the Democrats were more generous in their treatment of women, and gave them equal positions on all committees.

The truth of these charges unfortunately had to be admitted, but we claimed, and I believe truly, that while both old parties have been forced to concede increasing position and power to women, *political opportunity* for women lies in the development of a new liberal movement. This is because both the Democratic and Republican parties crystallized years ago—and crystallized without embodying the viewpoint of women.

The failure to play a bigger part in the Progressive campaign, despite their devoted work for the "Cause," had two reasons at bottom. First, the lack of organized demand for greater recognition on the part of the women themselves; and second, the reluctance of the men to concede equal power to women.

A conference of Progressive women is to be held in Washington in December to consider the advisability of permanent organization. Two plans will undoubtedly be discussed—the maintenance of a women's division or women's bureau within the movement; and the abolition of all women's divisions and the insistence on working side by side with men on an equal footing.

In the Progressive campaign women functioned through national and State women's divisions, except in the States of Washington and Ohio, where they worked directly with men. Results varied in the different States according to the degree of cooperation between the general campaign committees and the women's committees. In general, however, the result was to sidetrack the women's activities. Being in a department of their own, they found themselves excluded from conferences and discussions on all questions of general policies. Even their autonomy in their own department was curtailed by their dependence on the general committee for finances, as it was part of the plan in the national office and in many of the States that the women's divisions, though separate, should not maintain separate treasuries. Thus in most instances the women in the campaign found themselves out of the main current of the movement entirely, or asked only to perform minor functions, frequently social, in typical "ladies' auxiliary" fashion. As a result of such experience, I believe that the consensus of opinion among Progressive women will be strongly opposed to the continuance of women's divisions or bureaus in any future party or campaign organization.

The swing to the other extreme, which is to work in the liberal movement side by side with men, without organization, however, also has its dangers. It undoubtedly represents the ideal, for it puts women into politics as human beings and not as a sex. Even now it probably brings greater advancement for the individual woman who enters politics on this basis, but it does not solve the two present fundamental problems—getting women into the Progressive movement and securing adequate recognition for them.

It is generally recognized that women lag politically. For some time to come a special effort will be necessary to enlist women in politics. But once enlisted, how do they fare? They experience at once the unconscious antagonism which any governing class bears toward the encroachments of a new group. Conceding men their full share of generosity and tolerance, it is still too much to expect that they will relinquish their centuries of vested interest in politics and government without considerable pressure. They recognize the need for women's votes. Their sense of justice and fair play leads them to offer women certain honors. But they retain and, perhaps more or less unconsciously, intend to retain the key positions in their own hands. Women may receive full honors as chairmen of women's divisions; they may secure the chairmanship of unimportant mixed committees or the nomination for minor offices. But the chairmanship of all important committees and party indorsement for all major offices which there is reasonable hope of winning inevitably go to men. In general, when the history of the emancipation of women is written, this period will be known as the period of her *Vice-Chairmanship!*

Since these conditions are based on human nature, they exist not only in the old parties but in the Progressive movement as well, and may be definitely expected to manifest themselves in any new party which may be formed. It is therefore not enough merely to abolish the women's division idea and substitute work together within the movement on an equal footing. During this period of transition while women are slowly finding their place in the world of politics and government, their individual efforts must be supplemented by the work of a strong *independent* organization of liberal women affiliated with the movement but outside the party organization.

The functions of such an organization would be twofold—to bring women into the movement and to secure full recognition for them. Its program would include enlistment and organization of women in the Progressive movement between campaigns as distinguished from the work of the mixed campaign or party committees which would put these women to work in any particular election. It would stand and work for equal and democratic representation for women in campaign and party councils, special indorsement of qualified women candidates for public office, and emphasis on inclusion in party platforms of policies which especially appeal to progressive women.

To have real weight, such an organization must be a recognized part of the liberal movement. It should be affiliated with the Conference for Progressive Political Action, if that continues to be the organized expression of the various progressive groups, or with a new party if one is formed. In this way it would have the same relation to the movement that affiliated farm and labor organizations now have. The *sine qua non* of its effectiveness, however, will be its independence and its control over its own funds.

She Does Not List So Much

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE customary contemporary picture of the American ship of state shows the ship with a Coolidge crew of hardy conservative mariners all gathered near the starboard rail and pressing the rail down almost into the happy water, while on the port or left or radical or progressive side of the ship there is virtually nobody visible any more.

This picture is a considerable exaggeration. Under our form of government, which has its own peculiar merits, and under our illogical party system, which again has its own peculiar merits, the American ship of state may list like everything in the election statistics and then list hardly at all in practice on the waves of legislation.

The next Congress, in this writer's judgment, will be unlikely to pass any radical legislation and will also be unlikely to pass any reactionary legislation.

The President, in this writer's judgment, will be unlikely to ask the next Congress to pass any reactionary legislation.

The President is not a reactionary.

In order to qualify as a reactionary, a man ought to want to go back from something in the present to something in the past. He ought to sneer at universal suffrage and speak favorably, even if hopelessly, of restricting the suffrage to the well-educated and well-heeled. Or he ought to be in favor of reacting from the civil-service law back to the spoils system. Or he ought to want to abandon direct primaries and again have all nominations made by conventions. Or he ought at least to want to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment.

Any fairly good reactionary wants to repeal the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth amendments. The President, on the contrary, wants to adopt the Twentieth Amendment, although the people of his own State have just rejected that amendment as unduly progressive and centralizing.

Moreover, the President, although he is against centralization and federalization, continues to be in favor of his federal Department of Education. The President also allowed the Republican platform to contain a railroad plank which in apt terms describes the principle of the Howell-Barkley bill (demanded by the railroad trade unions for the reform of the relations between employers and employees on railroads) and then commits the party to that principle. The President additionally is in favor of taking my money and the money of other taxpayers and lending it to farmers who want to buy cows and chickens and pigs and "diversify" their farm output—an idea which to me, who have some capacity for being a reactionary, is shocking in the extreme. I would as soon think of lending governmental money to department stores in order to help them multiply and "diversify" their departments.

As a reactionary, Calvin Coolidge, to my mind, is a substantial disappointment. He wants to go forward to some new things; and I cannot name, and nobody else can name, any old thing to which he is likely to ask Congress to go back—except lower taxes.

To do him justice, although he cannot properly be called a reactionary, he might with some propriety be called an *in*actionary. He sincerely, in spite of some lapses, does think that this inveigling the federal government into doing more and more things should stop.

Suppose, though, that the President did recommend a bill for financing five-and-ten-cent stores to "diversify" themselves into being five-ten-and-fifteen-cent stores. A bill of that sort, according to all the congressional advocates of lending governmental money to farmers, would be very wicked.

How far would the President get with it? How far would he get with—let us say—a ship-subsidy bill? Well, bills still have to go through the Senate in spite of the last election; and anybody who thinks that senators will do what a President says simply because he got a big majority in an election has studied senatorial history with invincible optimism. Certainly in the next Senate, even if the President should recommend any so-called reactionary legislation, which is extremely improbable, there will not be forty-nine senators to give it a majority and an enactment.

In the next Senate suppose that there are as many as fifty-five Republicans. From that fifty-five deduct the five outcasts—La Follette, Ladd, Frazier, Norris, and Brookhart. Then, on almost all sorts of so-called reactionary legislation, deduct Couzens of Michigan, Norbeck of South Dakota, McMaster of South Dakota, Howell of Nebraska, Capper of Kansas, Borah of Idaho, and—but why go on?

The Democrats will almost unanimously vote against any controversial recommendation by the President, especially if it can be called reactionary; because the Democrats are angling for the progressive vote of 1928; and on the Republican side the number of senators favoring reactionary or wicked legislation, on behalf of citizens other than farmers, will not rise to forty-five. The truth is that such legislation will in all probability have just no chance at all in the next Senate.

Meanwhile in the House the Democratic Party will be steering a course filled with large splashes of oratory against reaction and wickedness. There will be 148 Democrats in the next House. One hundred and thirty of them will be there with the indorsement and support (during this last campaign) of the La Follette national congressional organization presided over by Mr. L. E. Sheppard of the Order of Railroad Conductors. Relatively few Republicans had his indorsement, but many Democrats had it. These Republicans and Democrats together constitute much more than one-third of the next House.

Such a House can hardly be said to indicate that the American ship of state will now have nobody on her decks flirting with the left or port side of things where the red lights are. These leftists, for sincere reasons or for insincere reasons, will give the public plenty of warning if they see the Washington Monument being given away to anybody whom they do not like.

The President is going to be sincerely and conscientiously a considerable inactionary about legislation. The Senate is going to contain pretty nearly its usual percentage of wilful men unamenable in any case to presidential dictation. The House is going to contain a large percentage of persons flirting with the prospective possible assets of the proposed new party. The outcome would seem likely to be not much legislation; and the ship will go quarreling on with, as usual, a quite mixed crew.

In the Driftway

WHEN the Sunday newspapers were carrying full-page advertisements portraying in lyric language the delights of the gorgeous new bachelor hotel just built in New York's East Side the Drifter read them without a single leap of the pulse. Pictures of a swimming pool intended to shame the Baths of Caracalla, of apartments furnished, according to the taste of the occupant, in Louis Quinze or Colonial American, of a smoking-room decorated with onyx, jade, and black marble all left him cold. This was partly because the price of this magnificence was far, far beyond his own modest means. But if a windfall had come to him at that moment he would not have had the slightest temptation to establish himself in those quarters where every comfort was assured him, including that of restricting members of the female sex to the first floor only.

* * * * *

A YOUNG woman of the Drifter's acquaintance developed the same theme for her point of view with uncommon eloquence. She had come from a three weeks' sojourn at a hotel in Washington for women, by women, of women. Women waited on her at table, women ran the elevator, women sold papers in the lobby; even the head waiter, that monarch who rules without the aid of parliament or councilors, was smiling, graceful, female. Heatedly the Drifter's young friend denounced her own sex, not because she was so fond of men but because the human animal, she felt, was only endurable by contrast. Which is just about the way the Drifter feels about it.

* * * * *

ACCORDINGLY, the Drifter is amused but by no means injured to learn that the luxurious bachelor hotel, referred to above, is now open to women also. He has no doubt that a few confirmed women-haters now living there will leave in a huff. Unfortunately their places of refuge are becoming scarcer and scarcer; already they complain that the sacred smoking-car is invaded by the female barbarian. But the Drifter does not feel sorry for them. If women wish to smoke, what better place than the place provided for that purpose? If they are interested in bathing, should they not also be admitted to the Baths of Caracalla provided they have the price of a ticket? The men who say No to these questions are simply actuated by fear. Now, the Drifter would not go as far as Mr. H. L. Mencken, whose bravery in saying he understands women perfectly is admirable to a degree; but he will say, boldly and fairly distinctly, that he is not afraid of women. If they wish to establish themselves in the retreats which he favors, they may. If they, on the other hand, prefer a place where he and his sex cannot come, he feels only pity for them, for they are victims of fear, also.

* * * * *

THERE will, of course, be certain men who will stand aghast at this temerity. There will be women who will narrow their eyes and set their teeth in a threatening manner, determined to show this little whippersnapper what is indubitably what. But the Drifter is not even afraid of them. He is attired in armor-plate that no bullet can pierce; if any of his acquaintances should be curious as to the reason, he does not mind telling them: he knows a place where he can go at any time. He can, if he wishes, take anyone he chooses with him; if he wishes, he can go alone, and no one, not even a woman, can accompany him. No, he will not on any account disclose the location of this paradise!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Now That the Smoke of Battle . . .

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To conform with the vindication of the present Administration I would suggest that Messrs. Fall, Daugherty, and Forbes be returned to their former status and that Mr. Bascom Slemp be made chief of the proposed federal Department of Education.

Stapleton, S. I., November 6 I. S.

La Follette Carried Cleveland

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Robert Marion La Follette carried Cleveland, the city where Calvin Coolidge was nominated. And in coming through, Cleveland crashed down the gates of rotten politics, of dishonest judges, of intolerance. Despite some election judges, who, according to Peter Witt, independent councilman, "went stone blind for three dollars," Cleveland, to its everlasting glory, gave the Senator from Wisconsin a plurality of 5,000. One judge was too drunk to count. He was taken home.

Thousands upon thousands jammed Public Hall and listened to the returns. Three months ago an old man was chosen there to lead an infant party. A week ago he returned—and the ovation he received brought tears to his eyes and to others.

"They'll forget," boss Republicans said, "they'll forget him." But they didn't forget. They went to the polls before they went to work. Most of those who voted for La Follette work. They cast their ballots, and went their way.

Some of the ballots never saw the inside of the ballot box. La Follette had no watchers in the booths. The State Supreme Court, at the last minute, ruled against them by a vote of four to three. Watchers were allowed only to parties. La Follette did not lead a party. So the majority of four said. They were Republicans.

Some of the ballots had been marked before they were given to the voters—and subsequently were declared illegal. In the Negro section of the city Republican ward leaders passed out literature in the voting booths—passed out literature and marked ballots.

But Cleveland came through.

La Follette buttons have not been thrown away in Cleveland. Some still are worn by men and women who would like to try clean politics.

La Follette is not a broken myth.

He will come again.

Cleveland, Ohio, November 5 RALPH A. LOVELAND

Who Has These Letters?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should appreciate the privilege of copying any letters or manuscripts written by or about Francis Preston Blair, Sr., Francis Preston Blair, Jr., and Montgomery Blair. All originals will be returned to the owners. If the originals could not be sent to me personally, or through the Department of History, the owners might be willing to have copies made for me at my expense.

W. E. SMITH

University of Wisconsin, Madison, October 27

Books

First Glance

SINCE the gipsies are subject to no census, except in the case of those few who live in houses on the edges of cities, they cannot be studied from documents collected around a desk; hence remarkably little is known about them. Everybody has one or two ideas about their origin or their character, and certain superstitions about them will probably never die, but—leaving out of the count scholars who study their language—hardly one man in a million is possessed of a single fact based on observation. We see them down the road and we turn off in haste, perhaps; or at best we cast a curious glance into the darker depths of the van as we go by. They remain a fascinating race whom we are content to know from occasional books written by Romany Ryes—gipsy gentlemen—devoted to the task of making their favorites our familiars.

The eminence among these gentlemen of the author of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" grows greater with all time. Not only is this half-mad giant with the snow-white hair more and more impressive as a figure in the imaginations of British and American readers; the astounding energy of his style, the berserker enthusiasm of his mind, comes more and more positively to seem unique. Only a portion of that energy was caught by Charles Godfrey Leland in "The Gypsies" (Houghton Mifflin: $3), reprinted this year in commemoration of its author's centenary. "I have enjoyed gipsying more than any sport in the world," wrote Leland, "and I owe my love of it all to George Borrow." And he wrote handsomely enough of his chosen people. He made real contributions to knowledge concerning their origins and their language; he left racy accounts of meetings with them in Russia, Austria, England, Wales, and the United States. But the prevailing tone of his rhapsody is fainter and more artificially romantic than that of the burly man whom he calls "Father George." "Now as you wander along," he will say, "it may be that in the wood and by some grassy nook you will hear voices, and see the gleam of a red garment, and then find a man of the roads, with dusky wife and child. . . . These people are like birds and bees, they belong to out-of-doors and nature." To the greater writer "these people" were always men and women—endowed, to be sure, with tremendous faculties, but never birds or bees.

To Irving Brown, the latest American champion of the world-old vagrant race, they are men and women to be passionately envied because they do not live in houses. In Mr. Brown's new book, "Gypsy Fires in America" (Harper: $3), he confesses to "the strange thrill" they give him: "From where the road curved over the brow of a hill I caught a glimpse of several tents, with the blue smoke lazily rising and melting into the mist. My heart began to beat excitedly and my breath to come faster. I felt all the mingled joy and timidity of the lover. I wanted to run down the hill or shout; but instead, I stood there breathless, my feet lagging, as in a dream." A certain nostalgia, when he was an undergraduate in the Middle West, drew him into the company of a people both simple and mysterious; and as often as possible since that day he has haunted gipsy camps, perfecting himself in the ancient language, passing himself off as a pedigreed Romany, studying passions and habits at close range. If the result in the present volume is not a piece of great writing, it is at least a body of information not to be found elsewhere. The United States by common consent is the richest field for gipsy study today; more kinds are here than are in any other country, and all are undergoing rapid changes. Mr. Brown records the changes—the Fords, the high-powered cars, the occasional madness over money—without fear that they are final, and proceeds to the indestructible things—trickery, music, and love—upon which another book or two will make him an amateur authority.

MARK VAN DOREN

Aspects of Politics

Politics: The Citizen's Business. By William Allen White. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Personality in Politics. By William Bennett Munro. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

IT is a pity that Mr. White, who can write the English language very well when he chooses to do so, should have allowed both the best and the worst of his newspaper manner to appear in this his latest book, for while the book itself is not likely to be much read now that the November election is out of the way, the parts of it which are Mr. White's own are worth reading in connection with that event. The first chapter, rather misleadingly entitled Our Unwritten Constitution, and the second, The Super-Citizen's Duties, deal with the portentous multiplication of organizations, political, social, industrial, religious, and what not, outside of party lines but nevertheless with a more or less direct political purpose, through which the citizen expresses his own political opinions and molds the opinions of others. The American Federation of Labor, the Anti-Saloon League, the Federation of Churches, and the Ku Klux Klan are only a few of the many organizations through which the citizen may, if he will, and to an imposing extent actually does, cast a kind of supplementary vote for candidates or policies in addition to the formal vote which he deposits on election day. There is no part of the land in which the influence of several or many of these extra-political societies is not felt, and to the extent that their power is recognized and exerted the actual importance of parties tends to decline. The point is not a new one, of course; it is in substance only one more dragging to the light of Woodrow Wilson's "invisible government," and governments of low visibility or none at all had engaged the attention of students and the public before Wilson attacked them; but neither the nature nor the power of these political agencies has as yet been sufficiently studied, and Mr. White does well to call attention to them. The only regret is that, knowing as much about them as he does, he did not devote the whole book to them.

For the rest Mr. White reproduces, apparently without material alteration, the newspaper articles in which he reported the Cleveland and New York conventions of the present year, filling out the remaining .60 per cent of his pages with the texts of the Republican, Democratic, and third-party platforms and of certain speeches which the first two of the conventions heard. Mr. La Follette's statement to the Conference for Progressive Political Action is also included. The press reports are keen and racy, and take one behind the scenes in the personally conducted fashion that the average citizen doubtless enjoys, but their greatest usefulness in the form in which they are here presented should be to make every reader of them vow a solemn vow that never again, *Deo volente*, shall such conventions be tolerated. The party platforms will perhaps be useful for reference, but the kindest treatment that could have been accorded to the keynote speeches at the Republican and Democratic conclaves, the debates on the League of Nations, and the remarks of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Bainbridge Colby about religious liberty and the Ku Klux Klan was to let them die.

Mr. Munro's lectures on the Weil Foundation at the University of North Carolina bear the subtitle Reformers, Bosses and Leaders: What they do and How they do it. The book is one of those rare pieces of popularization which betray at every turn the sound knowledge and mature judgment of the scholar. The dissection of the weaknesses and foibles of reformers will be disturbing to some who have gloried in that name, and the bold challenging of certain popular notions about the way in which political betterment is achieved will doubtless irritate many who like to think that the practice of politics is a more elevated pursuit than it actually is. The main point which Mr. Munro enforces is that the largest factor in politics is personality, and it is by this standard that he measures the failure of

many reforms and the success of much political bossism. For illustrations he draws particularly upon the history of recent elections, especially those in certain large cities, the latter field being one in which he is admittedly an authority. The book is a model of sound sense and inspiriting suggestion, well adapted to catch and hold the attention of readers for whom more bulky treatises have no charm. WILLIAM MACDONALD

A Specialist in Souls

Arnold Waterlow: A Life. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON and Rebecca West have had occasion to reproach May Sinclair for the eroticism in "Anne Severn and the Fieldings." They have explained it by saying that she has sought literary expression for her frustrated desires because she has been unadventurous in her personal life. But the question whether May Sinclair has been protected from life is irrelevant. It is more to the point that little of life is protected from May Sinclair.

It is not life in its panoramic fulness but life in its more restricted intimacies that Miss Sinclair's disturbing mind is curious about. "Arnold Waterlow" analyzes a family relationship stripped of everything extraneous to the psychological patterns and compulsions of Arnold's relation to his mother. She holds him to her, not by an unmixed love—as she believes—but by appealing in her unconscious selfishness to the most decent qualities in his nature. This relationship, which was amusingly enough treated by the Victorians under the innocuous phrase "the apron-strings," is looked upon now as a really sinister tie, and we symbolize it, with a truer regard for its terror, in terms of the umbilical cord.

According to the Freudians, unless the cord is cut, unless a man is born again, he cannot live. To this assertion Miss Sinclair would certainly subscribe. The whole of her work may be offered in support of the statement. For indeed the psychic distress arising out of the necessity for this severing has been May Sinclair's chief interest. She is a naturalist of souls. Her specialty lies in diagnosis of this soul sickness, in offering elaborate documentation for its fatality, or in suggesting complete and partial cures.

The first part of the present book is particularly well done. One wonders whence Miss Sinclair derives her startling knowledge of the vivid workings of the child Arnold's inner self. There is so much of this, and it is done with such certitude. It has the fascination of a splendid trick—this showing forth the setting of the patterns of the child's life that are to be the cause of so much of the man's misery. It is clear to the three-year-old baby that his mother "was tender to Arnold because he was a little thing, but it was Richard that she loved." And one night when he asks for the kind of affection his mother has just shown Richard, and asks in vain, "he turned his face slowly from Richard's bed and cried, not like a child, but slowly, quietly, as mature people cry." This realization that hurts him when he is three hurts him when he is forty-three; it is the basis of his life of self-sacrifice and defeat.

Arnold's fight is to hold his mother off as best he can. Against her will, of course, he marries, finds a brief mixed happiness, and then—tragedy. His wife Linda leaves him to go on with her career as a violinist, and to support the temperamental pianist Max, body and ego. Arnold's mother hauls him up then with a sharp turn, and he has no way of saving his soul except through an adventure into idyllic adultery with Effie. There are a few years of happiness. But Linda returns and Arnold takes her back—not before Effie conveniently turns her face to the wall and dies.

In the moments singled out to present Arnold's spiritual struggle for integration, sharp stress is given to his isolation. When as a little boy he sees God in the sunset and is moved to rhapsodize with William Blake, he encounters the literalness of his mother's barren outlook, and he turns, bruised, for what solace his inner self affords. Later in life, when he turns desperately to Kant and Spinoza and finds there dubious aid, he flings himself back upon his own soul. And so the torture goes on.

Yet through this torture he is brought to salvation. He finds it during one magnificent moment when, in Devon, on the cliffs overhanging the sea, living in open sin with Effie, he experiences a mystical ecstasy and sees God again, this time with a more sustaining difference.

> Suddenly something shifted in his brain; the wave drew back, and in an instant, a flash, everything changed. He saw the same hills, the same green fields, the same white river, but as if lifted to another level of reality, and shining with another light; light intensely still, intensely vibrating . . . While he looked his whole being was filled with a poignant, exquisite, and unearthly bliss.

One remembers similar passages in "The Three Sisters," in "Mary Olivier," in "The Dark Night." Some readers seem to feel it reprehensible of May Sinclair to write beautifully of the same experience in so many books. Yet these same persons do not cry out in the middle of a concert that they have heard Stravinsky's Fire-bird music before.

The people in this book have the touch of reality upon them. In a sense, and it helps to make them more real, they have the touch of unreality. For what we ordinarily call reality is not the only reality to May Sinclair; her people do not become wholly real until, as an affirmation and extension of this dimensional world, they experience a contact with a world of more mystical consciousness. ANGUS BURRELL

General Botha

General Botha. By Earl Buxton. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

THE first requisite in a proconsul, the world has agreed, is discretion. It is a quality with which Lord Buxton, who from 1914 to 1920 was Governor General of South Africa, showed himself, during those peculiarly troubled years, richly endowed. "The Governor General," as he tells us here, "should strive to acquire two useful accomplishments—how to ride on the snaffle and how to skate over thin ice." Lord Buxton's popularity and usefulness during his term of office in South Africa testify to his skill in both these accomplishments.

Whether, however, discretion is the first requisite of a biographer is a matter for question. That sensitiveness of the spirit which, with an instinctive good manners of the heart, unhesitatingly refrains from certain violations of the privacy the dead can no longer command may prompt the chronicler of another's life to reticence on certain matters. But it is a reticence which, while it may make the resultant book less appealing to the gutter press and the gutter mind, yet presents and preserves the essentials of the character portrayed with a delicate care for the truth—the truth of which these very reticences are a component part.

Lord Buxton's discretion is of another order. He has, indeed, as is obvious on every page, a very genuine affection and respect for his subject. He dedicates his "account of a great man and an outstanding personality" to Mrs. Botha, and is at pains to remind us in his introduction that this book is in no way a life of General Botha, and that his authorized biography is in preparation. But the man who for six critical years represented the King in South Africa, and formed the constitutional link between the Imperial Government and the Union, must of necessity have made discretion, the official discretion of a man in a high official position, a veritable habit of mind. And the official attitude is not lightly shaken off. So wholly does it inform this book that whole sections of it read like so many extracts from a blue-book, with exactly that careful compilation of carefully selected facts which makes

blue-books irritating to all those who possess inquisitive rather than well-regulated minds. "It has been my anxious desire," Lord Buxton tells, "when touching on controversial subjects, . . . to deal with them as far as possible in a non-controversial way." There speaks His Excellency, and it is fair to say that he has succeeded. The consequences are, however, that of the events of the rebellion in 1914, of the rise and growth of the Nationalist Party, of all or any, indeed, of the political history of South Africa during his term of office, nothing new is to be learned from the pages of Lord Buxton.

When Lord Buxton turns from the political events of Botha's career to a consideration of the character of the man himself, the limitations of his power "to depict him so that he may live to those who knew him not" become very obvious. These are owing partly to the blinkers imposed by the official attitude and partly to the lack of real contact with others inevitable to one in Lord Buxton's position. His very uprightness and conscientiousness, coupled with a certain white simplicity strongly manifested in his writings, have kept from him the full realization of this fact. He does not seem to be aware that it is the penalty of governors general to live in the territories under their command more solitary than their humblest subject. Even to the Prime Minister and his Cabinet the fact of the status of the Governor General is inescapable. Reading Lord Buxton's recollections, and even Lady Buxton's letters, we cannot but feel that we have before us a full-dress photograph rather than a revealing portrait. Botha's physical courage, his gift of leadership, his personal charm, do emerge; but his personality was altogether less simple, less standardized, than Lord Buxton apparently believes.

Even a lightly handled blue-book is not the most entertaining literature possible. Lord Buxton's "General Botha," on the whole, is a dull book. Here and there the author lets himself go and gives us a mildly entertaining story, of which we are always glad. He tells us, for instance, how in the time of the rebellion, when martial law was strictly enforced throughout Pretoria, "unauthorized meetings were prohibited, and anyone using seditious language or spreading alarmist reports was liable to be severely punished." In a footnote he adds: "One of my staff, constitutionally a pessimist and alarmist, was given a special permit by the police allowing her to 'use words calculated to create alarm or despondency' without making herself liable to be 'severely punished.'" Surely a paternal officialism could no further go.

RUTH S. ALEXANDER

The Persistent Illusion

The World of Souls. By Wincenty Lutoslawski. Preface by William James. Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. $3.50.

WINCENTY LUTOSLAWSKI has written philosophical books in nearly every modern language; he writes English with amazing ease and lucidity. But the present collection of essays, most of them written before 1900, would doubtless have received more enthusiasm from the last decade of the nineteenth century than can be hoped for from this generation. What might have been an importance shrinks, after thirty years, to a significance. But it is a significance worth considerable attention. It displays anew a well-known phase of the state of European metaphysics after the bankruptcy of Kantianism, and it places the aspirations of the preceding age in sharp contrast with the more cautious philosophic ideals of our own.

Lutoslawski derives formally from Leibnitz and Plato, but he repudiates essentials from both: the intellectual determinism of Leibnitz, which he probably found too confining, and Plato's humility before the transcendental authority of the Idea, a libel no doubt on "the infinite dignity of the human soul." The Monad, without "windows" and functionally predetermined, becomes an autonomous Substance (Idea), metaphysically identical with itself and immortal. But he uses his sources only for the setting up of a schematism on which he drapes a Romantic *weltanschauung* familiar in its varieties since the downfall of scholasticism. Spiritually Lutoslawski is contemporaneous with the sentimental Neoplatonism of the Renaissance, with a typical mystic like the younger Pico of Mirandola. "In this career of souls prizes await us . . . raising us from the rank of men to that of gods." The rhetorical assimilation of the Human into the Divine characterizes broadly any period of so-called liberation in thought—the freedom from the jargon of German Idealism no less than the end of the fifteenth century. And in the nineteenth century this megalomania precipitated a host of rhapsodists who hypostatized Truth and Love and Nature and Being: "vital illusionists" like the author of "Le Bovaryisme," and writers like Vaihinger who, to his credit and unlike Lutoslawski, made no esoteric claims for his fiction but offered it as somehow necessary though ontologically worthless. When Lutoslawski writes: "True reason . . . confirms the noblest and best feelings," we see that the converse would be the more accurate account of the process, and immediately connect him with tendencies in Bergson. And we understand, likewise, the approval he gets from William James in the preface (1899).

The author makes a particular virtue of an identity of his present views with his attitude of about thirty years ago. The aspiration of the closing decades of the last century and "the infinite dignity of the human soul" as it has conducted itself since 1914 are hardly identical. Lutoslawski confesses to what is possibly, he says, a "persistent illusion"; his humanitarian idealism is one facet of a desire to be in tune with the world, and we are expected to infer that he is; but we are entitled to the suspicion that he has reified a persistent euphoria and mistaken it, despite his wide contacts with men, for the world itself. "The World of Souls" carries a significant moral, and that is probably all it has to say to a civilization already undone by the materialistic consequences of an idealistic and humanitarian Romanticism.

ALLEN TATE

When Hope Was Young

The Industrial Worker: 1840-1860. By Norman Ware. (Hart Schaffner and Marx Prize Essays, No. 37.) Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

TO the student of social thinking the years following 1840 constitute one of the most interesting periods in American history. The impact of the industrial revolution was making itself felt in full force in our Eastern towns. Largely in consequence, there were reforms and "movements" of all kinds everywhere. Mr. Ware's brilliantly written introduction is an interesting interpretation of the period; the body of his book consists of the mass of supporting facts, gathered largely from little known labor sources.

The industrial revolution in this country, as Mr. Ware clearly shows, brought with it a great degradation in the status of the industrial worker. The control of manufacture passed out of the hands of independent artisans into those of a new race of proprietary capitalists who had acquired their wealth in trade. The "price" of labor went down, in many occupations very sharply; but, even more important as a cause of discontent, the worker lost ground as a person. Helpless in the grip of economic forces that he could not control, he saw himself losing his old-time position of independence and consideration in the community. Hence the waves of labor revolt of the forties. Hence the extraordinary series of talkative reform movements as the intellectual friends of the worker showed him the way out of his troubles, whether by the road of association in a Fourieristic phalanx or of land reform with each man on his inalienable quarter-section. The pushing, centralizing capitalists, inevitably acquiring economic and social dominance, were upsetting the good old tradition of egalitarian-

ism so stoutly maintained by the workers and their friends. "The forties represented the last struggle of the liberal spirit of the eighteenth century in conflict with the exploitative spirit of the nineteenth." Then came the California gold discoveries; the new spirit definitely triumphed, the idealism of the labor and reform movements was drawn into the anti-slavery struggle, and specially favored groups of workers turned their effort during the fifties toward the humdrum task of making trade gains for themselves as wage-earners through their craft unions. Mr. Ware has given a suggestive interpretation of a fascinating period, supporting his view with a wealth of detailed material.

Discouraged reformers of our own time will perhaps take fresh courage as they read again of the almost unbelievably bad living and working conditions of those good old American days. Despite the distant frontier and Horace Greeley's fervid appeal to the young man to go west, population piled up in the cities till the cellars of New York in the fifties were said to house a twentieth of the entire population of that city. Factories, like dwellings, were unventilated and insanitary; hours were long (above twelve a day in New England, despite the epic ten-hour movement of the forties); wages were scandalously low, and every sort of abuse prevailed in the manner of payment. Even the idyllic beauty of Lowell was not without its shadows in those years, and irreverent skeptics like the redoubtable Sarah Bagley went so far as to view the chaste pages of the *Lowell Offering* itself with a certain suspicion. Students need no reminder, though affrighted statesmen do, that at this time immigration reached the highest point in our history relative to population. The whole story is much like the English industrial revolution once more, a tale of wealth accumulating while men decay, a record of the attempts of those men first to escape back into the old order and then, failing that, to snatch for themselves what they could of the new wealth. Mr. Ware's careful study will help remove some misconceptions regarding the early days of industrial America. It may not be without encouragement and suggestion to the growing band of workers by hand and brain who toil at the new-old task of making industry serve the ends of life. HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Books in Brief

Social Politics in the United States. By Fred E. Haynes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

A history of modern democracy, firmly grasped and clearly written, would show among its interesting exhibits what a large share of social progress, slowly struggled for, has been achieved through the impulses of obscure and isolated figures or groups moved by convictions they thought were capable of advancing the economic welfare of "the great society." The combination at Cleveland of numerous dissenting groups, including the Socialist Party, under the platform of a single leader able to synthesize their diverging doctrines for "progressive political action," is one case out of many. We have long needed a good single-volume history of these organizations and their leaders representing the impulses of discontent with the existing order. For many of them, after general reprobation, have attained the dignity of "third" or even "first" parties. They are important chiefly because of their little-appreciated influence in liberalizing static political tendencies. In one form or another they have very often forced their tenets upon major-party platforms and into the accepted law of the land. Such a book is Haynes's "Social Politics in the United States." Although brief, it is an authoritative and useful account of the radical political movements in American history since 1775.

Slapstick and Dumbbell. A Casual Survey of Clowns and Clowning. By Hiler Harzberg and Arthur Moss. New York: Joseph Lawren.

A spirited but scatter-brained account of the best buffoons between Cro-Magnon days and Billy Sunday.

The Tragedy of Mr. Punch. A Fantastic Play in Prologue and One Act. By Russell Thorndike and Reginald Arkell. Introductory Essay by Max Beerbohm. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

The tragedy of Mr. Punch is that although he feels himself to be a terrible fellow and wants to be feared he is destined forever to be only laughed at, and to be loved by children. So the two playwrights. But Max, who was never in better form than he is here, refuses to find tragedy in the famous killer of babies and beadles. He is still the "great sinner," with a "frank glad smile"—almost the last really joyous bad man left on earth. And even he is passing, Max laments. What shall the world do to be saved for sin? "Preachers, please note."

Stalking Big Game with a Camera in Equatorial Africa, with a Monograph on the African Elephant. By Marius Maxwell. The Century Company. $9.

A thrilling study at close range of the elephant, the giraffe, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, and the zebra. The photographs are among the most brilliant ever taken.

Critical Studies of the Works of Charles Dickens. By George Gissing. With an Introduction and Bibliography of Gissing by Temple Scott. New York: Greenberg. $3.

Nine essays written by Gissing as introductions to volumes in a collected edition of Dickens. Valuable as supplementing one of Gissing's best books, his "Critical Study" of Dickens.

Bandello. Tragical Tales. The Complete Novels translated by Geoffrey Fenton. Modernized and edited with a Glossary by Hugh Harris. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

The Epic of the Beast, Consisting of English Translations of the History of Reynard the Fox and Physiologus. With an Introduction by William Rose. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

The Poets of the Greek Anthology: a companion volume to The Girdle of Aphrodite. Translated by F. A. Wright. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

Three more volumes in The Broadway Translations, a series which, if it continues to grow in bulk and in popularity, will soon make scholars of the multitude. Here are represented the Renaissance novel and the medieval beast-tale—father of Uncle Remus; and here is a brilliant group of sketches resurrecting personalities out of the "Greek Anthology"—portraits by a scholar and poet of Meleager, Palladas, Paul, and others hitherto but dimly seen behind their poems.

The Feis Ceoil

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

I STRUCK Dublin during the week of the Feis Ceoil, or Music Festival, and so learned of a musical Ireland. To have gleaned it from the surface of events alone would have been well-nigh impossible, as, except for the Feis, nothing musical seemed to be going on at all. There was, it is true, a large poster of Galli-Curci on a billboard outside of a theater, announcing a concert by that singer in the distant future, and leading one to surmise that such celebrities occasionally visit Dublin. And there was, too, much talk of a concert recently given by a Colonel Fritz Brase and his band. This Colonel Brase, it seems, had been the ex-Kaiser's bandmaster at Potsdam; yet it is doubtful if he was ever as much appreciated then as he is now in his less exalted state. He has been giving the enthusiastic Dubliners high-class band concerts of Wagner and other classics, and he has also been giving them excellent instruction in instrumental playing. And in so doing he has supplied a double need; for there is a dearth of good orchestral music in Dublin, and of good teaching. The money so necessary to support both is no longer to be found there, most of the wealthy families having left on account of the civil wars.

This condition is not peculiar to Dublin alone, however, as I learned from the Feis Ceoil; for the Feis Ceoil is not a music festival in our sense of the term, but rather a national competition in music which takes place annually under the auspices of the Feis Ceoil Association. The association itself is composed of non-resident as well as resident members, but the competitors must be resident. As the latter are drawn from all over Ireland, and as the competition embraces almost every branch of musical art, one is fairly safe in judging the teaching standards of the country by the results one hears at the Feis. Talent shines through in spite of these mediocre standards, and the Feis, by stimulating public interest in music in such a practical way, is gradually attaining one of its original objects, which is "to promote the general cultivation of music in Ireland."

The main purpose of the Feis Ceoil Association, however, is "to promote the study and cultivation of Irish music" and "to collect and preserve by publication the old airs of Ireland." To this end, prizes are offered for the best solo singing of Irish songs, in English and in Irish; for the best choral and quartet singing in Irish, accompanied and unaccompanied; and for the best rendering of Irish instrumental music on the small Irish harp, the Irish pipes, and the Irish fiddle. In the field of composition there is competition for the best arrangements of Irish airs (from the Feis Ceoil Collection) for violin, 'cello, and voice solos with piano accompaniment; for voice, with accompaniment by the small Irish harp; and for piano alone. And besides these, prizes are offered for the best collections, respectively, of unpublished Irish folk tunes (three of which must be with words) and Irish traditional airs, hitherto unpublished, which may be "sung, whistled, performed on any instrument, or sent in as MS."

Were it not for this annual encouragement by the Feis Ceoil, it is doubtful whether interest in the old Irish airs and their traditions would be so general or so alive as they are today. The speaking of Gaelic itself, I have been told, until the Irish Free State came into existence, has been systematically discouraged for years, not only by the British Government but also by the Catholic church. And as the country people especially had come to look upon its use as a disgrace, this presented the greatest difficulty in the way of keeping alive the traditional singing of old Irish airs.

The musician who told me this has been laboring for years in small Irish villages to revive the making as well as the use of the small Irish harp as the accompanying instrument to this traditional singing. This harp is, of course, ideal for the purpose, as it has a charming tone, can be held on the lap while played, and presents so few intricacies that it can easily supply the simple string accompaniments which all folk songs, for that matter, require. The old Irish airs especially need such settings because of their constant tendency toward the quarter tone—particularly the folk songs of the islands, which, I am told, by those who have had the opportunity to hear both, are as wild and as beautiful as those which have been gathered in the Hebrides.

The instrumentalists seem to have preserved these traditions better, on the whole, than have the singers, for they possess a fire and abandon that the latter often lack. Indeed in the renditions of this music, as well as in the music itself, one finds that utter unreserve of expression and intensity of feeling, those extremes of humor and melancholy, usually associated only with the Slavic and Magyar races. These qualities were also in evidence in the various other contests of the Feis. While there seemed to be no one of great, outstanding genius, the general average showed sensitiveness to their art and an abundance of what we call "temperament." And perhaps the best proof of all that Ireland is fundamentally musical is that in spite of civil wars, poverty, and a general lack of musical experience and opportunity the Feis Ceoil has an unbroken record of twenty-eight consecutive years, with entries, this season, numbering more than eight hundred.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

Pinero the Timid

THE interest to be found in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" (Cort Theater) is almost exclusively of the sort called historical. To come upon it in a chronological reading of Pinero's work is to understand why its relative freshness and its relative truth made it seem important, but, transferred to the contemporary stage, it cannot stand comparison with even the fairly conventional plays of today; its grasp upon a social problem seems singularly timid instead of strong. Pinero himself and many more vigorous writers have helped to establish a tradition of incisiveness which even second-rate dramatists can easily follow; but a second-rate play now is likely to be superior to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in the very qualities which made that play famous. Its author seems to stand aghast at his temerity when he advances some now commonplace premise and to turn cautiously aside from the not very startling conclusions which stare him in the face.

Pinero's view of the demi-mondaine is sentimental and outmoded. Like most of the gallant gentlemen who rushed to the defense of the female outcast when she first became a popular figure in polite literature he did not understand her in the least, and because he would have been frightened out of his wits by any hint of the possibilities of character which lay outside the range of his observation and sympathy he assumed, for comfort's sake, that when such a person was worth any consideration at all she was merely a conventional woman whom unfortunate circumstances had led into regrettable courses. He never grasped the fact that she is interesting only when, as is often the case, her career is an expression of her character and she represents a personal de-

fiance of the world in which she lives. Accordingly, when he wished to put this somewhat dangerous personage upon the stage he made her typical neither of the eternal harlot nor of the rationally rebellious modern woman (both real and interesting phenomena) but merely of the wronged and sentimental prostitute of the Camille tradition, who, if she ever existed, was profoundly uninteresting because profoundly weak. His Paula, having chosen the career of a spectacular demi-mondaine, never utters a syllable which would explain the demi-mondaine's philosophy or account for her life. A mere vulgarian, she longs ardently for respectability and can think of no greater joy than to have about her own table the very class of men who had used and then scorned her, but whom she admiringly describes as "the kind of men who cannot be imitated."

The problem of the misalliance with which the play deals is still an interesting one, but its center of gravity has shifted. To us a man who, like the hero, is seriously concerned over the possible disapproval of his man-servant when a lady calls at eleven p. m. is so obviously not the man to undertake social experiments that his failure hardly convinces us that the task which he undertook is one necessarily impossible of performance; a demi-mondaine who seriously considers her marriage a failure because the curate does not call is merely a very trivial person who had no business to break the major provision of the social code when in her heart she respected its minutiae. Doubtless the most daring gentleman married to a woman whose temperament was that of the born bohemian would have interesting and difficult problems to face, but to buck society while fundamentally accepting all its prejudices and all its judgments is merely folly. Pinero proves only that you cannot live outside and inside society at the same time—a fact so patent as to offer but little interest. The only question worth discussing is the question whether or not it is worth while for the sake of love, liberty, honesty, or what not to live wholly outside it; and that question Pinero has never asked because he has never understood its bearing either upon conduct or upon art.

Miss Ethel Barrymore, it would appear, despaired of making anything of the play as a play and determined to carry it over purely on the strength of her own personality. During the first half of the piece she speaks at least twice as loudly as any other member of the cast, with the result that she never seems to be living in the same world with them at all; in the third act the rising tension of the scene brings her own lines and the rest of the company up to the level of her declamation. The result is a rather distressing failure for a play which is probably in any event dead beyond revival. Paula is an impossible character, and Miss Barrymore's vocal gymnastics combined with various queenly gestures do no more than emphasize its unreality.

Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies" (New Amsterdam Theater) have been somewhat refurbished for the fall season and are still on the whole the most gorgeous and the most lively of the reviews, although "Dixie to Broadway" (Broadhurst Theater), the new Negro musical comedy, surpasses it in one respect. Mr. Ziegfeld's beauties obviously condescend to perform their evolution, but their darker sisters (one may imagine) sometimes dance and sing for their own amusement. Accordingly "Dixie to Broadway" has a touch of what always should be but seldom is the *raison d'être* of such entertainments, namely, something very like ecstasy.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS

DEBATE on PROHIBITION!

CLARENCE DARROW versus REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

(Against) (For)

Chairman, Hon. Royal S. Copeland

Sunday, December 14, 3 P. M.

Manhattan Opera House, 34th St., W. of 8th Ave.

Tickets $1.10, 1.65, 2.20, 2.75. Box Seats $3.30.

On sale at the office of or direct by mail from

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION

500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. (Longacre 10434-4447)

N. B.—Out-of-towners desiring a printed stenographic report of this debate should send us their names.

CLARENCE DARROW SCOTT NEARING

"Is the Human Race Worth Working For?"

Sunday afternoon, Nov. 30, 2:30 P. M. Town Hall

Tickets, $2.00 to $1.00 113 W. 43rd

On sale at RAND SCHOOL, 7 E. 15th St. (and at box office)

Second Nation Dinner

Friday, December 12, 1924
Fifth Avenue Restaurant, 200 Fifth Ave.

Is the Press Kept ?

Speakers:

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE, Executive Editor, *The World.*

ERNEST GRUENING, former Managing Editor, *Boston Herald, New York Tribune, The Nation*

Chairman:

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

Tickets $2.50, sold only to *Nation* readers and their guests. *The Nation* for a year with a ticket to the dinner for $6.50.

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

"WHAT PRICE GLORY"

A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings

PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.

HARRY ALLEN OVERSTREET, A.B., B.Sc.

Professor of Philosophy, College City of New York.

"Philosophy in Present Day Life"

COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM

Park Avenue and 34th Street

SIX LECTURES

Thursday Evenings, Dec. 11, 18, Jan. 8, 15, 22, 29, at 8:15

Course Ticket, $3.50, can be secured at the office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single Admission, 85 cents.

OPEN FORUM

November 16th at 8 P. M.

UNIVERSITIES AND WORLD PEACE

Virginia C. Gildersleeve, Dean of Barnard College, President of International Federation of University Women.

November 23rd, "Farmers Cooperatives," Aaron Sapiro

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, 2 West 64th St., N. Y. C

The Public is invited

RAND SCHOOL

7 East 15th Street

Courses beginning

Nov. 15, 11 A.M. & 1:30 P.M. Scott Nearing "Dynamic Sociology" "Current Events"

Nov. 17, 8:30 P.M..... August Claessens Public Speaking and Debating"

Nov. 18, 8:30 P.M..... August Claessens "Elements of Social Progress"

Nov. 22, 3:30 P.M. "Community Ideals" H. W. L. Dana

Nov. 29, 3:30 P.M. "Gandhi" Savel Zimand

International Relations Section

Western Imperialism in China

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S article in the *New Leader* on China, which *The Nation* reprinted in the International Relations Section of its issue of November 5, has aroused much comment in the English-language press of the Orient. Reporting and commenting on this the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* says:

Mr. Bertrand Russell's recent attack on the British Government's China policy has drawn the expected response from the leading British papers at the treaty ports. According to the telegraphed report, Mr. Russell, writing in the weekly organ of the Independent Labor Party, the *New Leader*, declared that the rivalries among the Chinese Tuchuns—whom all decent Chinese despised—gave excuse for interference in Chinese affairs on the part of the Powers and for the extorting of concessions in return for support. The only exception to the rule that the Tuchuns were merely ambitious brigands, he affirmed, was Dr. Sun Yat-sen, to whom he paid a warm tribute as the pioneer of republicanism in China and the friend of the proletarians. The comment of the Peking and Tientsin *Times* on this article is largely a calling of names, which that paper often finds a convenient substitute for reasonableness. "An absurd effusion"—"the kind of tosh which we would expect"—"warped ideas"—"Bolshevik ideas"—"theorists and Bolshevik sympathizers"—such are the phrases that run through a short article. This yelping is not likely to trouble a man of Mr. Russell's standing in the world of thought. Coming down from the highest step of the pulpit of abuse, the editor proceeds to the dogmatic statement that Dr. Sun Yat-sen has done China a disservice by leading it to republicanism.

China certainly has her trouble today, though we get a very exaggerated idea of the disturbances by reading the reports of a little war, which hitherto has affected only an insignificant proportion of the people. A reasonable person would attempt some comparison of the present struggle with those of other countries after they had overthrown the power of a corrupt and effete tyranny, and a comparison also with the open sores of Manchu rule. But the Tientsin editor contents himself with the assertion that republicanism must be bad for China because the people are conservative and illiterate, and that therefore "nothing could be more fantastic" than to praise Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

Again he says that conditions in Canton disprove the "fiction" that Dr. Sun Yat-sen is the proletarian's friend. Yet it is a fact that organized labor in Canton has stood behind Dr. Sun steadily for the past few years. Two years ago the great complaint of the British papers in Hongkong, Shanghai, and Tientsin was that the leader had been too good a friend to the proletarians who went on strike in Hongkong, some of whom, leaving for their homes toward Canton, were fired upon in cold blood by the British police on the border of the British territory, with mortal result. The Tientsin editor can hardly have forgotten how Dr. Sun was reviled at that time for giving succor to the strikers. The readers of the *New Leader* at least will understand what Mr. Russell means when he calls Dr. Sun Yat-sen a friend of the proletarians.

The *North-China Daily News* of Shanghai is much fairer to Dr. Sun Yat-sen. It says:

> We agree with Mr. Russell to this extent that we believe Dr. Sun Yat-sen to be entirely free from sordid desires to put money in his pocket, and personally to be sincerely convinced of the doctrines he preaches. But none the less it is difficult not to think that the republicanism he pioneers is essentially "Sun Yat-senism." The record of his doings in the past few years suggests very strongly that he can believe in no system of government other than that of his own conception and that any difference of opinion he dismisses as flat blasphemy. There is no character in modern China more difficult to judge fairly than Dr. Sun Yat-sen. While we respect him as a man, the plain fact is that he has been nothing but a cause of strife and unhappiness to his fellow-countrymen; and as for Mr. Russell's flowery description of him as "the proletariat's friend" we need only point to the state of Canton and Kuantung under his administration.

The editor, like his colleagues in Tientsin, overlooks the abuse that his own paper showered on Dr. Sun a couple of years ago for his friendship toward the proletarians in the Hongkong seamen's strike and subsequent general strike. The comment is not, however, so illogical as it appears. The two editors are not at all impressed by the active support given to Dr. Sun by the articulate leaders of organized Labor. They probably consider that the masses of the people would be happier in peaceful slavery than with a Moses leading them from their fleshpots out into the desert to seek freedom. Bearing this in mind, the reader will find the Shanghai editor's tribute to Dr. Sun's honesty truly eloquent.

The most serious point on which the papers assail Mr. Russell's criticism is that of the inclination of the Powers to take advantage of dissensions among the Chinese. The *North-China Daily News*, after quoting the report of Mr. Russell's contention, above mentioned, says: "This is nothing else but a deliberate attempt to arouse the worst section in China against the foreigner. . . . As for concessions extorted 'in return for support,' we challenge Mr. Russell to point to one single example of such a thing since the republic began." The Peking and Tientsin *Times* offers a similar challenge: "We should be interested to learn of a single instance since the end of the Great War in which a civil war in China has been made the occasion for interference and the extorting of concessions by the British Government."

Both editors are careful to confine their challenge to a very limited period. It appears from the report that Mr. Russell was simply pointing out a tendency. Even if the denials of the editors were valid—we believe they are not—the very manner of their challenge admits that the tendency has existed. If it has been held in check for a few years, that is no guaranty that it will not assert itself again now. The Powers have been too busy with affairs in Europe for some time to put their fingers into the China pudding. But Europe is becoming calmer, and China once more looms large in the eyes of the great Powers. As for the bankers' consortium, its power to restrain international rivalry for the plums is at least open to doubt.

But take the challenges as they are: Would the editors deny that the wireless contracts over which British, American, and Japanese firms have been in conflict were in the nature of efforts to extort concessions during a time of civil strife in China? The concession to Mitsui of Japan came first. It was contracted in February, 1918, when the Anfu Party was in power. Now the "China Year Book," issued by the editor of the Peking and Tientsin *Times* himself, records that the Anfu Party was enabled to maintain a precarious hold of office by the financial support of Japan, and this has been admitted also in the Japanese Diet. Japan claims that the concession gave the Mitsui Company a monopoly of wireless for the whole of China—a country comparable to Europe in area and population, be it remembered. Was this not a case of extorting a concession in return for support to one party in the civil strife?

However, the Tientsin editor confines himself cautiously to absolving Britain from such dealings. But what of the Marconi concession, obtained from the Chinese Ministry of War in the following year? This has also been claimed as a monopolistic concession. The agreement was signed in May, 1919, at the time of the strong agitation against the Anfu Party's government—an agitation which compelled some of the leaders

to resign, though the party as a whole retained office for some time longer. It has been proved in a British court that the Marconi company resorted to bribery to obtain the concession. (The successive governments at Peking for some time have been so corrupt that it is doubtful whether any concessions have been obtained without bribery.) It would be hardly correct to describe bribery as a process of extortion, but the concession was obtained by support—silver bullets—granted to one of the parties engaged in political strife in China.

To continue the story, it was late in 1920 that the Anfu Party was overthrown and it was in January, 1921, that the Federal Wireless Company of the United States obtained a concession for building wireless stations in China. Since that time America and Japan have had a standing dispute over this matter, with periodical wordy warfare. What support, if any, Marconi has had from the British Government is not clear. But the general character of these transactions alone seems to justify the apprehensions of Mr. Russell that the Powers, acting either in concert or in rivalry, will find excuse for intervention and the winning of concessions during the present civil war.

If we go back over the history of China since the revolution we find additional convincing evidence. It will suffice to mention the international loan granted to Yuan Shih-kai against the protest of the Parliament when the republic was formed, the placing of the salt-tax collections under international control (1913), the notorious "Nishihara" Japanese loans to the Anfu Party already mentioned (1918), and, on the part of Britain, the attempt of the Cassel interests to get a very extensive mining concession in South China from the enemies of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. It will be remembered that the British Government backed this scheme, though it was not carried through.

Naturally the two British editors in China miss the main point of Mr. Russell's article—his sympathy with the Labor Government struggling to devise a liberal international policy when the sources of its information for the most part are the writings of such editors and correspondents as those whom we have quoted and the dispatches of diplomats who take a similar point of view. The Government is truly to be pitied. But it is difficult to see any way out. The Labor Government would be foolish to send out a force of Labor diplomats until its position is very much stronger, and Labor news agencies cannot afford to maintain correspondents all over the world as the great capitalist papers can do. Moreover, Labor representatives of the type that Mr. Russell seems to have in mind would be but voices crying in the wilderness in a country like China. Their own country's gunboats and garrisons, concessions, loans, and immunity from Chinese laws and from many of the taxes would place them in a false position from the outset. They would be helpless unless they had a government at home with the conviction and courage to take a stand against the whole machinery and the very ideal of imperialism.

Marshal Foch on Peace

MARSHAL FOCH was interviewed recently by the *Revue Hebdomadaire* (Paris) as follows:

Q. On what conditions does the Marshal think France might put its faith in the League of Nations?

A. The Marshal has always believed that the League lacked two things: (1) The European nations most interested in the maintenance of peace and in European affairs should have a preponderant voice in the Geneva assemblies; (2) the League of Nations should possess practical means of forcing respect for its decisions, either by means of an international army or, in some manner to be determined, by control of the national forces of one or several countries.

Q. Does the Marshal believe that the League will some day be able to provide a system of international guaranties which will lighten the military burdens of the nations?

A. Yes. But the two conditions just mentioned must first be fulfilled. Reduction of armaments can only be a corollary of guaranties of security, and these will be vain unless the Powers directly interested in the maintenance of peace have a predominating influence in decisions made at Geneva.

Reduction of armaments for France is further dependent upon the disarmament of Germany. Supervision of the disarmament of Germany cannot be confided to the League until (1) the inventory of German armament and the complete execution of the treaty clauses, which have been asked by the Allies, have been accomplished and checked up; (2) until there has been a definition of the methods by which the League shall exercise the right of investigation granted but not defined by Article 213 of the Treaty of Versailles. The application of this clause involves problems which must be solved if international supervision is not to be a mere illusion. Until they have been solved Article 213 cannot be regarded as an effective guaranty of peace.

Q. One often hears the suggestion of replacing the motto: "Si vis pacem para bellum" (If you wish peace prepare for war) by another: "Si vis pacem cole justitiam" (If you wish peace do justice). What does the Marshal think of it?

A. The Marshal thinks what all soldiers of heart think of it: that nothing is more desirable than to establish the reign of justice; that war-making is an abominable profession; that it is frightful to shed blood and to destroy wealth, and that everything must be tried to prevent the return of such calamities; that the League of Nations is a generous idea, seductive, perhaps full of possibilities, but that it must be strengthened by time and by men before it can be trusted alone to guarantee peace.

The signatures of Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, C. F. Andrews, and others to the White Cross anti-opium petition, a facsimile of which was printed in the International Relations Section for November 5, were obtained through the efforts of Taraknath Das, author of "India in World Politics."

Contributors to This Issue

A. HAMILTON GIBBS is a brother of Sir Philip Gibbs, the war correspondent, and of Cosmo Hamilton (Gibbs), the poet. He fought through the entire period of the World War, entering the British army as a private and coming out as a major of artillery with a decoration.

BEATRICE M. HINKLE is a physician and psychoanalyst, the author of "The Re-creating of the Individual."

ISABELLE KENDIG, formerly membership secretary for the National Woman's Party, was executive secretary of the National Women's Division of the La Follette-Wheeler campaign.

WILLIAM MACDONALD, formerly an associate editor of *The Nation*, is the author of numerous books on American history and politics.

ANGUS BURRELL is one of the authors of a recent volume, "Dead-Reckonings in Fiction."

RUTH S. ALEXANDER is a journalist in Cape Town.

ALLEN TATE is associate editor of the *Fugitive*, a magazine of verse published in Nashville, Tennessee.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, is professor of economics in Wellesley College.

HENRIETTA STRAUS, *The Nation's* music correspondent, is at present in Sweden.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1924 No. 3099

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 557

EDITORIALS:
- Shall the Progressives Organize? 558
- Uncle Sam as Air Boss 559
- Introducing Our Ancestors 559
- The Going of M. Jusserand 560

THE STANDARD OIL'S DEATH FACTORY. By Mary Ross 561

TRY IT ON WITH SHIPS. By William Hard 563

THE NEPMAN IS PASSING. By Louis Fischer 564

KUZBAS IN 1924. By Ruth Epperson Kennell 566

A RUSSIAN SUMMER RESORT. By Max Eastman 568

AUTUMN. Translated by Max Eastman from the Russian of Alexander Pushkin 570

THE FIGHT AGAINST FAMINE. By Jessica Smith 570

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 571

CORRESPONDENCE 572

BOOKS:
- First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 574
- Russia's Foreign Relations. By Leon Talmy 575
- Making Good. By Joseph Wood Krutch 575
- A Scholar Astray. By Avrahm Yarmolinsky 576
- Refugee Psychology. By Charles Recht 577
- Books in Brief 577

THE NATION'S POETRY PRIZE 578

DRAMA:
- The God of Stumps. By Joseph Wood Krutch 578

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- Russia's Industrial Progress. By Leon Talmy 582
- Lenin the Man. By Maxim Gorki 584
- The Agricultural Offensive 585

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FREDA KIRCHWEY, MANAGING EDITOR MARK VAN DOREN, LITERARY EDITOR

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

ROBERT HERRICK LUDWIG LEWISOHN NORMAN THOMAS

JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

RUSSIA STILL PLAYS a colossal role in the world-struggle between human values and property values. After seven years in which the Soviet Government has repelled the combined attack of the Western Powers and consolidated its power at home Mr. Hughes still so hates the ideas upon which it rests that he refuses it even de facto recognition. One after another the other Western governments have yielded; even England's Tory Ministry, after winning an election on the anti-Bolshevik issue, is treading in Ramsay MacDonald's footsteps and seeking to negotiate a friendly treaty with Russia. Within the vast frontiers of Russia, meanwhile, a process of adaptation to capitalism is going on. How far that process will go we do not yet know. Russia is too enormous for easy prediction, and its economic backwardness as well as its potential economic wealth makes comparison with the course of other European countries meaningless. In the process of creating a people's republic on the ruins of Czarism there has come bitter injustice, but of this we are sure: Russia is hated in the West not because of occasional outbreaks of cruelty, but because of the ideals which her rulers have steadfastly followed. Here for the first time in history are dictators determined to destroy their power by educating the masses. And it is because we know of no land where men have suffered so much for so striking an ideal that *The Nation* dedicates this, its third Russian number, to Soviet Russia.

SPEAKING OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, one of our friends in New York City received the following card through the United States mail:

JUST A REMINDER

We are still doing business from Columbus 0000, where we are ready to serve you as we have in the past.

FOR SERVICE AND QUALITY

CALL COLUMBUS 0000

1 case lots	$13.00	25 case lots	$11.50
5 case lots	12.50	50 case lots	11.00
10 case lots	12.00	100 case lots	10.00

Thanking you for past favors and a continuance of same, we are,

Very truly yours,

THE UNITED WHOLESALE DEALERS SUPPLY CO.,

JOHN KELLY, President.

We were curious enough to call this enterprising company on the telephone—we withhold the number only so that it shall not be flooded with orders—and were assured that its gin was entirely reliable, that its champagne was of the best (at $65), and that while it was temporarily out of whiskey that would soon be remedied. All of this in the City of New York, in which millions of dollars are being spent for law enforcement and every official responsible for the enforcement of our laws and Constitution swears until he is black in the face that everything possible is being done to suppress bootlegging and bootleggers!

WE ARE PROFOUNDLY INTERESTED in the rumors that a determined effort will now be made in the South to break away from the political shackles which have chained the manhood of that section to the Democratic Party and have virtually prevented it from playing a worthy and useful role in the political life of the nation. While the ostensible purpose at present is the formation of a financial and industrial bloc to back President Coolidge, we hope that it will lead in other directions as well. One of the most striking statements that came out of the South during the campaign was that of Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder of Spartanburg, S. C., president of Wofford College and one of the foremost educators of the South. After attending a Democratic campaign meeting he declared that the South would soon have an independent political party. "All thinking men," he declared, "are coming to this viewpoint. When we have to sit and to listen to such stuff as we heard at yesterday's [Democratic] campaign meeting—with not a constructive idea advanced—we are confirmed in the opinion that the time for another party is at hand." The La Follette vote in the South, which approximated 100,000, is further evidence of this desire for a third party—for nowhere in the South was it possible to undertake any real organization work for it or to raise any money with which to campaign. In Louisiana 5,000 votes were cast, although there were no electors printed on the ballot. Indeed, there were many signs that, as the South can for historical reasons never vote for the Republican Party, its eventual freeing may yet come from a third party without a past but with a future.

THIS STIRRING IN THE SOUTH finds another expression in editorials in the *Journal of Social Forces* by its editor, Howard W. Odum, which are striking in their frankness and plainness of statement. Dr. Odum declares that the South is not thinking enough or learning enough or reading enough or working enough or leading or following enough, and that it is too proud of its non-progressive fundamentalism. He dwells particularly upon its lack of knowledge concerning social situations and the social sciences and quotes a Southern leader who recently declared that "we must deal fairly but firmly with anarchists, bolshevists, socialists, *and sociologists*" as proof of the ignorance of men who ought to be informed, since they are in high places. With this joyous person are classed a senior bishop who declares that the Child Labor Amendment is "unadulterated bolshevism" and a legislator who has just proclaimed that no man needs more than three books, the Bible, a hymn-book, and an almanac. Naturally, Dr. Odum dwells upon the evil influence all this has upon the creative impulse in the South. The lack of interest and appreciation of Southern writers has long driven men of talent into the North when they ought to be leaders within their communities. These are refreshing utterances which Dr. Odum has penned, for they are in themselves evidence that the South is awakening and applying to itself the first precept of reform, which is "Know thyself."

AFTER ALL THE HULLABALOO about getting out the vote we learn that only 52.8 per cent of the eligible voters actually cast their votes in this year's American election. It is a figure which would shock Great Britain or Germany or France, but it is greeted with enthusiasm here because it marks an increase of 3.7 per cent over the minority vote of 1920. An analysis of the figures compiled by the National Association of Manufacturers reveals even more shocking data. Only 8 per cent of the eligible voters in South Carolina voted; only 10.1 per cent in Georgia and 10.8 per cent in Mississippi; and the figure is below 20 per cent in Louisiana, Virginia, Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee, Florida, and Texas. Yet all of these States where the blacks are disfranchised and the whites do not bother to vote have their full representation in Congress. In virtually all of these Southern States the vote was even smaller this year than in 1920—only in Mississippi, and in Texas, where the governorship fight called out the voters, were there slight gains. Indiana tops the list with a turnout of 83.2 per cent; Kansas follows with 80.3 per cent; and in West Virginia, Minnesota, North Dakota, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Delaware, and Missouri also more than two-thirds of the voters voted. The States which showed the largest proportionate increases as compared with 1920 were Kansas, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Wyoming, but in general the percentages follow, roughly, the order of 1920. Today only two States cast as large a proportion of the possible vote as the whole country cast in 1896. Disfranchisement in the South and apathy in the North are still at work.

TO SEE OURSELVES as others see us is not only difficult but at times extremely unpleasant. If any of the one-per-cent literate Persian women or five-per-cent literate Persian men happened to read the New York *Times's* editorial on the Persian indemnity they would surely smile. Vice-Consul Imbrie, it will be remembered, was killed by a fanatical mob. Details about the incident were confused; some blamed Major Imbrie for exposing himself and others blamed the Persian authorities. Our State Department demanded the death of the murderers, $60,000 indemnity, and reimbursement for the expenses incurred in sending a man-of-war to Persia to bring back the body of the murdered man—and Persia met the demands. It cost $110,000, it seems, to transport the body from Persia to Washington, and we heartily approve the State Department proposal to use that amount to establish scholarships in this country for Persian students. But to make such an act a pious label to cover our whole diplomatic procedure is a little too much. The *Time's* editorial said:

> It must seem a strange sort of requital to an Oriental mind which still demands an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a life for a life.

We were, indeed, establishing scholarships—but after we had demanded *three* lives for one and in no uncertain terms. Actually we are saying to the Persians "Be careful and touch not an American; three lives will be demanded for one American."

IS ENGLAND IN INDIA starting on the path trod in Ireland under the Black-and-Tan regime? It is a hideous thought; but the appointment of Lord Birkenhead as Secretary of State for India coupled with recent events in Calcutta point in that direction. Fifty-six Swarajist leaders have been arrested. Coercion has been revived. English papers maintain that a revolutionary conspiracy in Bengal could have been broken up in no other way. They state that since July five attempts have been made to assassinate high officials, and that ordinary courts of justice could not operate because the Swarajist militants terrorize the witnesses. Hence the arrests and the request for additional legislation similar to the old Defense of India Act. But there is already in force an act under which revolutionaries may be arrested by order of the executive and kept indefinitely in jail without being brought to trial. This is now held inadequate. The new act is similar to the hated Rowlatt Act, which was finally repealed. It provides for closed trials before three commissioners, from which there is an appeal to the High Court; the accused is told the nature of the evidence but no names are disclosed; the statement of a person before a magistrate is admitted as evidence, though that person be dead, lost, or incapable of giving evidence. If Swarajist militants terrorized witnesses before, this act certainly will not stop them. But what else will it do? It might be well for Great Britain to stop and ask.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN has a pungent and a fearless tongue. At the annual dinner of the *Harvard Business Review* last May he wittily denounced the commercialism of America and of the universities, as typified in the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. The United States, he said, "is a mill that turns everything into business—love, art, leisure, science, innocent recreation, and religious contemplation are ground up into business packages and marketed as soon as nature—prodigal, unabashed, procreant nature—produces them." Whereupon he read passages from a business-school pamphlet upon Mr. Wrigley and his chewing-gum. Harvard, he said, is tending to merge the university into State Street and Wall Street. It must have been as exciting an annual dinner as

the *Business Review* is likely ever to have. Now Mr. Chapman is on the war-path again, this time because of the fact that James Byrne, a Catholic, is a fellow—a member of the governing board—of Harvard College. He objects that "the outspoken purpose of the Roman church is to control American education," says that this "is one of the larger issues of our epoch," quotes Cardinal O'Connell's recent expression of doubt as to the character of instruction at Harvard, and adds that "liberalism presupposes freedom of discussion and under present conditions of Protestant speechlessness the presence of a Roman Catholic on the governing board of a non-Catholic college or school makes it impossible for the board to discuss this great issue frankly."

HARVARD'S OTHER SIX fellows will be amazed to learn from Mr. Chapman what they have suffered from Mr. Byrne. Mr. Byrne has been on the board for more than four years, and it is probable that some of his fellow-members had forgotten that he was a Catholic, just as they are probably uncertain of the church connections of others. Mr. Chapman's Ku Klux doctrine is ridiculous. It is doubtless true that some Catholics would like to control the public-school policy of the country in the interest of what they conceive to be a truer education. It is also true that a more active educational menace to this country comes from certain Protestant groups which have actually forced the legislatures in several States to prohibit the teaching of evolution—a length to which, so far as we know, the legislature of no Catholic country has yet gone. The most potent bigotry in this country is Protestant. We do not mean to argue that all Methodists should be barred from the governing boards of all universities because some Methodists advocate statutory bars upon the process of education. Let the universities continue to select their trustees, as they have done in the past, on their individual merits without inquiring into doctrinal beliefs. If there is a Catholic menace to education in America it is in the existence of a separate educational system over which the general public has no control. That, too, is paralleled by a separate educational system of private schools for the education of the children of the rich. The remedy for both evils lies in the development of the public-school system. When that becomes flexible enough to make private experimental schools unnecessary and so excellent that those who miss it will lose thereby, worry over the private schools will vanish.

EVER SINCE Hendrik van Loon warned us of the danger to American artists from clever foreigners who manage to pass Ellis Island we have kept our eyes open, and his fears seem amply justified. Hundred-percenters will note with horror and alarm that the $13,500 novel-prize offered by Dodd, Mead and Company, the *Pictorial Review*, and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has been won by Miss Martha Ostenso, a young school-teacher of South Dakota, and that her history confirms the worst suspicions aroused by her name: Miss Ostenso was not even born in America. If our American writers know which side their bread is buttered on they will not stand tamely by and see their infant literary industry strangled by foreign competition. They will establish friendly relations with Mr. Solomon Stanwood Menken and see what can be done to stop this flood of foreigners with creative imagination. Surely we need to add another test to the list of those to which our would-be immigrants are subjected. For the sake of our writers no one should be allowed to enter who cannot prove complete and incurable illiteracy.

BY AWARDING THE 1924 NOBEL PRIZE in literature to Wladislaw Reymont, a Polish novelist none too well known either in America or in Western Europe, the Swedish Academy proves once more that it is interested in authors for other reasons than their measure of international fame. An Irishman of 1924 might ask: Who is Wladislaw Reymont? But a Pole of 1923 might have asked who William Butler Yeats was, and a Scandinavian of a few years ago might have had to investigate the identity of the poet Carducci, who instead of the better known D'Annunzio was chosen out of Italy to receive the prize. There is significance perhaps in the fact that Reymont is the author of a series of novels dealing with Polish peasantry and in effect reviewing the history of Poland; in other words, he is a national novelist. Certain generalizers about literary law will thus be confirmed in their belief that greatness begins at home, that international reputations must in the nature of things flower out of local soil. The only question is whether the committee at Stockholm is not liable to grave error when it declares that a given local genius has claims upon the world. Bernard Shaw has never been granted the Nobel prize, yet his works of their own momentum have taken two continents; and no Russian has been recognized in the face of the fact that Gorki and two or three others are known everywhere. The American public will be given an opportunity this winter to read "The Peasants" and decide for itself about Reymont. In the meantime one may wonder if the prize at present does not owe its prestige largely to the association with it of a few names like that of Anatole France.

NO BRAVER ADVOCATE of the truth than Edmund D. Morel, whose death has been reported from London, ever walked this earth. In 1904 he put all humanity under obligation by his revelations of the atrocities in the Belgian Congo—had they been revealed eight years later Belgium would not have had the sympathy of the world in her struggle against Germany, for no blacker crimes were ever committed upon helpless human beings than those perpetrated by the Belgian officials in the Congo. To set them forth required unending determination and no little personal risk on the part of Mr. Morel. When the war came on Mr. Morel was not one of those who was fooled, for he determined to find out facts for himself, and the researches he made into the origins of the war and into the diplomacy leading up to it convinced him that his country was as guilty as Germany or anybody else—in fact, he thought more so. In the face of tremendous public feeling he published facts all through the war and maintained an opposition to the struggle which led to his being arrested and imprisoned for six months. A founder of the Union of Democratic Control and of *Foreign Affairs*, which he edited with great ability, he defeated Winston Churchill at Dundee in the election of 1922, and when the MacDonald Government came in he was appointed liaison officer between the British Foreign Office and the League of Nations. Always Mr. Morel faced abuse and calumny with complete fortitude, allowing nothing to swerve him from his purpose of uncovering the crooked diplomacy of the past in the hope of preventing disasters in the future. The world can ill afford to spare such a man.

Shall the Progressives Organize?

TO us it seems ridiculous even to ask this question. The Progressives who fought for the election of La Follette and Wheeler *must* organize. Their speakers and their candidates gave most solemn pledges during the campaign that the movement would not end with the election or defeat of the ticket. Senator La Follette since the election has publicly declared that he has only just begun to fight. We cannot believe that he means to ignore what has been done or to resume his fight within the Republican Party, which Theodore Roosevelt so correctly characterized as "a party the machinery of which is usurped and held by the powers that prey." We are aware, of course, that many liberal-minded people supported the Democratic ticket and that they live in hopes that it can be made the weapon of progress which they desire. That, as we have pointed out, seems to us an impossible dream. We are, therefore, happy to record the news that the Progressives have already organized permanently in Ohio, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and that a first organization meeting has been held in New York.

Definite organization of a national party will, of course, have to be postponed until the convention called for January by the Committee for Progressive Political Action. That committee is the creation of the railroad brotherhoods to whom belongs the honor of leading in this whole movement; out of deference to them no other step will be taken until their convention has decided whether it will go on or not. Should it decide not to, then the work of organizing nationally must proceed through the several State organizations with representation on both a geographical and occupational basis. But, so far as we can learn, the brotherhoods are anxious that the movement continue. Their headquarters are in Cleveland and there the movement is in a strong position, since La Follette carried that city. There they propose to capture the City Hall and then move on the State Capitol. One of the difficult questions which will arise at the coming Cleveland convention is as to the respective roles to be assigned to the several elements in the movement. Labor should, of course, be the nucleus and take a leading, though not the dominating part. We cannot feel that all its leaders are sufficiently educated politically, and politically trustworthy enough, to take the lead. What place the Socialists will take is for them to say. They fought well for the ticket, showing loyalty everywhere and a readiness to subordinate themselves. The Farmer-Labor organizations of the Northwest, too, must receive every consideration. They have done years of hard work, and despite their defeats because of the Coolidge landslide they are strong and vigorous, and they are the only opposition to the Republicans in Minnesota and in North and South Dakota.

While the enemies of the movement are insisting that it will be impossible for such diverse groups to work together, we can see little trouble in the way if only the fine spirit of cooperation which marked the campaign, with the exception of the conduct of certain of the American Federation of Labor unions, can be maintained. More difficult it seems to us will be agreeing upon a platform. What is needed is the adoption of five or six fundamental principles rather than a long platform with numerous planks. The platform-makers at the convention which nominated Mr. La Follette laid aside four hundred requests for additional planks. Obviously, a long program will hurt and not help. But there are certain deep-lying policies and principles which, once stated, carry with them their own connotation, such as, for instance, the conservation of national resources and government control of them and of superpower. We ourselves wish that the coming platform might contain an out-and-out free-trade plank; it must at least contain Grover Cleveland's winning issue of a tariff for revenue only, and it must be unequivocal in its declarations for peace, disarmament, and the complete reversal of our anti-imperialistic policies in the Caribbean and elsewhere. With these fundamentals agreed upon, specific issues to be taken up at any particular time or place may well be left to the future. It is not difficult to state briefly the real issue which confronts the American people, which is whether special privilege and the favored few shall rule America or not. Despite the election, we have confidence that more people than ever before now realize the true nature of the struggle and that they will join a third party at once if they can be convinced that it is sincere and honest in its warfare upon the powers that control this country, upon that "invisible government" which Woodrow Wilson denounced but failed to destroy.

But how is the campaign to be financed, we hear our readers asking? We believe that the State organizations can raise at once modest budgets for the carrying on of permanent headquarters with a few paid officials. Then as the organization grows it should of course be put on a dues-paying basis. There is an enormously important work to be done by pamphlets and by speakers to educate the American people politically, and even if a permanent organization should prove impractical at the present time we should still advocate the setting up of local headquarters to serve as propaganda centers and to prepare for permanent organization in a later campaign. Liberals must realize the enormity of the task before them and see how much more difficult it will prove than the educational work which led up to the successes of the British Labor Party. We have no such background and knowledge in our labor movement as they had, and the mere geographical size of our country makes it enormously difficult to inform the electorate.

The alternative is to do nothing; to assume a purely critical position and resign ourselves to the present mastery of the country by big business; to delude ourselves with the hope that some time, somehow, from somewhere will appear a leader to revive the not-to-be-revived Democratic Party—in other words, to acquiesce in the chains that have been laid upon us. That is a position which surely no patriot of liberal persuasion wishes to assume. Tremendous strides in popular education and in organization can be taken during the next four years if only the necessary money can be forthcoming. Probably nearly five millions of Americans wished to vote, or did vote for the La Follette ticket; there can be no question that the bulk of them are ready to go on, or that they afford a wonderful nucleus, not only in numbers but in enthusiasm, earnestness, and readiness for change, for the organization that must be undertaken if America is not to drift along indefinitely until it comes face to face with a movement extreme in its desires and extremely dangerous in its methods.

Uncle Sam as Air Boss

AVIATION today is so bound up in the public mind with armaments that its value to society as a speedier medium of communication and transportation is overshadowed by its utility as a war machine. This tendency is apparent in the movement for a national code of air laws and the many bills introduced into Congress during the past five years which have urged legislation as a means of building up our air defense. Air laws are unquestionably needed in this country, but this constant appealing to nationalistic fervor and the use of such slogans as "building up our air defense" has obscured the civil worth of aircraft.

No one who has seen the French, British, German, or Dutch air lines in operation can question the importance of aviation in the every-day life of any country, regardless of what military value it may have. Air liners, on regular daily schedule, connect Paris with the important cities of all Europe, as far east as Warsaw and as far southeast as Constantinople. The English Channel air lines operate as regularly as the steamers. The German air lines connect Berlin with Moscow, the Baltic States, Scandinavia, Holland, and Great Britain.

The fact that most of these air lines are government-subsidized may be disregarded, for whether subsidized or not they have reduced Europe to about one-third its pre-aviation size, and today no two cities are separated by more than a daylight airplane flight. The possibilities here are even greater with our wide expanse of territory, ranges of mountains, and lack of customs barriers. Our aerial mail has shown what aviation can do in shattering distances.

Not too much is asked of Congress in urging the passage of the Winslow air bill. Its main object is (1) to provide through a proposed Bureau of Civil Aeronautics for uniform federal supervision of safety inspection of aircraft and airdromes, with regulation of the qualifications of aircraft crews, and the establishment and enforcement of air-navigation rules; (2) to furnish aid to air navigation by approving and charting air routes, establishing air light-houses and signal stations, supplying suitable weather reports, and providing at the government fields, in cases of emergency, supplies and repairs at their fair market value.

Like most of its unsuccessful predecessors the main object of the bill is to provide for federal regulation of air navigation. In theory we have a Congress whose business it is to provide laws regulating and promoting commerce and industry, but here we have an operating system of communication and transportation, covering the entire country, even if spasmodically, and involving the lives and property of the general public without even the beginning of national regulations. There is no working code of air laws in the country today, no air routes or weather reports for airmen, no government terminals excepting military fields, although there are 124 aerial companies and 162 private airports, with some 1,200 airplanes in operation, covering over three million miles during the past year, carrying 81,000 passengers and 208,302 pounds of freight.

The United States is the only large country in the world today without national air legislation. As for the need of air laws, in the past three years there have been 470 crashes, resulting in 221 deaths. These crashes have been due to unairworthy machines, errors in piloting, lack of terminals, routes, and weather data. Government reports attribute 91 per cent of all the accidents to the itinerant fliers who operate without a fixed base, "through inexperience and the use of cheap and unsafe equipment." The itinerant fliers—the "gipsies"—on their part insist that they are the real pioneers, covering the most remote corners of the country, roughing it most of the time over uncharted courses. Yet no one denies that regulation of air traffic would reduce the number of accidents. The following experts' list of "six requisites for safe flying" provides the soundest reason for air laws:

1. A machine, sound aerodynamically and structurally.
2. A reliable engine of sufficient power.
3. A competent, conservative pilot and navigator.
4. Airports and emergency landing fields, sufficiently close together to insure gliding to safety.
5. Nation-wide weather forecast, specialized and adapted to the need of fliers.
6. Adequate charts of air routes.

Any man familiar with aviation will at once recognize the danger of taking passage in a machine which has not been thoroughly tested and without some proof of the pilot's ability, but such professional caution should hardly be expected from the general public. Passengers rarely stop to question the seaworthiness of a steamship or the competency of its captain. They rely wholly upon the government safety regulations, and the government in its turn has provided a detailed system of inspections and examinations. The control of sea traffic is now automatically accepted as a governmental function. The scope and nature of aviation make the control of such traffic as imperative.

Introducing Our Ancestors

THE munificence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. de Forest, donors of the new American wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, will fan the flames of ancestor-worship which have been burning high. For here our Puritan forefathers appear in a pleasant and unfamiliar light: as artists unawares, as craftsmen, lovers of color and beauty. We have been learning of late years that the dour early New Englanders knew a thing or two that we do not; the countryside has been combed for slatback chairs and hook rugs and gooseneck andirons and old iron hinges, simple things with a decorative charm which grew directly out of a human love of comfort. But part of our liking for these things has been mere antiquarianism.

Here, however, is assembled an amazingly gay picture of life in the old colonies. Here is a free use of color which most of us, were it not guaranteed authentically ancestral, would look upon with doubt and regard as "Greenwich-villagey." Our ancestors, it seems, liked to stain their furniture black or a bright brick red—or both. In the old Hart house in Ipswich, built in 1640 (the lovely parlor or "keeping-room" of which is reproduced in the de Forest wing), a molded band of red and black dentils runs across the fireplace opening, and similar bright bands sheathe the ceiling and the great summer-beam overhead. The men who carved the chests and chairs of the earliest colonial furniture were plainly not sour souls with their eyes set on heaven alone; they worked long hours to make life pleasant in the here and now.

Indeed, the inventories of those old days reveal a degree of creature comfort and an eagerness for lavish color which is surprising to those who have grown up on the tradition that the early New Englanders frowned upon the niceties of life. Anne Hibbins, who was surely an authentic early New Englander (for she was the third person to be executed for witchcraft in those pious days), left behind her in 1656 "a green say cushion, a violet pinckt cushion, a velvet (10s) and a wrought cushion with gold (5s), a wrought cupboard cloth, a green say valance, a green cupboard cloth with silk fringe, a green wrought do. with do., one wrought valliants, five painted [India] calico curtains and valence, one cupboard cloth with fringe, and one wrought Holland cupboard cloth." A year later Theophilus Eaton, first governor of New Haven Colony, had an inventory made of his goods which reveals that he, too, had a taste for color. He counted his goods in the "greene chamber" and in the "blew chamber" among his other rooms; he had pottery and glass (undoubtedly the lovely colored glass which is now so rare), silver, brasses, and wrought iron—and 253 pounds of pewter utensils, which was not bad, considering that six years later Samuel Pepys complained of a dinner at the Guildhall in London on Lord Mayor's Day that "It was very unpleasing that we had no napkins, nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes." Harvard College was founded less than ten years after the first white man had looked upon the Charles River, and its founder was comfortable enough to leave it, after providing for his family, £729/17/2, in addition to a library of 260 volumes, including, besides the saints, such frivolous authors as Terence, Juvenal, and Horace.

Walter Prichard Eaton has recently commented in the *American Mercury* upon the artistic genius of the men who built old Nantucket—"a God-fearing, hard-working, close-fisted, and none too literate people, who knew a vast deal more about whales than they did about art," yet who, "when they built a town of their own, achieved an artistic unity of effect unknown today; they wrought every detail not only fittingly but beautifully." But, rages Mr. Eaton,

> Then came the sophisticated moderns, laughing at the Puritans, scorning the Puritan attitude toward art, blaming on the Puritans, in fact, most of the childishness or crudity of American artistic expression—and the best these moderns could do were hideous casinos, sprawling cottages with verandas stuck all over them helter-skelter, houses with . . . gingerbread trimmings, and nothing, anywhere, that had repose, unity, beauty of outline or detail, or even adaptability to its site.

Mr. Eaton concludes, naturally, that the Puritans, expressing art in the creation of dwellings, ships, furniture, pots, pans, and hinges, were truer artists than the self-conscious gentlemen who today spell Art with a capital A. In that he is undoubtedly right. And Demos is awakening to it. Wealthy pants-makers are today following Mr. Eaton's example in buying up and restoring abandoned farms; agents of the metropolitan shops are buying out the farmers' parlors and refurnishing them from the mail-order catalogues; little colonial mansions adorn all the Main Streets of the United States, squeezed in upon one another as closely as their predecessors, the imitation castles. The Metropolitan Museum has chastely canonized our ancestors' good taste. But barring all this copying of old models, how is a generation too busy and too tired to whittle to acquire a craftsmanship of its own?

The Going of M. Jusserand

WE have withheld comment upon the retirement of Ambassador Jusserand from the post he has filled with such success for so many years in the hope that the Herriot Government would reconsider and order the ambassador to remain. The doyen of the diplomatic corps, he has been on duty in Washington for so long that one has come to consider him as much an institution as the mounted statue of Jackson or the Washington Monument itself. Modest and unassuming, he has typified the best there was in the old diplomacy and he has combined this with a literary skill, a versatility, and an authority which have made him deservedly conspicuous in the world of letters. We have too few of his type in our citizenship or any other residing among us.

There are still other reasons why we hold M. Jusserand in admiration. He might well have been forgiven had he laid aside his modesty and altered his simple bearing when the war came. The tremendous exaltation of his country in American eyes as the war progressed because of the heroic struggle of the masses of the French people against such disaster and suffering as were theirs might well have led another to assume an aggressive or even a presumptuous attitude. There is surely no higher praise that we can bestow upon the ambassador than to say that, so far as we can recall, he struck not one single false note, made no imperialistic or provocative speech, and in no wise undertook to tell us how we should conduct our affairs. We have often had to complain of the pro-French propaganda carried on in this country by M. Gaston Liébert and others, but our quarrel was not with M. Jusserand, and the responsibility for their objectionable propaganda rests not upon him but in Paris. Undoubtedly the correctness of his bearing was due to his own innate qualities, but it may surely be attributed to his understanding of us, an understanding in which he has been surpassed by only one other diplomat—Lord Bryce.

Glancing over one of his war-time speeches we note that Ambassador Jusserand quoted Marcus Aurelius as follows:

> Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, *to hate any man*, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains.

Those are admirable sentiments. Had they governed the Allies and especially his own Government in the years following the war the history of Europe would have been different. But no one can hold the ambassador responsible for the policies of his country. The fact that we wish to stress today is that he has not been an inciter to hate while in America and that he has ever worked for the right relations between this country and the great republic he represents. So we end where we began, with the expression of our intense regret that M. Herriot could not have seen his way clear to permitting the ambassador to remain still longer in active service in the country which has come to regard him with affection as well as high respect. Nor can we personally forget that his brilliant pen has occasionally contributed to these columns. The fact that our views have necessarily diverged from his since war-time days has not diminished, but rather enhanced, the regard in which we have always held him.

The Standard Oil's Death Factory

By MARY ROSS

ON Friday Ernest Oelgert went "loony" at work. Someone was following him, he complained. Then he dodged about the Standard Oil plant at Elizabeth, N. J., shouting that three men were coming at him at once. They took him to the hospital in Elizabeth. He died there the next day, in convulsions.

Others who had worked beside him in what the men called the "loony-gas building" acted strangely. William McSweeney went home from work sick and so violent that his sister called a policeman. When the policeman came he had to get in three other men to put McSweeney in a strait-jacket. They say William Kresge lost twenty-two pounds in four weeks during which he had worked in the building. Walter Dymock, ill at home, got up at night and walked out a second-story window. A passerby found him and called an ambulance. On Sunday these men and one other, Herbert Fuson, were taken to New York to the Reconstruction Hospital, which specializes in the treatment of industrial diseases and accidents.

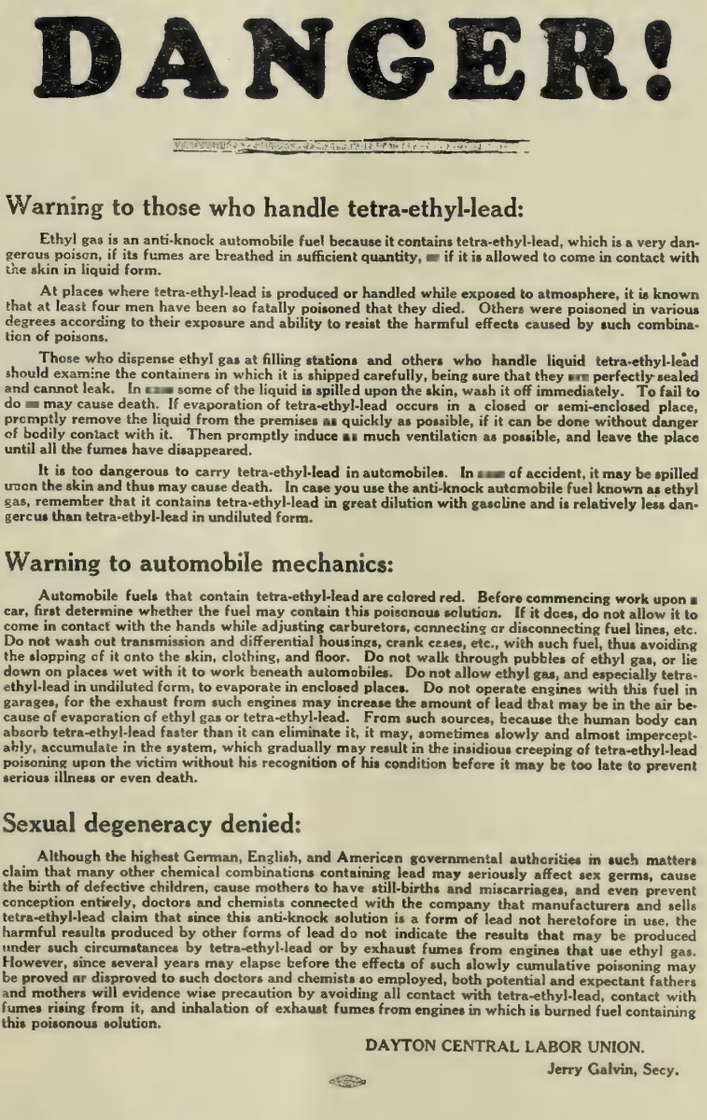
Dymock died on Monday in a violent delirium; McSweeney, who until a year ago had been a brigadier general in the army of the Irish Free State. died the next day; Kresge on Wednesday; Fuson, strait-jacketed also, on Thursday. The "loony-gas" story came back to the first page of the New York newspapers. Thirty-six other employees of the Elizabeth plant of the Standard Oil were placed under observation in hospitals, eight others in their homes. Some of them showed no symptoms, others had headaches, "mental disturbances," dreams, or delirium.

With the deaths of the fourth and the fifth man came statements from the Standard Oil, one of whose executives had declared on the first day that "the men probably went insane because they worked too hard." The "loony-gas" was, in fact, no mystery, but lead tetra-ethyl; its manufacture, in a so-called research building, was the try-out of a new commercial undertaking on the part of the General Motors Chemical Company and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which together own the Ethyl Gasoline Company. The substance, known to chemists for more than half a century, and known as a deadly poison, is added to gasoline to keep engines from knocking. This ethyl gasoline, according to the Standard Oil Company, had, without waiting for fuller experimental tests, been put in use in 10,000 filling stations and garages.

From other sources came other bits of information. The discovery that lead tetra-ethyl would increase the power of gasoline and prevent the formation of carbon and knocking of the engine was made at the plant of the General Motors Chemical Company at Dayton, Ohio. It is claimed that gasoline in which a small amount of it is dissolved will give an 8 per cent increase in power with an increase in cost of only 6 per cent. Multiplying that gain by the billions of gallons of gasoline burned in the country's twelve million automobiles will give some idea of the profits at stake in the commercial exploitation of this discovery.

But lead tetra-ethyl is so poisonous that a little rubbed on a man's hand will lower his blood pressure, perhaps even make him unconscious, before he can cross the room to wash it off. Its poison is absorbed in this way through the skin, or inhaled through the lungs from fumes which escape from large retorts during the course of manufacture. These fumes, according to Dr. Gilman Thompson, who is consulting physician for the Standard Oil Company, cause a congestion of the brain which results in symptoms not unlike those of delirium tremens. The Standard Oil Company declares that no accidents have been reported from the use of the treated gasoline in which the lead compound is present in dilution, though Dr. Yandell Henderson, professor of applied physiology at Yale University, believes that handling this gasoline or breathing the exhaust from an engine in which it is burned constitutes an insidious menace to health, possibly even to life.

Two years ago the General Motors Company asked Dr. Henderson, who is an expert in this field, to give his opinion on the use of tetra-ethyl lead gas. He reported that lead thus volatilized attacked the brain and nerves rapidly, resulting in the most dangerous form of lead poisoning, with delirium, paralysis, and other severe symptoms char-



DANGER!

Warning to those who handle tetra-ethyl-lead:

Ethyl gas is an anti-knock automobile fuel because it contains tetra-ethyl-lead, which is a very dangerous poison, if its fumes are breathed in sufficient quantity, or if it is allowed to come in contact with the skin in liquid form.

At places where tetra-ethyl-lead is produced or handled while exposed to atmosphere, it is known that at least four men have been so fatally poisoned that they died. Others were poisoned in various degrees according to their exposure and ability to resist the harmful effects caused by such combination of poisons.

Those who dispense ethyl gas at filling stations and others who handle liquid tetra-ethyl-lead should examine the containers in which it is shipped carefully, being sure that they are perfectly sealed and cannot leak. In case some of the liquid is spilled upon the skin, wash it off immediately. To fail to do so may cause death. If evaporation of tetra-ethyl-lead occurs in a closed or semi-enclosed place, promptly remove the liquid from the premises as quickly as possible, if it can be done without danger of bodily contact with it. Then promptly induce as much ventilation as possible, and leave the place until all the fumes have disappeared.

It is too dangerous to carry tetra-ethyl-lead in automobiles. In case of accident, it may be spilled upon the skin and thus may cause death. In case you use the anti-knock automobile fuel known as ethyl gas, remember that it contains tetra-ethyl-lead in great dilution with gasoline and is relatively less dangerous than tetra-ethyl-lead in undiluted form.

Warning to automobile mechanics:

Automobile fuels that contain tetra-ethyl-lead are colored red. Before commencing work upon a car, first determine whether the fuel may contain this poisonous solution. If it does, do not allow it to come in contact with the hands while adjusting carburetors, connecting or disconnecting fuel lines, etc. Do not wash out transmission and differential housings, crank cases, etc., with such fuel, thus avoiding the slopping of it onto the skin, clothing, and floor. Do not walk through pubbles of ethyl gas, or lie down on places wet with it to work beneath automobiles. Do not allow ethyl gas, and especially tetra-ethyl-lead in undiluted form, to evaporate in enclosed places. Do not operate engines with this fuel in garages, for the exhaust from such engines may increase the amount of lead that may be in the air because of evaporation of ethyl gas or tetra-ethyl-lead. From such sources, because the human body can absorb tetra-ethyl-lead faster than it can eliminate it, it may, sometimes slowly and almost imperceptably, accumulate in the system, which gradually may result in the insidious creeping of tetra-ethyl-lead poisoning upon the victim without his recognition of his condition before it may be too late to prevent serious illness or even death.

Sexual degeneracy denied:

Although the highest German, English, and American governmental authorities in such matters claim that many other chemical combinations containing lead may seriously affect sex germs, cause the birth of defective children, cause mothers to have still-births and miscarriages, and even prevent conception entirely, doctors and chemists connected with the company that manufacturers and sells tetra-ethyl-lead claim that since this anti-knock solution is a form of lead not heretofore in use, the harmful results produced by other forms of lead do not indicate the results that may be produced under such circumstances by tetra-ethyl-lead or by exhaust fumes from engines that use ethyl gas. However, since several years may elapse before the effects of such slowly cumulative poisoning may be proved or disproved to such doctors and chemists so employed, both potential and expectant fathers and mothers will evidence wise precaution by avoiding all contact with tetra-ethyl-lead, contact with fumes rising from it, and inhalation of exhaust fumes from engines in which is burned fuel containing this poisonous solution.

DAYTON CENTRAL LABOR UNION.
Jerry Galvin, Secy.

acteristic of the poisoning, which may cause permanent damage to the body when they do not kill. He believed that the exhausts from automobiles using this fuel in heavy traffic might well poison pedestrians on the street; in a garage the results would be even more disastrous. The fumes are especially dangerous, as symptoms may not develop at once and serious harm may be done before the victim realizes his peril.

A year ago the companies interested in ethyl gasoline asked the Bureau of Mines to investigate it with a view to determining its toxicity and the effects of the exhaust fumes. At the time of the Elizabeth accidents, the results of that study had not yet been made public. Its conclusions indicate that the substance is not dangerous as a motor fuel, but no report has been made yet in regard to danger in its manufacture.

The companies had also asked the research staff at Harvard University to undertake another analysis, but that request was refused. They also asked a report from the recently established department of industrial hygiene at Columbia University. Work there has been carried on for several months but still is incomplete.

But the companies did not wait. Manufacture went on. Two workmen died at the Dayton plant. The Du Pont plant in Wilmington, which makes lead tetra-ethyl on a commercial scale, also killed some of its workers. Manufacture was started on August 1 at the Elizabeth plant on a small scale; it was planned to carry the work on in a research building for six months as a temporary expedient to develop a commercial technique which could guide the company in the building of a large permanent factory, probably in Chicago. The tragedy which closed its doors on October 25 involved the death or hospitalization of virtually every man who was then employed in the "loony-gas" plant, and efforts are being made to determine whether or not the suicide of a chemist who jumped to death from his boarding-house last September and the illness of others who quit during the fall are to be traced to the same poison.

Manufacture on a commercial scale, according to Dr. Gilman Thompson, consulting expert for the Standard Oil, involves "processes still more or less in a stage of development. . . . This has occasioned unforeseen accidents, which, as processes and apparatus are further perfected, should be avoidable in the future."

Work at the Du Pont plant has apparently suffered a somewhat similar development. Its president is quoted as saying:

> The Du Pont company, during the experimental period, experienced much trouble with the men becoming poisoned, *even to the extent of fatalities*. During the past year of production, when more than 100 men have been employed continuously, the difficulty has diminished steadily. In the past several months, under full production, only slight difficulties have been encountered. Experience has taught the necessary protection, both in plant and medical care.

An experience, however, bought dearly at the expense of those unfortunate enough to incur a "fatality"! And what, in human terms, are the present "slight difficulties"?

In the light of Mr. Du Pont's assurance that "workmen cumulatively poisoned by this material invariably indicate it in the incipient stages, before any harm is done, by a marked symptom," it is difficult to harmonize the collapse of the whole working force at Elizabeth on successive days with the statement of the Standard Oil that its men were protected by every safeguard of equipment and supervision. Investigations have been started by the prosecutor of Union County and the New Jersey State Department of Labor to determine whether or not proper ventilating devices, medical inspection, facilities for washing and for changing work-clothes, and similar measures were in force. Rumors of neglect must be sifted. The workmen who were poisoned and died were not scientists working open-eyed in the investigation of a dangerous substance; they were common laborers, hired at eighty-five cents an hour, to carry out a new method of commercial manufacture for the profit of the Standard Oil. When an accident involves the whole plant it is difficult to accept such an excuse as that offered in the case of the two deaths at Dayton, where it was said that "without desiring to attach any blame to the employees" it was "very difficult to get the men to make use of safety devices provided for their protection by the company."

In due time the legal machinery probably will grind out a decision placing the blame for the deaths of the five men. In due time, also, scientists will provide at least a majority opinion as to whether or not the new fuel, ethyl gasoline, is fit for use, humanly speaking. The health department of New York City and health officers in parts of New Jersey have barred its sale. The Standard Oil's original idea of having it tested scientifically before trouble had been reported was good, but any member of the general motor-using public will inquire why, with one adverse judgment and two other investigations still incomplete, the company rushed forward and put the suspicious substance on sale in those 10,000 filling stations of which the company itself speaks.

It is to be hoped that the Standard Oil's assertion that there are no reports of untoward incidents in the use of ethyl gasoline, with its fraction of one per cent of lead tetra-ethyl, means that none have occurred. The case of the nine or more men who have met death in its manufacture in the last few months, and of the several times that number who have suffered serious, perhaps permanent, disability, offers unfortunately no room for optimism. They were human material, bought in the labor market at eighty-five cents an hour, and scrapped in the feverish rush to try out and market a new product which promised tremendous financial returns. It is always in such crises that the safeguards that protect human life suffer the worst disasters; when manufacture becomes routine and is carried on on a large scale public control comes to bear more effectively.

These men, however, are dead. To men still alive other questions, which judicial investigation can settle, are pertinent: Can the manufacture of ethyl gasoline be made safe enough to be tolerated in a civilized community? Was the wisdom learned by tragic experience at Wilmington applied at Elizabeth? Were the men told the history of work at Wilmington and Dayton so that they knowingly risked their lives for a wage and a nine-days' newspaper wonder? And finally:

When human lives, reckoned in dollars and cents, are cheap, and vast financial stakes are at issue in a venture demanding quick and risky action, are there any but the workers themselves to insist that commercial progress shall not be bought at an indefensible cost to their minds and bodies?

Try It On with Ships

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THERE is great promptness in government work at Washington. This promptness shows itself at twenty-nine minutes past four every afternoon. The number of clerks who can conclude their day's work, put on their hats, and get out of the doors of a government building between four twenty-nine and four thirty-one every afternoon without fail is one of the country's great spectacles of dispatch in the conduct of human affairs.

Government business reverses the cruel practices of private business. In government business the underneath people in multitudes are totally exempted from overwork, while the top people are frequently condemned to dreary drudgery.

Interstate commerce commissioners, those great and lofty characters who with a wiggle of their little fingers make and unmake rate-structures and the fortunes of the transportation system of the mightiest country on earth, sir, can be seen going home under the burden of large piles of documents which they must peruse in their evening hours.

Justices of the Supreme Court can be seen transforming the court into an intellectual sweat-shop of unceasing toil, especially if, like Mr. Justice Brandeis, besides reading everything about the cases which they have to decide, they feel it necessary to read everything else in order to get further light on the cases.

Presidents also have to work, even if, like the present President, which seldom happens, they know how to analyze and organize their work so well as to be able to get to bed at ten o'clock every night.

Top people at Washington, for the most part, perform labor, really. The first problem in public ownership and operation of anything at Washington is to provide the rank and file of employees with inspiring and compelling reasons for jazzing up the pace of their endeavors. Advocates of public ownership and operation might well address themselves to this problem. They confine themselves usually to trying to achieve public ownership and operation of something now privately owned and operated. This writer suggests to them, and to his boss, the editor of *The Nation*, that he and they might happily expand their propaganda to the point of trying to bring it about that something already publicly owned and operated at Washington should be operated well.

This writer, who looks with a cold eye at public ownership and operation of anything, is willing out of courtesy to go farther and to point out a specific instance in which public ownership and operation at Washington is in need of every assistance that the advocates of public ownership and operation can give it. This instance is ships. Why worry about public ownership and operation of gigantic water-power plants not yet built? Why not pay a little attention to the gigantic fleet of merchant vessels already in public hands and already being managed for weal or for woe by a government department? The thing for the advocates of public ownership and operation to do is to concentrate their energies upon our governmental merchant fleet and show us old weather-worn cynics at the national capital how to make this undertaking an undoubted and glittering success.

The first problem to be solved will be the one to which reference has already been made. It will be necessary to create in the Shipping Board and in the Emergency Fleet Corporation the situation which exists today in most private companies and which enables underneath people to rise readily into being top people. Today, for instance, most railroad presidents rise from the ranks. Today, in a company like the great Standard Oil Company of Indiana, virtually every director, and perhaps absolutely every one, started at some such level as being the driver of a tank-wagon.

We must fix it so that the clerk who is filing manifests for the voyages of government freighters can readily see himself becoming a member of the Shipping Board. At present the law provides that two members of the Shipping Board must come from States on the Pacific, two of them from States on the Atlantic, one of them from a State on the Gulf of Mexico, one of them from a State on the Great Lakes, and one from "the interior." It further provides that not more than four of them shall be from the same political party.

Under a similar system the Standard Oil Company of Indiana would provide that three of its directors must come from Indianapolis and one each from Terre Haute, South Bend, Evansville, and Muncie, while one must come from some Indiana county neither on the Ohio River nor on Lake Michigan, and that if a director who was a Republican died he should be succeeded by a Republican and not by a Democrat. In practice further, if the Standard Oil Company of Indiana were managed like the Shipping Board, it would provide that the only sure way of never becoming a director of the company would be to enter its service as a rank-and-file employee.

It happens that at this moment at least fifteen distinguished persons are being considered by the President of the United States for appointment to the office of Secretary of Agriculture. It teaches every government clerk a lesson to notice that not one of these persons is a Department of Agriculture rank-and-file product.

Speaking roughly, and brutally, the under dog at Washington has just no chance at all ever to be really top dog. That must be changed if the Shipping Board service is ever going to be as alluring to young talent as the service of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana is.

Next, the Senate and the House of Representatives must be persuaded to be willing to pay for talent in the jobs that lie between the top and the bottom. The top people, like Cabinet members, have glory. The people just under them, and above the grade of clerk, have little glory. What compensation of nation-wide fame comes to a man for managing a government bureau or a government ship? Such men in such positions are forever fleeing from government employ to find refuge—and appreciation—in the service of ruthless private capitalists.

A multitude of other problems in the technique of successful government ownership and operation await solution. Why not descend upon Washington and solve them? Most of our ocean-going merchant ships seem likely for many years to be governmental. Perhaps, if the advocates of public ownership and operation would turn in and make the public service as attractive and as effective as private service is, those ships would remain governmental forever.

That's the challenge.

The Nepman Is Passing

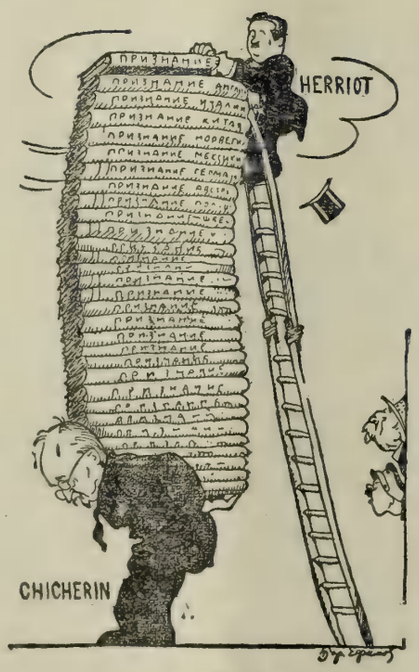
By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, September 23

THERE have been seven years of Bolshevik Russia and four of the New Economic Policy. To what extent has the NEP eclipsed the revolution? To what extent has it fortified the achievements of the revolution?

For the moment we are not interested in the NEP as an economic phenomenon. The NEP released a spiritual force, a highly demoralizing spiritual force, which is making its influence felt on the machinery of state and even on the hitherto unassailable heights of the Communist Party. No mystery envelops the source of this evil. The NEP reintroduced and placed official sanction on the inequalities of remuneration and of manner of living which the system of 1917-1921, the system of "military communism," had sought, ofttimes successfully, to eliminate.

Take the flagrant offenses of Krasnoschokov, the director of one of the largest government banks in Russia. He was a devoted Communist; had been president of the Far Eastern (Chita) Republic. But under the lure of the NEP he misused state funds to entertain sumptuously, to give gipsy parties, in general to live as befits the head of a big financial institution in a capitalistic country. The money he appropriated was a mere bagatelle. His real crime consisted in having succumbed to the temptations which the NEP put in his path. No man in Moscow would have found it possible to do in 1918 what Krasnoschokov did in 1923. Not that luxuries and comforts were unattainable. But Communists and many Soviet sympathizers disdained them. Now all do not.



From *Pravda* (Moscow)

Chicherin Staggering Under the Weight of Recognition

We do not ask the Communists to toe an ascetic line. They deserve the good things of the earth much more than some other persons. In their devotion multitudes do deny themselves these satisfactions. But the wrong inherent in the NEP is that it dangles objects of desire before the servants of the Soviet state while withholding from these individuals the possibility of obtaining them through means that are beyond reproach. Sometimes the consequent irregularities are as serious as bribe-taking; sometimes of a much more innocent nature yet fundamentally as corrupting. There are tens of thousands of Russians in high official positions who have resisted these temptations, and we should say that the great majority of the Communist Party are still as honest and as puritanical as Lenin would have had them be. Yet an increasingly large percentage of responsible persons in Russia is succumbing to the slow siege of NEP standards.

Elsewhere many of the sins we refer to would be usual and regarded as natural. It is a common failing the world over to be pulled by "pull" and to give a ready ear to one's friends and relatives. But somehow it strikes the observer as particularly discordant in Soviet Russia. A Communist has a single room in a government dormitory and wants another. He promises a position in his office to the brother of the commandant of the house and his wish is granted. This is the sort of transgression which inspires these remarks. Because it is the more frequent form and the less apprehendible, because the perpetrator is inclined to make light of the act, it is morally as dangerous as outright graft. Yet every day in Moscow an X-ray eye and a radio ear could probably discover hundreds of such cases.

This is the canker which is eating at the healthy marrow of the revolution. To the Soviet sympathizer it is a most disappointing development. It hurts to see these things, especially since one understands that they are not the expression of a sudden perversion on the part of the individuals concerned. They are the apparently unavoidable concomitants of the NEP system. Krasnoschokov is a type of NEP victim. He is indeed one of a myriad of victims and one of a thousand who are caught and punished.

One of the worst features of this evil, perhaps the worst from the moral standpoint, is the spying which it encourages. It is more or less axiomatic that under present conditions anyone may be enticed to sin. Therefore, everyone must be watched. Accordingly each individual employee appoints himself spy extraordinary. Everyone spies on everyone else. The Communist Party has been described as a "mutual espionage society." Unfortunately the trusts and syndicates must be that, and the party has been caught in the same mesh.

If it were not for these regrettable features the NEP would be an altogether welcome phenomenon, for it made it possible for the Bolsheviks to remain in power and for the reconstruction of the country to proceed apace. The NEP has proved to all the world that state socialism or state capitalism, which is the same thing, can be practicable and profitable. Despite the fact that some Soviet industries are still working at a deficit there is sufficient proof on hand—proof in the form of increased production in all but two unimportant industries during 1923-24, in the form of many profit-earning industries, in the form of reduced state subsidies—to establish the principle, a principle which first-hand knowledge of individual enterprises confirms, that state-owned factories, mines, oil fields, etc., can be efficiently and gainfully operated. Six months ago the Government was prepared to grant Baku to an oil concessionnaire. Today the field is working so well under state management that a concession seems to have faded into the dim distance. This situation is paralleled in many other instances, and it may well be that by the time the big capitalists of the universe decide to apply for Soviet

concessions some Soviet consulate in Europe will inform their agent that his trip to Russia would be futile.

We must not minimize the difficulties. The Soviet industries suffer most, especially from an impoverished market, yet this is really only one sector of a vicious circle within which they find themselves. Generally, the cost of production in Soviet factories is above normal. Therefore, prices must be high; therefore, people do not buy. Accordingly, Dzerzhinsky, the chairman of the Supreme Economic Council, made a bold move. He is slashing the prices of almost all manufactured articles. In the last month there has been a government-decreed cut in the retail prices of shoes, leather goods, rubber goods, kerosene, cotton, woolen and linen goods, paper, matches, and silk. In some cases the reductions have amounted to 25 per cent and more.

From a narrow viewpoint this step has no economic justification. But its purpose was to break through the vicious circle, and this it is fairly certain to accomplish. It will get rid of a condition which has existed for years.

The present cut-price campaign will entail an immediate money loss to many industrial units. But it will widen their market, and to meet the increased demand they will have to produce more. Large-scale production will introduce naturally low prices to replace the artificially reduced prices of Dzerzhinsky. It is hoped that the "anti-expensiveness" crusade will thus not merely help to liquidate the surplus stocks on hand, but also justify an intensification of production by raising the buying capacity of the rural and urban population.

No sooner, therefore, had the "anti-expensiveness" war commenced to show results than Dzerzhinsky, with characteristic energy, launched a campaign for a rise in individual and group productivity. The consequent economic improvement should this year offset the effect of the poor harvest along the lower reaches of the Volga, and next year make for considerable positive progress.

The increase in the productivity of the Soviet industries is pregnant with a significance which transcends immediate monetary advantage. In the long run the twin anti-price-more-work campaign will have the effect of widening the scope of Russian industries and hence of reinforcing the ranks of the Russian proletariat. This is the touchstone of Bolshevik success. If they are able to further the industrialization of Russia and thus its proletarization they do not merely insure the perpetuation of their regime; they guarantee it against the conservatizing influence of the peasantry.

The trade unions made an interesting contribution to the debate on increased productivity. In a polemic with Dzerzhinsky the unions argued that to increase a man's output you must give him a better wage. Dzerzhinsky replied that the workers would receive better wages only when they demonstrated their ability to increase their output. Here we see Dzerzhinsky as the capitalist, the employer, and his psychology is akin to that of any other employer, for theoretically all the evils of private capitalism are inherent in state capitalism. Where there are employer, wages, and employee there must be exploitation. Naturally, there are degrees of exploitation, and to work for an exploiter who supplies the exploited with rooms at a nominal rental, free carfare, free insurance, free medical care, often free sanitariums and summer resorts, is quite different from being exploited by the United States Steel Corporation. Moreover, there is a distinction between working to enrich a private industrial Mogul and working to strengthen a workers' state whose strength will ultimately, if not in this generation then in the next, make for the improved comfort of the individual. Yet fundamentally and now the evil is the same. How will the Communist state solve the problem of labor in its own capitalistic industry? Shall we witness the coming of syndicalism (the principle of which the Bolsheviks loathe) or perhaps the development of guilds, which are really producers' cooperatives, and thus the rounding out of the cooperative commonwealth? Already some have broached the subject of trade-union participation in the management of industry.

The last season has seen feverish activity in the field of consumers' cooperatives. The conference of the Communist Party in May gave its regular annual blessing to the NEP, this time in more unmistakable language than ever, yet it simultaneously ordered a general attack on private trade. The paradox is only apparent. The NEP means freedom of the peasants to sell their grain as they see fit; it legalized private commerce and state manufacturing for profit. This license the Government has no desire to cancel. The general attack on the NEP did not take the form of a legal enactment or of the annulment of a previously promulgated edict. It is an economic measure. The Bolsheviks have gone out on the economic field of battle in an attempt to limit the scope of private trade but not, as yet, to extirpate it. Their weapon is the development of cooperatives. But they also employ administrative measures. They tax private merchants heavily, and handicap them in the buying and selling of their goods. The result is that private stores have been disappearing much faster than cooperatives and state stores can take their place. Even so good a Communist as Lomov, the head of the Russian oil syndicate, avers that any further shrinkage of private trade will have a detrimental effect on government industry by blocking the channels through which the factories can dispose of their products. But the Soviets, as Lenin once said, always make progress by advancing two steps and retreating one. The crusade against private trade during the last six months has been too successful. Soon probably an order will go out to retire to a second line and retrench. A year from today there may be another advance and another gain.

The next few years will see innumerable exhibitions of this tug of war between private capitalism and state capitalism. At best the Nepman, the private capitalist, will hold his own. But with the rehabilitation of Soviet industries and the strengthening of Soviet finances, both of which are proceeding apace, the disadvantage of the Nepman increases. The writer is convinced that even by economic methods alone the Government could now withdraw all the country's trade from private merchants and hand it over to the cooperatives. Just at present they could not assimilate the gift. Two or three years from today they may be able to. The year 1922 and the early part of 1923 were the heyday of the Nepman. He was rich and flaunted his wealth in the thoroughfares. He had his gambling casinos and cabarets. This is the period of his decline.

The steadily growing success of the state industries and the restriction of private trade: these are the Bolshevik achievements of the past year. There is another front to conquer; the demoralization of the NEP period must be stemmed.

Kuzbas in 1924

By RUTH EPPERSON KENNELL

Kemerovo, Siberia

THE autonomous industrial colony of Kuzbas at Kemerovo, Siberia, is now in its third year of existence, and already it seems a far cry to the early days of strife and uncertainty.

The opening of the chemical plant on March 1 may be considered as an announcement to the world that the colony is no longer an experiment but a successful enterprise. The plant had been designed by French and Belgian engineers and was built ten years ago by Austrian war prisoners, but had never been completed, although vitally necessary in the industrialization of Siberia. It is of small value to Siberia that one-fourth of the known coal deposits of the world lie in Kuznets Basin, because the fuel coal cannot be transported. It therefore becomes essential to convert this coal into by-products which can be shipped where they are needed.

When the American colony took over the management of the enterprise in February of last year there was a Russian "spetz" in charge of the chemical plant who had been promising for years that it would soon be running, but was actually blocking the program by deliberate acts of sabotage. One of the first steps of the new management was the appointment in his place of Dr. Mahler, who went at once to Germany to purchase machinery and equipment and engage other chemical engineers.

But the people only laughed. "It will never run," they said, and it did seem quite improbable that this great sleeping plant would ever come to life. Yet on March 2, one year after the American colony assumed control, we celebrated the formal opening of the "Chim Zavod." The day was perfect for an outdoor celebration: typical mid-winter Siberian weather—cold and still with dazzling sunshine. Standing on the steps of the office building, we watched the parade approach. Bands were playing and the red banners waved against the all-enveloping white of the snow. In the prevailing winter costume of sheepskin shuba, occasionally drawn close at the waist with a bright scarf; sheepskin mittens, huge fur hat, and clumsy felt boots, the crowd which gathered about the speakers' stand appeared somewhat grotesque. But so clothed we were able to be outdoors at thirty below.

I had hoped that on this momentous day I was at last going to see a Russian meeting through to the end. But I know now that such an accomplishment is impossible for one of my temperament. My feet began to get cold even in the cozy felt boots, my neck became stiff from standing for almost three hours, and there was no reason to expect that the next speech would be the last. So I decided to go inside.

It gave me a thrill to see the plant awakening from its long sleep and to hear the whir of machinery in the massive buildings where birds were nesting in the summer. By the time we had come to the coke ovens the meeting was ended and the parade was passing into the plant. Above, on top of the ovens, stood Dr. Mahler and other engineers. The dramatic moment of the day had come when the heavy door was lifted and in a burst of music, with clapping of hands and waving of banners, the flaming coke poured forth. A cloud of smoke from the red-hot mass hid the scene.

Several months have passed since that day. The chemical plant is carrying out its program and is producing benzol, coal tar, pitch, naphthalene, light and heavy oil. Five million poods (100,000 tons) of Kemerovo coal and three million of Kolchugina coal are being converted this year into coke, which is used chiefly to feed blast furnaces in the Urals. Other by-products which the plant will produce are ammonia, creosote, sulphuric and nitric acids.

Housing conditions continue to be unsatisfactory. New workers are constantly coming into the mines and chemical plant, and it is impossible, on account of insufficient labor and materials, to provide adequate housing for them or even to relieve the congestion among the old inhabitants. This congestion is aggravated by the immigration of the workers' relatives, who flock from the villages, hoping to find better living conditions in Kemerovo, and quarter themselves in the one room assigned to a worker and his family. When I visited the new Tartar barrack at the central shaft I was pleased with the improvements: a wide hall eliminates the evil of adjoining rooms, the stoves open into the hallway, and each spacious room has a separate pantry. But when I stepped inside one of the rooms I noticed two cradles, and when I learned that two families, comprising four adults, two infants, and seven children, lived in that one room I retreated in dismay, feeling that here was something almost as bad as a New York tenement!

As we walk through the streets and lanes of Kemerovo Rudnik and quaint Kemerovo Village, past rows of log barracks and little, fenced-in cottages where the door-yards are cluttered up with pigs, chickens, sheep, cows, and geese, there seems to be a baby at every window. The birth-rate in Kemerovo is staggeringly high—and so is the death-rate. The other day I met a woman who had given birth to nineteen children, two of whom survived; it is not uncommon to find mothers who have had eight or ten children with perhaps two living. It is a survival of the fittest. Ignorance, unsanitary conditions, improper food and care make an infant's life extremely precarious. But if he survives the early days of suffocation in a hot, air-tight room, and perpetual motion in a cradle hung from a limber birch bough, his "pacifier" perhaps an ingenious contrivance made of the dried teat of a cow and tied to the end of a horn—if the baby lives through all this he is of rugged stock, and the simple, primitive life thereafter is conducive to health and happiness.

The babies of the workers in the enterprise are brought into the world much as American babies—in a modern hospital. The mother is given free medical attention, twenty rubles from the social insurance for infants' clothing, and a sum of money for milk during the first year. These benefits, added to the eight weeks' vacation before and eight weeks' after childbirth, might be said to encourage maternity; but laws against birth control go further. Up to a year ago the Soviet Government had made birth control legal, but now Russia takes her place with other civilized nations on this issue, under the old misconception that an increased birth-rate (which the Government desires) necessarily means a like increase in population.

Notwithstanding this rather dark picture the standard of living has improved considerably in Kemerovo in the past two years. It is now possible to buy more of the necessities and conveniences of life, not only because they are now available in the cooperatives and markets, but also because people have more money with which to buy. The stabilization of the currency put an end to the constant losses the workers suffered because of the rapidly dropping paper ruble, and moreover there has been a steady increase in the wages of Kuzbas workers. The wages in 1923 averaged 20 per cent and in 1924 50 per cent higher than they were when the colony took over the industry.

It has been exasperating to colonists, accustomed to the enterprise and efficiency of an American store, to buy anything from the cooperative, and, in fact, few had the time to indulge in the experience. The store seemed to close its doors when a rush of business was imminent; for example, the day before a holiday or at hours when the workers were free. A long line of customers, sometimes extending to the road, was usually on hand, and the bored clerks showed no interest in selling their goods. When the customer finally reached the counter and selected his purchases, there was a long wait while the clerk laboriously figured up the bill with his Chinese counting-frame—a Russian clerk's inseparable companion. Next he must wait in line at the cashier's desk, a particularly long process in the old days before the ruble became stable and when the rate changed every day. (Those were the days when we carried huge bundles of paper money running into millions of rubles to buy our butter and eggs.) With his receipted bill clutched triumphantly in his hand, the customer now joined the third line which was waiting to have its orders filled.

At this point the greatest patience was required. I once watched a new clerk weighing out honey for the woman ahead of me. The scales were balanced with numerous small objects such as match boxes and nails, which it took him some time to adjust. Then he proceeded to weigh her earthen jar and ladle out the honey. But first it was too heavy, then it was too light; he would add a ladleful and take out a ladleful, drop it back into the barrel, scoop up another ladleful, take it away again, and so on and on. I was almost screaming with impatience, but the housewife seemed unperturbed. At the closing hour, three o'clock, the line of customers was turned ruthlessly away —even the line with receipted bills.

Although much the same procedure is still observed, it is carried on at doubled speed; the store is open when you want it to be and the clerks show a gratifying desire to accommodate. This great transformation can be partly attributed to insistent agitation and complaints started by colonists; but it is also, of course, a local indication of the general improvement in business and industry throughout Russia.

A radical step toward community life was the opening of a dairy, with the first milk delivery I have heard of in Russia. The head of the Farm Department, W. H. Kingery, proposed that the management solve the problem of the cattle, which overran the town, by purchasing them and operating a community dairy which would sell milk to the inhabitants, giving reduced rates to workers on low categories with large families.

But it so happens that the family cow is a sacred institution in the villages and often the chief sustenance of a family. Each little cottage or portion of a cottage has its cow, which wanders about the streets or grazes in the community gardens. In summer grazing land is provided for the cows and herd boys drive them back and forth to pasture morning and evening. In winter they block the footpaths or, straying off the paths, stand knee-deep in snow, looking forlorn and unkempt. Although they are a public nuisance, it is hardly to be expected that the people would at this stage consider the welfare of the community above their individual livelihoods.

Protest meetings were held and the owners of cows voiced their indignation at the Americans who would force them to sell by depriving them of grazing land. The management soon gave up the idea of putting through the whole program at once. Pastures were furnished at some distance from town, land was extensively fenced, and the Farm Department is buying from those who wish to sell. The number of these will increase as the advantages of obtaining milk from the dairy become more apparent.

So now in the early morning a familiar echo of civilization falls upon our waking ears: the rattle of milk cans as the dairy wagon passes. The wagon itself should charm the eyes of the doubting inhabitants; it is inclosed with wire screen and looks tantalizingly like an ice-cream wagon in America. The fresh milk flows from the faucet of a big tank, the customers furnishing their own receptacles.

For the leisurely minded the theaters offer frequent (and prolonged) entertainment. A few weeks ago I dubiously bought a ticket—being assured that this performance would begin early—to a play given by the Workers' Club for the benefit of the Red army invalids. At 8:30 the actors began to arrive, so we decided to brace ourselves for the evidently long siege ahead by a brisk walk over the open ground about the little log theater.

At sunset we went inside. It was then ten o'clock and the house was full—a well-dressed and festive crowd. The blaring orchestra played encouragingly for one hour, after which, with seeming reluctance, the curtain rose. It was an elaborate production of "The Bright God." As the intermissions between acts were longer than the acts, I found it hard to keep my interest in the play. However, to a majority of the audience this waiting has become a part of the entertainment. Between acts they repaired to the outdoors and promenaded in the mild twilight of the Siberian summer night in their accustomed cheerful way. It was three o'clock when the fourth act was over, and there was still one more. The band moved outside with the crowd and played its most strident selections to keep up our spirits. It was now bright daylight; the long procession of the villagers' cows was moving toward the pastures; snowy geese were strutting about the door of the theater with their goslings, the color of pussy willows, and hissing at us; a sow and her pigs were having a glorious time in the mud by the pumping station.

The third and last warning bell sounded. We returned to our seats. It was an oriental scene and the lights were red to give a mystic effect. But in through the windows streamed the bright morning sunshine. In the matter-of-fact daylight the dusky make-ups shone forth greasily. It was like seeing the side-show of a circus in the daytime. Although it was four o'clock before the performance was over, many stayed for the dance which usually follows a play.

While the American colony to a large extent lives apart

from the Russian population, we work together and have no social life to speak of apart from theirs. The hostility seems to have disappeared with the complete elimination of the old "spetz" in the industry. Even the community dining-rooms have become public boarding-houses in which only about half of the diners are colonists.

A few weeks ago the colony cooperative voted to abolish the 60-per-cent system and went over to a basis on which each person pays a flat rate for his food, instead of 60 per cent of his category. Thus passed the last remnant of our experiment in pure communism—the actual practice of the maxim: "From each according to his ability; to each according to his need." One objection to the system was that it did not always work according to this rule, since men on piece-work and overtime often earn as much as others on the highest categories, and yet paid only 60 per cent of a lower category. But, since it was impractical to charge 60 per cent of the total earnings, and there were continual labor troubles in the kitchens (the labor being more or less voluntary, because a wife received her food "payok" whether she worked or not), the "100-per-cent system" passed with little opposition. The rate for meals was made low enough to accommodate all workers and the management agreed to subsidize the children of colonists.

Yet I would not go so far as to say that our adventure in communistic life was a failure. The colonists on higher categories voiced no objection to paying more for their food than those on lower wages; but the board of management of the colony cooperative requested the change because of the complicated bookkeeping such a mixed economic system made necessary and the other difficulties it created.

The colony now consists of 400 members, of whom 230 are men, 100 are women, and 70 are children. About 25 of the women are "Russian wives." Of the 600 persons who have come to Kemerovo from America since January of 1922, 200 have left. The colony has, for some months past, been operating at a profit, which during the coming year is expected to amount to a million rubles.

A Russian Summer Resort

By MAX EASTMAN

THE best place to find out what different kinds of folks in Russia think about the Government is a summer resort. All classes of the population are there. The working class is there in thousands, occupying the majority of the big cottages, which have been turned into "sanatoriums" for workers under the direction of the Commissariat of Public Health. The "government servants" are there, occupying the rest of the big cottages. The Nepmen are there in the big summer hotel, which also pertains to the Commissariat but is used to make money to support the sanatoriums. The "servant class" is there, working in the hotel just as they used to. The old petit-bourgeoisie is in the little cottages, owning them again if they are very little, and clinging on in the capacity of caretaker if they are big enough to have been taken over by the all-devouring commissariat of Dr. Semashko. The bandits are on the mountains surrounding, and the peasantry drive their goods in every day to the little fly-beloved market in the public square. It is all there, the whole Soviet civilization.

Moreover, if your summer resort happens to be on the shore of the Black Sea, and you arrive by boat from Batum, you can go forward and have a talk with the sailors. Sailors are always a little revolutionary. Sailors in Russia take the breath out of your mouth with the rapid and reckless force of their disquisitions on the significance of the Soviets and the fall of world capitalism. They have absolute confidence in their Government, understand perfectly the "retreat" involved in the New Economic Policy, can explain it with as masterly a practicality as could Lenin himself, and far more clearly. There are a hundred and seventy of them on board one of those steamers, healthy, happy, brown, smiling at world events and feeling triumphant. You get to thinking that the opinions of the passengers amount to very little when you see these big, strong, unhesitating, convinced men.

* * * * *

I stopped at Sochi, and went first to the big hotel, where I stayed long enough to get well acquainted with the new Russian money-aristocracy, the successful Nepmen. They have left me with an impression of something rude, fat, and feeble in the enjoyment of life. They remind me of Art Young's pictures of capitalists. A man who can explain his having a little money by saying that he is an engineer, or the head of a government-owned "trust," is happier. To be an expert engineer in the service of the Government, and then speculate on the side and get rich—that is real selfish beatitude in Russia. To be merely a rich man is a little unpleasant. The present is inglorious and the future uncertain. It is so, that is to say, if you are a sensitive person. The result is that the Nep class is composed mainly of unsensitive persons. Their attitude to the Bolshevik Government is crude and childish. Its principal stock in trade consists in calling the Bolsheviks "the comrades."

"We used to have napkins," your hostess apologizes, "but the *comrades* took them away from us."

* * * * *

I spoke of the speculating engineer as a happier class than the Nepmen—a class that carries off the aristocratic bearing a little better, at least, under these trying circumstances. There was one of these engineers in my summer hotel, a tall clear-headed man of strong thoughts.

"The Soviet Government," he told me frankly, "is what stands in the way of the economic and cultural revival of Russia." I asked him if he thought it would be better if there hadn't been any Soviet Government.

"I wouldn't say that," he said, "and I will tell you why. If it hadn't been for the extreme policies, and the intrinsically foolish and impossible policies of the Bolsheviks, the old regime would have come back. Nobody wants the old regime to come back. No thinking man in Russia wants any more of the Czar. History will thank the Bolsheviks for cleaning that stuff out so thoroughly that it has become unthinkable. Everybody knows that Russia will be a repub-

lic and the land will belong to the peasants. We can thank Bolshevik fanaticism for that."

I told him that it had been a cherished belief in America that the Russian peasant so loved the "Little Father" that he could never get along without him.

"That is all pure nonsense," he said. "It didn't make five minutes difference to the Russian peasant whether he had a czar or not. People take those things as they come. What the Russian peasant wanted was the land."

I saw an illustration of his statement a few days later in the little market. There is a scarcity of paper bags in Russia, and groceries that you buy are poured into little cones made out of the pages of all sorts of old books and magazines—everything from higher mathematics to the poetry of Pushkin. I have an impression that all the pre-revolutionary culture of Russia is dribbling out of existence in this manner. One day an old man who was selling red and white cherries under a shaggy burlap umbrella turned up a page containing the picture of that poor, whiskered, meaningless face of Nicholas, with all his medals under his chin. A younger man was selling cutlery across the alley.

"Look out, papa, you'll be arrested!" he shouted. And as the old man looked a little nervous, he pointed to the Czar sitting there in the basket.

The old man knew it was a joke, but he didn't know what to do. Maybe he had some lingering feeling that things about the Czar were important. He stood the Czar on his head in the cherries first, and then changed his mind and pulled him out, turned him this way and that, and finally offered him for sale.

The young man left his booth and came across the alley. "Citizens, the Czar!" he cried. "Two rubles for the Czar! Two rubles off if you take the Czar with a pound of cherries!"

From the *Projector* (Moscow)

The Boulevard Aviation Society

A laughing crowd gathered around, and one of them bought a pound of cherries, which the young man wrapped up in the Czar's face. The old man cheerfully accepted two rubles less than his price, waving the "Little Father" away with a comical gesture of good riddance.

* * * * *

The man who runs the hotel is a gentle-talking, kindly, gray-haired philosopher, very sympathetic to my idea of finding out what Russians think about Russia.

"I'm not political," he says. "I stood aside from it all. I saw seven different governments come and go here, before they got it settled. The Reds put me in jail the first time, when the Cossacks were in the mountains, and things were very tense. That was just on the general principle that I was a bourgeois. They let me out as soon as it was over."

"I suppose they shot some who were actively opposed," I said.

"They shot about a hundred," he said.

"Did the Whites shoot too?" I asked.

"No," he said, "but only because there weren't any Reds here to shoot."

"Do you think the Bolshevik regime is a success?" I asked him.

"It's a political success," he said, "but there's no industry. Things are bad—they couldn't be worse—and they're not getting any better."

"Do you expect another revolution?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "No."

"But you don't think things are going to improve under the present regime?"

"I don't see how they can," he said.

"What do you expect, then, in the future?" I urged, and he smiled at my urgency.

"I don't expect anything in particular," he said. "It is hard to tell what the future contains."

When a Russian says that things are in ruin and are not likely to get any better, it does not mean that he is in a state of despair. It does not mean that life has come to nothing, as it would if an American said it. It means that he will turn from the idea of progress to some other idea, or some feelings, perhaps intrinsically more interesting. He never was entirely eaten up by that idea, as we are. It was an interesting Western importation, this insane absorption in *becoming*. He is more oriental, more contented with *being*. If "progress" is a failure, why, then, perhaps something else will succeed better!

* * * * *

You wander along in a reflective mood until you arrive at a little sort of Childs' restaurant on the other side of the market. Standing in front of this restaurant in the attitude of a proprietor you will see a black-eyed, black-bearded gentleman, with the swarthy complexion and great big dangerous-looking nose of these Caucasus mountain races.

"What did you come to Russia for?" he asks you. "I'd get out of here in an hour and a half if I had the chance. It's a damned hopeless place. I know what it is. You needn't say anything. I've lived abroad too."

"You've got some reasonable kind of freedom there," he goes on. "I know. If I live in America and I hate a man, I can go and kill him, can't I, and then explain myself to the police." He brushed his thumb over his fingers in a gesture which is international. "What can I do here if I hate a man?" he asks you eloquently.

You are at a loss for an answer, and he continues:

"Why, even in Finland—I've traveled, I've lived in Finland—there you can kill a Russian if you've got twenty-five gold rubles about you. Here in Russia if you kill somebody the Government comes right along and kills you!"

"I suppose they've had a good deal of trouble establishing order," you suggest timidly, "and they had to be strict at first."

"Order!" he shouts. "What kind of order is that? They don't give you any chance to explain yourself. They just clap you right in jail, and then when they get ready they try you for murder and shoot you. That's no kind of order!"

You draw out your notebook in silent admiration.

"A government," he concludes emphatically, "ought to take a man's feelings into consideration."

Autumn

TRANSLATED BY MAX EASTMAN, FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

October at last has come! The thicket has shaken
The last leaf lingering down from the naked branch.
Autumn is breathing cold, the road is frozen—
The brook still runs with a murmur behind the mill,
But the pond is still; my neighbor is up and away
With a hunt, away to the farthest dreaming field,
Where the winter wheat will suffer from his mad sport,
And the bark of dogs will startle the forest oaks.

It is my time now! I never could love the spring,
The dragging thaw, the mud, the stench—I am sick
In spring: my blood's astray, my mind is oppressed
With a yearning pain. Winter is better for me.
I love the serious snow-fields under the moon!
How the light run of the sled is swift and free,
And the hand of a love down under the sables warm! . . .

And Oh the run, to be shod with the sharpened steel,
And glide on the glassy face of the standing river!
The shining alarm of a winter holiday!
But still there's a limit in things!—A half year's snow—
Even at last to the old cave-dweller, the bear,
It is long enough! You can not forever and ever
Slide in a sled with the beautiful young Armida,
Or sulk behind double glass by a friendly stove. . . .

They commonly scold the last days of autumn: to me,
My reader and friend, they are dear; their beauty is quiet,
Their modesty brilliant; they draw me to them like a child
Whom the family does not love. I will tell you frankly:
Of all the seasons of time I can love but one;
I find in her—I am not a vainglorious lover,
Though wilful of fancy—I find in my love much good.

How shall I tell you? She ravishes me
As a dying virgin, perhaps, might ravish you.
Condemned, and bending meekly, and murmuring not.
Not angry—a smile on the fading lips—
She does not perceive the abysmal opening mouth
Of the tomb—the purplish light on her features, plays—
Today she is here—she lives—and tomorrow not.

Sweet mournful days, charm of the dreaming eyes,
Your beauty is dear to me that says farewell!
I love the sumptuous decline of nature's life,
The tents of the forest adorned with purple and gold,
And loud with the sound of the faster breath of the wind,
A billowy curtain of fog concealing the sky,
And the sun's rare beam, and the early frost,
And the threat of the gray-head winter standing off!

With every autumn that comes I bloom again;
It is good for my health, it is good, this Russian cold;
I fall afresh in love with the habit of being;
Sleep flies early, and hunger is in its place,
The blood romps joyfully through my heart,
Desire seethes up—I laugh again, I am young,
I am living life—such is my organism
(If you will excuse me, please, the prosaism).
So saddle my horse; and into the plentiful open
With fluttering mane he will carry me flying, and under
His body his glittering hoofs will ring like a tune
Through the frozen valley, will crackle and crash on the ice—
Till the brief day dies! And then the chimney, forgotten,
Will waken again with fire—will pour sharp light,
Or dimly glow, while I sit reading long,
And nourishing the long thoughts in my soul. . . .

The Fight Against Famine

By JESSICA SMITH

I BOARDED one of the comfortable little steamers that plies up and down the Volga at Nijni-Novgorod last August, and went southward through the prosperous central section, where the peasants were gathering the best crops they had had in years, to the lower districts where the higher banks of the upper river flatten into wide fertile plains which produce enough grain to feed all of Russia when there is plenty of rain, but which hardly return the seed that is put into them in the frequent years of drought.

It was a leisurely half-freight, half-passenger steamer, not one of the swifter, more luxurious craft which carry Nepmen and workers to the watering places of the Caucasus. That meant that we stopped long hours at all the landing places and had plenty of time to go ashore and see for ourselves how extensive this year's crop failure had been and how it was being handled. There had been some panic among the peasants early in the summer, and there were rumors in Moscow of a repetition of 1921, over a much smaller area. But the aspect of the villages was nothing like that I had known in the grim famine days. The Government had taken swift measures to relieve the worst suffering. Our boat was carrying some of the seed which the Government was distributing among the peasants who had suffered most, to secure them for next year. Even in the worst districts the peasants had something to go on. They had had good yields of potatoes and vegetables, and there was lively trading in all the market-places. The cooperatives, which have been crowding out the small private trader at an extraordinary rate all over Russia, were filled with customers. Rosy-cheeked peasant girls were trying on bright *platoks* of red and orange and green before the mirrors. This was the surface impression. Underneath, of course, there was an enormous amount of suffering and need as there always will be until the Russian peasant has learned something more than the old primitive methods which leave him absolutely at the mercy of weather conditions.

The stern of the boat was filled with peasants, stolid, illiterate old *mujiks* who had been through famine after famine and had somehow amazingly survived the diet of weeds and fried leather, and the younger, more alert peasant lads, many of whom had been through the efficient educational system of the Red army. An earnest young Communist, sent down from the center of the famine region to make sure that the relief measures were executed promptly, was explaining the Government's reconstruction program to a group of peasants who had been complaining bitterly. He was pointing out that there always would be famines and distress among the peasants until they learned and applied modern methods of cultivating the soil; that the Govern-

ment realized this and had already appropriated 260,000,000 gold rubles to be used partly for temporary relief, but chiefly for a reconstruction program which would mean extensive irrigation and reforestation of the affected regions, and, even more important, for education which would teach the peasants more intensive cultivation of the land, through crop rotation, fertilization, improved seeds, and dry-farming methods. Finally, that they were organizing credit in order to provide the peasants with the machinery necessary to carry out these methods.

An old *mujik* spoke up. "This credit now—What good does it do us? The Government must have its money back. We understand that. But if they must have it back next year or the year after, what good does it do me? Perhaps there will be a drought again next year and the year after. My crop is not even enough to feed my family and pay my taxes. That will mean that I cannot pay for the horse or machine I have bought and I must give it back again."

"But Tovarischi," another young peasant put in, "you should all do what we are doing in our *volost*. We peasants have lost so much that we cannot work separately any more. But if Ivan has a horse and Matvey a plow and Sergey here nothing but his two strong hands, why they can all join together, and there will be a harvest. And after that perhaps we can all buy a tractor together, and the Government will help us. Take a broom now—when you tie it to an iron handle, why you can turn stones over with it, and you can't break it with an ax. But if you break it up into its twigs, it's a mere baby, it can do nothing. . . ."

Later in the summer I visited a district still further south, in the rich country just north of the Caucasian Mountains, where the Russian Government has just granted three Soviet farms, comprising 15,000 acres of land, to an American group of agriculturalists and educators who will contribute trained personnel, capital, and machinery, and will operate these farms jointly with the Agricultural Department of the Soviet Government, teaching American methods to the Russians.

These Soviet farms, or *Sovhoz's*, as they are called in Russia, are the old landlord's estate which were taken over by the Soviet Government at the time of the revolution to be operated as model experimental farms by the Government, to serve as examples to the peasantry of the superiority of large-scale, collective production over their inefficient individualistic methods, and as actual training schools for the peasants. Originally the Soviet Government held several thousands of these estates, but it has gradually relinquished the land of the less favorable ones to the peasantry, and rented out others, keeping in its own hands only the best. The three *Sovhoz's* I visited, which the Soviet Government is turning over to the American group, belong to the latter class.

Matveyeff, the manager of the group of estates of which these three are a part, entertained us with true Russian hospitality in the old mansion house. He was making a success of the farms. The yield of grain was three or four times as great as that of the land of the surrounding peasantry, but the motive power was still oxen. What machinery he had was already old-fashioned in America. He was delighted when he learned that the American group was planning to build up an industrial farm and school where young peasants could come and learn to operate modern machinery by actually using the machines; how by organizing cooperative groups they could purchase machinery themselves when they went back to their own villages.

Up and down Russia this movement of the peasants toward cooperative production is going on. Outside of almost every village you come upon groups of peasants building new settlements, so as to live right on the land they cultivate. They are moving away from the villages where their houses are all built together far from the land which is split up into innumerable plots and strips and operated in the most inefficient and primitive way possible. And they are moving away not as individuals, but as *groups*, united not merely for cooperative selling but for cooperative production. This is the real fight that is going on in Russia against the constantly recurring famines, a fight which means far more than temporary relief, and will eventually guarantee the Russian peasant the full product of his hard-won land.

In the Driftway

THERE are times when the Drifter wishes he were a great financial genius. Such a time occurred just after election; he read of feverish buying in the Stock Exchange, of stocks bounding up like india-rubber balls, of a general state of bliss if not of peace in the vicinity of Wall Street. Why, he pondered, had he not had the prescience to take a little flier on election eve? To be sure, his vote was going the other way; but there was no reason why his savings, such as they were, could not have been placed where they would do him the most good. He even went so far, in his mental speculation, as to spend the money which he might so easily have obtained. His thoughts skipped lightly from place to place or lingered on a few places: the Neapolitan bay at noon with the white city curving up like a dish behind it and Vesuvius, purple and smoking at one end; or the scrubbed bricks of Delft; or the Berkshire Hills, steel-blue in the subtle November light.

* * * * *

THESE day dreams, however, are never long-lived. This particular one ended even more abruptly than usual. Rashly the Drifter consented to accompany a friend to the bank for November coupon-clipping—the friend's, not his own. In a daze he saw his companion manipulate the little device which detaches the coupon in one movement; he in his clumsy way was helping by means of the scissors. With even more amazement he watched the knowing one as he deftly sorted out certificates marked "exemption claimed," or "exemption not claimed," "fiduciary," or "individual not resident in the United States," "tax to be paid at the source," or not to be. The Drifter marveled to see that his friend knew which kind he must have, and seemed to be not at all hesitant in making his choice. But the experience was quite enough. If a little job of coupon-clipping was so mysterious to him, the Drifter had the sense to realize that a career in high finance was not to be his.

* * * * *

HEREIN is evident the great felicity of poverty: it is simple. Life's problems, desperate as they seem at times, are nevertheless limited to a well-kept circle. A man must eat; the poorer he is, the simpler this problem and the more simple the diet. There are no perplexing choices between boned pigeon and terrapin, or even between roast beef and roast mutton. The very poor in Ireland have tea and

potatoes for breakfast, dinner, and supper; their only real excitement arises when one or the other of these fails to materialize. So it is even when the dead-line of starvation is considerably farther away. A property-owner of the Drifter's acquaintance was asked what he would do if he should suddenly find himself a millionaire. "Well," he began enthusiastically, "I'd have the roof fixed ——"

* * * * *

ON the whole, the Drifter considers that imaginary money is the most pleasant to spend, and certainly the easiest to manage. It needs no bank or vault; its owner is not troubled by importunate bond salesmen or the price of United States Steel common; and its chief asset is that having been thoroughly dissipated for some bauble which has turned out to be a fraud, it can, with no pain or trouble, be spent all over again for something else. On the other hand, the Drifter, as he indicated in the beginning, sees a lure in the amassing of wealth. To make money must be great fun; to have it in quantity must be a great nuisance. The simple solution would seem to be to make it and then give it away. And in that case probably the last person to refuse a moderate share would be

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Liberal Who Won

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The city of Rochester is a highly industrialized community of approximately 330,000 inhabitants It is a beneficiary in practically all of its manufactured products of the Fordney-McCumber tariff. Its Republican orthodoxy is impeccable.

City, county, congressional, and presidential tickets go through with enormous majorities listed under the emblem of the Eagle. Al Smith has been a fly in the local Republican ointment, but on November 4 even Al trailed behind a 14,300 plurality for young Teddy Roosevelt in the county. Meyer Jacobstein, Democratic Congressman with Progressive and Socialistic support, carried the Thirty-eighth District by a majority of approximately 30,000 over his Republican opponent, while Coolidge piled up in the same area a majority of about 23,000 over Davis and La Follette combined.

Why this errant Republicanism, so shameless and so enthusiastic? There are three answers to this question—the man, the city, and the issues. Visualize a slight spare man in his early forties with a rather scholarly pallor about his face, black hair, dark eyes, a sensitive mouth, an honest and utterly disarming smile that flickers on and off as the mind deals now with humorous and now with serious matters. Born of Jewish parents who had been reared in Poland, Meyer was the fifth of nine children. Throughout his course in the Rochester public schools he was a newsboy on Main Street. He left school for a time, but was led back into the channels of education by people whom he met in the work of the Boys' Club of the First Unitarian Church. The story of that Boys' Club and of the influence of Dr. W. C. Gannett, pastor of the church, upon this Jewish lad and his friends is a part of the great American epic of immigration in which the Antins, the Schurzs, the Boks, and the Pupins have written worthy sections.

The ambitions awakened in the boy by these contacts carried him far. An A.B. from Columbia, a Ph.D. in economics from the same institution, a traveling fellowship won by merit, which gave him a year in Europe; a professorship in economics in the University of North Dakota and then in the University of Rochester, then the position of labor manager in the Stein-Bloch Clothing Company—these constitute the main items of his pre-congressional career.

In Washington his service was unique. He established a Rochester office where during his absence all of his constituents, even the humblest, might bring matters to his attention. He carried on a most extensive correspondence with his constituents, consulting business men and labor leaders regardless of party about the bills with which they were concerned. His industry was indefatigable. He was an independent Democrat in the House as Borah was an independent Republican in the Senate, bringing every vote to the bar of his own conscience and judgment. Upon the adjournment of Congress he published at his own expense a report to the voters of his district, in which he recorded his position on every important measure and the reasons for it.

This independent liberal Democrat took with conservative Republican Rochester. The community liked him primarily because Rochester is an old-fashioned American city, and in Meyer Jacobstein it had an old-fashioned American for whom to vote.

Rochester, New York, November 11 JUSTIN W. NIXON,
Pastor of the Brick Church

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Up in Rochester, where not to be a Republican is not only a political but a social offense against good form and right thinking, the amazing has happened. A Jew, sufficiently convinced that this is not the best of all possible worlds to be called a radical by his opponents, politically a Democrat, professionally a teacher, has been reelected to Congress in the Thirty-eighth District.

Meyer Jacobstein did the impossible two years ago when running against a colorless politician-lawyer he won by the scanty but triumphant majority of 1,629 votes in a district which polls close to 90,000, the vast majority by training, tradition, belief, and apathy Republican. Jacobstein went to Washington imbued with the singular idea that a representative was supposed to represent. He opened an office at home at his own expense—he is a poor man—and there a competent secretary listened to anyone who came. Many came. No one asked them their politics or checked up on their affiliations. Jacobstein stuck to his quaint notion that part of his job was to be a link between the humblest citizen and his government. In the House this original man paid little attention to party lines. He upheld measures his intelligence told him were good, opposed others. He paid no attention to their origin.

This year he stood again for his seat. His opponent, a widely known lawyer, was presumed to have powerful backing, such as the Knights of Columbus, whose local leader he had been for two years. He made an energetic campaign, speaking sometimes as often as five times a day. He made skilful use in appealing to the conservatives and farmers of Jacobstein's known liberalism and the fact that he had the indorsement of the local La Follette Progressives. He played the "red" scare before audiences likely to be affected by it and the empty-dinner-pail-Democratic-tariff scare before crowds of factory workers. One of the great manufacturing plants refused to permit Jacobstein to address its workers within the plant at noontime, although this privilege had been extended to his opponent. Well-meaning conservative gentlemen sent letters to the press insinuating none too subtly that Jacobstein was being financed by Moscow. At the eleventh hour the tom-toms of religious prejudice were beaten loudly in a mysterious letter to thousands of "selected" voters.

And the result of it all?

Coolidge and Roosevelt swept city and county by tremendous majorities—and Meyer Jacobstein was reelected to Congress by a majority of 30,000 votes.

Rochester, New York, November 8 PAUL BENTON,
Assistant City Editor, Rochester *Times-Union*

Business Swung the Election

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Minnesota, in Iowa, in North and South Dakota, and in other Western States there was a complete turnover of political sentiment between October 15 and November 4. That turnover was swift, silent, and secret. It was contrived and sprung upon the opposition with the force of a hidden mine, and succeeded beyond the hopes and expectations of the Republicans themselves. When La Follette called off his Western tour about the middle of October at Sioux Falls with the assertion that the West "between the Mississippi and the Rockies was aflame with Progressive sentiment" he was making no mere political gesture. Neither was so astute a politician as La Follette fooled. Everywhere there was evidence in Senator La Follette's remarkable meetings—where admissions were charged—that the voters were aroused and enthusiastic for the Progressive cause, just as there was evidence in the dull and perfunctory meetings of General Dawes that the Republican cause was languishing. Reporters from New York newspapers, making a tour of the West, brought confidential reports to State La Follette headquarters to the effect that La Follette and Wheeler had better than a fighting chance to carry eight or ten Western States. No fear was expressed at any time for Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, or Nevada; and South Dakota and Washington were thought sure for La Follette.

This revolution in political sentiment in the last two weeks of the campaign was all the more surprising when one considers that La Follette and Wheeler had a clear-cut moral issue upon which to campaign. Neither Senator allowed the voters of these Western States to forget Teapot Dome or President Coolidge's circumstantial connection with the oil scandals. Hitherto this has been just the kind of issue to which the American people have most quickly responded: common decency in government.

Obviously the Coolidge vote, therefore, was compelled—at least in those La Follette States of the West—by a sentiment powerful enough to reverse customary American psychology. Obviously the Coolidge vote was a fear-vote.

Girls in department stores were "shepherded" by lady foremen into the Republican fold. A clerk at a downtown store, the wife of a labor organizer, had to be reconverted to the La Follette cause every night following her daily inoculation with the Coolidge propaganda.

"Why, we won't have any jobs if La Follette is elected," she complained.

At State La Follette headquarters campaign managers were not unaware of this gigantic "whispering campaign" conducted against their candidates, but they were powerless to combat it. They were without newspapers. They could not get to the unorganized women workers, for here is where the seed was being sown.

One La Follette manager bitterly denounced the League of Women Voters following the election as a "disguised Republican club."

"The league," he asserted, "told the girls they must vote out of civic duty, and their employer told them how to vote."

The League of Women Voters claims credit for having secured the largest poll in the history of our country; and it is apparent that the new recruits to the Republican cause are women, and it is a matter of common knowledge that "devotees of civic righteousness" voted to indorse a party of unprecedented corruption, in order to guarantee prosperity.

This "whispering campaign" could not have been conducted without organization, but it was not by the ordinary paid workers of the Republican party. The new and novel fact about the campaign just closing is that for a period of two weeks the entire fabric of American business acted as a well-oiled political machine.

Minneapolis, Minnesota, November 7 M. H. Hedges

Judge Lindsey in Danger

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We had not only the Klan to overcome but their women, and some of my old enemies—in sympathy with the Klan, if not Klan members—resorted to the circulation of the most vicious lies that could have been invented: lies which we were in no position to combat, first, because of lack of sufficient finances, for, as you know, such expenses are enormous and far beyond my means; the salary here is only $4,000, and I had already spent over $50,000 in my various election campaigns; and, secondly, because their work was done so quietly and insidiously.

The unofficial count gives me a majority of 301, the official count is now on, and one cannot tell what change it may bring with so small a majority to go on; this official count may not be completed for a week. There are also 661 absentee votes which might easily wipe out my 300. But, no matter if I should be elected by the official count, the Klan, on behalf of their candidate, will contest the election. This would mean an enormous expense to me.

I have also this additional danger to confront: If, even after the contest, I am declared victorious, it is the Klan's purpose to get rid of me by passing a bill in the legislature (which they will control, having elected a Klan legislative ticket) abolishing the court.

We want friends of Denver's Juvenile Court to know all of this. If the Klan accomplishes its purpose, it will have done something which no other organization was ever able to accomplish. In anticipation of this, they are gloating over the national fame it will bring them.

Denver, Colorado, November 7 Ben B. Lindsey,
Judge of the Juvenile Court

Handicaps of the Progressives

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We did not say much about our handicaps while the the race was on, but now that it is over it is wise to review them, because they may all be removed before 1928, except the handicap of a big campaign fund in the hands of our enemies and the handicap of labor intimidation by big-business interests.

An organization to cope with the Republican and Democratic parties cannot be built in four or five months. I was anxious for Senator La Follette to accept a nomination in 1920 from the Chicago convention. Had he done so, with four years of the right kind of organization work, we might have carried the election this year. We would then have avoided the handicap of an independent column on the official ballots. We would have had our own party name and emblem in all the States. We would have avoided the handicap of a political movement with only two candidates in the field for public office. We would have had State, congressional, and local candidates in the field, all working with their friends for the support of the national ticket.

In many States, Progressives who are with us at heart were not willing to come to our support because they did not want to be bolters from their old party, without having a new party to join. Senator Borah's course illustrates what I mean. We would have avoided the handicap of inadequate newspaper support. Many newspaper editors who were with us at heart would not come to our support and forfeit certain political patronage and prestige without having a new party to tie up to.

We had the handicap of the radical supreme-court plank. It was one of our best planks. I wrote and spoke in its favor. But it was an unwise issue to raise. Some Catholics and some Lutherans were made to believe that the permanence of their parochial schools depended upon constitutional guaranties which they thought might be over-ridden some day by Congress Had the leaders of the Progressive movement all been gathered together in a national convention, I think they would have toned

down the supreme-court plank, making it more like the plank in the Progressive platform of 1912.

We had the handicap of disorganization among the farmers of the Northwest. Four years ago and two years ago the activity of the Nonpartisan League in the States of the Northwest was certainly a most important if not a determining factor in the election of Senators Wheeler, Ladd, Frazier, Magnus Johnson, Shipstead, and others, as well as in the election of several progressive congressmen and governors. The Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota and the Progressive Party of Idaho only partially filled the gap caused by the general breaking up of the Nonpartisan League.

Madison, Wisconsin, November 10 CHESTER C. PLATT,
Secretary, Wisconsin Nonpartisan League

Secret Balloting Openly Arrived At

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Secret balloting openly arrived at"—so one of the artists of Santa Fe aptly describes New Mexico's election methods.

Voting in most precincts of Santa Fe County took place at a schoolhouse. On one side of the school-building a window was open. Just inside, at a long table, sat the election officials; two Republicans and one Democrat in this particular county because the Republicans are in power. Outside, beneath this open window, was a table at which presided one Republican, one Democrat, and this year one representative of La Follette. A short distance away were two sets of voting booths, wholly superfluous appendages.

A voter walked up to the table, asked for a ballot, and gave his name. His name could not be found on the list of registered voters held by the mysterious persons inside the window. The man was positive he had registered. His name must have been lost in the copying of the lists. Or perhaps he was found on the Democrats' list and not on the Republicans'; again evidence of a slight error when after registration the names were copied off by the Republican officials. In either case, he could vote if two citizens swore to his eligibility, and so at last he was handed from the window, via the watcher, the coveted ballot.

With no thought of the privacy afforded by the booths he stood by the table and marked his ballot. He started to fold it but was promptly relieved of this task by one of the men at the table, who kindly did the folding for him, reading the ballot meanwhile. After creasing it so that the official inside the window could also read it easily, the watcher handed it up to the person delegated to drop it into the box inside the schoolroom. No voter deposited his own ballot. Whether or not it got into the ballot box no one knows but God and the election officials, and neither will tell.

If a voter took his ballot to a booth, he was apt to be followed by some zealous party worker who wanted to know what ticket he was voting and gained the desired information by the simple method of watching while the voter performed his civic duty. At most of the polls there was a rope wandering aimlessly from tree to tree about fifty feet from the voting booths; but that did not restrain anyone who wished to accompany a voter to his destination. In one precinct which did carefully keep idlers beyond the rope, there was no protest when instructions were called out by someone in the crowd, or when voters, after starting toward their goal, were urged back outside the rope for another heart-to-heart talk.

Of course this method of public balloting is almost a necessity where votes are freely bought for two, or three, or five dollars. How else could the party tell whether they received what they paid for? And votes were high this year, for the women demanded their rights—equal pay for equal votes. In fact, when after coming to the polls in their accustomed black shawls to cast their ballots they were sent home to get hats and return for another round of voting, they insisted on double pay.

Santa Fe, New Mexico, November 6 HELEN BLACK

Books

First Glance

ERNEST BOYD'S "Portraits: Real and Imaginary" (Doran: $2.50) was worth writing if Pope's "Dunciad" was. There are those who take no pleasure in the relentless poem through which the Wasp of Twickenham stung the dullards of his day almost literally to death; the dullards would have died anyhow, it is maintained, and the musty chest in which their corpses are preserved is depressing now. The same persons will be a little bothered about Mr. Boyd, for he will seem to have expended his extraordinary energy upon worthless victims—not dullards in this case so much as pretenders, persons puffed and blown by cheap literary success until their airs and antics are intolerable. What claim, it will be asked, had the denizens of the Algonquin upon the immortality which only satire can bestow? Mr. Boyd's answer to all these doubts should be that his book is justified if it is interesting. I find it interesting.

By temperament I am inclined to believe that pretenders do not matter, but I must confess to a breathless interest in Mr. Boyd the hunter of small game. He slashes through the underbrush with an absolutely unquenchable fury, darting into this recess to behead a literary lady, pausing at that dark spot to grope for the thin neck of an aesthete and strangle it, pushing on and on until he has disposed of the literary enthusiast, the press agent, the critic, the liberal, the puritan, the British lecturer, and others of their skulking kind. If in his "imaginary" portraits—photographs which for the safety of his own skin he has made by the composite process—he often develops a pedantry of zeal, being so hot after affectation that he grows unable to detect any other scent in the wind and so angry at ignorance that a harmless misquotation, as Burton Rascoe amicably points out, makes his blood boil, I forgive him in view of his vigor; I still can relish his rage. I find him not only as resentful as Pope but as innocent of ideas; I cannot gather, at least from this portion of his book, what sort of person or thing he would positively like. It was not his purpose, of course, to let me know—he was writing satire of the old-fashioned, unsparing sort. And as a matter of fact, in the section of "real" portraits he discharges loud shots of appreciation at Mencken, Nathan, Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, Yeats, and James Stephens; when he comes to George William Russell (Æ) he actually is almost worshipful. Yet I turn back to those malicious pages where he has painted at full length and in burning oil the most self-conscious literary generation thus far seen in America.

Mr. Boyd's style in the long run is bad, being monotonous in the very quality which for a few pages gives it power. His explosions are too evenly spaced; eventually the impression is of a machine which rather ponderously grinds granite into uniform pieces and coughs them at a uniform rate into the face of the enemy. And he practices a trick which I consider abominable—the trick of misquotation for humorous effect. Something is rotten in the state of Greenwich Village, or the lewd forefathers of the hamlet sleep; we hear of Miltons never mute, and of a style that launched a thousand tiffs.

The comparative failure of "The Literary Spotlight" (Doran: $2.50), a collection of anonymous skits on contemporary American writers reprinted from *The Bookman*, may conceivably be attributed to its editor, John Farrar, who says in the preface that he "wanted frankness, but certainly not the bitterest truth," and who hopes that "there is in these pages as much constructive as destructive thinking." A few of the portraits are excellently complete, and the whole is a document of value; but Mr. Farrar as a patron of satire should not have been so much afraid of producing a "mean-spirited book."

MARK VAN DOREN

Russia's Foreign Relations

The Foreign Policies of Soviet Russia. By Alfred L. P. Dennis. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

IT seems that in relating the story of the international relations of Soviet Russia Professor Dennis the scholar and historian had to endure a hard battle with Mr. Dennis the gentleman with certain inherent prejudices. Evidence of the clash may be found throughout his book, and this evidence, moreover, shows that the historian has all too often yielded to the gentleman. In spite of apparently laborious efforts to attain fairness and historical objectivity, he falls far short of these qualities. The story has not been much "relieved by the liberal use of quotations from notes, speeches, and articles by Soviet leaders and from the official Bolshevik press." These quotations have been used not so much to illustrate the story as to emphasize the thesis which the author set out to prove: that the foreign policies of Soviet Russia have been actuated by a determination to foment trouble in the interests of world revolution and that in furthering this end the Soviet Government has freely resorted to unscrupulous revolutionary propaganda in foreign countries. To prove this point, however, the author frequently finds himself obliged to resort with an equal freedom to questionable sources. While the notes accompanying each chapter show that the author has been swimming in a veritable sea of material, it seems, however, that he was not always certain of his strokes and in such emergencies grasped at anything that could hold him afloat. A book claiming for itself historical accuracy might be expected to base itself on absolutely reliable and tested documentary material. Instead, the author bases many of his opinions and conclusions on stories in newspapers and propaganda publications which have been notoriously unfair and biased in their treatment of all news concerning Soviet Russia. Consequently his opinions and conclusions are for the most part a mere repetition of the platitudes and inaccuracies with which the average editorials dealing with Soviet Russia in the conservative press of today are teeming.

The fundamental error of the author is his dealing with the foreign policies of Soviet Russia apart from internal conditions. Indeed Mr. Dennis gives due warning in his preface that "the internal conditions . . . have been intentionally neglected," for he does not "pretend to be an expert on Russia." This statement is well borne out by such gross mistakes as declaring "the Bolsheviki" to have been "the extreme left wing of the Social Revolutionary Party" and confusing the Social Revolutionary Party with the Left Social Revolutionists on the evidence of an alleged resolution which Mr. Dennis received from what he "believe[s] is adequate authority." While these mistakes are not extremely important in themselves, they reflect on the qualifications of the author for the task he has undertaken. Perhaps one need not be an expert on Russia, but certainly one must be thoroughly familiar with the recent history of Russia and with the social, political, and economic background against which the revolution was enacted before one can deal authoritatively with Russia's foreign relations. For in the case of Soviet Russia the foreign policies have been so closely knit up with internal conditions and changes as to present a practically inseparable entity. A proper treatment of the subject would follow the revolutionary development, marking among others these principal phases and turning-points: from November 7 to Brest-Litovsk, from Brest-Litovsk to the beginning of Allied intervention and the Czecho-Slovak revolt, the period of civil war and the so-called "military communism," and finally the liquidation of the civil war and the New Economic Policy. Only in the light of the conditions accompanying each of these phases could the foreign policies of Soviet Russia be intelligently discussed. As it is, Mr. Dennis chose to discuss the foreign relations of Soviet Russia with each country or group of countries separately and independently of conditions at home. By this method Mr. Dennis perhaps succeeded in making clear his own point of view and that of the "foreign offices of several nations" in which he has been "afforded exceptional facilities . . . for the collection of the information on which this book is based." The Soviet point of view, however, either is sorely lacking or is overshaded for the sake of proving the original thesis. As a result the author has produced a picture which is out of proportion and out of balance.

Moreover, Mr. Dennis often takes great liberty with facts and sources. Thus in the case of the Hungarian Bolshevik revolution, being unable to lay this episode directly at the door of the Soviet Government, he puts undue emphasis on the alleged role played in this event by Jews—as though that was of any material importance. In fact, Mr. Dennis himself is obliged to concede that the events in Hungary were due "chiefly to the shortsighted policy of the Allies." Lenin's alleged views on the peace with Poland and the prospects of "causing" revolutions in the various countries of Europe are given on the authority of the *Ost-Information*, an organ of the Russian émigrés which served as a clearing-house for the wildest tales that could be conceived in the work of spreading anti-Soviet propaganda. Mr. Dennis avoids giving sources for such statements as that the Baltic disarmament conference which took place at Moscow in December, 1922, was called by the Soviet Government in order "to secure a reduction in armies of the Baltic League . . . to cover the decrease in Soviet forces" because of "desertion and other causes," or for his weird story about the organization of revolutions in foreign countries under the auspices of the G. P. U., or the Soviet State Political Administration, which succeeded the Cheka and is, as is well known, an organ used exclusively for domestic purposes. The very geography which Mr. Dennis employs in connection with this story is sufficient to brand it as a crude fabrication. The Soviet constitution is dismissed by the author with the unsupported sentence that "it is absolutist in its spirit and Czarist in its conception." These are only a few of the more conspicuous examples of Mr. Dennis's historical and critical method.

With all this Mr. Dennis's work will prove of considerable value to the really interested and attentive reader who will take the pains to check up the sources and make the necessary reservations. For in spite of all the efforts of the author his book shows that the conditions which have been furthering the growth of revolutionary tendencies throughout the world have never been of the making of Soviet Russia; that the foreign policies of Soviet Russia have been actuated by the interests of the Russian revolution, which it was only the logical duty for the revolutionary Government to defend against all foreign aggression, and finally that in all its relations with foreign countries there has not been a single case in which the alleged bad faith on the part of Soviet Russia has been conclusively proved—although this has been the common argument advanced by all opponents of Soviet recognition.

LEON TALMY

Making Good

Lottery. By W. E. Woodward. Harper and Brothers. $2.
The Oblate. By J. K. Huysmans. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

SUCCESS in business is not the result of luck alone. To become a Merchant Prince or a Button King a certain native capacity for assuming the credit due to accident and a perfect willingness to let others work hard are also necessary. When chance does the average man a good turn he merely marvels at his luck and supposes that it will not happen again; but native egotism comes to the rescue of the born business man and he hints so darkly at the shrewdness which created his opportunity that the timid ones are only too glad

to do his work for him in the future. Then, if only his self-conceit can keep pace with accomplishment, he is a made man, well on the way to an honored old age and a biography in the *American Magazine* along with the others who have made good. In this land of opportunity fortunes are to be had for the asking, but only the few have gall enough to ask for them.

Such at least is the moral which it seems necessary to draw from Mr. Woodward's new and joyous novel of the Button King who marched forward in his own estimation, step by step, until he half believed the legend that from his own profound meditations on the button problem had evolved the mechanical contrivance which he acquired by a fluke from its inventor, and until he was, like his fellow-townsmen, wholly convinced that his complacent receptivity was somehow responsible for the industry of his manager and the accidents which made his fortune. Jerry Garrison, beginning merely as a young man who could say: "'Gee! I went to bed at eight o'clock last night, hit the hay with the chickens, and pounded the old pillow for twelve hours'—in such a way that you felt for a moment that a definite forward step in human progress had been made, though at the cost of great endeavor," learns as he goes along the secrets of success. He learns, for example, that the perfect willingness of clerks to pledge their savings to rescue a boss's business is the very reason that they will always be clerks, and the golden rule, "Make the other fellow do it," bursts upon him in a sort of apocalyptic vision; but the real lesson is the lesson of self-deception. When he has learned that even such cynical truths as those just mentioned should not be admitted to oneself too often, and when he has come to the point where he can say: "If I didn't believe in this button, if I didn't believe it to be a great thing for humanity: I mean a useful thing, a labor saver—Gosh! Mack, I'd throw the whole business out of the window this moment" and really believe it himself, there are no limits to his possibilities; for, as the author says, this urgent banality when it is associated with a strong sense of acquisitiveness is the key to material success.

If "Lottery" is, as it seems to me, the most amusing satire on business since "Tono-Bungay" the cause lies not only in the author's evident practical knowledge of commerce, but to an even greater extent in a jolly good humor which enables him to see the fun as well as the meanness in the life he describes. Most artists who enter imaginatively the world of affairs have a way of losing that urbanity which it would better befit them to wear, and they mingle with their scorn a bitterness which awakens in the mind of the reader the suspicion that their contempt for financial success is not unmixed with envy. Mr. Woodward takes his seat in the jovial company of Rabelais and Mark Twain rather than among the atrabilious satirists. Like Mark Twain he has what the cynical usually lack—the capacity to enjoy life—and the spectacle of his hero's rise moves in him more laughter than sneers because though intellectually he despises him he is capable, temperamentally, of enjoying this bungling and good-natured success. Life in America, he seems to say, is muddled and ridiculous; meanness becomes in time synonymous with ability and prosperity with virtue; and yet, granted the requisite robustness of spirit, this life is not unamusing to watch or even to participate in. Freed by his intellect from the market-place gods, and yet too full of exuberance merely to growl or sulk, he has been able as often as not to forget the meanness and catch the excitement of the lottery of life. He has said many bitter things, and I have quoted some of them, but the hearty exuberance of his book, not easily illustrated by quotation, will probably remain longer in the minds of most of his readers. No one could catch so well as he does the rhythm of commercial adventure without catching at the same time something of its fun, and though he would mock it unmercifully afterward I am sure that Mr. Woodward could attend a meeting of the Rotary Club on a lark and enjoy himself hugely.

"The Oblate" is, on the whole, the least interesting of the tetralogy of which "Là-Bas" is the first volume, but to those who, like the present reviewer, find the author-hero strangely fascinating, it is certainly not dull and it is the necessary conclusion to the story of that curious man in whom the most prosaic of temperaments was somehow reconciled with the most comprehensive credulity and with a passion for ecclesiastical art as intense almost as his passion for good cookery. Durtal-Huysmans is inexplicable and perhaps ridiculous, but there are few characters in fiction who so indubitably exist. He is inescapably real, and to anyone who has followed his adventures through the four volumes he is never to be forgotten.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Scholar Astray

The Contemporary Drama of Russia. By Leo Wiener. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THE preface of this curious contribution to scholarship leads one to believe that here at last is a history of the Russian drama. Further, one is given to understand that this is not merely an outline of developments but also a startling revaluation of accepted values. The table of contents, in contradiction of the title, indicates that from these pages one may learn about the Russian theater from its origins to its present status under Communism. In all such expectations one is deceived, much as was Mother Hubbard's dog.

The volume is divided into two parts; the second, which is half the size of the first, being an alphabetical list of playwrights with their names meticulously accented and their dates, the titles of their plays, and the dates of the first performance and first publication of these given in due order. The text proper, which makes up the first part of the book, is in effect another catalogue of plays and playwrights, with dates and accents invariably noted, plus other statistical matter not always relevant—all arranged in a rough chronological sequence. The author is unable to sustain the discussion of any topic, whether it be the Art Theater or the theory of monodrama, without taking refuge from analysis and argument in such paragraphs as form the literature of a Who's Who. He makes another escape from the task he set himself in pages of quotations, often pointless and always inordinately long. These are mostly excerpts from Russian critiques, which Mr. Wiener stigmatizes in his preface as vitiated by partisanship. Subtract the quotations and the disjointed Who's Who, and what remains is the occasional summary of a plot, a little chronicling of theatrical events, and some pet animosities which fail to be infectious. The author's appreciation is so shallow and his power of expression so feeble that not one of the hundreds of plays he mentions assumes the semblance of a body, and not one of the playwrights is more than a tagged and dated ghost. In speaking, for example, of Sukhovo-Kobylin's "Krechinsky's Wedding," a piece which is a standby of the Russian stage, Mr. Wiener finds room to say that this play was first produced in 1855, that it was played 194 times in Moscow theaters, that it is based on a famous scandal, that it is "still a favorite play of the repertories," and that its author "had graduated from the university in philosophy"; but he gives no hint of the substance of the play.

Needless to say, the book clarifies the general trends of Russian dramaturgy and stagecraft as little as it does the work of the individual artists. With some difficulty one disengages the scheme which underlies Mr. Wiener's work. He seems to believe that the golden age of Russian drama was in the days when unpretentious realism reigned undisputed. At least he speaks with approval of the great Ostrovsky as "the photographic reproducer of national scenes." The decline commenced with the birth of the Moscow Art Theater, whose "ultra-realism" was just as disastrous as the subsequent symbolist reaction against it. Then the Bolsheviks came upon the scene

and delivered the coup de grace. We are to understand, then, that the salvation of the Russian theater lies in a return to "the best traditions of the past," that is, to photography; "and then its virtue will not lie in pessimism raised to a cult, but in the usual incidents of everyday life." Thus the work of Chekhov, Gorki, Andreyev, Stanislavsky, Meyerhold—in short, the developments of the last twenty-five years, which constitute one of the richest chapters in the history of the European theater, are treated as a welter of whims and vagaries. In the final pages, which pretend to deal with the theater under the Bolsheviks, and which are marked at every turn by ignorance and prejudice, the author has lost a marvelous opportunity for studying the social function of the theater, just as in the previous pages he passed by all the other opportunities with which the theme bristles. Toward the end the author complains that a certain Russian playwright, Yevreinov by name, is a slippery customer who surrenders nothing but his mortal coil to his investigator. In the same fashion, alas, the subject of the Russian drama completely eludes this pursuer, leaving in his hands the dry, empty skin which with so much aplomb he offers to the world.

One more word to dispel Mr. Wiener's fearful fantasy that the source material for such a book as his purports to be has been "dispersed" by "the World War and the Bolshevik regime." Last winter I was doing research work in Russian literary history in the libraries of Moscow and Leningrad, and I can assure him that I found all the collections intact and growing.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

Refugee Psychology

Leaves from a Russian Diary. By Pitirim Sorokin. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

ON the top floor of a loft building in Berlin is the modest plant of a Russian daily, *The Days.* Its chief editor, Alexander Kerensky, is a slightly built man with no other apparent distinction than the ability to write for his thousand-odd readers. He will shut his eyes and scrutinize you painfully until his shortsightedness becomes embarrassingly apparent. When he rises from his chair you will note that he shuffles his feet, that his hair is closely clipped, Russian fashion, and that his extremely simple apparel creates an impression of defeat and resignation. As he speaks your pity for him will increase.

Behind his sloping back the afternoon sun was setting on the distraught republican Berlin of 1924. Kerensky, however, spoke of the Moscow of 1917, of his blamelessness in connection with the famous Order No. 1, the Korniloff affair, and the past in general, until one got an insight into that kind of mind which cannot take into its consciousness the actuality of painful events and continues to relive and revalue its once glorious past. Professor Sorokin, the former secretary of Kerensky, like Kerensky himself, suffers from the malady of exile, from the psychology peculiar to refugees.

Macaulay, speaking of the Whigs who fled to the Low Countries and there plotted the overthrow of Charles II, says:

> A politician driven into banishment by a hostile faction generally sees the society which he has quitted through a false medium. Every object is distorted and discolored by his regrets, his longings and resentments. Every little discontent appears to him to portend revolution. Every riot is a rebellion. He cannot be convinced that his country does not pine for him as much as he pines for his country. . . . The longer his expatriation the greater does this hallucination become. . . . Every month his impatience to revisit his native land increases; and every month his native land remembers and misses him less. This delusion becomes almost a madness when many exiles who suffer in the same cause herd together in a foreign country. Their chief employment is to talk about what they once were, and of what they yet may be, to goad each other into animosity against their common enemy, to feed each other with extravagant hopes of victory and revenge.

As a historical document Sorokin's book is valuable in the very limited sense that it illuminates this psychology. The story of the Russian revolution has been told and retold by others. In his book, however, we get a glimpse into the mental state of the Russian intellectual and his bitter opposition to the Soviet Government. The author's flight from his enemies, his hair-breadth escapes, his description of the bestialities of his enemies would sound much more convincing if the professor did not occasionally suffer a lapse and indulge in what lawyers call admissions against interest. When, for example, he learns that the English troops in Archangel were concentrating to overthrow the Soviet Government he undergoes hardships and Stevensonian adventures to reach the seat of counter-revolution, but finally he is compelled to surrender to the Soviet authorities. In the end he is given a post at the university, yet when the Kronstadt rebellion takes place the professor writes: "At that time my wife and I were seized with pneumonia. She went to the hospital first, and next morning, although I was suffering, I attended a private meeting of six professors, two lawyers, and two priests, with whom I discussed a plan of action in case the Government fell; plans of organization of a new government, reorganization of the courts. . . ." And while he is unsparing and unstatistical in his condemnation of orgies of blood by the Extraordinary Commission of the Soviet Government he says regretfully: "We moderates are not bloodthirsty, yet in order to prevent repetitions of these murderous uprisings we must exercise great firmness. If it is necessary to execute a few thousand ruffians in order to save millions of Russians, we must be prepared to do it. . . ."

The former Secretary of the Prime Minister of Russia saw how under the Czar and under the Lvov and Kerensky governments the whole social fabric fell and disintegrated, and he pretended to long for a strong-armed dictator to bring order out of chaos. When finally the Soviet Government had established authority over the entire Russian territory the author expresses a peculiar solicitude for the Bolsheviki. He would, like the proverbial Irishman, have them killed for their own good: "If they had been killed by their enemies, they would have lived in history as martyrs who tried to establish a new order but perished before their experiment had time to prove itself. Instead, a different end is destined for them; an end of slow disintegration. Their destiny is to destroy their own ideal with their own hands, to exhibit it to the world in all its rottenness and horror. . . ." And yet Dr. Sorokin, we must assume, has studied the history of Christianity. Ever since their Princeton colleague showed such utter disregard for the cynical lessons of history, professors as statesmen seem destined merely to give proof to the Shavian bon mot that "he who cannot, teaches."

CHARLES RECHT

Books in Brief

The Judge. By Maxim Gorky. Authorized translation by Marie Zakrevsky and Barrett H. Clark. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.50.

Gorki's judge is an old released convict acting on the belief that years of suffering have given him the right to undo a fellow-convict who had escaped early in his term and had become a respected and prosperous citizen. The new Jean Valjean is driven to suicide by the fear of exposure and the shame of not having confessed before to the woman he loves. The scene in which a vain appeal is made to the old man's human sympathy is one of tension and terror. But on the whole the play does not pan out. It has the moral didacticism of Tolstoi's dramas yet lacks their reality. Gorki's thesis is that suffering establishes no right to be vindictive. This platitude, which is an element of Gorki's social philosophy, and has special significance for a Russian, is set forth in a piece which

is not sufficiently plausible. Contrary to the publishers' statement that this play "has not heretofore appeared in any language," it should be noted that the original, from which the English text differs in some particulars, was published in 1922 in a Petersburg miscellany under the title "The Old Man."

Under the Red Flag. By Richard Eaton. Brentano's. $2.50.

Another of those "disclosures" of lurid "intimate details of the Soviet regime" which seem rather out of date in 1924, when Moscow is full of foreign journalists, observers, business men, and adventurers, and when the intercourse between Russia and the outside world is practically free and unhampered. Mr. Eaton went to Russia as correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, which is notorious for its anti-Soviet propaganda. Mr. Eaton spent a few weeks in Russia, most of which were passed in prison. His prison experiences, even after they have been spiced with the story of his romantic attitude toward the "beautiful Simionova," "the terrible woman inquisitor" of the Cheka, have evidently not been sufficient to fill a book; so Mr. Eaton makes up with a "study" of life and conditions in Russia in all their various aspects. One can only marvel at the meager preparation which individuals with Mr. Eaton's snobbish outlook on the world need before they set out to give their "studies" to the public.

Figures in Modern Literature. By J. B. Priestley. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

This volume, reprinted for the most part from the *London Mercury*, is a fair example of the work of the younger British writers who have rallied around that publication since its foundation in 1919. Mr. Priestley's table of contents is not at all conventional. He treats Arnold Bennett, De la Mare, Hewlett, A. E. Housman, W. W. Jacobs, Robert Lynd, George Saintsbury, Santayana, and the *Mercury's* versatile editor, J. C. Squire. Mr. Priestley is a good appreciator. He finds the best things he can in his subjects, and then describes them to the best of his ability, which is sometimes very good indeed. His literary enthusiasm is often the only congruous and unifying element in his work.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

The God of Stumps

IN this age of intellectualized art there is an inevitable but unfortunate tendency to assume of Eugene O'Neill, as of every other arresting artist, that his greatness must lie somehow in the greatness or in the clarity of his thought; to seek in "All God's Chillun" some solution of the problem of race or in the "Hairy Ape" some attitude toward society; and then, not finding them, to fail in the fullest appreciation of the greatness which is his. It was not thought which drove him, as a young man, to seek adventure among the roughest men he could find, and it was not thought which he brought back from this and other experiments in life. Something tempestuous in his nature made him a brother of tempests, and he has sought wherever he could find them the fiercest passions, less anxious to clarify their causes for the benefit of those who love peace than eager to share them, and happy if he could only be exultantly a part of their destructive fury. It is a strange taste, this, to wish to be perpetually racked and tortured, to proceed from violence to violence, and to make of human torture not so much the occasion of other things as the *raison d'être* of drama; but such is his temperament. The meaning and unity of his work lies not in any controlling intellectual idea and certainly not in a "message," but merely in the fact that each play is an experience of extraordinary intensity.

Young-man-like, O'Neill first assumed that the fiercest passions were to be found where the outward circumstances of life were wildest and most uncontrolled. He sought among men of the sea, ignorant of convention and wholly without inhibitions, powerful appetites and bare tragedies, embodying his observations in the group of little plays now performed for the first time as a whole (and performed well) at the Provincetown Theater under the title of "S. S. Glencairn"; but maturity has taught him the paradox that where there is most smoke there is not necessarily most fire. He has learned that souls confined in a nut-shell may yet be lords of infinite space; that spirits cabined and confined by very virtue of the fact that they have no outlet explode finally with the greatest spiritual violence. As though to signalize the discovery of this truth he has, in his latest play, "Desire Under the Elms" (Greenwich Village Theater), limited the horizon of his characters, physically and spiritually, to the tiny New England farm upon which the action passes, and has made their intensity spring from the limitations of their experience. Whether he or Robert Edmond Jones conceived the idea of setting the stage with a single permanent scene showing one end of the farmhouse, and of removing sections of the wall when it becomes necessary to expose one or more of the rooms inside, I do not know; but this method of staging is admirably calculated to draw attention to the controlling circumstances of the play. It is a story of human relationships become intolerably tense because intolerably close and limited, of the possessive instinct grown inhumanly powerful because the opportunities for its gratification are so small, and of physical passion terribly destructive in the end because so long restrained by the sense of sin. To its young hero the stony farm is all the wealth of the world, the young wife of his father all the lust of the flesh. In that tiny corner each character finds enough to stimulate passions which fill, for him, the universe.

By half a century of unremitting labor Ephraim Cabot has turned a few barren hillsides into a farm, killing two wives in the process but growing himself only harder in body and mind and more fanatical in his possessive passion for the

OXFORD BOOKS

THE THREE DERVISHES
and Other Persian Tales and Legends
By Reuben Levy — *Nett* 80c

These tales owe their origin to wandering litterateurs who invented characters and incidents to provide amusement for some patron. This is not a reprint, but new translations by Mr. Levy.—The World's Classics No. 254.

SELECT POEMS OF LORD DE TABLEY
Edited by John Drinkwater — *Net* $1.20

A selection from Lord de Tabley's lyrical poems including what Mr. Drinkwater considers one of the most moving long poems of the century.

THE GROOMBRIDGE DIARY
By Dorothy V. White — *Net* $4.20

LETTERS TO THREE FRIENDS
By William Hale White — *Net* $3.50

This diary by Mrs. White; and the Letters to Three Friends by William Hale White; are rich in good things. The two books together give us more of Hale White, the lover of life and of beauty, than we have seen before; and the vision cannot but enrich the enjoyment of the Mark Rutherford books.—Times Literary Supplement.

JOHNSON'S JOURNEY
to the Western Island of Scotland and Boswell's Journal of A Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson
Edited by R. W. Chapman — *Cloth, Net* $4.20
India Paper, Net $5.85

The Journey and Tour are here for the first time printed in one volume, with notes and indexes which make it easy to pass from one narrative to the other.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch
35 West 32nd St. — New York City

BORZOI BOOKS

The man who would be God

A new character, a new method, a new author

Sound and Fury

by JAMES HENLE

Goody Guthrie is American and 20th century to the core; despite this and the fact that he is new to American fiction, his genealogy goes back to Fielding's Tom Jones. He exhibits a robustness denied to the anaemic protagonist of so much current serious fiction; there is about him a swaggering courage, an innate generosity that would remind the reader of the two-gun hero of the Western thriller—were not *Sound and Fury* so well and so realistically written.

AND THE ANTAGONIST IS GOD—as He is represented by contemporary institutions, the Church, the State, Charity and Society. One by one Guthrie—this man who would be "his own master, his own judge, his own God"—is brought into conflict with them all. $2.50

ALFRED A. KNOPF
730 *Fifth Avenue - New York*

BORZOI BOOKS

"The Big Thing Has Been Done. There Is Nothing Like It" . . . . .
. . . London Observer

These Eventful Years

The Book of the Century

THESE EVENTFUL YEARS tells what has happened in the years of this century, where the world stands today, materially and spiritually, and attempts to forecast the future. It asks and answers the question: "Is white civilization a broken thing?" Eighty of the greatest contemporary minds have told what has happened in every field of endeavor; art, science, literature, world politics. H. G. Wells, Freud, Ludendorff, Mme. Curie, Sir Oliver Lodge, Philip Snowden, Henry Seidel Canby, Charles M. Schwab and Wellington Koo are among the contributors.

What the Critics Say

The Boston Transcript says: "For range of theme, vividness of presentation and directness of appeal to all sorts of readers this work can look back to no parallel in literature."

Burton Rascoe in the *New York World* says: "The story of the conquest of disease, the annihilation of time and space, the saving and prolongation of human life, the biological and chemical inquiries, and discoveries as to the riddle of existence is beautiful and inspiring, romantic and reassuring."

The London Morning Post says: "No work of this same size has ever appeared with such an imposing list of contributors."

Wilbur Cortez Abbot in *The Bookman* says: "There has not yet appeared a work which is so informing, so stimulating, and so entertaining as this survey of the century in which, for good and ill, we play our part in history."

"THESE EVENTFUL YEARS" will make the ideal Christmas Gift.

The book comes in two volumes of 700 pages each, profusely illustrated. If your bookstore hasn't them in stock (most of the better bookstores have), we will gladly send them to you C.O.D. for $11.50.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, INC.
342 Madison Avenue
New York City, N.Y.

single object which has absorbed his life. Two of his sons, rebelling against the hopelessness of their life, leave him for the gold-fields; the third, who remains with him in dogged determination to inherit the farm, he hates; and so he marries once more in the hope of begetting in his old age a son to whom, as part of himself, he can leave his property without ceasing to own it. But he has reckoned without considering the possessive instinct of the wife herself, and so between the three, and in an atmosphere charged with hate, is fought out the three-cornered battle for what has come to be the symbol of earthly possessions. Love springs up between the wife and her foster son, but in such a battle the directest win, and love, confusing the aims of these two, dooms them to tragedy, while to the old man is left the barrenness of lonely triumph. Unlike the others, he has a god, the hard God who hates the easy gold of California or the easy crops of the West, the God who loves stumps and stones and looks with His stern favor upon such as wring a dour life without softness and without love from a soil barren like their souls. And this God comforts him: "I am hard," he says, when he learns that the baby. murdered by its mother, is not his but his son's: "I am a hard man and I am alone—but so is God."

It may with some show of reason be objected that O'Neill's plays are too crowded with incident, that the imagination of the spectator refuses sometimes to leap with the author so quickly from tense moment to tense moment, or to accept violence piled so unremittingly upon violence, and his latest play is not wholly closed to such objection; but impetuosity is an essential part of his nature and not likely ever to be subdued. To those who, like the present writer, can overlook it, it brings great compensation. "Desire Under the Elms" will be, with one exception, the most moving play seen during the current season. It is competently acted and Mary Morris and Walter Huston deserve special mention. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS

Nation Readers are invited to attend a Dinner to

NORMAN ANGELL

On Tuesday, November 25, at 6.30 P. M.

FIFTH AVENUE RESTAURANT

200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

Subject: **The Real Meaning of the British Elections**

auspices

League for Industrial Democracy

70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City, Chelsea 3877

Tickets, $2.50. **Reserve tickets at once.**

Send $1.00 to the League for 12 copies of the following 10c pamphlets: "The Challenge of War" by Norman Thomas; "The Profit Motive in Industry" by Professor Harry F. Ward; "How America Lives" and "Roads to Freedom," a syllabus, by Harry W. Laidler.

HARRY ALLEN OVERSTREET, A.B., B.Sc.

Professor of Philosophy, College City of New York.

"Philosophy in Present Day Life"

COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM

Park Avenue and 34th Street

SIX LECTURES

Thursday Evenings, Dec. 11, 18, Jan. 8, 15, 22, 29, at 8:15

Course Ticket, $3.50, can be secured at the office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single Admission, 75 cents.

OPEN FORUM

Sunday, November 23rd, at 8 P. M.

THE COOPERATIVE MOVEMENT

AARON SAPIRO

Additional Forum Meetings will be held on November 30th, December 7th and 14th. Send in your name for announcements to

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, 2 West 64th St., N. Y. C.

The Public is invited

DEBATE on PROHIBITION!

CLARENCE **DARROW** versus REV. JOHN HAYNES **HOLMES**

(Against) (For)

Chairman, Hon. Royal S. Copeland

Sunday, December 14, 3 P. M.

Manhattan Opera House, 34th St., W. of 8th Ave.

Tickets $1.10, 1.65, 2.20, 2.75. Box Seats $3.30.

On sale at the office of or direct by mail from

THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION

500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. (Longacre 10434-4447)

N. B.—Out-of-towners desiring a printed stenographic report of this debate should send us their names.

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

"WHAT PRICE GLORY"

A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings

PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.

CLARENCE DARROW **SCOTT NEARING**

"Is the Human Race Worth Working For?"

Sunday afternoon, November 30, 2:30 o'clock

Town Hall, 113 West 43rd Street

Tickets on sale at Rand School, 7 East 15th St., and box office, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00.

The Fifth Avenue Restaurant

EXCLUSIVELY A LUNCHEON AND EVENING BANQUET RESORT ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING, 200 FIFTH AVENUE. TEL. GRAMERCY 4900 TO 4907 INCL.

THEODORE KEMM, Proprietor

THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY

By ANNE LOUISE STRONG

Introduction by LEON TROTSKY

IT is a pleasure to announce that what many believe to be the best book about *New Russia* yet written has just gone into its second edition. Miss Anne Louise Strong spent two years in Russia, travelling from end to end of that vast country, watching the greatest human experiment ever attempted. Her story is remarkable as a human document, fascinating as a narrative and a useful book for its practical exposition of the economic opportunities in Russia.

"To summarize such a fascinating story of Russia would lessen the excitement of reading it. A clarifying of much that is bewildering on the surface, and a renewed conviction of a purpose intelligently and stubbornly at work, directed toward the organization of a society different from any we have yet seen—that is the result of reading Miss Strong's book."—*The Nation.*

2nd EDITION

$2.00

BONI & LIVERIGHT GOOD BOOKS 61 WEST 48TH STREET NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Romance of New Russia

by MAGDELEINE MARX

The most colorful and illuminating picture of life in the Russia of today that has been published in America. A book whose human quality will delight even those whom the question of Russia leaves cold. $2.00

Margaret Ethel MacDonald

by J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

Carrie Chapman Catt—"Not only is it the rare tribute of a man to his wife, of a great man to a great woman, but perhaps it is the only written record of a man's heartfelt recognition and acceptance of the woman beside him as his co-equal in work and life." *Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach*—"I myself have seldom, if ever, enjoyed a biography more." $2.50

Survival of Extinction

by ELISHA M. FRIEDMAN

A keen, scientific and thorough study of the problems of the Jewish race, by one of the best known authorities on the subject. *Julius Drachsler, Professor of Sociology, College of City of New York*—"An unusually clear, vigorous and frank statement of the crucial problem that Jewry in the modern world has to face. It deserves to be read and pondered over." $2.50

THOMAS SELTZER, 5 W. 50th ST., N. Y.

The Russian Review

Published semi-monthly by the

RUSSIAN INFORMATION BUREAU

1726 21st Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Prints the most recent material on Industry, Trade, Finances, Agriculture, Legislation and Foreign Relations of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Copy, 15c. Subscription rates: for 3 months, $1.00; for six months, $2.00.

First bound volume of the **Russian Review**, 404 pages, including issues of Sept. 15, 1923, to June 15, 1924, as well as a comprehensive index, bound in imitation leather.

Price, $4.00.

The second volume of the **Russian Review** will appear after December 15, 1924.

A Half Hour Well-Spent

A well informed state of mind on the world's affairs is no more than a matter of half an hour's reading.

The source of information must, however, be reliable; news presented must be facts not fiction; editorial opinion must be reasoned judgment not insinuating propaganda.

The Manchester Guardian
WEEKLY

presents in compact form all the important news of the world without suppression or distortion of facts.

During more than a hundred years *The Manchester Guardian* has earned a unique reputation among the world's journals for its frank and unbiased editorial opinion, no less than for the accuracy of its news.

Today, in more than sixty countries, readers find that given a half hour of time each week *The Manchester Guardian Weekly* keeps their knowledge of the world's affairs in repair and enables them to maintain an intelligent outlook on all vital matters.

.....MAIL COUPON BELOW.....

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY,
222 West 42nd Street,
New York City.

I enclose three dollars for a year's subscription to THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY, to be mailed to me direct from Manchester, England, commencing with the current issue.

Name .....

Address .....

International Relations Section

Russia's Industrial Progress

By LEON TALMY

THE Soviet fiscal year recently ended (September 30) was marked with a series of ups and downs. The economic organization of the country underwent severe trials during which the soundness and vitality of the industrial policy inaugurated by the Soviet Government was put to a serious test. At the beginning of the year the country went through a crisis which resulted in overproduction owing to the low demand for manufactured products. The main cause of this crisis lay in the problem of the "shears," as it was graphically described by Trotzky. The prices for manufactured articles were disproportionately high as compared with the prices for agricultural products. Consequently the peasant population refrained from buying. The task before the Soviet economic organization was to achieve a decrease in the prices for industrial products and a corresponding raise in the returns for the products of agriculture, so as to "close the shears" and stabilize the normal course of the internal exchange of commodities. This could be brought about by diminishing considerably the overhead expenses of production and, at the same time, expanding the market for agricultural products.

To what extent this task has been achieved is shown by the conditions which were reported at the end of the year. In his report made before the plenary session of the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party on October 25, L. B. Kamenev pointed out that, according to the data of the Supreme Council of Public Economy and the State Planning Commission, the production of all industries increased in value over the preceding year by 350,000,000 gold rubles. But, while with the lower output of the previous year the industries had been suffering from overproduction, the increased output in the present year has proved insufficient to satisfy the actual demand for manufactured products. Especially has this been manifest in the case of the textile industry, where by the increased production during this year the output has been brought up to 63 per cent of the pre-war standard.

The output of the industries for which data are available at the Central Statistical Department of the Supreme Council of Public Economy, embracing about 80 per cent of the total production, has amounted to 1,484,000,000 rubles in pre-war prices. This is an increase of about 80 per cent over the output during the preceding fiscal year 1922-1923. The industries, however, have been hampered in their growth to a great extent by the lack of working capital. One of the greatest needs of the industries in Soviet Russia is the rehabilitation of equipment which was badly worn down during the years of civil war. According to calculations made in the *Ekonomicheskaya Zhisn* of October 1, the total need of the industries during the next few years in capital for reequipment and for the organization of new branches of production is figured at 1,000,000,000 gold rubles.

Progress was made in the coal-mining industry and in the oil industry. In the Donetz basin the amount of coal mined reached 540,000,000 poods, which is about 100,000,000 poods more than the original mining program for the year. The oil industry yielded about 360,000,000 poods, which is 48,000,000 more than in the preceding year. The output of the oil industry has been brought to within 75 per cent of the pre-war level. Yet the significance of this progress is reduced to a certain extent by the slower growth of the heavy industries which are the chief consumers of fuel.

The problem of expanding the market for the agricultural production of the Soviet Union was dealt with in conjunction with the problem of reestablishing the foreign trade of the country. In the fiscal year 1922-1923 the exports totaled 133,200,000 rubles, and the imports 147,000,000 rubles in pre-war prices. A significant detail of the imports is the change in their nature. In the year 1922-1923 food products made up 48 per cent of the imports; in 1923-1924 only 10 per cent. The bulk of the imports during the last year consisted of machinery and raw materials.

The favorable balance which was shown in the foreign trade turnover contributed materially to the success of the monetary reform which was effected during this year and is considered as the greatest economic achievement on the road toward the complete rehabilitation of the economic organism of the country. As a result of this reform the Soviet Union received a stable currency based on the chervonetz. By successive degrees the old depreciated paper money was taken out of circulation and the issue of the new currency was made only against strong security. The financial resources of the country have been steadily growing, as shown by the increase of money in circulation. In December, 1923, the total amount of currency in circulation was 303,000,000 rubles. By the end of September this amount increased to about 650,000,000 rubles.

Owing to growing financial stability the Soviet Government was enabled to limit the issue of currency for budget purposes. The new budget, as announced for the year 1924-1925, is balanced without the issue of currency. The budget, which totals 2,091,648,000 rubles, which is 10 per cent higher than last year, is balanced with a deficit of 80,000,000 rubles, which will be covered by the issue of silver and copper currency. Thus the budget is balanced, in fact, without a deficit for the first time since the war.

A serious setback in the economic reconstruction was the partial crop failure. Besides diminishing the material resources of the Union it required the increase of budget expenditures by 48,000,000 rubles to be used for relief in the stricken districts. The flood in Leningrad will also require the expenditure of an extra 12,000,000 rubles. However, the ultimate effects of the crop failure turned out to be much less disastrous than had been anticipated. According to the report of the Commissariat of Agriculture at the recent session of the Central Executive Committee, the total crop yield will amount to over 2,600,000,000 poods, which is 9 per cent less than the preceding year. This yield, together with the reserves on hand, will not only be sufficient to satisfy the home needs but it will leave a surplus of about 100,000,000 poods for export purposes.

These are, in general outline, the economic facts with which the Soviet Union is entering the eighth year of its existence. In Kamenev's report, referred to above, the situation is summed up as follows:

> We are moving forward. The rehabilitation of the industries, and consequently the strengthening of the socialist elements of our economy, has progressed. In the field

AMTORG TRADING CORPORATION

136 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK

Sole representatives in the U. S.

of

Gostorg (State Export and Import Bureau) of the RSFSR, Moscow

Gostorg of the Northwestern Region, Leningrad

Ukrainian Gostorg, Kharkov

Transcaucasian Gostorg, Tiflis

White-Russian Gostorg, Minsk

All the leading industrial and commercial organizations and combinations in the Union of SSR.

and

Arcos Ltd., London

Exporting to the Union SSR:

Agricultural machinery and implements

Electrical machinery

Technical equipment for industries and transport

Drugs and chemicals

Office materials

Objects of general use, etc.

Importing from the Union SSR:

Furs and hides

Bristle, horsehair, wool, casings, and other animal products

Hemp and flax

Medical roots and other raw materials.

MOSCOW OFFICE: KUZNETZKY MOST 14

DERUTRA

Deutsch-Russische
Lager-und Transportgesellschaft.
Hamburg 36 / Stadthausbrucke 17.

Clearance—Forwarding—Chartering—Insurance —Lombard Loans—Aerial Transport— Travel Bureaus—Warehousing.

Transports to All Countries
Special Services from and to Russia

BRANCHES

Berlin Sw 68; Lindenstrabe 22-25.
Stettin; Gr. Wollweberstrabe 23.
Bremen; Langenstrabe 135.
Konigsberg; Altstadtische Holzwiesenstr, 5.
New York City; 35 Water Street.
Kopenhagen; Ny Toldbodgade 5.
Leningrad; Gerzena 55-57.
Moskau; Petrowska 4.
Odessa; Deribassowskaja 12.
Nicolajew; Nikolskaja 24.
Novorossisk; Potschtowaja 3.
Batum; Nabereschnaja 4; Fedosis, Nowaja 6.
Mariupol; Maria Magdalena 8.
Charkoff; Ui. Karl Liebknecht, 17/19.

TRAVEL BUREAUS

Moskau; Petrowka 4.
Leningrad; Prosp. d. 25 Oktobers 60.
Odessa; Deribassowskaja 12.

ALLIED AMERICAN CORPORATION—

(ALAMERICO)

By Agreement with the
Peoples Commissariat for Foreign Trade

Exporters—U.S.S.R.—Importers
(Russia)

REPRESENTING IN U.S.S.R.

Ford Motor Company
U. S. Rubber Company
and the
Leading American Manufacturers of Agricultural Implements, Machinery, Tools, etc.

IMPORTERS from U.S.S.R.
Furs, Caviar, Casings, etc.

HEAD OFFICE
165 Broadway
New York
U. S. A.

PRINCIPAL RUSSIAN OFFICE
Kuznetzki Most 4
Moscow

Direct Branches and Representatives throughout Europe and the U.S.S.R.

of agriculture the crop failure retarded but did not check the growth of the prosperity of the peasant population and the expanding of the market for industries. The issue of money has been stopped. The monetary reform is on a firm foundation. We may well look hopefully forward.

Lenin the Man

By MAXIM GORKI

(The following passages are from a series of reminiscences of Lenin published in the Neue Rundschau *(Berlin) for August, 1924.)*

TO me Lenin is not only the wonderfully complete incarnation of a will set upon a goal which no man before had dared to set himself; he is one of those great figures, one of those tremendous, half-legendary men who crop up from time to time in Russian history, always unexpectedly, like Peter the Great, Michael Lomonosoff, Leo Tolstoi, and others. I believe that such men are possible only in Russia—the country whose history and manner of living always remind me of Sodom and Gomorrah.

To me Lenin is the hero of a legend, a man who had torn the burning heart out of his breast in order to light up for mankind the path which shall lead it out of the shameful chaos of the present, out of the rotting bog of stupid current politics. . . .

His hero-character has almost no outward adornment. His heroism is of a type not rare in Russia—the modest, ascetic martyrdom of an honorable, intellectual revolutionary who honestly believes in the possibility of justice on earth; the heroism of a man who has renounced all the pleasures of life to do hard work for the happiness of mankind.

One evening in Moscow when J. Dobrowein was playing Beethoven sonatas in Mme E. Peschkoff's home, Lenin said: "I know nothing more beautiful than the Appassionata; I could hear it every day. It is wonderful, superhuman music. I always think, perhaps with a naive childish pleasure: what marvels men create!"

And, blinking, with a joyless smile, he added: "But—often I cannot listen to music; it affects my nerves; I want to talk nonsense and pat men on the head because, living in a dirty hell, they create such beauty. Today one does not dare pat men on the head—they would bite one's hand—one must hit them on the head, strike them without mercy, although ideally we are opposed to all use of force. Hm, hm—a devilishly hard job."

The task of an honorable leader of his people is superhumanly difficult. One cannot conceive a leader who is not to some degree a tyrant. Probably more men were killed under Lenin than under Wat Tyler, Thomas Münzer, or Garibaldi. But the opposition to the revolution at whose head Lenin stood was also broader and mightier. One must recall too that with the onward march of "civilization" men's lives have become cheaper; the perfection of the technique of destroying men and the taste for that process in modern Europe prove it beyond a doubt. . . . Ask your conscience: Is the chatter of those "moralists" who talk of the bloodthirstiness of the Russian revolutionaries, after they themselves through four long years of the World War had not only had no sympathy for millions of men who were driven to the shambles, but had actually preached war "to the bitter end"—say, is their chatter fitting here? Is it not rather out of place? All the civilized nations are beaten, exhausted; they are slipping toward savagery, and only human stupidity has conquered—its harsh bonds are choking us still. . . .

In the hungry year of 1919 Lenin was ashamed to use the food which comrades, soldiers, and peasants sent him from the provinces. When these love-gifts were brought to his uncomfortable home he frowned, was distressed, and hastened to distribute the flour, sugar, and butter to sick and undernourished comrades. Once he invited me to dinner, and remarked: "I will give you smoked fish—they sent it to me from Astrakhan." He rumpled his Socratic brow, looked aside with his all-seeing eyes, and said: "They send it to me, as to a great man. How can one stop them? If one refuses the gift it offends them. And all about people are hungry. It is stupid. . . ."

He himself was very modest in his demands, took neither wine nor tobacco, and was burdened with heavy work from morning till evening; he did not know how to look out for himself, although he carefully watched the life of his comrades. His interest for them was a tender care, such as is usual only in women. Every free moment he gave to others, without seeking rest for himself.

One evening he was sitting at his desk, writing hurriedly, and, without lifting his pen from the paper, he said: "Good day, how are you? I'll be ready in a moment. . . . There's a comrade in the province who is getting discouraged. He's tired. We've got to cheer him up. Morale is important."

On the desk lay a copy of Tolstoi's "War and Peace." "Yes, Tolstoi! I wanted to reread the hunting scene, but then I remembered that I had to write the comrade. I never get around to reading. I never read your book on Tolstoi until last night. . . ."

Smiling, wrinkling his eyes, he stretched out in his armchair and added in a softer voice: "What a colossus, wasn't he? What an old giant! Yes, friend, there's an artist for you! And do you know what is wonderful about him? His peasant voice, his peasant mind—there was a real peasant in him. Until that count began writing there was no real peasant in literature—not a one." Then he looked at me with his little Asiatic eyes and asked: "Who is there in Europe to compare with him?" and himself answered "None!" And, like a cat in the sun, he rubbed his hands and laughed contentedly.

I often noticed in him that pride in Russia, in the Russians, in Russian art. Often this trait seemed strange and even naive, but later I recognized in it the echo of a deep, joyful love of his people. . . .

I know no other man who, like Lenin, the superior of other men, could so resist the temptations of pride and had so warm an interest in "little people."

In Russia, a country where the necessity of suffering is preached as a universal prescription for the salvation of the soul, I know no one who so profoundly hated and despised the unhappiness, the misery, and suffering of mankind. This feeling, this hate of the dramas and tragedies of life raises Vladimir Lenin particularly high in my eyes—this man of iron in a land where the most ingenious gospels have been written to exalt and honor suffering, where the youth begin to live their lives according to books which do nothing but describe the monotonous details of daily life. Russian literature is the most pessimistic literature of Europe; all our books are written upon the same subject—how we suffer in youth and in maturity from stupidity, from the oppression of absolutism, from women, from our family love, from the inadequate arrangement of the world; in old age from recognition of our mistakes, from loss of teeth and bad digestion; finally, from the necessity of death. . . .

Perhaps Lenin conceived the drama of existence too simply and thought it easy to combat, as easy as it would be to do away with the dirt and disorder of Russian life. Well, be it so! I rate high in him just that feeling of irreconcilable and unquenchable hostility to human misery, his firm belief that misery is not the necessary basis of existence but rather something detestable which man must and can repel. I would call this characteristic his optimistic joy in battle, and it was no true Russian character. . . .

I marveled at his superhuman capacity for work. His fiery zeal was native to him; it was not the selfish pride of a gambler, but an extraordinary freshness of spirit, which only a man could have who believed absolutely in his task, who felt himself profoundly and closely a part of the world,

and who knew his role in the chaos of the world from the ground up—the role of an enemy of that chaos.

He could with equal enthusiasm play chess, study a history of costumes, argue with a comrade for hours, fish, walk across the rocks of Capri glowing in the sun, rejoice in the golden flowers and in the brown fisher-boys. In the evening, when he listened to stories of village life in Russia, he would sigh enviously: "I know Russia very little. Simbirsk, Kazan, St. Petersburg, and places where I was sent—that is almost all."

He loved a joke, and laughed with his whole body, as if he dived into a laugh, often laughing until he cried. He could give the most various colors to his short, characteristic "Hm, hm"—from biting irony to cautious doubt, and often there rang in it such a humor as is possible only in a keen man who knows the devilish absurdity of life.

Of a solid, thick-set body, with the skull of a Socrates and the all-seeing eyes of a very wise man, he often took on a strange and rather ludicrous posture: bending his head back and toward his shoulder, he would tuck his fingers in the sleeve-holes of his vest. There was something rather lovable and comic in that pose, something that reminded one of a victorious rooster, and at such moments he beamed joy. . . .

His movements were light and easy, and his rare but strong gestures fitted perfectly with his manner of speaking, sparing of words, but rich in thought. In his Mongolian face there burned and played the sharp eyes of a hunter who tirelessly chases the lies and misery of life; they burned now flickeringly, now ironically laughing, now angrily blazing. The gleam of those eyes made his speaking amazingly clear. Often it seemed as if the tireless energy of his spirit hurled sparks from those eyes, as if his words, filled with that energy, burned in the air. His speaking had a positively physical sense of irrefutable truth, and even when I could not accept it I always felt its force. . . .

Men thirst, if they thirst at all, not for a fundamental change in their social habits, but only for more of the same. The cry of man is: "Do not prevent our living as we have always lived." Vladimir Lenin was a man who as no one before him understood how to keep men from living their usual life.

Whether Lenin called forth more love or more hate I do not know. The hate men bear him stands naked and evident; its tracks are plain as the blue marks of the plague. Yet I fear that the love which many bear him is nothing more than the dim faith of miserable and desperate men in the miracle-maker; that it is a love which expects wonders, but would itself do nothing to realize its own strength in an existence which is almost numbed by miseries caused by the avarice of some and the vast stupidity of others. . . .

And if the clouds of hate, the clouds of lies and calumny, which surround his name were heavier still it would not matter; no power on earth can dim the light of the torch which Lenin raised in the dark gloom of this world astray. There has been no man who so much as he has really earned an "eternal memory."

Vladimir Lenin is dead. The heirs of his mind and of his will still live. In the end, despite everything, whatever a man creates that is true and honorable lives; that conquers without which there would be no men.

The Agricultural Offensive

AMONG the most important of the activities of the Soviet Government is that of the agrarian rehabilitation of Russia. It has been forced to face a situation on the agricultural front which is the result not only of the ravages of international and civil war but of the inheritance of an inefficient and primitive peasantry which had been kept in ignorance throughout the regime of the czars.

Only 20 Months Old

Watch Our Growth

Expect to be in our new building soon

Over 8 million dollars transmitted to Russia by our clients

Over 4 million dollars in deposits

New York's First Labor Bank

THE AMALGAMATED BANK

103 East 14th St. COR. 4th AVE. AT UNION SQ.

Money Remittances

to all parts of

RUSSIA

Promptly delivered by the

BANK FOR FOREIGN TRADE OF THE UNION OF S. S. R.

Russian Commercial Bank

Capital 20,000,000 Gold Rubles

MOSCOW PETROVKA 3

Also Transacts All Banking Operations

Our Correspondents in America

New York.—American Express Company, Baltic-America Line, Equitable Trust Company of New York, The State Bank, Messrs. Straus & Co., Bankers, Guaranty Trust Company of New York, C. B. Richard & Co., The Chase National Bank of City of New York.

Boston.—Bank of Commerce & Trust Co., The National Shawmut Bank of Boston.

Chicago.—West Side National Bank of Chicago, Depositors State Bank, Division State Bank, International Cable Remittance Co., Schiff Trust & Savings Bank, The Northern Trust Company.

Detroit, Mich.—The Peoples State Bank.

Newark, N. J.—American National Bank, West Side Trust Company.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Central National Bank Savings & Trust Co., Union Trust Company.

Highland Park, Mich.—The American State Bank of Highland Park.

Philadelphia, Pa.—M. L. Blitzstein & Co., Southwark National Bank, Peoples Bank & Trust Company.

Portland.—Hibernia Commercial & Savings Bank.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Pittsburgh State Bank.

San Francisco, Cal.—Bank of Italy, Italian American Bank.

Baltimore.—The National Bank of Baltimore.

Prominent in the educational campaign to combat the lack of scientific knowledge of farming is the Society for Technical Aid of the United States and Canada. This society says of its work:

The aim is to organize agricultural and industrial units equipped with modern machinery and sufficient funds and to send these groups to Russia to establish modern farming communities. Twenty-five such groups have been sent to Russia by the society, with a capital in cash and machinery and accessory implements amounting to $3,000,000. Most of these groups have settled in southeastern Russia. They met conditions there which called for the roughest kind of pioneer work, but so well did they cope with the hardships that their work has produced encouraging results.

Recent reports from Russia state that in one Don basin commune, where the drought had ruined other crops, the number of poods per dessiatin for the commune and for the average peasant farm compare as follows (a pood equals 36 pounds, a dessiatin 2½ acres):

	Commune	*Peasant Farm*
Rye	53 poods	4.1 poods
Winter wheat	92.5 poods	4.7 poods
Spring wheat	40.6 poods	4.6 poods
Barley	15 poods	7.7 poods

Other Don communes have produced results averaging more than twice those of the peasants. Similar conditions prevail in the Tambov region and in other localities where the American communes are operating.

The communes of American-trained Russian farmers are functioning as model agricultural units. They furnish information to their more primitive neighbors. They demonstrate the use of modern agricultural machinery, implements, and accessories which they have brought with them.

Aside from the essential agricultural aspect, the American communes are engaged also in various auxiliary activities. Each commune has established its blacksmith, carpentry, and repair shops, in addition to the shops established according to the needs of the particular localities, such as textile, shoe, and tailoring establishments. A lively economic interchange is thereby established between the communes and the peasants, who for the first time are brought in contact with modern artisanship which they are eager to assimilate and adopt. In addition, some of the communes have built electrical power stations in rural districts where electricity was little known, and have supplied electricity to the neighboring villages.

From the tendencies prevailing it appears that organized reemigration to Russia will soon assume large proportions, and the central bureau has been improving its facilities for increased activities in the future.

Contributors to This Issue

MARY ROSS is an associate editor of the *Survey* who has devoted special attention to the subject of public health.

LOUIS FISCHER is a correspondent of *The Nation* in Russia.

RUTH EPPERSON KENNELL is on her way back to America after residence in the Kuzbas colony since its beginning.

MAX EASTMAN, formerly editor of the *Masses* and of the *Liberator*, is now living in Europe

JESSICA SMITH has just returned to this country after nearly three years in Russia, where she was engaged in famine relief and other work.

LEON TALMY is a frequent contributor to *The Nation* on Russian affairs.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY is joint editor and translator of "Modern Russian Poetry: an Anthology."

CHARLES RECHT is a lawyer in New York and the author of "Rue with a Difference."

IN honor of the Seventh Anniversary of the formation of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, this space is respectfully dedicated by

All-Russian Central Union of Cooperative Societies

Represented in the United States by

CENTROSOYUS - AMERICA, Incorporated

136 Liberty Street - New York

BRENTANO'S, INC.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 27TH STREET

Chicago New York Washington, D. C.

Books in the

Russian Language

Art Books, Fiction and Historical Works

American Publishers of

Jar Ptitza

The finest Russian Art Magazine of the day

$1.25 a number

Autonomous Industrial Colony

KUZBAS

(An organization operating mines, chemical and coke plants, and a machine farm at Kemerovo, Siberia, with American and Russian skill and labor.)

The following cable was received by the New York office on November 14, from Moscow:

"RESULT INVESTIGATION OUR ACTIVITIES S. T. O. (Council of Labor and Defense) DECIDED TURN OVER TO KUZBAS ALL SOUTH REGION KUZNETZ BASIN INCLUDING KOLCHUGINA AND PROKOPEVSKY MINES AND GURIEV METALLURGICAL PLANT."

Kuznetsky Basin Is the Pennsylvania of Siberia

Russian Offices—Volkhonka 9, Moscow.
Yadrinitskaya 28, Novo Nikolaevsk.

New York —Kuzbas, Room 402, 799 Broadway.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1924 No. 3100

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 587
EDITORIALS:
Child Labor Must End! 590
Plunkitt's Way 591
The Indispensable Century 591
Senator Borah's Opportunity 592
THE POLITICIANS BETRAY THE FARMER. By Gertrude Mathews Shelby 593
CALLES—THE TEACHER AND STATESMAN. By Howard A. Lamb 595
TO A SONG OF SAPPHO, DISCOVERED IN EGYPT. By Leonora Speyer 596
BERRIES IS BERRIES. By Frances Bradley 597
IN BAD ALL AROUND. By William Hard 598
CASSANDRA. By Louise Bogan 599
POET'S LOVE LETTER. By Maxwell Bodenheim 599
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 599
CORRESPONDENCE 600
BOOKS AND PLAYS:
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 602
Religious Insight and Religious Nonsense. By Benjamin Stolberg ... 602
Galsworthy's World. By A. Donald Douglas 603
Engineering or Architecture? By Talbot Faulkner Hamlin 605
Regular Journalism. By Arthur Ruhl 605
Books in Brief 605
The Nation's Poetry Prize 606
Drama: The Utopia of Gallants. By Joseph Wood Krutch 606
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Shall We Commit Suicide? By Winston S. Churchill 608

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

MANAGING EDITOR LITERARY EDITOR

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

ROBERT HERRICK LUDWIG LEWISOHN NORMAN THOMAS

JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THE BRITISH ULTIMATUM to Egypt would be a disgrace to any civilized nation. It is an act of force—of sheer, brute, bullying power. In tone and content it is like the Austrian ultimatum which precipitated the European War. This time there will be no general war, but that is not England's virtue, and the horror with which the world greeted the authors of the 1914 document should be turned upon Mr. Baldwin's Government in 1924. Compare the two documents:

AUSTRIA SAID TO SERBIA JULY 23, 1914:	ENGLAND SAID TO EGYPT NOVEMBER 24, 1924:
1. Suppress anti-Austrian publications.	1. Apologize.
2. Dissolve anti-Austrian secret societies.	2. Discover and punish the criminals.
3. Eliminate anti-Austrian propaganda from the public schools.	3. "*Henceforth forbid and vigorously suppress all popular political demonstrations.*"
4. Remove army officers and civil officials guilty of anti-Austrian propaganda.	4. Pay England £500,000.
5. Accept Austrian collaboration in suppressing movement to break up Austria.	5 Within twenty-four hours order all Egyptian officers and army units out of the Sudan (hitherto ruled jointly by England and Egypt, in Egypt's name).
6. Punish those guilty of assassinating the archduke, letting Austrian officials participate in the investigation.	6. Allow increase of the Gezira irrigated area (hitherto limited to preserve Egypt's water supply) "to an unlimited figure."
7. Arrest two compromised individuals.	7. Withdraw all opposition to England's wishes "regarding protection of foreign interests in Egypt." a) Let England revise the regulations and pay for alien officials in Egypt. b) Retain the foreign advisers and accept British recommendations.
8. Stop the traffic in arms across the border.	8. Accept these demands within twenty-four hours.
9. Explain anti-Austrian statements made by Serbian officials since the crime.	
10. Accept these demands within forty-eight hours.	

IN FACT, THE BRITISH are more drastic than the Austrians. The British paragraph 7 is broad enough to include all the first six of Austria's 1914 demands. Austria sought to punish the assassins and to stop Serbian propaganda aimed at the break-up of the Dual Monarchy, and her demands were regarded as outrageous and extreme. England goes further. She seeks not only to stop anti-British activities; she wants money, and demands that Egypt suppress "all popular political demonstrations"—an unprecedented and impossible demand, and smashes the Sudan treaties which her own statesmen have executed, to which England's word is pledged. Egypt has paid five-sixths of the cost of administering the Sudan for the last quarter-century, and now England, acting in the interest of her cotton magnates, would boot Egypt out. The extension of the Gezira irrigation project is tucked in to facilitate the development of British cotton plantations in the Sudan. Here the hand of greed joins that of imperial brutality.

EGYPT ACCEPTED the demands for punishment, an apology, and an indemnity, but naturally refused to accept, as a Government, direct responsibility for the crime of an individual; she also declined to accept off-hand the demands to increase the irrigable area and to withdraw officers from the Sudan, declaring that this would violate her constitution. General Allenby, British High Commissioner, forthwith replied that the British Government would execute these by itself. The Egyptian Premier Zaghlul paid the indemnity but maintained his refusals, and resigned. British land, air, and naval units have been ordered to Egypt, and there, as we go to press, the matter rests. The next step is for the League of Nations. Article XI of its Covenant begins:

> Any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League, and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations. . . . It is also declared the friendly right of each member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.

If the League is worth its salt, some of its members—possibly Turkey or even the Irish Free State, which knew General Sir Lee Stack before he went to Egypt—will exercise that "friendly right."

SO SENATOR LA FOLLETTE may be deprived of his committee positions in the Senate as punishment for his heading a third ticket. Well, we hope he will be. Nothing else the Republicans could do would so increase Mr. La Follette's popularity or keep up the fighting spirit of his followers. It would greatly help to make the new permanent organization effective, just when such help will be most welcome. On the other hand, we are still of the opinion that Senator La Follette should voluntarily burn his bridges and cut all communications with the Republicans, even to the extent of seeking reelection in Wisconsin as a Progressive. It is time for the lines to be clearly drawn. Men and women must be either Progressives or something else. The reform cause will suffer if it is merely the temporary refuge of people who are ready to slip back into the old parties if one fray is unsuccessful. Only those who are willing to join in a long fight and to endure days of small things if necessary can help.

> Thanks to La Follette we've had a census of unrest in this country, and the group is composed of ne'er-do-wells, foreign populations we can never assimilate, and a large bunch of Americans educated at public expense to whom education is an acquisition but not a useful thing.

THIS IS the delightfully tactful statement made the other day by Richard F. Grant, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, in Cleveland, the American city which Senator La Follette had just carried by a comfortable majority. But Mr. Grant did not stop there. He went on to say this:

> We've had a lot of long-haired demagogues raging up and down the land with imaginary short-cuts to bliss. We even find these radicals creeping into our colleges. I know some of them in Yale and, as far as I'm concerned, I'm going to start taking the bird-seed out of them.

Yale and Cornell—for he included Cornell in his indictment—will please take notice. Any student or professor who refuses to think as Mr. Grant does must be trembling in his shoes and, in Mr. Grant's elegant phrase, preparing to yield up his "bird-seed" as well as his opinions. That is exactly the position we should expect the head of the United States Chamber of Commerce to take a day or two after business had won its greatest victory in our history. How could anyone believe that a man of this type would be intelligent enough to know that nothing would spread radicalism in the colleges as much as an attempt at its suppression by Mr. Grant's organization?

JUST NOW, WE ARE TOLD, the American business man rejoices that business is to be freed from governmental interference. He once more demands that business and politics be divorced, and he loudly cries amen when the newspapers report that Honest Cal will not have Congress meet in extra session. That sounds very well. But who is it that is the first to run to Congress for aid if things do not go well with him? Why, the business man. If he is a manufacturer whose business, whether badly or well managed, is not doing well, then to Congress he hies for a higher tariff. If he is a shipowner in danger from foreign competition, the first thing he thinks of is to run to Congress for a subsidy to help him operate his ships while reviling anyone who suggests that rather than have the government a minority partner it had better run the whole show. If he owns oil-wells in Mexico, why, the government must stay in business with him to protect his interests, whether Congress sits or not. And if it is a question of deepening waterways, or releasing water-power to private interests, or giving permission to cross rivers, or appropriating money to dredge rivers and harbors, then to Congress the nearest Chamber of Commerce flies. The simple truth is that nobody wants the government in business as much as the well-to-do business man—but he wants to be the final, yes, the only, arbiter as to how far politics shall go into business and just exactly what it shall do when it gets there.

EXCEPT WHEN A SMUTS falls or an unusually large diamond is found South Africa seldom calls attention to itself. Now the report of the 1921 census is beginning to worry South Africans. During the twenty years after 1871 the European population doubled itself. It doubled itself again in the next twenty years; but in the last ten years it has increased only 19 per cent, "a retardation of progression too significant to be ignored." The European increase has relied largely upon immigration, but the number of Europeans emigrating to South Africa has dropped off. The report says that,

> assuming on the one hand on the terms most favorable for the European population not only a natural increase, but a progressive increase by immigration in addition to natural increase, . . . and assuming for the non-European population the most unfavorable conditions such as a serious retardation of natural increase similar to the recent influenza epidemic, in fifty years a population of 6,500,000 Europeans will live side by side with a population of 16,500,000 non-Europeans.

The rapidly increasing number of natives will find their lives and national aspirations more and more hindered by the presence of a European dominant race. If the European is not willing to abandon South Africa or accept a secondary position, the report asks, how can the circumstances be controlled and the tendencies of the past fifty years be directed into different channels?

THE GHASTLINESS of a system by which in supposedly civilized countries men still take the lives of their fellow-creatures in the name of justice is again illustrated in an account of the execution of four bandits in Montreal. We quote from the Glens Falls *Times:*

> Dawn had not broken. There were just enough lights about the scaffold to permit the executioners to see.
>
> The executioners were nervous. In binding Gambino one bumped into another. It broke the tensity of his nerves and made him cry out in a voice audible outside in the courtyard:
>
> "Go easy! Go easy!" . . .
>
> A tall, powerful policeman suddenly gasped:
>
> "I can't stand it. My heart!"
>
> He averted his gaze, leaned against a wall, and sobbed.
>
> He turned just as the bodies plunged, sobbed anew, and then prayed.
>
> As the bodies of Serafini and Frank dangled at the end of the rope a church bell tolled five. A moment later the chimes sounded. The work was done. The party that had been compelled to kill four of their fellow-men nearly fled from the chamber into the misty courtyard.

If the community at large, in its indifference, still allows this survival of savagery to continue it ought at least to consider the feelings of the officials who have to carry out its ghoulish work. In commenting lately on an attempt at suicide by an English hangman—depressed at the thought of his life's work—we suggested that the job be filled, like jury duty, by lot. But better, of course, is for enlightened people to demand the end of judicial murder.

LONDON DOES NOT readily abandon an enterprise to which she has set her hand, but she has just had to confess herself beaten. She has given up the attempt, on which a committee of her County Council has been occupied off and on for ten years, to find a suitable motto for herself. In vain have the geniuses who win prizes for proposing the best name for a new breakfast food or a new paper striven to help her out of the difficulty. Many hundreds of mottoes have been sent in—some hortatory, some declamatory, some religious, and some humorous—but not one of them satisfies the committee. Perhaps, as the London *Times* suggests, the trouble is that the English metropolis has acquired so many divergent meanings in the minds of British subjects that any attempt to summarize them would exclude more than it embraced. Puddlecombe-by-the-sea means, one imagines, very much the same thing to all its inhabitants, but the London of Lord Curzon can scarcely be the same place as the London of George Lansbury, nor does Pett Ridge love it for the reasons that inspire the affection of Dean Inge.

IS AEOLUS to be enshrined again as a major god? Are the winds of heaven, after years of neglect, to become once more an important source of motive power? Certainly no invention of recent times is more captivating to the imagination than the windship of the German, Anton Flettner—if it measures up to the claims made for it. Wind was once one of the world's great reservoirs of power. Windmills did universal service and sailing ships carried the world's commerce. The windship—if it should succeed—would bring back those days, with modifications. The windship is propelled not by sails but by two masts upon which turrets revolve. They are said to produce about fifteen times as much power as would be obtainable from sails and to permit the ship to go in any direction; they produce a speed equal to that of a steam-driven cargo vessel. Such a ship would, of course, save not only in fuel but in a reduction in the size of the crew, the saving amounting to from 50 to 80 per cent over the steamship. A wonderful vista, if true—and maybe it is! Nor would the invention be limited to ships. The windmill—now used chiefly on prairie farms or to attract American visitors to Holland—would also come back to glory.

BUT EVEN IF THE WINDSHIP be only a dream, another development is actually taking place which, if less spectacular, is almost as revolutionary. The windship is a possibility of the future, but the motorship is a reality which is already transforming ocean commerce. The substitution of the Diesel internal-combustion engine, by which the power of oil fuel is applied directly to a ship's propeller shaft—similar to the propulsion of an automobile—is reducing the cost of ocean transportation by 10 to 30 per cent, writes E. S. Gregg, chief of the transportation division of the Department of Commerce, in the *Nautical Gazette*. Speaking of the exporter, Mr. Gregg says:

> He has been conscious only of the severity of competition abroad and the high expenses at home. He has even been inclined to say that high ocean and freight rates are keeping him out of desirable markets when, as a matter of fact, the decline in ocean rates has been greater than the decline in prices. . . . The most recent development in motorship construction is in the field of the large passenger ship. Heretofore only cargo boats and small passenger-cargo ships have been equipped with Diesel engines; but in the past year two passenger ships, averaging around 20,000 gross tons each, have been ordered and are now nearly completed.

We are glad to add that in regard to the motorship the United States Shipping Board is abreast, if not ahead, of the times. The last session of Congress appropriated $25,000,000 to convert fifty of the government's better steamships to motorships, and contracts have already been let for work on eighteen vessels.

WHAT, WE WONDER, would be the state of literary taste if our reading of imaginative literature were confined to the works published during the current year? Such a condition of affairs is too absurd to be imagined and yet the situation in the theater is exactly parallel, since revivals, except for an occasional revivification of Shakespeare, are almost unknown. Elsewhere in this issue we comment upon a performance of Congreve's "The Way of the World," but that bold effort merely stimulates our desire to see other famous works of both the near and distant past live again in the theater. A certain rather vulgar insistence upon sumptuous productions (in which the public has been encouraged by wealthy producers) stands in the way of unpretentious revivals, but if this same public could come to realize how even a very mediocre production on the stage brings out dramatic values unguessed in the library it would demand at least modest revivals and support a theater devoted to them.

GUS KARGER, the veteran Washington correspondent, whose death occurred on November 16, was a really remarkable figure in the newspaper world of the capital, particularly because of his intimacy with William H. Taft. Of humble German and Jewish origin, he worked himself up by sheer merit, by frankness and trustworthiness, by reason of his penetrating political judgments and shrewd common sense. It was currently reported in Washington that Mr. Taft as President rarely took any action without consulting Mr. Karger, who had copies of all important documents and letters of the Taft Administration in the expectation that he would some day be the official Taft biographer. That Mr. Karger was an intense partisan goes without saying, for he was the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, owned by Charles P. Taft, one of the most hide-bound, narrow, and intemperate Republican journals in the country—so much of a back number that it would not print Senator La Follette's Cincinnati speech. It is, in other words, a kind of antiquated partisan survival whose disappearance would be a public benefit. But to Gus Karger it gave a fairly free hand, and within the limits of his and its Republicanism he expressed himself as he would. Everybody in public life and in his profession liked him and respected him, even where there were sharp political disagreements.

Child Labor Must End!

A FEW years ago the people of this country were so convinced of the elementary necessity to give Congress the right to make laws for the protection of children in States which neglect or refuse to protect them that the child-labor amendment seemed certain of passage. President Wilson, President Harding, and Mr. Coolidge had all declared for it. Now Massachusetts has voted against the child-labor amendment, and the forces of reaction have taken new heart.

The American people has three times expressed its determination to stop the slavery of children in the mills. In September, 1916, Congress passed a bill prohibiting interstate commerce in the products of child labor. In June, 1918, the Supreme Court ruled that the bill was unconstitutional, holding that it was not in fact bona fide regulation of interstate commerce. In February, 1919, Congress passed a new bill imposing a 10-per-cent tax on the products of child labor. In May, 1922, the Supreme Court ruled this act, too, unconstitutional. It was plain then that if child labor was to be regulated by the federal government there would have to be a constitutional amendment. Congress adopted such an amendment last spring; to become effective it requires ratification by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States. Arkansas has approved it; Louisiana, Georgia, and North Carolina, as was expected, have rejected it; and the people of Massachusetts, in a referendum distinguished by misrepresentation, ignorance, and deceit, have also voted against it. In January, 1925, thirty-six State legislatures will assemble, and the battle will be on. It will have to be won a fourth time, and it will be. No defeat of such a measure is final, but every victory endures; a State legislature may reconsider a negative decision but not an affirmative—such is the provision of the Constitution.

This federal amendment is, in the nature of things, permissive only. The Constitution is not the place for statutory legislation—it is the place to define powers. What the federal amendment would do is to transfer to the national Congress powers which are not held by the State legislatures: "The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." Today every State in the Union has that power, but those whose memories reach back through the years of pioneer effort to take the children out of the mills know how heartlessly the State legislatures have failed to use their authority. Some States have excellent child-labor laws; some have wretched laws, and those ill enforced.

When this amendment is ratified—as sooner or later it will be—we may expect federal legislation akin to that killed by the Supreme Court's veto. The federal laws passed in 1916 and 1919 sought to prohibit in mills, factories, and workshops labor of children under 14, and to regulate—by establishing an eight-hour day and a six-day week—the labor of children under 16. They also sought to keep children under 16 out of the dangerous quarries and coal mines. The National Child Labor Committee, which focuses the national campaign to stop child labor, also proposes to include tenement sweatshops in the general prohibition, and to extend the prohibition for work in industries dangerous to life, health, or morals to the age of 18. No attempt has ever been made to prohibit child labor on the farms; the suggestion of such legislation is a bogy invented by the defenders of child labor to frighten the farmers into opposition to the amendment.

Child labor and illiteracy of course go hand in hand. All the leading countries of the world except the United States have, by passing national child-labor laws requiring children to go to school up to certain ages, reduced the number of their illiterate citizens. We talk of our enlightenment, but our illiteracy rate is four times that of England or Germany. According to the census of 1920 1,060,783 children under 15 were at work in the United States, and 1,437,783 children between 7 and 13 were not in school. These unprotected children in States which have weak child-labor laws or which do not enforce the laws on their statute-books have a right to look to the national government to protect them.

In Massachusetts the Associated Industries, affiliated with the National Association of Manufacturers, early transmuted itself into the "Citizens Committee to Protect Our Homes and Children." One might suppose an association so named a branch of the National Child Labor Committee. It was not; it was a part of an association which masked greed for profits won out of children's labor under the fair name of the American home, and deliberately set out to deceive the people of Massachusetts. It suggested that the campaign to stop child labor, waged so earnestly in the United States these last decades, was an invention of Soviet Russia! It quoted or misquoted—we have not verified its quotations—from extreme Russian communists who propose to take children out of the home, and declared that these quotations represented the program of the heroic group which has been struggling to save American children from the mills. A letter sent out by Charles R. Gow, general manager of the Hood Rubber Company and chairman of the finance committee of this Massachusetts "committee to protect homes and children," quoted a statement attributed to Zinoviev's wife, that "We must remove the children from the pernicious influence of the family. We must . . . nationalize them," and continued:

> The avowed purpose of the proposed Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution is stated above in the exact language of the chief of the forces who conceived, drafted, and lobbied that measure through Congress under the American leadership of Mrs. Florence Kelley, formerly Wischnewetsky.

Falsehood could hardly go further. Neither Zinoviev's wife nor any other Communist had anything whatever to do with the campaign for a federal amendment to stop child labor in the United States. Florence Kelley, a present-day saint if there be such a thing, is a daughter of a former congressman, also named Kelley, from Pennsylvania. Her mother's maiden name was Bonsall. She is American to the core; one of her sons was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury during the war. Mrs. Kelley did work for the federal amendment—she has given twenty-five years of her life, as secretary of the National Consumers League, to campaigns in behalf of working children and women in the United States; that is the only truth in Mr. Gow's letter. By such lies—we use the word deliberately—Massachusetts was induced to vote against the child-labor amendment. The rest of the United States will, we hope, show more intelligence. It will have its chance in January when the legislatures meet.

Plunkitt's Way

GEORGE WASHINGTON PLUNKITT was one of the wisest men in American politics and by a stroke of genius on the part of a good newspaperman, William L. Riordan of the New York *Evening Post*, much of his wisdom was packed into a single small book called "Plunkitt of Tammany Hall." Unfortunately, that book is out of print and rare; but now that Plunkitt is dead it should be republished in large editions and handed to every student of politics, to every organizer of new parties and movements, to every first voter. For in this small book of political sermons, Plunkitt of Tammany Hall, leader of the Fifteenth Assembly District, practical politician and political philosopher, tells all that needs to be told about American government.

He tells why reformers have been only morning glories that "looked lovely in the mornin' and withered up in a short time, while the regular machines went on flourishin' forever like fine old oaks"—a chapter full of post-election thoughts for progressives. He told of the dangers of dress suits and high-priced cars in politics almost twenty years before the defeat of Ramsay MacDonald in England. He explained the difference between honest and dishonest graft in terms so ingenious and yet so simple that Harry Daugherty might have learned a straighter or at least a safer road to wealth and power had he read them; there are no little black bags in the philosophy of George Washington Plunkitt.

He even tells how the Democratic Party can survive. His advice was given in 1905 and in detail may be considered obsolete; but the thought behind it is as good as new and may be applied to 1928 as aptly as to 1908.

> The trouble is [he said] that the party's been chasin' after theories and stayin' up nights readin' books instead of studyin' human nature. . . . You can't get people excited about the Philippines. They've got too much at home to interest them; they're too busy makin' a livin' to bother about the niggers in the Pacific. . . . There's just one issue that would set this country on fire. The Democratic Party should say in the first plank of its platform: "We hereby declare, in national convention assembled, that the paramount issue now, always, and forever is the abolition of the iniquitous and villainous civil-service laws which are destroyin' all patriotism, ruinin' the country, and takin' away good jobs from them that earn them. We pledge ourselves, if our ticket is elected, to repeal those laws at once and put every civil-service reformer in jail." . . .
>
> I see a vision. I see the civil-service monster lyin' flat on the ground. I see the Democratic Party standin' over it with foot on its neck and wearin' the crown of victory. I see Thomas Jefferson lookin' out from a cloud and sayin'. "Give him another sockdolager; finish him." And I see millions of men wavin' their hats and singin' "Glory Hallelujah."

Forms change but the fundamental issue remains: enough jobs and enough money to go round. The party that can actually deliver a full dinner pail or the party that promises it convincingly gets the votes. Honesty doesn't matter; efficiency doesn't matter; progressive vision doesn't matter. What matters is the chance of a better job, a better price for wheat, better business conditions. The same issue holds in national elections and in ward politics. General principles, as Mr. Plunkitt says, are all right to work into the platform but they are always going to be side issues.

Reformers who doubt this are bound to be defeated and disillusioned. They must learn somehow to apply the human knowledge that Tammany Hall and George Washington Plunkitt have used for their own ends to the pressing job of salvaging a derelict civilization. They must learn in the first place that politics is a full-time job just like any other business, not a gentlemanly avocation outside of office hours. They must learn that it is a profession requiring training and technique—not merely virtue or indignation. They must learn that it means getting into close, helpful, daily touch with thousands of individuals. "If there's a family in my district in want," said Plunkitt, "I know it before the charitable societies do, and me and my men are first on the ground. The consequences are that the poor look up to George W. Plunkitt as a father, come to him in trouble—and don't forget him on election day." Reformers could learn many a lesson by studying "Plunkitt of Tammany Hall."

Plunkitt worked for himself and for his friends and for his organization. The rest of the people, let us assume, were mulcted by his activities. But they didn't feel it and didn't know it—until he told them. And then they didn't care, because they could understand a cheerful and honest grafter who made no pretense of virtue but did practical good right and left every day in the week, better than they could a seventh-day reformer who talked of the public welfare and did nothing tangible for anybody.

Plunkitt is dead, but the system he believed in and grew rich by is certainly still a fine old oak. If it is to be hewed down, if the system of private patronage is to be changed to one of honesty and a fair deal all round it will only be by Plunkitt's own method—"You must study human nature and act accordin'."

The Indispensable Century

THERE are signs that the eighteenth century is about to be discovered again. "The Beggars' Opera" has been revived with remarkable success, and in the wake of that success, or perhaps only contemporaneously with it, dozens of literary persons have returned from excursions into the world of Queen Anne or the first three Georges with the information that it is a world of ineffable charm. Anthologies almost by the dozen have been made of fugitive eighteenth-century verse. One of them is entitled "Byways Round Helicon," and the compiler has picked his posies with exactly the same beguiling devotion that was expended a generation or two ago upon the minor versifiers of the seventeenth century. Another selection has the even more significant title of "Rogues in Porcelain." There we have the note of naughtiness thought just now to be essential in the new-found century, combined with the note of artificiality which, to be sure, professors of literature have long been in the habit of saying was there. Certain other manifestations of the rage are more impressive. David Garnett in England has produced two admirable if fantastic short novels which are hailed as being in the manner of Defoe, and Elinor Wylie in America dresses up a later period in something brilliant which she calls a "sedate extravaganza." But all of the manifestations thus far have been manifestations of interest in comparatively trivial aspects of the century.

No genuine admirer of the century can resent this for a moment. Triviality was something like an art in those

days, and the admirer will not be inclined to forget his Gay, his Horace Walpole of Strawberry Hill, his Journal to Stella, his Twickenham grotto, his Rape of the Lock, his Sterne, his letter-writing Cowper, his wigs and patches, and his numberless anecdotes of poodles and pet hares. When eighteenth-century poetry dealt with little things, as it often did, the purpose was not to dignify these little things and prove that after all they were indexes to the great mysteries—that suspicious function was reserved for the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—but to set them forth in the exact quality of their littleness and so see how precious or amusing they intrinsically were. Greatness has a way of going out of fashion, and it was far from being the fashion for Pope when he wrote an epic about a young lady who lost a lock of her hair, for Gray when he wrote an Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat, for Goldsmith when he wrote an Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog, or for Cowper when he composed a poem On a Goldfinch Starved to Death in His Cage. The eighteenth century cannot be other than charming to one who is intimate with it, and too much cannot be done today in the way of discovering its charm.

Yet the intimate and the admirer in question will just a little resent that word "discovery." How, he will ask, can anything be discovered which is already here? For the eighteenth century is one of the inescapable things, not merely in the sense of being so close behind us that if we turn we stumble upon it, but in the more important sense of being an ineradicable part of ourselves. Leave institutions out of account—republicanism in government, philanthropy in social science, propriety in manners—and take only literature. There is the matter of language to begin with, and prose style. We learned to write in the eighteenth century, when journalism came into its own. Dryden, Swift, Addison, Steele, Defoe, Fielding, and Dr. Johnson invented and fixed a syntax which we shall not abandon soon. To be sure they are our "classical writers," and at their most official moments they are somewhat heavier than we like to be; yet catch them at their average, or when they were having a really good time with literature, and they can get over the ground as swiftly and as smartly as the proudest modern. We speak their language; we are theirs.

Then how can it be said that we have discovered a century which left us among other books "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels," books whose vogue has been uninterrupted since their first great days and which now we can hardly escape reading twice, once in children's editions and once when we are grown and are curious to see what more is there than meets the juvenile eye? They are built into our minds as few books are. So, within necessarily narrower limits, is "Tom Jones"; so in general is the eighteenth-century novel. Dickens, undoubtedly the most popular novelist of the century which followed, was brought up in his father's house on Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and Sterne; Thackeray frankly went to school to Fielding. Modern fiction through these two has caught the full stream of the eighteenth-century mind, as modern life has inherited eighteenth-century institutions, and as modern prose has inherited eighteenth-century style. All of which is not to say that "The Beggars' Opera" should never have seemed a fetching discovery, but to say that no mysterious continent behind that bright headland cries out for recognition.

Senator Borah's Opportunity

THE most important result of Senator Lodge's death is that Senator William E. Borah becomes chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. There is no more strategic position for him to occupy, and there is certainly no abler man in the Senate to fill the place. Not unnaturally all who are interested in the relations of this country to the European situation are busily at work speculating as to what the change will mean. So far as the League of Nations is concerned there will be none. Senator Borah remains as opposed to our entrance into it as was Senator Lodge. But unlike the latter, Senator Borah is definitely committed to a number of proposals that are constructive, in which he should have the widest possible support. He is in deadly earnest in his advocacy of the policy of outlawing war and in demanding that the United States shall take the lead in calling an economic and a disarmament conference for the settlement of the European situation. He is, moreover, devoted to the movement to bring about recognition of Russia, and it is well known that he looks with disfavor upon American conquests in the Caribbean and the governing of little countries by means of our marines. As for the World Court, Senator Borah is, we understand, of the opinion that the United States should not enter it without specific reservations despite the fact that most people agree that as at present constituted the World Court can and will accomplish very little.

Obviously Mr. Borah is in a position to accomplish a great deal and powerfully to affect the foreign policy of the United States. On the Russian question at least there should be a battle royal between the Senator and Secretary Hughes, if the latter should remain in office—which heaven forfend. But, England and France having recognized Russia, Senator Borah has stronger cards in his hand than ever before—he has even the threat of continuing his investigation of our Government's Russian policy to play with. If the British continue to trade with the Soviet it will be hard to convince our business men that we should not.

As for the European situation, England has definitely postponed early consideration of the protocol for disarmament and peace. France is falling in line, and the Belgian proposal that the discredited three-Power alliance of France, England, and Belgium be revived is proof positive that M. Hymans and other Belgian leaders place little faith in the League or its proposals. But that, as Senator Borah is quoted as saying, merely gives additional opportunity to President Coolidge to call the international conference he has at least twice declared that he wishes to summon. Our Government has lost opportunity after opportunity to take the lead abroad; it has alternately pretended to have nothing to do officially with the Dawes settlement and then sought to take all the credit for it. Now is the chance to make the European nations once for all declare whether they are for peace or for the destruction of the world in the next great war. Senator Borah, to whom President Coolidge has made a number of advances—he tried to have him nominated as Vice-President and has repeatedly consulted him—is in a most fortunate position now to make his views felt and to demand that this Government lead toward the outlawry of war for which the whole world longs. We do not doubt that he will rise to the opportunity to serve well his country and the world.

The Politicians Betray the Farmer

By GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY

THE mortgage on the old farm, in billion-dollar bulk, has become national drama. Three hundred thousand farmers own twelve great district land banks of the billion-dollar Farm Loan System. They subscribed forty-five millions of capital stock, but have been deprived of their right, guaranteed by the Farm Loan Act, to manage and operate their property.

Why? Partly because the system offers to politicians the greatest patronage outside of the civil service, coupled with the ability to lend 200 to 300 millions a year, and partly because of a bureaucrat at the head of the Federal Farm Loan Board. But most important, a fundamental new power was given to our people by the Farm Loan Act, a power financiers greatly feared, whereby agriculture could create and control its own credit pool. If agriculture made a success of the exercise of that right, other workers could justly demand it. The concentration of money might be menaced.

Naturally a dramatic struggle is on. Sidelights of it appeared in a little-noticed investigation of Congress last session, and a new and more searching inquiry will possibly be demanded this winter. How the Federal Farm Loan Board did business was shown by indisputable testimony that the board had kept no books on transactions of 881 millions.

"It recently took the Treasury Department, employing ten accountants and working double shifts, from March 12 to about May 1, or nearly seven weeks, to compile a mere statement of receipts and expenditures from the Farm Board records," said Senator Howell to his colleagues. "Moreover, the accountant in charge of this work testified that he would have been unable to make up the statement from the records afforded him without the aid of the memories of several of the employees of the board."

It was charged also that the board had removed $43,000 from the Treasury without authority, disbursing it without vouchers or receipts upon checks signed only by the Farm Loan Commissioner, first Charles E. Lobdell, later R. A. Cooper. Upon this, too, no books were kept.

What was done with the money? Items disallowed by the Comptroller General were paid from it. Traveling expenses and extra salaries were paid. Presents were made to employees. Lobdell, who had become the beneficiary of a salary of $25,000 not authorized by the act, plus $15,000 more for expenses, had received his monthly stipend from this account, unknown to the Comptroller General. Senator Edwards has declared that "accounts were juggled." Nepotism of the worst sort existed. Lobdell employed two sons, another relative, an old friend, his wife's former dressmaker (as statistician of the board), and as secretary his wife's former dressmaker's nephew.

Senator Howell made six serious charges on the floor of Congress, including "misappropriation of funds," and put in a resolution of investigation, still pending.

That is one reason why the Progressive platform carried a plank demanding reconstruction of the Farm Loan System and indorsing cooperative banking. That is why also certain conservative Democratic and Republican congressmen have put in bills to accomplish the same end.

There is nothing really more human than the aspiration and pain represented by mortgages. They tell the tale of the struggle of men for homes, for land. From the era of the covered wagon till now men have had to depend on funds obtained on security of their land to start or to stock farms, to carry on through bad crops or general depression. Little farmers, wanting small loans, always suffered most from the mortgage sharks. They got the worst terms. They constitute the bulk of the pitiful flood of bankrupt farmers today, a scandalous reflection on both our land and credit policies.

The Farm Loan Act was our first federal law to encourage banks of the people for use, not profit. Providing a workable method for securing large funds at low cost by issuing bonds against the farm lands on which loans were made, it granted farmers the right to make themselves independent of existing financial pools. Congress advanced nine millions to start twelve land banks. This is now practically all repaid out of earnings. Farmers who borrowed were required to purchase stock to 5 per cent of the amount of their loans. Furnishing the capital, they were endowed with the right to control the management of all twelve land banks, electing the majority of directors. This they have never been permitted to do. In these land-bank boards was vested power to issue and to sell, in whatever manner they saw fit, together or separately, tax-exempt bonds.

Selling the bonds is the key-power of the system. That is the crux of the present complicated drama. The Federal Farm Loan Board usurped that power, and gave the bond sale over exclusively into the hands of the very group whose interest it was to keep financial power centralized. A syndicate of six bond houses has had this lucrative business. It is composed of Brown Brothers, Harris Forbes and Company, Lee Higginson and Company, the National City Company, the Guaranty Trust Company, and Alexander Brown and Sons of Baltimore. The amount and time of farm-loan bonds issued have practically been determined by counsel with their agents. That, of course, offers practical if not direct control over how much money agriculture shall receive through this channel. Instead of allowing farmers to decentralize credit, the Federal Farm Loan Board, usurping powers in the last analysis belonging to stockholders, hog-tied them to the same financiers from whom they were to escape if they chose.

A word about the structure of this system. The act provided that ten or more farmers who wanted loans should organize cooperatively a national farm-loan association ("national" only in that there would be others all over the land). There are now 4,500 of these purely local groups. Certain of them have done a million-dollar business each. When such an association received its charter, government appraisers visited the land, recommending to the land bank allowance or rejection of loans. Farmers who got loans took stock in the land bank of their district; for example, Spokane, or Springfield (Massachusetts), or New Orleans. The associations had to indorse every loan, enhancing the security behind the bonds. All associations are liable to

twice the value of their stock ($90,000,000) for losses of their own land bank, and each bank is liable for the losses of every other.

A huge chain. Although called the Federal Farm Loan System, it never was federal. It is the farmers' own, but the Federal Farm Loan Board has given them scant encouragement to think so. Within a year after the system was started in 1917 the farmers had met all requirements to take over management of the banks. But no elections were called. The Federal Farm Loan Board, announcing itself in its first report as opposed to control of banks by borrowers—although the first premise of the act the board was intrusted to administer was that stockholders who were also borrowers should operate these land banks—proceeded to override the law and to usurp vital functions. To prevent farmers from demanding control, using the plausible excuse that they took the action to protect bond buyers and also to promote the sale of Liberty bonds then being issued, the board secured an amendment deferring elections.

No explanation was vouchsafed. Farmers did not know what had happened to them until several years later. No elections being held, stockholders protested. Some of them tried to organize to protect themselves. Two attorneys general refused to allow them to use even $10 a year of association funds to support a federation.

In 1923 the Federal Farm Loan Board wrote and obtained from Congress a revision and emasculation of the original act by means of the Strong bill. Its provisions were a betrayal of public trust, stultifying the purposes of the original act, legalizing the usurpation of power by the board, and banishing the hope of the farmer-stockholders to regain control of their property.

Without being considered by the Senate at all it became law. In the disgraceful last-minute legislative jam its sponsors slipped the bill into the composite Intermediate Credits Act, between two measures the Senate had separately passed. Without discussion, without a reading of the bill or the conference report, it became law. According to Senator Fletcher it confiscates the farmers' rights to control their own property. It reduced farmers' elected representation on each land-bank board to a minority. Thus uninterrupted continuation of the bond-selling policy was made probable, for the old land-bank boards were perpetuated in power. This new legislation destroys the promise of decentralization of land credit; it should be repealed.

Not until the first elections held in seven years occurred could the stockholders fairly measure the seriousness of what had happened. They then discovered that they had been deprived of their last chance to affect policy, improve service, eradicate politics, reduce their own interest rate—now higher than that offered by private companies—or secure the return of several millions of undivided profits held up from year to year. They found the entire system in the hands of politicians with not a cent at stake.

If salaries had not been raised throughout the land banks, and Lobdell had not overreached himself grabbing for salary and place, the stockholders' protests might have availed them nothing. But certain Senators became curious, and finding facts impossible to ascertain put several resolutions through the Senate which forced continued hearings before the Banking and Currency Committee.

The new legislation put the entire expenses of the Federal Farm Loan Board, a bureau of the Treasury, on the farmers' backs—an unprecedented arrangement; national and federal reserve banks do not pay the cost of their bureaus. Two new $10,000 memberships were added to the board. Senator Borah objected to this, charging the two places had been added as a matter of "political exigency." The board, although on record that it was large enough already to take care of the work, now declared the new members necessary. Farmers reported unfair practices and poor service; they demanded control of their own banks. Yet the Senate committee refused Senator Howell's request to call certain witnesses or go into the matter further. The appointees were confirmed.

"Case of places being more important than principles," commented Senator Norris.

Places! "The system has become a political annex and pie-counter," wrote a stockholder.

The political phase of these dull-sounding agricultural banks now threatens if it does not already affect every voter. Remember that this system which now lends 200 to 300 millions a year is wholly in the hands of 1,600 office-holders. These 1,600 places constitute a patronage naturally clamored for by politicians. Then suppose congressmen become greedy to secure the largest share of loans for their districts. If loyal henchmen or relatives are appointed as officers of the bank or as appraisers, discrimination among loans applied for is easy. Associations, even States, complain that they can't get applications approved. Concentration of loans in others is reported.

Consider another phase. Appraisers number 750. Having to pass no civil-service examination, and being politically appointed, their qualifications are often most dubious. In each district sixty to seventy go constantly, at the farmers' expense, from place to place. What an ideal electioneering force!

The net improvement in the situation as a result of the hearings forced last session was: A large amount of information was obtained; accretions to the irregular account in the Franklin National Bank were stopped by the Secretary of the Treasury and at least a partial refund was demanded; the fiscal agent began to keep books.

For the future these are the main demands: Stockholders want control of their own property and freedom to decentralize credit. They believe preferential or exclusive contracts should be refused to any bond-selling agency. They desire a broadened market for bonds, lower interest, and returns of surplus. They ask that the right of farm-loan associations to support a federation out of their own funds be recognized. They demand production by the Federal Farm Loan Board of public information now systematically withheld even from stockholders. They hope for eradication of political abuses by putting the system under civil service.

If the Federal Government is honorably to make good its promise to agriculture of independence through a co-operative-credit system, these issues must be met. This kind of credit presents genuine advantages over the old system where the poorest farmers were the victims of usurious loan rates. It is especially built to serve all sections, not the "best territory," like private joint-stock banks. Ultimately, by "loans at cost and loans that never come due" (repaid in regular instalments), the farmers will *get out of debt*. With eleven billions of mortgage indebtedness bearing down on agriculture, that's a social question. To protect and perfect the Farm Loan System is a necessity if it were not plain justice.

Calles—The Teacher and Statesman

By HOWARD A. LAMB

WHEN I first met Calles in the crude little border village of Agua Prieta I was surprised as well as puzzled to find a man in a Mexican colonel's uniform talking like a Rand School professor. There was none of the military claptrap about him, he granted interviews to newspaper reporters in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a cigarette, but as a soldier he seemed to be wholly effective. I saw him under siege at Naco, Sonora, feeding apples imported from this country to his ragged mob of soldiers to cure them of scurvy, and finally triumphing over the fat and drink-loving governor, Maytorena, who, in league with Villa, had turned against the Carranza government with the Yaqui Indians enlisted in his support.

Then I saw Calles, a general now, beat off the indomitable Villa at Agua Prieta and later march into the Sonora mountains to subdue the rebellious Yaquis. But it was not primarily as a soldier, brilliant as his friends regard him in that capacity, that Calles shone. On the field of slaughter that glorified bandit, Pancho Villa, had more genius, so far as I could judge, than Calles and Obregon combined. At a time of strained relations on the international border, when liquor was inciting disturbances that might have brought on intervention by the United States, I saw Calles, as military governor, issue the famous decree making liquor-trafficking in Sonora punishable by death. No bootlegger was ever stood up against an adobe wall, but Sonora became tolerably dry until a legislature was elected and restored the old conditions.

The American border was still aflame when Calles demonstrated his ability as a man of action. Three or four Mexicans crossed the international line into Arizona and committed a robbery that aroused the American population. In a few days, assisted by American peace officers, Calles had the guilty men in jail in Agua Prieta. In still less time they were tried, convicted, and hanging from telephone poles in the plaza as a lesson to all.

In the days when Mexico seethed in anarchy under Carranza it was Calles who settled workers' strikes in the southern part of the republic without resort to arms. He could handle American employers as well. The trouble at Cananea, Sonora, when he was governor was a case in point. As his friends tell the story, the American owners of the big copper mines at Cananea, displeased because several thousand Mexican workmen organized a union, peremptorily closed up the works and returned to Arizona. Calles advised the miners to operate the mines themselves. They did, and even more efficiently than he expected. At the end of twenty days the owners put in a heavy claim for damages against the state of Sonora. "All right," agreed Calles, "but perhaps you have forgotten that under the new constitution whenever a corporation locks out its men without submitting the point at issue to the board of arbitration it must pay the workmen three months' wages. You may be entitled to some damages, but if we pay you will have to advance three months' wages to every man."

The mine manager relinquished all claims, paid the men for the twenty days they had operated the mine, and resumed operation. Then to prove that he felt no ill will the American built a $25,000 school for the miners' children and also provided them with a swimming pool.

But it was in founding the Cruz Galves vocational school for war orphans at Hermosillo that Calles showed the best that's in him. It was at a time when years of revolution, with bandits in epaulets roaming the country, had ravished it bare. The last steer on the range had been fed into the stomachs of "soldiers" in one army or another; all loose copper or silver ore at the mines had been appropriated by force; there did not remain even one American mine manager worth capturing to obtain a ransom; many women and children were gaunt from hunger.

Yet Calles was able by public subscription to raise enough money to start the school. It was a strange sight

The Public Career of Mexico's New President

1910. Joined the Madero revolution and on its triumph was elected mayor of Agua Prieta, Sonora, on the international line opposite Douglas, Arizona.

1912. Helped Obregon fight the federal forces in Sonora.

1913. During the Huerta dictatorship fought at Naco, Nogales, and Cananea as commander of the Constitutionalist forces, Carranza giving him the rank of colonel for meritorious service.

1914. Took the field against Governor Maytorena, who had deserted Carranza to go over to Villa, and drove him from the state.

1915-1916. With help of Obregon drove Villa and his army out of Sonora and became military governor of the state.

1917. Conducted a campaign in the mountains against the Yaquis, who were making raids on the surrounding country.

1918. Elected constitutional governor of Sonora. During his administration new agrarian and labor laws were enacted and many new schools established.

1919. Called to Mexico City by Carranza as Secretary of Industry, Commerce, and Labor.

1920. Resigned to return to Sonora to direct Obregon's presidential campaign. Fought for Obregon when the latter broke with Carranza and helped to establish Adolfo de la Huerta as Provisional President. Appointed Secretary of War.

1921-1922. Secretary of the Interior and Chief of the Cabinet under President Obregon.

1923. Resigned to become candidate for the Socialist-Labor-Agrarian parties for President, but was obliged to take the field against De la Huerta, who, supported by a large part of the army and property interests, started a revolt.

1924. After the flight of De la Huerta resumed his presidential campaign and defeated his opponent, General Angel Flores, governor of Sinaloa, receiving 83 per cent of the votes.

to American visitors to see the poverty-stricken town of Agua Prieta "thrown open" for three days so that the profits from beer, whiskey, tequila, and gambling might be collected to educate orphans. The enthusiasm was intense. Education is the new religion of the Mexican people. The national budget for schools in 1923 was seven times larger than in the last year of the Diaz regime.

I remember the time when Calles, still governor, deserted the capital at Hermosillo to return to Agua Prieta and sell the handiwork of his little proteges to raise money for the school. It was fine work, for Mexican boys and girls excel American children in such craftsmanship, and as the Governor brought out for inspection of the visitors a little piece of needlework by a parentless girl or an example of cobblery skill of an orphan boy he smiled as proudly as if he were the father of them all. No wonder the children of the school call him "Papa Calles." I believe it was that scene in the cramped adobe reception-room in the rear of a store at Agua Prieta that fixed Calles in my mind as a leader worth while.

The Mexican President-elect, now 46 years old, is a pioneer product. He has been compared to Lincoln, and in his love and understanding of the plain people there is a resemblance. His native state, Sonora, is in about the same phase of material development, one imagines, as was Illinois in Lincoln's day. It is still given over mostly to range cattle and mining. Agriculture in most sections is primitive. The roads are impassable except for the smallest and toughest automobiles.

Young Calles, son of a poor farmer, suffered all the hardships of the Illinois rail-splitter. As a small boy he peddled fresh water from a pushcart in the streets of Guaymas. In school he was bright and industrious in preparing himself for the future. He won a scholarship and was sent by the government of Sonora to Mexico City to finish his studies, after which he devoted his time to public instruction in his native state, finally becoming head of the state Department of Education.

The system Calles, cooperating with Obregon, devised to end the bandit problem was a shrewd stroke of statesmanship. When Obregon came into power he had 130,000 federal soldiers, while 50,000 bandits roamed the land. Calles knew that the difference between a bandit and a federal soldier in Mexico was about the same as between a Republican and Democratic politician in the United States. Under slightly different pretensions both lived off and robbed the country. The peon became a bandit or, better, a federal soldier, because it was the easiest way, almost the only way, to make a living. So Calles, at the head of the army, opened the ranks and took the bandits in. He accepted them at their own rating. He said: "If you say you are a general, you must be one." Numerous bandits became Calles's best friends. With an army swelled to 180,000, the problem was what to do with the army. It was put to work building roads and schoolhouses. When conditions permitted groups of soldiers were settled in colonies. They were given land, supplied with agricultural machinery, and where possible paid in advance so they could get along until they harvested their first crop. Calles was weeding out generals, colonels, and high privates by the hundred and the sword was being almost literally beaten into the plowshare when the Huerta insurrection forced him to quit.

In Mexico Calles is not regarded as an extreme radical. He stands in about the same relation to the Mexican conservatives as La Follette does to those of this country. A nation just emerging from fourteen years of anarchy during which old institutions and traditions have been submerged in a welter of blood is receptive to new ideas. Calles represents them. The dream of martyred Madero will now begin to materialize under the more practical Calles. Americans who have had dealings with Calles in Sonora over a period of many years say he will raise no barrier against legitimate American enterprise in Mexico. He appreciates the genius of the American people and would like to utilize it, but is probably dubious about a government which throws his friend Eugene V. Debs into jail and puts Albert B. Fall in the Cabinet. Nobody more than Calles wants to develop his country, but, not forgetting a certain black satchel, he will take care that business adventurers from the United States do not carry out of Mexico what little the Mexican generals have left.

The Catholic clergy, rich and in part undeniably corrupt under Diaz, were routed by the revolution. In the late presidential campaign they fought Calles. When he spoke from a bandstand in San Miguel, Guanajuato, women in the crowd heckled him, crying, "Viva, Christ the King!"

"Viva, Christ the Revolutionist!" shouted Calles in reply. "Viva, Christ the carpenter but not the king. The days of kings have passed forever. Viva, Christ, but Christ, the friend of the poor and suffering, the friend of the hungry and homeless!"

To a Song of Sappho, Discovered in Egypt

By LEONORA SPEYER

Jonah wept within the whale;
But you have sung these centuries
Under the brown banks of the Nile
Within a dead dried crocodile:
So fares the learned tale.

When they embalmed the sacred beast
The Sapphic scroll was fair and strong
To wrap the spices that were needed—
Its song unheard, its word unheeded,
By crocodile or priest.

The song you sang on Lesbos when
Atthis was kind or Gorgo sad—
The startled whale spewed Jonah wide,
Out of the monster mummified
Your roses sing again.

Your roses! from the seven strands
Of the small harp whereon they grew—
The holy beast has had his pleasure,
His bellyful of Attic measure,
Under the desert sands.

Across pale seas your petals blew
In singing fragments, roses all!
The air is heavy on the Nile,
The drowsy gods drowse on the while,
As gods are wont to do.

Berries Is Berries

By FRANCES BRADLEY

A CARAVAN of wagons, covered and uncovered, was crossing a creek. Some were filled with rolls of bedding and clothing, with dilapidated grips, suitcases, and bulging telescopes, with crates containing smoky coffee pots, frying pans, and heavy dishes, the worse for wear; while from the front, the rear, and from the uplifted sides of the prairie schooners appeared tousled heads, yellow, brown, tawny, of a score of youngsters consumed with curiosity, for they were seeing the world.

The procession was held up temporarily by an obstreperous pony, who, as one of the rear team of a four-horse wagon, was expected to fall into line and learn how to travel in harness. He refused, however, to do his part, and apparently neither he nor his master knew the rules of the game. Frightened, protesting, pursued by the lashes and oaths of the combined drivers of several teams, his sides frothing, and a bloody gash on his back luring a persistent, merciless horse-fly, the poor beast at least furnished his share of excitement. In spite of his three steady mates, the wagon swayed and tilted in the heavy sand. The load of children careened this way and that and clutched the sides of the wagon. The older ones dropped out behind and trudged barefoot beside the men, swelling the grand whoopla to urge on the panicky pony.

"What is it all about? Well, we're a tryin' ter git ter the berry fiel's but this durn pony is boun' he won't pull. I'll show him whether he will or no," and a stinging lash across the legs brought only another toss of the head and a wild dash to the other side of the road in a frantic effort to evade the next onslaught of the exasperated driver. "We hev n't made mo'n fifteen miles today," he complained, "but I'll say we'll do better'n thet tomorrow. Berries is ready ter pick an' we 've got ter be in the fiel's by Friday."

Finally, seduced with a bribe of cigarettes, the men ceased hostilities for a time, giving the frantic animal a chance to steady his nerves and to secure a much-needed rest.

"Well, yes," in answer to a question, "of co'se most of 'em is school chillen, but schools close when berry season opens. Yer see berries is berries an' the crap hes ter be made right now. School begins again in July an' lasts till fodderin' time, cep' fer them ez hez ter chop cotton. An' arter thet, ther's nothin' mo' ter hinder 'em till pickin' time in October an' November."

"Where are the parents of so many children? Do they pick berries too?"

"Well, hardly," smiling. "Berry pickin' is the back-breakin'est work yer ever tried. Hit's wussen cotton pickin' on grown folks, 'specially men. Ther backs is too stiff fer sech work. Hit's jes suited ter women an' chillen. Yes o' co'se, they hez ter ben' too, but hit don' lame 'em up like it does us men, an' somehow they seems ter stan' it better. Mr. Donaghey here picks on contrac' fer the M an' N Packin' an' Preservin' Company, an' we uses only chillen fer the pickin'. The big boys stays in the shack with Mr. Donaghey an' Mrs. Simpson yonder tries ter keep the little fellers out o' mischief."

"Do they like to go? Are there any repeaters, children going the second or third year to the berry fields?"

"Oh well, you know how chillen is. They 're crazy about it till they fin's they hez ter stay on the job. Hit's lucky fer them they hez parents who knows what's good fer 'em. These kids 'd be tearin' all over the place eatin' ther haids off ef they wuz at home while now they're mekin' money, an' ther folks needs it.

"How much do they earn? Well that depen's. Sometimes they picks by the row, but mos' gene'ally they picks by the box, 2 cents when berries is plenty an' 3 or 4 cents ef they're sca'ce. Berry pickers hez easy hours, fer all berries picked today mus' be shipped today, so they don' put in mo'n six or eight hours in the fiel'. A good boss kin git a right smart o' work outen a batch o' kids in thet time, an' they meks good money too. O co'se they gits ther boa'd an' lodgin' an' ther quinine free."

"But all of them do not need quinine," was protested. "Who gives it and how much?"

"Well, hit don' tek 'em long ter need it in these bottoms. Ef they comes from the mountains o' co'se we waits till they begins ter git dopey; but hit's a safe bet thet a gang from the low country'll begin chillin' by the ninth or tenth day. We gits mo' work outen 'em ter give three or four grains every night all han's roun'."

"Surely everybody in the low country does not have malaria."

"Mebbe not ez long ez they stays thar, but let 'em mek a change an' hit's sho ter crop out. Yer see hit 'd never do ter bring a lot o' kids away from ther homes an' let 'em git sick on us. Hit's cheaper, an' hit saves a gran' pow-wow with the uplifters, see? Arter every rainy spell, the water backs up an' gits mighty bad. Hit's hardly fitten ter drink, an' a run o' malaria or typhoid fever is sho ter foller. Then, too, yer cain't keep chillen or grown folks nuther from eatin' late peaches an' watermelons which is allus full o' malaria. All these frills about mosquitoes causin' malaria, tek hit from me, is all bunk. Ask any ole planter what hez lived in these parts an' hed ter keep his han's well. He'll tell yer. So will Dr. Oleboy. He's practiced medicine fer forty year an' is health officer in my county. I reckon he knows."

Meantime the pony had quieted down and was resting first on one haunch, then the other. The children, stretching their bones, had spotted a "swimmin' hole" in the bend of the creek and were speculating on the number of cat, perch, and suckers its cool shadows harbored. Others, even without being told, washed their grimy faces and hands, and, thus emboldened, waded, squealing and splashing, into the enticing stream.

"How about it, Johnny, going to earn some money?" someone asked.

"Yeah, I reckon so, but I wish ter cracky us fellers could git a swim fust. Whar we come from, hit's all standin' water, with slime on top an' a black, oozy bottom. This yer water runs, an' yer kin see plumb through it. Look at the san' an' rocks." Dipping up a fist full of pebbles, he hurled them one by one over the smooth surface of the

swimmin' hole. watching eagerly the wigglers, tadpoles, and "minnies" dart after the ever-widening ripples.

"How much money will you make?"

"Aw, I dunno. Daddy made the trade." Then, excitedly, "Gee whiz, did yer see thet fish jump? Ain't nobody in this bunch got a hook an' line?" looking over the crowd in an agony of despair.

"All han's aboa'd. We've got ter move." This from Mr. Donaghey brought to an untimely end the passing dream of the children. Scrambling into the wagons, their bobbing heads watched with regret the last sparkle of the stream, then turned eager for the next experience. Accepting the proffered service of a stranger, the pony listened to a quiet word of assurance and encouragement, agreed that it is an exasperating, sometimes even a disappointing world, but that, on the whole, traveling in harness has its good points. Resentful of a beating, he whinnied gratefully over being led to the inevitable, and trotted out into the great world with his load of fellow-youngsters, each to learn his and her lesson that going' a-berryin' sometimes means much more than goin' a-pleasurin'. It means life as it is lived out in the fields where "berries is berries."

In Bad All Around

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

I COULD get a couple more newspapers for my newspaper service if I would stop writing for this accursed radical magazine *The Nation.*

Meanwhile, a lot of the readers of *The Nation* seem to spend all their time trying to get Oswald Garrison Villard to fire me from *The Nation* for being some sort of eighteenth-century country-squire Tory—or worse. I mean *and* worse. These readers tip me off to Oswald Garrison Villard as a friend of Harry Daugherty's.

I do not think that any evidence ever proved that Harry Daugherty ever got any money from bootleggers via Jess Smith. A good progressive, it seems, should believe that the evidence on that point was there. I could not see that it was. So I'm in bad as a progressive.

However, I have my consolation. I'm also in bad as a conservative. I never could see that any evidence ever proved that the I. W. W.'s put into jail during the war had ever committed any crime against the government of the United States. For that inability on my part I got the name of being quite a radical.

The persons accused were radicals. I could not see that the accusations against them were established. They were accused essentially of treason. Not being able to see that certain radicals accused of treason had ever been proved guilty of treason, I found myself invested with a sudden and thrilling reputation for radicalism on my own account.

I now sometimes say that Calvin Coolidge believes in lowering the surtaxes not because he is told to believe it by "Wall Street" but because anybody else from Plymouth, Vermont, even if he had never heard of "Wall Street," would believe in lowering the surtaxes. This gives me a reputation as a conservative. A progressive, apparently, would believe that nobody from Plymouth, Vermont, would ever know what to think until somebody from New York told him.

I then, however, say that Calvin Coolidge often hesitates a long time before making up his mind and that he is a great jiu-jitsu political artist (which I think admirable) and that, in any case, Senator Couzens of Michigan is not going to do everything that Calvin Coolidge says simply because Calvin Coolidge got a considerable plurality and a quite safe majority in the last election.

This induces readers of the Brooklyn *Eagle* to write enraged letters to the managing editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle,* pointing out that I am insidiously disparaging the presidential hero of conservatism and the whole recent conservative presidential victory. It also raises endless trouble for me in virtually every other city where my dispatches are published. Once again, instead of being a blue-nosed reactionary, I am a red-eyed revolutionist.

It is clear to me that somebody must be crazy.

On reflection I have decided that it is I. I hope my readers will not mind my writing about myself. I'm getting old. I crave sympathy, before I get shut up in a sanitarium for people with political dual personalities. I must hurry and get into some logical, consistent, political pigeon-hole, in order that the jury may be able to declare me sane.

For instance: More power in industry for labor is a relatively new idea; or, at any rate, it is a relatively new organized movement. Being new, it is called progressive. I happen to be for it. Meanwhile government ownership and operation of industrial enterprises is also, in a certain sense, new. I happen to be against it.

This is my mistake.

If anything is new, I ought to be either always for it or always against it, irrespective of what it is. "Progressivism, right or wrong!" "Things as they are! May they always be grand; but, grand or not, things as they are!"

That's the way to let people know where they can find you. That's the way to give them confidence in you. It is not only countries that have patriotism. It is also factions. There is a patriotism of progressivism. There is a patriotism of conservatism. If you are a progressive, you should go along with the progressives in any war they start. If you are a conservative, you should be against anything that anybody who at any time was ever called a progressive wants. A man is known by the company he keeps. If he does not stick on one side, he has no company. That's me.

I was introduced the other day to an audience of all sorts of people. My introducer said: "We have all read Mr. Hard's articles." There was not a sound from the audience. My introducer then said: "And we have all disagreed with them." There was rapturous applause.

Of course, behind all this solemn (or flippant) pretense, I love it. I would rather lose ten newspaper clients for writing for *The Nation* than stop irritating the readers of *The Nation.*

If Oswald Garrison Villard, besides imploring me for

heaven's sake to wake up and to see and have some principles, should ever try to make me have them, I would quit him cold and rejoice in being a martyr to my lack of principles.

Yet I have them. I will tell the readers of *The Nation* a secret. Senator Borah is no progressive either. I and Senator Borah—the press gallery has precedence over the Senate—I and Senator Borah are progressives of the vintage of the period between 1776 and 1787. We—I and the Senator—are for what we regard as human liberty. We accordingly are for free speech and for the free right of labor to organize and to struggle for more power. We are for all that sort of thing.

We also are for the guaranties of it in the Constitution. We think that the Constitution does guarantee it. We think that if we elect Presidents who will appoint fair judges to the Supreme Court, the Constitution of 1787 is in absolute realistic fact a palladium of liberty.

Liberty is what we are for. That's why we're progressive. Because we're progressive, and because we're for liberty, we're against governmentalization. We hate these modern increases of governmental powers and functions. We do not want government big. We want it small. That's why we're conservative. A true progressive must at this time often be a conservative.

That's my proposition. That's why I'm in bad. And Senator Borah would be in bad, too, if he weren't so much cleverer than I.

Cassandra

By LOUISE BOGAN

For me one silly task is like another—
I bare the shambling tricks of lust and pride.
This flesh will never give a child its mother.
Song, like a wing, tears through my breast, my side,
And madness chooses out my voice again,
Again—I am the chosen no hand saves,
The screaming heaven lifted over men,
Not the dumb earth, wherein they set their graves.

Poet's Love Letter

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Blue birds invade the patience of the moon;
The insubstantial trickeries of stars
Seduce an inch of sky and make it vast;
The night is like a lonely, poisoned boy,
Who gulps down starlight and is once more healed,
But rushes to a second treachery.
Amid these semblances, where logic strides
In chase of beauty, almost losing shape,
You walk, fearless and yet afraid to move
With legs that do not need a sheltering cloth.
Ah, courage is the animated lie
That shatters unreal linings of a heart—
Exquisite counterfeit of fierceness where
A soul compels the flesh to abdicate.
What is the night except an argument,
Renowned and wild, between the soul and flesh?

In the Driftway

THE Arabian Nights contain no tale as dazzling, as breath-taking, as rainbow colored as the story of Fifth Avenue's rise in a century from a plan set on paper and derided by all sensible citizens—the reality being a wandering country lane leading vaguely from one small village to another—to the richest and proudest street in the world. The Drifter likes romance and he has it here in abundance. Carping editorial writers in New York newspapers may object that Fifth Avenue represents not only the amazing progress but the youth and brashness of America; the fact remains that what was a goat pasture in 1860 is now occupied by those great dwellings which out-of-towners point at and whisper about as housing New York's "millionaires"; that somewhat earlier one Garrit Storm spent a good many sleepless nights after his rash purchase, for $45,000, of the Fifth Avenue block between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets, and that lately one of his many heirs died leaving a fortune of $10,000,000, mostly in real estate; that when Amos R. Eno, in 1858, built a hotel on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street the enterprise was known as "Eno's Folly," and the wiseacres shook their heads and predicted a bad end for such an unbusiness-like attempt to establish a great tavern in the country.

* * * * *

IN 1824 Fifth Avenue was planned on paper; at that time a collection of log huts housing fewer than one hundred persons had managed to grow up on the bleak shore of Lake Michigan, under the protection of Fort Dearborn, rebuilt after its destruction by the Indians in 1812. The knowing ones who laughed at the idea of plotting a street which cut through farms and across creeks would doubtless have become hysterical with mirth if someone had prophesied that by 1850 the Fort Dearborn settlement would grow to 28,269 persons, by 1860 to 109,000, and would be in 1924 the City of Chicago with a population of over three million. But of course no one made such a prophecy; in New York men were too busy to bother with such nonsense. They went about their affairs in the city and spent their leisure in their country houses; sometimes they stopped overnight at an inn; in 1850 they might have stayed at Madison Cottage, the tavern at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, provided they were willing to comply with the following rules for guests:

Four pence a night for Bed.
Six pence a night with Supper.
No more than 5 to sleep in one Bed.
No Boots to be worn in bed.
Organ Grinders to sleep in the Wash House.
No dogs allowed up stairs.
No Beer allowed in the kitchen.
No Razor Grinders or Tinkers taken in.

* * * * *

THE gulf between Europe and America never shows more plainly than in the rehearsing of tales like these. The Atlantic Ocean is a quiet brook compared to this sea of difference that divides an old world from a new, a world where "antique" carries with it the traditions of a thousand years and one where it refers to the late eighteenth century. Consider the contrast between the young Americanized Italian admiring his Fifth Avenue and the Flor-

entine. The latter sees, as he looks from his window deep-set in stone, the same narrow streets, the same type of house, and in many cases the same house, that his grandfather sixteen generations removed must have seen. Florence today looks enough like Florence of the fifteenth century to set at rest the heart of any ghost looking about for his former habitation; Savonarola, walking about on the square where he was burned to death in 1498, would notice a new statue or two, the iron tables and chairs of a modern cafe (built in the old style), and the bronze plate under his feet which marks the place of his execution. Otherwise things would be much the same. And how hard-put a citizen of Rome would be to vie with his American cousin in boasting of "progress." "Ah, yes," he might say, "but remember that in 1450 Rome was a city of wild-haired beggars who had for their houses the ruins of pagan temples and Christian basilicas." And even then he could be reminded that in three years the Pantheon, whose gold mosaic ceiling arches over its marble mosaic floor as securely as it did when it was built, can celebrate its nineteen-hundredth birthday.

* * * * *

TO the European, accustomed to cities which have remained more or less stationary for hundreds of years, the fantastic tale of a mere century seems like a child's dream or the vision of a madman. In neither case it is to be taken seriously. This sister across the sea has, to be sure, managed to acquire wealth enough to make her word carry weight; but in art, in letters, in architecture, even in government, she is, necessarily, centuries behind her European relations or else merely copying their ideas. One hears that she is advanced in the matter of bath-tubs; but her grasp on the realities of life must be that of an infant. The Drifter, with a desire to defend his country while reserving the privilege of salutary criticism in private, cannot but admit the force of this contention. If America is crude, if she is ignorant, if she loudly trumpets one theory while practicing another, if she arrogantly assumes herself to be right because she is great, let these faults be set down to her youth and inexperience. It is conceivable that age may bring wisdom—possibly even the wisdom of China, which sits and sleeps. With the benefits of her upbringing and with the chance she has had to profit by the failures of others, it may be that America's future will be a brighter one than that of Europe seems to be.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

English for the Viennese

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editor of the Vienna daily *Die Stunde*, which I represent in America, asked me to thank *The Nation* for having published a letter by Mr. Swann Harding, Beltsville, Maryland, offering to send American periodicals to Vienna. This letter led to the organization of 185 American men and women who have nobly responded to Mr. Harding's appeal and expressed their willingness to furnish, free of charge, hundreds of English-reading Viennese with American periodicals.

I was asked, at the same time, to thank Mr. Swann Harding and all those who have been instrumental in bringing about this result.

Brooklyn, November 18 EMIL LENGYEL

E. D. Morel

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I bear brief testimony to the splendid character and work of E. D. Morel, whose untimely death you, in common with all friends of public justice and humanity, deplore? I did not know him personally during the earlier of his two great adventures, his campaign against the atrocities of the Belgian Congo. But during the past ten years I have watched from close quarters, on the executive committee of his Union of Democratic Control, the magnificent services he has rendered, largely single-handed in his country, to the revelation of the truth about the Great War and the Bad Peace.

Considerations of his own personal safety and reputation counted nothing with this great-hearted truth-teller. Needless to say, he suffered every affront and contumely which unscrupulous patrioteers and their lying press could heap upon him. These men and their newspapers charged him openly with treason and the receipt of pay from Germany, well aware that in the heat of the war-fever he could not invoke the protection of the law of libel with the faintest chance of a fair verdict from a jury poisoned by the very lies he sought to expose. At last his enemies secured his silence for a time by a trumped-up technicality. But not for long. After his release from prison he pursued his purpose with unabated zeal, though with a damaged physique due to the heavy nervous strain which such maltreatment put upon one whose fighting spirit concealed a sensitiveness inseparable from his enthusiasm for justice. He shrank from the unmerited hatred of his fellow-men. The iron entered his soul and contributed to wear down his fine physique. Even after the extremity of the war-fever was abated, the general refusal to confront the greatest of the war-lies, the sole guilt of Germany, kept him in a continual emotional ferment, and imposed upon him new toils of controversy.

It would be idle to conceal the fact that the formation and the policy of the Labor Government were in some ways a bitter disappointment to him. His knowledge of foreign policy and his personal part in educating the nation to it to put the Labor Government in power seemed to most of his friends (and doubtless to him) good reasons for giving him a ministerial place in foreign or colonial administration. At any rate he expected from ministers who were his fellow-workers in the U.D.C. a bolder and more strenuous policy aiming to secure a revision of the destructive peace treaties and the falsehood they affirmed regarding the responsibility for the war.

His death cuts short the most truly glorious career of any Englishman of our time. In private life, I may add, he was the most lovable of men, full of kindness and considerateness, willing to listen and defer to friends who had not a tithe of his knowledge of affairs. His death, the latest war-victim, will bring a throb of personal sorrow to hundreds of private friends in different countries, brought in contact with him during this last decade of his spiritual adventure.

Washington, D. C., November 17 JOHN A. HOBSON

The Klan in the Election

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some weeks ago when you or some one of your staff wrote a funeral oration over the dead body of the Klan I was amused, considering that I had recently been engaged in a bitter and futile attempt to prevent the Tulsa schools from falling into the hands of the Klan.

As the result of the election here in the Southwest is decided my amusement is tempered somewhat by pity. Are you not aware that the Republican landslide for Coolidge, especially in the West, was the work of the Klan and that Klan slates, nonpartisan in character, were ordered from Atlanta and were put through almost without exception in every doubtful State?

In Oklahoma the county officials and the judges and the

congressmen and legislators are without exception amenable to the Klan, and Pine who was openly the Klan candidate was elected by two to one over Jack Walton in spite of the fact that the State as a whole returned its normal majority for Davis.

In Kansas, William Allen White, who made a spectacular campaign against the Klan, was beaten worse than anyone had anticipated. The Klan indorsed Paulen and elected him, and the labor men of Kansas can expect a revival of the Industrial Court with all its unfairness together with the organized lawless enmity of the small business men and politicians who make up the strength of the Invisible Empire.

In Texas, in spite of the apparent victory of Mrs. Ferguson, the Klan is back in power in all parts of the State and came near carrying the State over in the Republican column; it may with its control of the courts prevent Mrs. Ferguson from serving her term. The sad part of it is that her opponent's cry that Jim Ferguson will be the real governor is true. Mrs. Ferguson did not make a speech during the campaign, and admitted she did not know how.

The Klan had a death grip on several States outside of the South, and will have a powerful voice at Washington for the next four years. I suggest that you withdraw that funeral oration in view of the fact that the reported demise was considerably exaggerated.

Tulsa, Oklahoma, November 5 CLARENCE R. LONG

A Word of Approval

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* is about the only thing "that comes regularly" that I have time to read. Of all of it, Ludwig Lewisohn's reviews meant most to me. I confess that I genuinely regretted his departure.

But the splendid theater comment in this week's issue not only gets my resubscription but my genuine enthusiasm.

New York, September 19 PHILIP MOELLER

Help Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am just naturally a single taxer—was one even as a boy. So I sat me down some time ago, and wrote a MS. Whatever else it may be, it is original; for although the single-tax doctrine appears in works of economic science, it has never, so far as I know, appeared in fiction, save in one instance—"From Earth's Center," which I have never chanced to read somehow.

I sent the thing to the publishers—and of course it was returned. I expected it. I peddled my wares up the wrong street. So I set out to find where, if any, were any publishers who might recognize the single tax. I went over to the *Post Dispatch* in St. Louis. Somehow I never got past the boy at the outer desk. I carried on quite a little confab, through him, with some near-god inside the splendid offices. Finally, in some despair, I asked him where the single-tax headquarters were. He came back, with the answer written on a slip of paper: "Over at the City Hall." With some misgiving I went there. I asked a great splendid fellow in uniform where, etc. He answered: "Single tax? Oh, yes—third floor." Thank goodness, I thought. But alas! My man turned to another near by and said: "That's right, ain't it, Fred? Pay your single tax on the third floor, don't you? This guy wants to pay his single tax!" Then to me: "Better get married, boy! They tax a man for anything, nowadays!"

I held up a desperate hand. "It's a political party, boys!" I wailed. "The *Post* told me its headquarters were over here!"

"The *Post?*" he answered. "Huh! Them Jews'll tell you anything! An' anyhow there's so many o' them political parties these days a man can't keep track of 'em!"

I fled. Home, I wrote the *Post* a letter—and got no answer. Just as helpless as a babe I was and am, I guess.

So this letter to you. Will you be kind enough and intelligent enough to tell me a little something of the Single Tax Party? Where is it, and who is it? Who's who in it? Where would you advise sending such a MS as mine—outside of the furnace? There is a place in this world for anything, I'm sure —even a single-tax MS.

East St. Louis, Illinois, October 30 ED. A. CARSEY

The Courage of Blasco Ibánez

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your issue of October 29 carried a rather bad-humored paragraph on the subject of Mr. Blasco Ibáñez's attack on the King of Spain. In pointing your query as to whether the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" had not postponed his present "campaign" to a time when "heterodoxy is safer" you apparently failed to recall a number of important points in the biography of the Valencian novelist. During his editorship of *El Pueblo*, a republican newspaper of his native town, Mr. Blasco Ibáñez went to prison some twenty times. For his pronouncements on the Spanish-Cuban-American War he received a sentence of six years. Several years of his youth he spent in exile in France; and the first of the three fortunes he made in the course of an adventurous life was devoted almost entirely to the propagation and defense of what may be accurately called the "American idea" of democratic federalism. One need but recall the case of Ferrer to reflect that political agitation in Spain has never been the academic thing it often is in more evolved democracies.

With Mr. Blasco Ibáñez as with other public men many faults may doubtless be found; but, frankly, cowardice is not one of them; and I am sure you will be willing to strike that portion of your paragraph from the record. If you decide also to retract the rest as well, there will be no great harm that I can see, since your note throws no accurate light on the value or motivation of Mr. Blasco Ibáñez's present attitude toward the king of his country.

New York, November 5 ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

Contributors to This Issue

GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY attended the hearings of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency last winter when it was inquiring into the Federal Farm Loan Board. She went solely as a listener because of her interest in cooperative banking, but after a few questions so convinced the committee of her knowledge of the subject that she was allowed to act virtually as an examining counsel.

HOWARD A. LAMB is a newspaperman who spent five years as correspondent on the Mexican border for the El Paso *Times*, the Douglas *Daily International*, and the Associated Press. He covered several military campaigns and himself participated in certain battles.

LEONORA SPEYER is the author of "A Canopic Jar," a volume of verse.

FRANCES BRADLEY is a physician who for many years engaged in field work for the Federal Children's Bureau.

LOUISE BOGAN is the author of "Body of This Death."

A. DONALD DOUGLAS is establishing a reputation as novelist and critic.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN is a practicing architect in New York and the author of "The Enjoyment of Architecture."

ARTHUR RUHL is a noted newspaper correspondent and the author of several volumes on European affairs.

Books and Plays

First Glance

THE latest section of the monumental and now almost completed "New English Dictionary" (Oxford: 10 shillings) to arrive in America covers rather unpromising ground, since in going from "unforeseeing" to "unright" it must spend five-sixths of its space on words beginning with the prefix un-. Yet even within this province it finds an opportunity to suggest the particular kind of commentary upon human behavior for which, as the one really comprehensive survey of the language in existence, it is so famous. Under the word "unicorn," for instance, the whole history of belief and disbelief in that fine animal is silently, remorselessly written. After sentences from old and middle and early modern English which indicate a simple and healthy faith comes this wavering statement of 1657: "A very fierce and strong creature it is; and nowadays very rare, but anciently more common." Here is the beginning of the end, for in the next century Dr. Johnson refers to "that Beast so much talked of and so little known"; and in 1801 the *Monthly Review* contained an article On the Probability of the Existence of an Unicorn. Thus have human travel and the science of natural history relieved the mind of a pleasant superstition.

Now that geography and history have banished so effectively the grosser superstitions of distant place and distant time, it might very easily occur to someone that the world so lost was worth preserving; and indeed this has occurred to Clark B. Firestone, who in a bulky volume, "The Coasts of Illusion" (Harper: $4), endeavors to read the history of knowledge backward, laboring to remember rather than forget "the things that were not so." His extraordinary purpose is to recall from chambers of the racial mind now all but closed that menagerie of animals, that mapful of coasts and mountains, that kingdom of preternatural men and women which we no longer are able to believe in. They once were facts, and herein lies their peculiar interest for Mr. Firestone; he is indifferent to mythologies on the one hand and to utopias on the other, since these have been conscious creations of the soul and the brain. He would sum up what formerly was science, he would draw what once would have been accepted as a map of the known earth. It is a beautiful ambition, one which has only to be announced to make the mind leap. Yet a scrupulous mind would hesitate after a little thought and eventually despair. A history of human error, even if only on its more picturesque and harmless sides, is grotesquely impossible. Where to begin, for instance? Will any distinction between myth and "fact" actually work? And where to end? What of the laws of celestial mechanics, now so ably doubted? Or what of certain evolutionary dogmas now no longer sworn to?

The only thing left for Mr. Firestone was to compile a reference book to the illusions which for one reason or another interested him, and that is what he has done. With no pretensions to scholarship, although his amateur knowledge is immense, he has ransacked the literature of travel and anthropology and popular science. He knows not only the obvious sources—Herodotus, Lucian, Pliny, Marco Polo, Mandeville, Hakluyt, Purchas, Sir Thomas Browne, "The Golden Bough," and "Primitive Culture"—but hundreds of obscure studies and stories; his feast is rich if somewhat irregularly served. At any rate, here for the reader's delight are tons of information about unicorns, griffins, harpies, rocs, and cockatrices; about noseless, headless, one-eyed, and dog-headed people; about satyrs, pigmies, Amazons, troglodytes, and gnomes; about Arcadia, Bohemia, Prester John's kingdom, the lotus-land, and the land of Gog and Magog; about Atlantis, Elysium, and Lyonesse; about El Dorado, the Spice Islands, and the Fountain of Youth; and about the Sargasso Sea. Here, I am almost driven to say, is the other and better side of the moon.

MARK VAN DOREN

Religious Insight and Religious Nonsense

Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion. By W. R. Inge. Longmans, Green and Company. $1.

The Friendship of God. By A. Maude Royden. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

THE danger of know-nothing fundamentalism lies not in its grotesque and vulgar bigotry as such. Though the carriers of this spiritual infection are causing fleeting epidemics in backward colleges and provoking dervish orgies in the darker church belts, on the whole the modern environment is sufficiently immune to the virus. The real danger of Pharisaism invariably lies in the pseudo-enlightened Sadducee counter-reformations it arouses. The supercultivated fundamentalism of Philo Judaeus in the first century stirred up an equally sophisticated modernism; while the cheap Chautauqua fundamentalism of the Bryans can excite but the equally naive "liberalism" of the Reverend van Dykes. "The Sadducees were the hypocrites of the Jewish world, just as the Epicureans were the hypocrites of the Greek world"—and just as the "modernists" are the hypocrites of the contemporary Christian world, only that they lack the savoir-faire to be hypocritical without first fooling themselves.

The intrinsic falsity of the liberal church lies in its seeming conformity with the temper of the age. Prestige in our era undoubtedly goes with rationalism and the scientific method. Accordingly the liberal church deifies Evolution in nature and society. It glibly jumbles religious insight with social ethics. It pretends to preach the higher criticism by interpreting the sacred writings as esoteric fables. And in general it alleges the growing affinity of science and religion. All this is the sheerest nonsense. It is nonsense from the point of view of modern science generally, whose attitude is no less alien to the homiletics of the Reverend Mr. Fosdick than to those of Bishop Manning, simply because the category of compromise is as impertinent to the scientific method as the category of conversion. It is nonsense from the point of view of modern psychology, within whose special purview the objective study of religious emotion falls, for it increasingly recognizes religious behavior in the mystical, more or less fetishist and clairvoyant attitude of orthodoxy. It is nonsense from the point of view of modern exegesis, which does not see in the holy scribes poetic fabulists but literal-minded medicine men, emotional and Draconic spokesmen of deeply imbedded myths and mores, whose rise and fall are of ethnologic interest. And, most important of all, it is nonsense worse confounded from the point of view of modern liberalism.

For liberalism is not, as modernism assumes, the generic opposite of bigotry. Tolerance is that. Liberalism is specifically the informed, courageous, and enlightened attitude in social politics, and only in social politics. It is as irrelevant to religious revelation as it is to the theory of numbers or to an appreciation of the Fifth Symphony. There is no more sense in liberalizing the Immaculate Conception of Jesus than there would be in liberalizing the noncontroversial immaculate conception of Minerva. Religious cosmology cannot be modernized into paleontology. Religious eschatology is forever incompatible with the ineluctable agnosticism of the scientific outlook. Moreover, religious experience is categorically different from social ethics, no matter at how many points they may touch each other to mutual benefit or harm, unless we stretch words beyond their most elastic connotations. For the religious ineffabilities are, in the words of Dean Inge, "not of this world." Indeed "the truth is"—he quotes approvingly a French writer—"that there always has been a conflict between mysticism (which to him is essential to religious consciousness) and politics (which he defines in the Aristotelian sense of community organization)."

I know no religious writer who has refuted with so much Christian humanism and learned sagacity the religious claims of both the reactionary church politicians and the exhibitioners of modernism. Indeed it is his school of thought which was able to lay to some degree the unseemly quarrel in the Church of England a good quarter of a century ago. His little book on personal religion is not a systematic treatise. For that the reader may look into his "Outspoken Essays." This booklet is merely a collection of stray reflections on religious beatitudes. But only a vast cultural investment could be responsible for so many sage glimpses of truth. And all these flashes converge on one central definition: religion is a mystic universe; it is a dream world of strength and beauty and exalting recreation from whose threshold the believer returns spiritually invigorated for a more meaningful and moral mastery of "this world," which otherwise would be quite as mean, empty, brief, and brutal as it seems. Our momentary pleasures cease with gratification; only religion can throb them into the "joy which is the triumph of life"; "God punishes the useless by giving them pleasure without joy." Our sorrows are but petty worries unless religion purges them with the sense of tragedy, whose touch alone can fraternize mankind. Our little hopes are either tricks "of looking at the bright side of things" or mere selfish wishes unless religion lifts them into the serenity of Faith. In short, for Dean Inge "it is otherworldliness which alone can transform this world."

With multiplying thousands I fail to follow the Dean of St. Paul's. I find a more vital option in the Hellenic search for beauty in each moment—and let it go at that; in Bertrand Russell's freeman's worship of man's tragic comradeship with truth—and let it go at that; in Axel Heyst's noble and agnostic resignation to his inner decency, which is Conrad's notion of all there is to moral victory. To bind goodness, truth, and beauty into one grand teleological religious urge seems to me to detract from their intrinsic values. To Dr. Inge they have no meaning but as a trinitarian mandate under a personal Godhead, which mystically consecrates them for our inner guidance and—human nature being what it is—for some outer forms of worship. That is religion, he says. It is. And—it seems to go against the Zeitgeist. But one must respect the author for the emotional and intellectual sincerity with which he has so exquisitely cultivated his "kingdom of faith . . . which is not of this world."

Though the more prancing kind of modernism has been tired out in England since the nineties, for sheer religious demagoguery—intellectually unkempt, sham-erudite, and quack-courageous—we have produced nothing to beat Miss Royden's "Friendship of God." Our Fifth Avenue religious illuminati use at least good-looking English and do not court illogic to absurdity. The lady preacher takes us into her divine chumminess as follows: "The revelation of natural law was needed to make us understand, even dimly, the sublime constancy of spiritual law. We have that revelation now and it has brought us nearer to our high amazing destiny—to be the friends of God." We might dismiss this meaningless outburst as pure piffle if modern psychology did not warn us that piffle has a meaning all its own. And indeed the modernist defense-mechanism could not have been caricatured with greater felicity than it is here. Miss Royden's table of contents is a perfect program for her sort of show: Spiritual Sight ("I believe that our Lord had the most scientific spirit that ever lived"); The Laws of Life (science and religious revelation are the same); What is a Christian? ("to be a Christian is to be like Christ"—nothing less); Some Forms of Worship (worship is "love and praise and wonder that goes out to things that are worshipful, wonderful, and lovely"). And so on and on for 138 pages without a single disciplined idea, even by accident. It would be pitiful did not pity turn to irritation when Miss Royden claims in Charles Darwin "a modern prophet" of her own views. She admits that, in spite of his almost abnormal shrinking from religious controversies, he was forced to put himself down as an "agnostic . . . who did not know whether there was a God." But she does not permit his memory to rest in peace. From his very agnosticism she deduces by a triumphant syllogism which would have dizzied a medieval monk his profound religiosity—his belief in the divinity of Christ. Apparently nothing is sacred to the open-minded.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Galsworthy's World

The White Monkey. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THE generations of the years pass before Mr. Galsworthy's eyes like a dream remote and twilit in the pathos of receding distance. Like one of his own Forsytes he sits under a blanket on a chair giving vision of green lawns and slant autumnal sun and the world dying. He would have us believe that all old people sit brooding to conjure up the past in a haze of regretful memory wherein first love was indeed sweet with all regret and young men of a sterner age looked upon the roast beef when it was red. His young men and women lack body. It is only the older characters who possess sinew and root, and these only in remembrance of wine past. Even when Mr. Galsworthy tries to be most scrupulous toward the unrest of what he thinks is the younger generation, he cannot really esteem the young. He can care only for the youth of his own youth. In his exquisite story The Apple Tree he is most beautifully himself, the historian not of old age and not of youth but of an adolescence which has never outgrown the recollection of desire, caught into a new harsh world it cannot understand except in pain, the dupe of a fine pure sensibility to what cannot return and never in its own time met true fulfilment. Both to the Forsytes and to Mr. Galsworthy himself, ah! death is life indeed, the days that are no more!

When he writes of a young man he most clearly likes Mr. Galsworthy names his tale The Apple Tree or The Dark Flower, both fragrant in a bloom that is dying, dying, dying. When he writes of a generation he cannot like he names his tale The White Monkey. For him, even when he is most sincerely sorry for the bad world, it is a generation resembling a fantastic biped which has sucked the fruit and tasted only the rind. At the last he can give Soames Forsyte his due and make him the chief figure of his belated esteem. His young man, Michael Mont, is simply the fine and pure young man, the Galsworthy young man. His heroine, Fleur Forsyte, who has married Michael, like all his heroines has never put on flesh even when she is said to be tempted by the flesh of the poet, Wilfrid Desert. For the rest Mr. Galsworthy includes at length a cockney man and his girl wife, both pigeons transfixed by the tearing hawks of the modern world, invented indeed to show that world how much Mr. Galsworthy prefers two souls, tender and true, to the barren discords of modern art. In losing his money through too honest a business conscience Soames Forsyte is washed pure from his sins. Even in defeat he is more admirable than the young people who practice the disintegration of the technique of painting and poetry.

No one else in the world could have written the story of Victorine and Tony Bicket and not fallen into the ultimate mire of sentimentalism. Tony packs books in the publishing house of Michael's father. His girl wife is stricken with pneumonia. Tony steals books, sells them, and pays the doctor's bills. He is discovered and fired from his job, for all Michael's efforts to retain him in some capacity. He buys balloons and sells them on street corners. Victorine recovers. Acting on Michael's recommendations, she poses as a model, at last posing in the altogether but remaining immaculate. Tony learns the awful truth, but believes her protestations of innocence. With the money earned they set out for Australia, out of it all. They would do just that very thing! A good-hearted cockney pathetically selling balloons! Mr. Galsworthy alone would go

to such extremes and give them the fine flavor of his pity. Denry the Audacious might have sold balloons, but he would have won a fortune. Kipps might have sold balloons, not burst by pity but blown up to a full humor. Mr. Galsworthy suffers balloons, sadly.

Fleur is supposed to represent the blind alley of the younger generation. She comes to the brink but does not fall into the gulf of darkness. At the propitious moment Wilfrid refrains, yields up the manuscript of his new poems, and takes the next train for Arabia. Fleur has not married for love (you will remember young Jolyon), and she is for a time caught into every gusty swirl of new art and new life. At the end she finds she is going to have a baby, she has the baby, and everything is quite all right. Mr. Galsworthy even has her practice Couéism —all related without the ghost of a smile. In Soames's and Michael's happiness Mr. Galsworthy is himself most happy. All the discords have been resolved into an assuaging harmony (quite obviously in C major) and the white monkey by a simple process of magic has been transformed into the child of the ages.

No one would ask Mr. Galsworthy to be other than himself alone in the rare fine world he has builded from dreams of regret and aching lost beauty and a pity that is itself the echo of its own sorrow. It is a world, and it is most complete and final in the Forsyte Saga, where you can dwell or not just as you choose. It is not copied from this world, but imagined by Mr. Galsworthy's own art. Perhaps it offers less rich substance than the worlds of other artists, each one spinning like a universe by the laws of its own being. Mr. Galsworthy cannot give you roast beef, but the memory of roast beef. He cannot give you love, but the remembered loss of love. He cannot give you women, but dreams of fair women. He is limited by his own fineness and his own pain at the harsh discords of what he thinks is the modern world. He can mistake the advertised temperaments of small mean literary cliques for the authentic voice of God, and so dismiss all modern art. Yet he can give us something no one has ever before given. He can give us the world himself has created.

A. Donald Douglas

Engineering or Architecture?

Sticks and Stones. By Lewis Mumford. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

IT is a stimulating adventure to open a book on American architecture and find neither those sycophantic appreciations, beautifully illustrated, which form so important a part of the current periodical literature of the subject, nor, on the other hand, those equally one-sided, bitterly pessimistic attacks on all modern work which characterize another type of criticism. For Mr. Mumford has seen deeply into architecture; careful historical study has given him an authoritative background; he has realized that behind that stream of form which makes the "style" of any place or date there is a reason; he has asked the why of form in American architecture. The answer is inevitable; it is the quality of the civilization that gave it birth. Architecture can exist only as an expression of civilization; in any complete understanding of one a knowledge of the other is implicit. Mr. Mumford has called his book "Sticks and Stones." There is a gentle sarcasm in the title itself, for to him architecture is rather of the spirit; it is the soul of a people's life exemplified.

The book is built upon a careful historical examination of the parallel development of American architecture and American culture. This historical analysis is an important and pioneer piece of work, expressed with a concise vividness. Time and again, in one telling phrase, the entire picture of an epoch is evoked, and the architectural forms of that epoch are at once seen in their inevitability. For instance, in talking of the development of land-speculation as a result of pioneering, Mr. Mumford says: "If the older cities of the seaboard were limited in their attempts to become metropolises by the fact that their downtown sections were originally laid out for villages, the villages of the Middle West labored under just the opposite handicap; they had frequently acquired the framework of a metropolis before they had passed out of the state of a village." Thus one sentence sums up and makes vivid the pioneering philosophy behind all the unimaginative and arrogant stupidity that underlies a thousand down-at-heel and jerry-built towns.

The chapters on The Diaspora of the Pioneer and The Defeat of Romanticism vividly recreate almost forgotten periods with a perfect and biting equanimity. They are more candid and level-headed than the first chapter, The Medieval Tradition, where the cool clarity of insight is blurred—like a mirror breathed upon—by the fact that in the Puritan village of the seventeenth century Mr. Mumford has found his long-sought Utopia; in the presence of one's divinity one's eyes are always veiled. But in the consideration of modern architecture the clarity is complete, and the examination of the effect of industrialism on architecture and on life is entirely convincing, once Mr. Mumford's implied definition of architecture is accepted.

For architecture has a double meaning. On the one hand it is the entire corpus of that portion of human environment which is man-built; on the other, it includes only those buildings in which the effort to build beautifully—that is, the creative ideal—has been dominant. The only flaws to be picked in Mr. Mumford's criticism lie in his occasional confusion of the two definitions, for his sociological sympathies lead him to emphasize the totality of building as an important human expression, and his admiration of certain past periods leads him to consider great works of art in those periods as sociologically inevitable, while the great beauty of much modern work is considered either an "accidental result" or "outside the purlieus of our commercial system." This is contradictory; one hazards, with due humility, the opinion that the Lincoln Memorial, by the late Henry Bacon, or the Nebraska State Capitol, by the late Bertram Goodhue, or "the prosperous country homes and college buildings and churches and municipal institutions" in which "a tradition of good building and tactful design has been established" are quite as close to the spirit of this age as the cathedrals of thirteenth-century France are to that, and the taste that animates the styles—academic or secessionistic—of today quite as inevitable as that differing taste which set the *chimères* on Notre Dame grinning over the Paris housetops. The "style" is an accident, a mere vocabulary; wherever true beauty has entered, now or generations ago, it is because the creative spirit has brooded over the creation, which is raised at once to a new plane; the true art of architecture is timeless and without bounds of geography or dates.

Once this distinction is grasped, and "Sticks and Stones" seen as a history and criticism not of architecture as an art but of architecture as the totality of building, its analyses and conclusions become inescapable. The modern problem is not bad architectural art but the too frequent lack of architure itself; engineering seems to the modern so much more "efficient." Where else than in this book has the function and the misuse of the engineer in modern life been so succinctly set forth? Where else the inevitable ugliness of the results of the uncurbed realtor? Where else is the ultimately destructive character of current industrialism and business initiative so vividly presented? Or the futility of an almost endless and unplanned city growth? For the ugliness, incoherence, monotony, stupidity of much modern building, the wrecked countrysides, the dreary city fringes, the foul slums do not grow of themselves but are the terrible children of a civilization whose aim is gain got with the ruthlessness of the pioneer and the efficiency of the engineer. Beauty cannot come down to walk with the people under such a civilization. So the examination of the history of building in America leads surely to the ruthless and forceful criticism of the wastefulness and the

underlying inhumanity of the rampant industrialism of our own time. By all odds "Sticks and Stones" is the most stimulating book on architecture in many a long day.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

Regular Journalism

Those Europeans. By Sisley Huddleston. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

MR. HUDDLESTON'S sketches of twenty more or less well-known Europeans are the sort of thing which a foreign correspondent, when the exigencies of news permit or by way of showing his good intentions, sends home to his Sunday paper. In Europe, where readers are more accustomed to international gossip, they might go on week-days as well.

They are not news, although phrases like "now" and "last year" frequently appear and obviously Mr. Huddleston is never very far from his last edition; not good straight reporting; still less history or literature; but that crisp, fluent, entirely superficial and generally useless sort of "tosh" which springs from typewriters on which Reparations, Mustapha Kemal, the Polish Corridor, Ramsay MacDonald, the Twilight of Europe, Mussolini, or whatever else happens to make the front page is always good for a column and a half—until something else makes the front page and these are as if they had never been. Mr. Huddleston polishes off Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Masaryk, Primo de Rivera, Anatole France, D'Annunzio, Sir John Bradbury, Stresemann, General Sikorski, and the Pope among his twenty, and he hops from London to Anatolia, from Morocco to the Rhineland, without saying anything of the slightest importance about any of them. Nothing, that is, unless one were looking for a sort of Who's Who of personalities of the moment, so that before going out to dinner one might be tipped off, so to speak, as to who Dr. Dorten or Sir William Goode, for example, might be. The least perfunctory of the portraits, perhaps, is that of Clemenceau. Mr. Huddleston contributes nothing that is not known already by everybody who has met the Tiger, but he does give a hint of the personality of that extraordinary old man—"perhaps the greatest man our generation has produced," Mr. Huddleston thinks. The chapter labeled Lord Cecil, on the other hand, is merely a few trite paragraphs on the League with practically nothing about its distinguished advocate.

Subtlety of characterization is not one of Mr. Huddleston's strong points. This man is "the right man in the right place," that one "head and shoulders above," and so on. Anatole France, whose characteristic mood is compared to that of Omar Khayyam in the "Remold it nearer to our Heart's Desire" quatrain, "may be described as the highest flower of culture yet produced, the topmost peak of human intelligence." As for more or less controversial questions, "whether you agree that . . . or, on the other hand, that . . . certainly it must be admitted" . . . and, in any case, "much will depend on the course of events." While political Spain "hardly counts for much . . . there can be little doubt that, as Mr. Valery Larbaud remarks, 'Spain is perhaps the foremost intellectual nation of our time.'" By way of supporting his "there can be no doubt that perhaps," Mr. Huddleston presents the following bit of illuminating criticism: "At the head of the writers, philosophers, artists is Miguel de Unamuno, who may be taken to be the antithesis of Primo de Rivera. In literature, Benito Pérez Galdós was followed by Palacio Valdés; Vicente Blasco Ibáñez can not be omitted, nor can Pio Baroja. Among the younger men is the extremely original Ramon Gomez de la Serna. In painting, Picasso has influenced the whole of European art. In music one finds such names as those of Albeniez, Granados, and Manuel de Falla."

The Fascisti wear black shirts, it seems, and "while there is much that appears like play-acting in Fascism, there is also a sincere purpose, a sincere belief . . ." Morocco used to be a savage sort of place, but now that the French have had a chance at it "there exist side by side with rush huts great tourist hotels of the most modern kind, splendid villas, and all the appurtenances of civilization as it is known in the big cities of the world. . . ."

Either author or compositor is responsible for some very curious words and phrases. Among them is a French quotation with two English "at's" in it, while the English version of *enfant de volupté* is "infant of volupty"!

Mr. Huddleston is a veteran journalist, and undoubtedly, at his daily task, a very capable one. We hope that he is one of the "best" journalists, for he tells us on page 23 that while "politicians are often the narrowest of men, the best journalist is the broadest of men." Breadth in the sense of extension, of getting about to many people and places, he shows in his book. Unhappily he seems to possess no other dimension.

ARTHUR RUHL

Books in Brief

The Common Sense of Music. By Sigmund Spaeth. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Dr. Spaeth has achieved two impossibilities: he has written a low-brow textbook, and he has covered—thinly—the subject. In 375 pages he disposes of the classification of compositions and styles; thematic material; jazz, its origin, value, and technique; the theory of rhythm; intervals and simple harmony; the cycle of keys; the form of songs, sonatas, etc.; descriptions and drawings of orchestral instruments; instructions for "natural pianists," "close harmony artists," and musical parlor tricks of various kinds; a chapter on interpretation; a chapter on the literature; a glossary that contrives to be a miniature Grove's Dictionary—all in words of one syllable or less, sometimes oversimplified, but seldom condescending. Who can resist even a hard subject like the organ, for instance, when he is introduced to it like this? "If you watch an organist at work, you may think he is playing dominoes, or running a switch-board, for he is constantly puling or turning over certain 'stops' and oblongs, inscribed like a Mah Jongg set." Or object to reading a press-agent for Bach as long as he fills his copy with anecdotes and puns? The copious illustrations mix "Boolah," "Three O'Clock in the Morning," and "Rock of Ages" casually enough with Verdi, Brahms, and Chopsticks; and identify "How Dry I Am" unmistakably with "Lead Kindly Light." This goes rather far, however, in the chapter of melodies arranged according to their beginning notes. It is too much like classifying all poems, plays, and novels by the first words of their first lines. But it does suggest the starting-point for a colossal job which some university class must undertake some day—an index of musical themes. Dr. Spaeth's book will not lack the enormous sale he planned for it among women's clubs and public schools. If he is very lucky he will succeed in persuading his thousands of readers to listen to the music first and the player second, and to like what they like instead of what they ought to like.

Moss from a Rolling Stone. By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. E. P. Dutton & Company. $3.50.

This particular stone has rolled through Germany, Russia, England, America, Africa, and the Near East, and is still budging. But it has operated on the principle more of the snowball than of the proverbial boulder, for it has gathered unto itself a sparkling wealth of anecdote and information. The author's own wide experience has been eked out by a seemingly inexhaustible store of family tradition. Thus Mr. Hodgetts is able to command a broad scope in time as well as in space. Russia under Alexander II, Alexander III, and Nicholas II, France under the Empire and under the Republic, Germany under Bismarck and Wilhelm II, Armenia, and Africa are as familiar to his pen as are the quaint celebrities of his London club. And his pen is always the crisp, facile tool of the "born

journalist" Pulitzer proclaimed him to be. The result is a combination of "Barnum" and "The Education of Henry Adams": first-rate entertainment mingled with material of distinct historical value.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

The Utopia of Gallants

NONE of the offerings of a busy week so excited the imagination of the present writer as the audacious attempt made by the group at the Cherry Lane Theater to revive upon their tiny stage "The Way of the World," one of the greatest and yet one of the most remote of English comedies. No other drama requires of both actors and audience so delicate a perception of an artificial style as the drama of the Restoration, and no other Restoration play is quite as difficult as this one. The bitter strength of Wycherley would defy any performance to conceal its effectiveness, and the boisterous fun of Farquhar needs only high spirits to set it off, but to undertake Congreve's masterpiece—that is boldness indeed. Even the actors of his own day, disciplined for two generations in the tradition of which it is the final flower, could not quite reach the perfection of impudent grace which it demands, and the play, though perfect enough to sustain for its author a continuous fame through the twenty unproductive years which followed its writing, hardly succeeded upon the stage.

For forty years before it was written the English theater had been, as it never was before or since, the exclusive possession of an idle aristocracy, and the genius of its dramatic writers was devoted to no other task than that of mirroring as best it could the riotous carnival into which the return of the Merry Monarch had plunged his court. John Dryden and Aphra Behn

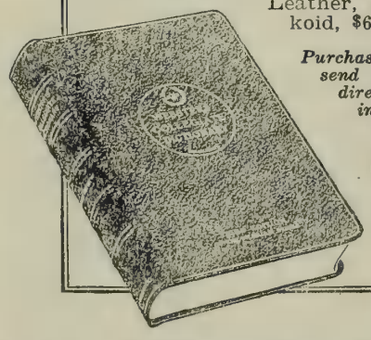
For Christmas—
The Treasured Gift

For a gift of permanent value; a tribute to the good taste of the one who gives and the one who receives, *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* is ideal. It is a gift to delight anyone who reads, writes, or studies, for it is a constant source of the information that is needed most frequently. This Christmas give the handsome Bible Paper edition of

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

The Best Abridged Dictionary
It Is Based upon Webster's New International

A gift of lasting, everyday value with its vocabulary of 106,000 words—its dictionary of Biography — its Gazetteer department — its guide to rules of punctuation, use of capitals, abbreviations, etc.—its foreign words and phrases—its wealth of other information. A handsome book with 1700 illustrations. 1256 pages; printed on Bible Paper. Full limp Leather, $7.50; flexible Fabrikoid, $6.00; art Canvas, $5.



Purchase of your bookseller; or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information and sample pages.

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY
52 Broadway
Springfield, Mass.

PAUL LAFARGUE'S Social and Philosophical Studies, tenth edition just ready, consists of a series of keenly critical studies of the causes of belief in God and in such abstract ideas as justice and goodness. The author points out that in capitalist countries the "good" man is the man with the "goods"—that there seems to be a necessary connection between virtue and property. Cloth, 60c postpaid; also at same price the author's later book, **The Origin and Evolution of the Idea of the Soul.** Ask for book catalog.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, CHICAGO

MT. AIRY
(Near Harmon-on-Hudson)
A colony for liberals and radicals. 54 Minutes from Grand Central Station; frequent expresses. Property a mile from Croton Lake, two miles from station, three miles to Croton Beach. *1-4 acre of high, dry and well wooded land* (equal to 4 city lots of 25 x 100 ft. each) *$200 to $400.* Cash or terms. Now is the time to buy in groups and be with friends. Address Harry Kelly, No. 70 Fifth Ave., Room 411, for circular. Office hours 2:30 to 6 P. M. daily except Saturday. Saturday 11:00 to 1:30 P. M.

The Fifth Avenue Restaurant

EXCLUSIVELY A LUNCHEON AND EVENING BANQUET RESORT ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING, 200 FIFTH AVENUE TEL. GRAMERCY 4900 TO 4907 INCL

THEODORE KEMM, Proprietor

flattered the grossness of its taste, William Wycherley mercilessly exposed their vices while he seemed to pander to them, but in William Congreve the age found a man who could turn its life into a conventional pattern, extract the quintessence of its gaiety, and present upon the stage a gallants' Utopia, purged of the ugliness and cruelty which are the necessary result of an attempt like that which the people of his time made to realize it upon earth but perfect in the world of pure imagination.

Like most of his contemporaries, Congreve had no faith in man or woman. When he says in one of the songs which he scatters through his plays:

> He alone won't betray in whom none will confide
> And the nymph may be chaste that has never been tried

he meant what he said. But if he judged from the world which he saw about him that virtue did not exist, he still believed in grace and he created an artificial world in which grace alone counted. He made no attempt to hide the fact that the persons of his comedy were utterly cold and utterly selfish; he even accepted the Restoration tradition that obscenity alone was the proper material for wit; but he gave to both his people and his epigrams a polish so exquisite that perversity of subject is lost in perfection of manner and exquisite gestures of mind and body alone remain. In real life men flirt and plot in order that they may obtain their desires, and thus mind is the servant of body, but in Congreve the situation is reversed; his people have bodies and bodily desires only that they may give occasion for the wit and intrigue which for them alone exists. No one (I would swear to it) in all his plays really cares to bring the mistress he is courting or the wife he is seducing bodily to bed; for no one of them has any existence save when he is sparkling and flashing in the public eye. Restoration love was a game not infrequently played with heartless brutality, but Congreve purified it, not by endowing it with either nobility or kindness, but by transferring it wholly to the realm of the mind and setting it to work upon fantastic creatures without bodies to be soiled or hearts to be wounded.

Doubtless if one is to appreciate to any great extent the performance at Cherry Lane one needs to bring a good deal with him. The best production in the world could not make the delights of the play comprehensible to one who knew nothing of the long tradition which it perfects. The production at the Cherry Lane is not the best in the world, but it is good enough and honest enough to make it emphatically worth the while of any person with the slightest taste for one of the most exquisite creations of the past to seize the opportunity, not often afforded, of seeing Mirabell and Millamant step upon an actual stage. Fortunately Miss Bryan, who is intrusted with the impersonation of the latter character, is extremely good and comes near to accomplishing the superhuman task of bodying forth the character who is the greatest triumph of this play as the play is the the greatest triumph of the tradition it represents. What Beatrice is to the age of Elizabeth Millamant is to the Restoration—the highest embodiment of the charm of feminine perversity. To Miss Bryan and to Mr. Rainey, who plays opposite her, should go no little credit for the skill with which they carry out the bargaining scene—for that scene stands at the very summit of English comedy.

The remainder of the week's offerings at the various theaters were diverse and not without interest. At the Princess Theater was produced "The Steam Roller," an amusing but by no means perfect satire on the managing woman, admirably acted by Janet Beecher; at the Frazee a spectacular melodrama called "Shipwrecked," and at the National "Silence," an ingenious crook-play; while at the Martin Beck "Madame Pompadour," a gorgeous musical comedy which delights the eye and at least mildly entertains the ear, began its career. Moreover, M. Gemier and his Odéon Company presented a series of plays of somewhat unequal merit but all admirably acted in a finished, realistic manner, thus proving what several seasons of American audiences have been led to doubt—that France can still produce excellent actors.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATRE

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
"WHAT PRICE GLORY"
A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.

GEORGE BACKER Presents
JANET BEECHER AND BRUCE McRAE
in LAURENCE EYRE'S NEW COMEDY WITH
"THE STEAM ROLLER"
OLIVE THAIS WYNDHAM MAGRANE ERNEST CATHERINE COSSART PROCTOR
PRINCESS Theatre, 39th St., East of Broadway. Eves. 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

DEBATES LECTURES

DARROW NEARING DEBATE
IS THE HUMAN RACE WORTH WORKING FOR?
Sunday, November 30, 2:30 p. m., Town Hall, 113 W. 43rd St.
Tickets $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00 at Box Office and Rand School, 7 East 15th St.

DEBATE on PROHIBITION!
CLARENCE DARROW (Against) versus REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES (For)
Chairman, Hon. Royal S. Copeland
Sunday, December 14, 3 P. M.
Manhattan Opera House, 34th St., W. of 8th Ave.
Tickets $1.10, 1.65, 2.20, 2.75. Box Seats $3.30.
On sale at the office of or direct by mail from
THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. (Longacre 10434-4447)
N. B.—Out-of-towners desiring a printed stenographic report of this debate should send us their names.

HARRY ALLEN OVERSTREET, A.B., B.Sc.
Professor of Philosophy, College City of New York.
"Philosophy in Present Day Life"
COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM
Park Avenue and 34th Street
SIX LECTURES
Thursday Evenings, Dec. 11, 18, Jan. 8, 15, 22, 29, at 8:15
Course Ticket, $3.50, can be secured at the office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single Admission, 85 cents.

Saturday Afternoon Camaraderie
3:30 to 5:30 p. m.
Nov. 29 Savel Zimand "Gandhi"
Dec. 6 John Langdon-Davies "Can Science Save Society?"
Dec. 13 Jessica Smith "Three Years in Russia"
Dec. 20 Report of Delegates to Mexican Federation of Labor
Rand School Auditorium, 7 East 15th St.

International Relations Section

Shall We Commit Suicide?

By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

SHORTLY before the opening of the recent British electoral campaign Winston Churchill, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, war-time Minister of Munitions and post-war Secretary of State for War and Secretary of State for Air, published in *Nash's Pall Mall Magazine* (London) for September 24, 1924, the following brilliant article. It is possible that participation in a Tory Ministry may somewhat modify his views on the League.

The story of the human race is war. Except for brief and precarious interludes, there has never been peace in the world; and before history began murderous strife was universal and unending. But up to the present time the means of destruction at the disposal of man have not kept pace with his ferocity. Reciprocal extermination was impossible in the Stone Age. One cannot do much with a clumsy club. Besides, men were so scarce and hid so well that they were hard to find. They fled so fast that they were hard to catch. Human legs could only cover a certain distance each day. With the best will in the world to destroy his species, each man was restricted to a very limited area of activity. It was impossible to make any effective progress on these lines. Meanwhile one had to live and hunt and sleep. So on the balance the life-forces kept a steady lead over the forces of death, and gradually tribes, villages, and governments were evolved.

The effort at destruction then entered upon a new phase. War became a collective enterprise. Roads were made which facilitated the movement of large numbers of men. Armies were organized. Many improvements in the apparatus of slaughter were devised. In particular the use of metal, and above all steel, for piercing and cutting human flesh opened out a promising field. Bows and arrows, slings, chariots, horses, and elephants lent a valuable assistance. But here again another set of checks began to operate. The governments were not sufficiently secure. The armies were liable to violent internal disagreements. It was extremely difficult to feed large numbers of men once they were concentrated, and consequently the efficiency of the efforts at destruction became fitful and was tremendously hampered by defective organization. Thus again there was a balance on the credit side of life. The world rolled forward, and human society entered upon a vaster and more complex age.

It was not until the dawn of the twentieth century of the Christian era that war really began to enter into its kingdom as the potential destroyer of the human race. The organization of mankind into great states and empires and the rise of nations to full collective consciousness enabled enterprises of slaughter to be planned and executed upon a scale with a perseverance never before imagined. All the noblest virtues of individuals were gathered together to strengthen the destructive capacity of the mass. Good finances, the resources of world-wide credit and trade, the accumulation of large capital reserves, made it possible to divert for considerable periods the energies of whole peoples to the task of devastation. Democratic institutions gave expression to the will power of millions. Education not only brought the course of the conflict within the comprehension of everyone, but rendered each person serviceable in a high degree for the purpose in hand. The press afforded a means of unification and of mutual encouragement; religion, having discreetly avoided conflict on the fundamental issues, offered its encouragements and consolations, through all its forms, impartially to all the combatants. Lastly, science unfolded her treasures and her secrets to the desperate demands of men and placed in their hands agencies and apparatus almost decisive in their character.

In consequence many novel features presented themselves. Instead of merely starving fortified towns whole nations were methodically subjected, or sought to be subjected, to the process of reduction by famine. The entire population in one capacity or another took part in the war; all were equally the object of attack. The air opened paths along which death and terror could be carried far behind the lines of the actual armies, to women, children, the aged, the sick, who in earlier struggles would perforce have been left untouched. Marvelous organization of railroads, steamships, and motor vehicles placed and maintained tens of millions of men continuously in action. Healing and surgery in their exquisite developments returned them again and again to the shambles. Nothing was wasted that could contribute to the process of waste. The last dying kick was brought into military utility.

But all that happened in the four years of the Great War was only a prelude to what was preparing for the fifth year. The campaign of the year 1919 would have witnessed an immense accession to the power of destruction. Had the Germans retained the morale to make good their retreat to the Rhine, they would have been assaulted in the summer of 1919 with forces and by methods incomparably more prodigious than any yet employed. Thousands of aeroplanes would have shattered their cities. Scores of thousands of cannon would have blasted their front. Arrangements were being made to carry simultaneously a quarter of a million men, together with all their requirements, continuously forward across country in mechanical vehicles moving ten or fifteen miles each day. Poison gases of incredible malignity, against which only a secret mask (which the Germans could not obtain in time) was proof, would have stifled all resistance and paralyzed all life on the hostile front subjected to attack. No doubt the Germans too had their plans. But the hour of wrath had passed. The signal of relief was given, and the horrors of 1919 remain buried in the archives of the great antagonists.

The war stopped as suddenly and as universally as it had begun. The world lifted its head, surveyed the scene of ruin, and victors and vanquished alike drew breath. In a hundred laboratories, in a thousand arsenals, factories, and bureaus men pulled themselves up with a jerk, turned from the task in which they had been absorbed. Their projects were put aside unfinished, unexecuted; but their knowledge was preserved; their data, calculations, and discoveries were hastily bundled together and docketed "for future reference" by the war offices in every country. The campaign of 1919 was never fought; but its ideas go marching along. In every army they are being explored, elaborated, refined under the surface of peace, and should war come again to the world it is not with the weapons and agencies prepared for 1919 that it will be fought but with developments and extensions of these which will be incomparably more formidable and fatal.

It is in these circumstances that we have entered upon that period of exhaustion which has been described as peace. It gives us at any rate an opportunity to consider the general situation. Certain somber facts emerge solid, inexorable, like the shapes of mountains from drifting mist. It is established that henceforward whole populations will take part in war, all doing their utmost, all subjected to the fury of the enemy. It is established that nations who believe their life is at stake will not be restrained from using any means to secure their existence. It is probable—nay, certain—that among the means which will next time be at their disposal will be agencies and processes of destruction wholesale, unlimited, and perhaps, once launched, uncontrollable.

Mankind has never been in this position before. Without having improved appreciably in virtue or enjoying wiser guidance, it has got into its hands for the first time the tools by which it can unfailingly accomplish its own extermination. That is the point in human destinies to which all the glories and toils

A NEW PRIZE FOR A DISTINGUISHED ECONOMIC STUDY

In the belief that the

Theory of Wages

is of exceptional importance, and that constructive study of it should be stimulated, a Committee composed of

PROFESSOR J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN, *Chairman*
PROFESSOR JOHN BATES CLARK — PROFESSOR EDWIN F. GAY
HON. THEODORE E. BURTON — PROFESSOR WESLEY C. MITCHELL

has been authorized by Messrs. Hart Schaffner & Marx to offer in 1926 a cash prize of

Five thousand dollars

for the best original treatise on this subject

THE Committee places no restrictions upon the scope, method or character of the studies submitted beyond the requirement that they make genuine contributions toward our understanding of the problem. Emphasis may be laid upon analysis of the economic principles underlying the determination of wages, upon the conditions which set maximum and minimum limits to the prices paid for important types of labor, upon quantitative studies of the factors involved, or upon any other aspect of the problems which a writer can show to be significant and upon which he can throw new light.

The prize will not be awarded except for a work of high merit. Contestants are not limited to any country; but the manuscripts must be in English. This offer is entirely separate from the annual competition in Classes A and B of the Hart Schaffner & Marx prizes elsewhere announced.

The ownership of the copyright will vest in the donors, who will arrange for the publication of the book.

Competitors should inscribe their manuscripts with assumed names and in sealed envelopes give their real names and addresses, together with degrees, distinctions, or positions held.

Inquiries concerning the competition may be addressed to the undersigned. Manuscripts should be sent on or before October 1st, 1926, to

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

of men have at last led them. They would do well to pause and ponder upon their new responsibilities. Death stands at attention, obedient, expectant, ready to serve, ready to shear away the peoples en masse; ready if called on, to pulverize, without hope of repair, what is left of civilization. He awaits only the word of command. He awaits it from a frail, bewildered being, long his victim, now—for one occasion only—his master.

Let it not be thought for a moment that the danger of another explosion in Europe is passed. For the time being the stupor and the collapse which followed the World War insured a sullen passivity, and the horror of war, its carnage and its tyrannies, have sunk into the soul, have dominated the mind of every class and in every race. But the causes of war have been in no way removed; indeed they are in some respects aggravated by the so-called peace treaty and the reactions following thereupon. Two mighty branches of the European family will never rest content with their existing situation. Russia, stripped of her Baltic provinces, will, as the years pass by, brood incessantly upon the wars of Peter the Great. From one end of Germany to the other an intense hatred of France unites the whole population. This passion is fanned continuously by the action of the French Government. The enormous contingents of German youth growing to military manhood year by year are inspired by the fiercest sentiments, and the soul of Germany smolders with dreams of a war of liberation or revenge. These ideas are restrained at the present moment only by physical impotence. France is armed to the teeth. Germany has been to a great extent disarmed and her military system broken up. The French hope to preserve this situation by their technical military apparatus, by their black troops, and by a system of alliances with the smaller states of Europe; and for the present, at any rate, overwhelming force is on their side. But physical force alone, unsustained by world opinion, affords no durable foundation for security. Germany is a far stronger entity than France, and cannot be kept in permanent subjugation.

"Wars," said a distinguished American to me last summer, "are fought with steel; weapons may change, but steel remains the core of all modern warfare. France has got the steel of Europe, and Germany has lost it. Here, at any rate, is an element of permanency." "Are you sure," I asked, "that wars of the future will be fought with steel?" A few weeks later I talked with a German. "What about aluminum?" he replied. "Some think," he said, "that the next war will be fought with electricity." And on this a vista opens out of electrical rays which could paralyze the engines of a motor car, could claw down aeroplanes from the sky, and conceivably be made destructive of human life or human vision. Then there are explosives. Have we reached the end? Has science turned its last page on them? May there not be methods of using explosive energy incomparably more intense than anything heretofore discovered? Might not a bomb no bigger than an orange be found to possess a secret power to destroy a whole block of buildings—nay, to concentrate the force of a thousand tons of cordite and blast a township at a stroke? Could not explosives even of the existing type be guided automatically in flying machines by wireless or other rays, without a human pilot, in ceaseless procession upon a hostile city, arsenal, camp, or dockyard?

As for poison gas and chemical warfare in all its forms, only the first chapter has been written of a terrible book. Certainly every one of these new avenues to destruction is being studied on both sides of the Rhine, with all the science and patience of which man is capable. And why should it be supposed that these resources will be limited to inorganic chemistry? A study of disease—of pestilences methodically prepared and deliberately launched upon man and beast—is certainly being pursued in the laboratories of more than one great country. Blight to destroy crops, anthrax to slay horses and cattle, plague to poison not armies only but whole districts—such are the lines along which military science is remorselessly advancing.

It is evident that whereas an equally contested war under such conditions might work the ruin of the world and cause an immeasurable diminution of the human race, the possession by one side of some overwhelming scientific advantage would lead to the complete enslavement of the unwary party. Not only are the powers now in the hand of man capable of destroying the life of nations but for the first time they afford to one group of civilized men the opportunity of reducing their opponents to absolute helplessness.

In barbarous times superior martial virtues—physical strength, courage, skill, discipline—were required to secure such a supremacy; and in the hard evolution of mankind the best and fittest stocks came to the fore. But no such saving guaranty exists today. There is no reason why a base, degenerate, immoral race should not make an enemy far above them in quality the prostrate subject of their caprice or tyranny, simply because they happened to be possessed at a given moment of some new death-dealing or terror-working process and were ruthless in its employment. The liberties of men are no longer to be guarded by their natural qualities but by their dodges; and superior virtue and valor may fall an easy prey to the latest diabolical trick.

In the somber paths of destructive science there was one new turning-point which seemed to promise a corrective to these mortal tendencies. It might have been hoped that the electromagnetic waves would in certain scales be found capable of detonating explosives of all kinds from a great distance. Were such a process discovered in time to become common property, war would in important respects return again to the crude but healthy limits of the barbarous ages. The sword, the spear, the bludgeon, and above all *the fighting man*, would regain at a bound their old sovereignty. But it is depressing to learn that the categories into which these rays are divided are now so fully explored that there is not much expectation of this. All the hideousness of the explosive era will continue; and to it will surely be added the gruesome complications of poison and of pestilence scientifically applied.

Such, then, is the peril with which mankind menaces itself. Means of destruction incalculable in their effects, wholesale and frightful in their character, and unrelated to any form of human merit: the march of science unfolding ever more appalling possibilities; and the fires of hatred burning deep in the hearts of some of the greatest peoples of the world, fanned by continual provocation and unceasing fear and fed by the deepest sense of national wrong or national danger! On the other hand, there is the blessed respite of exhaustion, offering to the nations a final chance to control their destinies and avert what may well be a general doom. . . .

Against the gathering but still distant tempest the League of Nations, deserted by the United States, scorned by Soviet Russia, flouted by Italy, distrusted equally by France and Germany, raises feebly but faithfully its standards of sanity and hope. Its structure, airy and unsubstantial, framed of shining but too often visionary idealism, is in its present form incapable of guarding the world from its dangers and of protecting mankind from itself. Yet it is through the League of Nations alone that the path to safety and salvation can be found. To sustain and aid the League of Nations is the duty of all. To reinforce it and bring it into vital and practical relation with actual world-politics by sincere agreements and understandings between the great Powers, between the leading races, should be the first aim of all who wish to spare their children torments and disasters compared to which those we have suffered will be but a pale preliminary.

In the article on Russia's Industrial Progress, by Leon Talmy, in last week's International Relations Section, it should have been stated that during the first eleven months of the fiscal year 1923-1924 the exports amounted to 304,700,000 rubles and the imports to 181,600,000 rubles as contrasted with an excess of imports over exports in 1922-1923. This accounted for the favorable balance of trade alluded to.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1924 No. 3101

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 611

EDITORIALS:

Beyond Egypt 614
Politics and Fundamentals 615
The Mystery of Poe 615
Yale Wins Again 616

THE WEST—TAMED AND COMBED. By Oswald Garrison Villard 617
WHERE ARE THE WOMEN GENIUSES? By Sylvia Kopald 619
MAN THE CREATOR. By Alexander Goldenweiser 622
ACQUIESCENCE. By Irwin Edman 624
SUSTENANCE. By Babette Deutsch 624
NATIONAL VILLAGE NOTELETS. By William Hard 625
THE WIND AND THE WHIRLWIND. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt 626
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 627
CORRESPONDENCE 627

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:

The Violation of Europe. By Samuel Untermyer 630

HOLIDAY BOOK SECTION

POEMS:

Rational Man. By Rolfe Humphries 635
To Lisa in Summer. By Max Eastman 635
Memoir. By Genevieve Taggard 635

CONTEMPORARY DISILLUSION: A DIALOGUE. By Lewis Mumford. 636
STEPHEN CRANE AND THE GENIUS MYTH. By Floyd Dell 637
THE UNKNOWN CRITIC. By Himself 638

BOOKS:

First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 640
Sherwood Anderson's Autobiography. By Harry Hansen 640
Cornelia Among the Roughnecks. By Irwin Edman 641
Racial Unrealities. By Hendrik Willem van Loon 642
A Victorian Genius. By H. H. Johnston 643
War and the Willing Victim. By Joseph Wood Krutch 644
An Anthropologist Kidnapped. By Alexander Goldenweiser 644
More "Avowals." By Samuel C. Chew 645
Political Science Passé. By Harry Elmer Barnes 646
Brandes's Goethe. By Camillo von Klenze 647
The Perfect Philologist. By George Genzmer 647
Eugene Field. By Henry B. Fuller 650
Mussolini Pro and Con. By Tenney Frank 652
Chekhov Revealed. By Johan J. Smertenko 652
Mature Youth. By Ruth Suckow 654
The Great Sorcerer. By A. Donald Douglas 656
The Art of Elie Faure. By Thomas Munro 657
Books in Brief 659

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. By Dorothy Graffe 660
A NOTE ON GLUCK. By Pitts Sanborn 661
THE NATION'S POETRY PRIZE 662

DRAMA:

Compromise. By Joseph Wood Krutch 662

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FREDA KIRCHWEY MANAGING EDITOR MARK VAN DOREN LITERARY EDITOR

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

ROBERT HERRICK LUDWIG LEWISOHN NORMAN THOMAS

JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $6.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

ONE WOULD THINK from the rude and disagreeable tone of its diplomatic notes that the Baldwin Government intended from now on to ignore the very existence of Soviet Russia. Unfortunately for the dignity of British Conservative leaders Russia is difficult to snub. It is neither small nor weak nor dependent nor meek. It has weapons of retaliation and the hard purpose to use them when necessary. In a gruff note the present British Government repudiated the treaties negotiated by the MacDonald Ministry and reaffirmed its faith in the authenticity of the Zinoviev letter. The Soviet Government answered politely and repeated its offer to submit the question of authenticity to an impartial commission. This offer will undoubtedly be ignored; the Baldwin Ministry cannot afford to discover that letter to be a fake. Officially Russia is polite. But behind the government mask of dignified regret, Communist leaders in speech and in writing are making plain their resentment. In an "Open Letter to Messrs. Arthur Ponsonby, E. D. Morel, and to other founders of the Union of Democratic Control" Radek has suggested that an organization similar to the union be founded in Russia to study "the regime of forgery which is carried on by the English Government" and to publish "in hundreds and thousands of copies, in Chinese, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, and other languages, the detailed history" of these forgeries.

"FASCISM IS SHAKEN by Internal Crisis," we read in a headline. Possibly. Yet only six months back we remember reading predictions of the impending fall of Fascism on account of the murder of Matteotti. Now it is the publication more than a year after it was written of a letter from General Balbo, commander of the fascist militia, to the head of the party in Bologna, urging the use of violence against the opposition. As soon as this letter became public Balbo sent his resignation to Mussolini and the latter promptly accepted it. Mussolini's personal position has been made further uncomfortable by the publication of a letter sent upon his order, during the election campaign last spring, by the secretary general of the Fascist Party, directing that the opposition speakers Sala and Forni should not be allowed to hold meetings. "Wherever they are seen they must be violently attacked by all Fascisti." This, of course, is ammunition for the opposition, but it does not prove that Fascism is about to die. Even if the present dictatorship were overthrown the chances are at least even that it would be replaced by another dictatorship—possibly more arbitrary. The hope for Italy is in a return to a more tolerant and democratic attitude of mind. That there is yeast working toward such a change we gather from the Manchester *Guardian*, which writes of the remarkable influence of that excellent opposition newspaper, the *Corriere della Sera*, whose circulation has reached a million copies.

HUNGARY HAS BEEN THE BAD BOY of Central Europe for so long that its misbehavior has become a rather tiresome accepted fact. But Hungary keeps trying to produce new evidences of its deep-seated distemper. Just at present it is in the midst of a storm of accusations of government corruption, which the authorities have met by the swift expedient of throwing bodily out of Parliament a dozen Social Democrats and two opposition leaders. The royal castle and other state buildings are occupied by troops, the streets are patrolled, public meetings have been dissolved, and editions of three opposition newspapers have been confiscated. Popular mass meetings have been called in protest; and on both sides the conventional stage settings for revolution have been trundled out. It is possible to admit with Samuel Untermyer, whose recent address on European conditions we print this week in the International Relations Section, that Hungary has been badly treated by the Allies, her territory unjustly

confiscated and her army disproportionately reduced. But it is impossible to wish that more men and guns were at the disposal of the wanton and reckless crew who are smashing opposition by force, hiding corruption, and turning their instruments of justice to the unsavory job of finding Count Karolyi, democrat and patriot, guilty of "treason."

SAMUEL GOMPERS sat triumphantly through the El Paso convention of the American Federation of Labor—he did not even have to ride roughshod over the opposition, for it bowed as he approached. Never did his iron control seem stronger. But Gompers is a sick man and an old man—although it is true that his father only recently died—and it is not likely that the seventy-four-year-old veteran will have many more opportunities to be reelected president of the federation. Meanwhile the lesser pundits are maneuvering for position. Will John Lewis, chief of the miners, a Coolidge Republican, be able to seize the leadership? Will it pass to one of Gompers's own cabinet? Or will some new labor leader arise with the vision and the statesmanship to bring the federation, the railway brotherhoods, and the dissident clothing workers together in one powerful group and make it a rejuvenating force in American life? We must wait to see. Meanwhile, friends of labor will watch with interest the career of Robert P. Brindell, the crooked czar of the New York building trades, who has just won his fight for an unmerited parole.

THE TROUBLE WITH EFFORTS so far to improve labor conditions in the coal-fields of West Virginia is that they have come largely from without. Commissions may report, newspapers may expose, and preachers may decry—the situation is likely to remain much the same as long as the mass of the citizens of the State and the public officials that represent them are indifferent or hostile to change. Regeneration must come from within. Hence we are glad to read the words of the federal judge who recently sentenced Don Chafin, the notorious sheriff of Logan County, for violation of the prohibition laws. Chafin was not convicted for any of his thuggery against labor, but the judge took occasion to say just the same:

> It has been one of the sad bits of knowledge that have come to me during the three years that I have been upon the bench of this court, that in the district over which I preside, which district is composed of twenty-four counties, there should be any counties therein where liberty of life and property and the pursuit of one's own business was impossible by reason of the local government assuming to itself the power and authority to say who should come into the county, who should stay in the county, and what they should do while in the county. It might as well be realized that no coal association, by laying a tonnage tax on their coal, and paying it unto a corrupt sheriff, can prevent human liberty in the counties where that sort of thing is done. If I were to go into the field of prophecy I would say that the coming legislature is going to prohibit this system of deputy sheriffs that has prevailed in Logan County, and probably in some other counties.

We hope that the judge's prediction may come true. In the meanwhile an injunction suit has been begun to prohibit the mine-guard system in Logan County.

THE BOSS-ORDERED NOMINATION of Hiram Bingham as Republican candidate for Senator from Connecticut has already led to the bolting of Horace D. Taft and ex-Governor E. J. Lake, both of whom will vote for Hamilton Holt, the Democratic nominee. There can be no doubt whatever that if the voters of that State should choose according to fitness rather than party labels, Mr. Holt would be chosen, despite the fact that he is obsessed by his adoration of the League of Nations. Aside from the truth that Lieutenant-Governor Bingham is without the service or public experience which would especially fit him for the senatorship, he has only just been elected Governor of Connecticut to take office on January 1. To demand and receive the senatorship now is to break faith with the people who chose him to head the State government. But his action is quite in keeping with Hiram Bingham's o'erweening ambition. An explorer, a writer, a Yale professor, a soldier in the war, and then a politician, he owes his present office to the Republican boss, J. Henry Roraback, for he had had no previous service in any Connecticut office. A militaristic imperialist, his career, if he enters the Senate, will parallel Henry Cabot Lodge's in its subserviency to the machine, its boundless ambition, and its championship of privilege. The permanence of Mr. Bingham's beliefs is instanced by his having written a book a few years ago denouncing the Monroe Doctrine as an obsolete shibboleth, whereas today—since entering public life—he has "changed his mind" about it. Like the Republican New Haven *Journal-Courier*, revolting against Mr. Bingham, we urge our Connecticut readers to vote for Mr. Holt.

WARREN WORTH BAILEY was the liberal Democratic, anti-Klan, wet candidate for Congress in the Twentieth Pennsylvania District. On the face of the returns his Republican opponent was elected by a scant plurality. The Republicans, not satisfied with this, appeared before the local judges and had the ballot boxes reopened. The recount, to their dismay, showed a majority for Bailey! Hoist by their own petard, they retired to think it over. As a result the Klan candidate is now appealing to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania on the ground that the local court had no authority to go behind the official returns in the case of a federal election. There is a nice constitutional point involved, and we do not know what the courts may decide. We do know what decency demands. How can a man have the face to take a seat in Congress upon the plea that while he was in fact defeated, legal technicalities intervened to save him?

WE ARE GROPING toward a reduction of the misery and waste of unemployment. Government assistance, as worked out in Europe, has not yet been accepted in America, but other experiments are in process. A scheme of unemployment insurance, supported jointly by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the manufacturers, was established in Chicago last year, and now a similar arrangement has been adopted in the industry in New York City. Union employees will contribute 1½ per cent of their wages and their employers an equal amount to a fund which may total $1,000,000 a year, according to Jacob Billikopf, impartial chairman in the men's clothing industry. The arrangement is not ideal. Unemployment is largely unnecessary; it is the result partly of the seasonal organization of certain industries, partly of alternating booms and depressions, and partly of sheer carelessness and indifference among employers. As long as industry is primarily in the control of capital and the profits of boom periods go chiefly to the

employer we believe that he alone should pay for unemployment insurance, as he does for that against accident. In this respect the bill introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature last year was sound. Also a sliding scale of premiums would have penalized the careless employer and thus worked toward a reduction in unemployment instead of merely charging its cost to the industry and finally to the consumer. Still we welcome the present experiment as a practical step in lessening the tragedy of unemployment.

EVERY TIME we have to buy a new suit of clothes, which is an infrequent but painful moment, we read advertisements and fashion articles for several days in advance in order to learn "what the well-dressed man should wear." Just now, we gather from the *Daily News Record*, our estimable contemporary in men's suits, the chief point upon which we should insist is a coat-of-arms instead of the plain label that father used to wear:

> The idea of selling a coat-of-arms with every suit is all O.K., if the supply of animals—unicorns especially—does not run out. . . . Heraldic labels are the animal crackers of clothes.
>
> Unicorns are being extensively worn, but of course there are lions, horses, serpents, and an unlimited collection of four-legged whatnots born in fevered imaginations but seldom listed in a circus program.

The vogue of illustrated clothes, following that of illustrated books, began with overcoats, we learn, but the use of handsome labels is spreading so insidiously that it may reach underwear and corn-plasters by spring.

> Overcoats have the best of it, however, because a man can fold an overcoat inside out and throw it over a chair with the label on top. Friends can sit around in a circle and admire it. A man cannot lounge gracefully with his jacket off, however, unless he is wearing a clean shirt.

We doubt if, after paying for our new suit, we shall be able to afford a clean shirt every day. Hence we shall demand that our label be sewed on the outside of the coat.

THE PLIGHT OF THE COUNTRY CHURCH was most usefully discussed at the recent meeting of the American Country Life Association at Columbus, Ohio. When 300 men and women, chiefly laymen, get together to consider such a problem in relation to the general question of rural living conditions we are apt to get truths all too often glossed over in purely ministerial gatherings. There seems to have been at Columbus remarkable agreement upon the fact that there are too many churches in rural communities and not enough cooperation among them, with the result that, thanks to a stupid and outgrown denominationalism, all the churches are weak and ineffective, with inadequate pulpit service. Unfortunately it is the denominations themselves which are the great stumbling-block to the realization of the true ideal of a noble community center, educational, with a profound ethical character, and supporting a free forum for the instruction of all the people in citizenship, in learning, in ethics. Professor Walter Burr, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, declared that while the great need of rural life today was unity, the national and State heads of the leading denominations who could alter the situation within a year refused to do so. Apparently they fear the effect of statistics showing the closing of many struggling churches. The Methodist clergy at Columbus telegraphed to their bishops to move toward only one rural Protestant church to every thousand of population, and urged that no Methodist clergyman's standing be prejudiced by his appointment as the pastor of a federated, undenominational church. A recent study shows that church attendance in Windsor County, Vermont, has dropped 52 per cent in thirty years. How much longer can the denominations delay modernizing their rural work?

TO THE *CHRISTIAN CENTURY* we take off our hats. If every religious or semi-religious journal were to do as valiant work against war as it does we should really make rapid strides toward the destruction of the war-gods. Most refreshing is its recent demand that the churches get out of the chaplaincy business. There has never been anything more disgusting than the assigning of Christian ministers, trained to preach the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" to the service of troops trained for mass murder. But the *Christian Century* now realizes that, aside from the ethical and moral issues involved, the chaplaincy is a deliberate part of the army's and navy's plan to hitch the church up to the war-game. Before the expansion of our army following the Spanish War the chaplains were usually broken-down or third-rate clergymen appointed by and for politicians for the mere purpose of filling sinecures. Latterly the Federal Council of Churches, to its disgrace, has taken an active part in the appointment of chaplains and has actually sponsored a bill to increase the chaplains from one to every 1,200 troops to one to every 800—without regard to whether the 800 want clergy or whether there is anything for such clergymen to do when appointed. The *Christian Century* rightly declares the whole business to be pagan and revolting; "the two institutions cannot be yoked together—the institution of Mars and the institution of Christ, the institution of fratricidal strife and the institution of brotherhood and universal good-will, the institution of the sword and the institution of the cross." By taking military service the ministry truly "degrades and forswears its high calling."

SO PHOTORADIOGRAMS are at hand. Not that the first attempts which appeared in metropolitan newspapers were satisfactory or appealing, but as the transmission of pictures by wire has been nearly perfected, so, through radio, we are also to have pictures sent through the air from one quarter of the world to another. We must confess that the feat accomplished interests us less than the way in which it was brought about. Owen D. Young once remarked that the time would come when the front page of a New York or London newspaper would be transmitted entire across the ocean to appear the next day in facsimile in London or New York. Thereupon three engineers of the General Electric Company and the Radio Corporation of America went to work to make good Mr. Young's prophecy. In other words, science is being developed by the choosing of a goal and the devoting of concentrated and elaborate efforts to its achievement. That is the modern way. Where Bell and Edison and Helmholtz delved and toiled to invent with little or no aid, the great modern corporations maintain huge laboratories in which sometimes a thousand persons are free to devote themselves to given problems with unlimited time and unlimited sums of money. In this case three brilliant men staked their minds, their laboratories, and the means of two great companies upon their succeeding, and won.

Beyond Egypt

BEHIND Egypt lies the Sudan, and Africa; and beyond Egypt is the Suez Canal, the gateway to Asia. The violence of the British action in Egypt is more than an imperial demonstration; it is the rattling of the sword of the West in the face of the restless East. It marks another chapter in the history of white hegemony over the yellow and dusky-skinned peoples of the ancient continents where our civilization was born.

To understand the significance of this conflict one must link with it a dozen other recent events: the success of the Moors in driving the Spanish to the coast in the Moroccan Riff; the rumblings of revolt in French Tunisia and unrest in French Syria; Italy's battles in Tripolitania; Persia's reported readiness to sponsor Egypt's case before the League (England probably can dissuade her); Turkey's success in defying the West; the capture of the Moslem holy places by the desert Wahabis, driving into exile the puppet prince whom the British had supported; the quarrel about Mosul; the lone stand of the British gentlemen who "represented" India at the Geneva opium conferences and there opposed the American effort, which Japan, China, Persia, and Turkey seconded, to stop the lucrative traffic in drugs; the duel in China between Soviet Russia and the West, with Japan intently watching; England's uneasiness over the Robinson-"Mr. A" trial which threatened to end hopes of a pro-British succession in the Kashmir border provinces of India. The East is in a process of rebirth; a new self-consciousness threatens Western dominance. In war time the Allied watchwords — "self-determination," "democracy," "rights of weak peoples"—leaked through to ears for which they were not intended, and ever since the ferment has been at work. No one can foresee the outcome; but worried colonial officials recall that European control of Asia is hardly more than a century old, and that Europe, exhausted by her own wars, is little disposed to spend her resources in holding far countries in check.

A fundamental question faces us which the Western countries—including the United States in the Philippines—will have to answer. Do we intend to attempt to hold our imperial power over Asia and Africa indefinitely, at any cost? Is our talk of the "white man's burden," of "education for self-government," of "mandates for mankind" mere pretense, simply a vocabulary devised to facilitate the processes of empire? Is our interest in the backward regions of the earth an interest of greed, such as might be suspected from the 20 per cent dividends paid last year by the British-owned Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Inc.—the corporation which will most profit if the British demand for unlimited water from the Gezira dam is forced through? Or do we honestly mean to set these peoples free? Do we intend the relation of master and minor which we have established in Asia and Africa to continue, even at the cost of war, or are we building toward a future of friendship? If the former, the British in Egypt are right; if the latter they are terribly, tragically wrong.

For the British right in Egypt is only the right of might. They have undoubtedly improved conditions since they entered Egypt, but that is beside the point. The brave manifesto of the Independent Labor Party speaks the conscience of England and the fact:

> This policy of renewed suppression is due to the false belief that Great Britain has the moral right to occupy Egypt, although she has pledged on more than fifty separate occasions to terminate the occupation, and formally recognized her independent sovereignty in 1922.
>
> The occupation of Egypt was originally due to strategic and financial reasons. It has no greater moral sanction than the German occupation of Belgium for strategic military purposes. The Egyptian people have as much right to govern themselves as any other nation. The occupation of Egypt by an alien power is the basic fact in the present situation which no subsequent reason of strategy or financial interest should obscure.
>
> The Independent Labor Party, therefore, while unreservedly condemning the method of the recent political assassination, deplores the fact that the British Government should have made this crime the occasion for asserting new imperialistic claims which may virtually amount to the annexation of the Sudan and the appropriation of the water supplies from the Nile to the detriment of Egypt and to the advantage of the British cotton companies. . . .

Undoubtedly for the present England can have her way. She has the power, and the conscience of the world has not recovered from its overdose of rhetorical idealism in the days when statesmen fought the war with speeches. But do the Churchills and the Birkenheads never look ahead? They can hardly believe that little Britain, with her forty millions, can forever rule hundreds of millions of aliens thousands of miles across the sea. She has retained the devotion of the Australians, Canadians, and South Africans, but she no longer rules them, and could not if she would. Sir Auckland Geddes said the other day that England was grateful to America for teaching her a lesson in colonial administration; but she seems not to have learned it. As surely as revolt sundered the feeble American colonies from the mother country—even more surely, indeed—the dark peoples of the earth will some day throw off the Western yoke. It may last decades; it cannot last centuries. The end may come gradually and with friendship, or suddenly and in a bitter orgy of hate and bloodshed. Britain today is bringing closer the latter consummation. The East will not forget; it scores another large black mark against the West.

British liberals are demanding that England submit her case to the League. Some timidly suggest that she ask the League to grant her a mandate for the Sudan. That would, after what has passed, merely mean that the League lent England its moral cloak. The Independent Labor Party goes further; it urges that

> the issue of control of the Sudan should be submitted to the League of Nations with the view of developing that country as a self-governing nation at the earliest possible moment. It calls for an immediate Anglo-Egyptian conference to complete the evacuation of Egypt and to arrange for the submission of the question of the Suez Canal to the League, not as an issue in respect to which the British claim legal or moral authority, but as a problem concerned with one of the international waterways of the world.

The Labor Government, in its brief and insecure stay in office, did not mount to that spirit. But until Western governments achieve such a vision they will keep their peoples on the edge of an abyss.

Politics and Fundamentals

CONGRESS has opened for a session of small things. Inhibited by the reigning interpretation of the election as a mandate to do as little as possible, it will doubtless confine itself to appropriation bills and plans for further reduction of taxation and for relief to the farmers. The measure of the temper of the victors lies in their apparent readiness to take orders from the newest Senator, Butler of Massachusetts, who is to snap the Presidential whip as occasion demands, just as he was the party spokesman in the campaign. The old and experienced Senators are to smile and take orders from the party boss in a senatorial chair alongside them. But even clearer evidence of the soreness and the pettiness of those now directing the Republican Party's fortunes lies in their ousting of Senators Brookhart, Ladd, Frazier, and La Follette from the party caucus these men rarely attended. It illustrates the smallness and inconsistency and also the blundering of those who control not only their party but the destinies of the country.

If further proof were needed of the lack of vision it is to be found in a recent editorial by George Harvey in the Washington *Post*. Since Colonel Harvey has been announced as the voice of the White House in the press even Samuel Gompers found it necessary to reply to this editorial at the convention of the American Federation of Labor. What is Colonel Harvey's thesis? It is this: In order that "we may continue with conservative government for as many years as we did after the Civil War" the farmer and the other rebels who voted for La Follette must be brought back into the Republican fold—the "fold of conservatism." "This," he declares, "must be done while the Labor Party is still young and the Liberal and Radical parties are dividing the opposition vote." And the means? Simple enough. "The immediate problem is to expand the tariff system so as to include in its benefits the major farm products." Then, later on, railway rates must be revised and money must be made stable, and then the millennium will be at hand and the Republican Party will govern uninterruptedly for twenty-four years as it did from 1861 to 1885—thus abolishing the two-party system and installing the one-party plan in its place. It was not against the political and economic absurdity of this plan that Mr. Gompers protested but at the incidental suggestion that wages might be reduced, and at the Harvey proposal that labor and the farmer should be divorced. Cynically frank, as usual, Colonel Harvey avows that his is purely a compromise plan—Unity Through Compromise is the title of his editorial. He would buy the farmers' interest by any sop; even though he was last winter of the opinion that the McNary-Haugen bill was all wrong, he is willing now to do violence to his feelings in order that business may rule us undisturbed.

All of which shows once more that it is politics we are facing again, and politics of a stupid and blundering sort, however clever it may seem superficially. The reason is that there is no search after fundamental issues, no determination to go into economic factors from the standpoint of principle, and no desire whatever to remove at the root grievances which, Colonel Harvey admits, will persist even though prosperity returns for a time to the embattled farmers. His dreams of a Republican heaven as secure as that of the angels, unmenaced by Democrats or Laborites, is as unthinkable as it is undesirable. There can be no period of complete public acquiescence, because the fight as to who shall control this government, the people or the privileged interests, will continue no matter how many the defeats. Here is a fundamental which will arise again and again to challenge the politics of sordid materialism that seeks to steal away men's rights and then to drug or frighten or cheat the robbed into acquiescence.

That's the trouble with fundamentals in this age-long battle with politics. They will rise up and hit back when you least expect it. As long as you have not gone to fundamentals and made them your own or intrenched yourself behind them they refuse to let you reign in peace. The royal house of Coolidge and Butler will no more reign unmolested than did the Kaiser. For one thing, rulers of this type are stupid—the punishment of the insurgents proves that. A Progressive Party with half the brains of the British Labor Party could, as the boys say, run circles around them in the legislative arena. For another thing, anybody may bid economic change stop, but it stops for no one. Already the Coolidge regime declares privately that the tariff must be revised again because of altered conditions abroad. And that tariff, we venture to predict, will continue to be in need of tinkering until it is altogether abolished, with all its crookedness, corruption, and privilege. For here is another fundamental, free trade, which can no more be definitely downed than any other attribute of freedom. It will continue to raise its head however crushed to earth. And that is only one of the economic issues which may affect the program of the victors in Washington. They cannot control these any more than they can tell where next there will be some convulsion of the earth to set all their plans agley. Unity by temporary compromise is a will-o'-the-wisp; unity by sound fundamental reform is the only worth-while aim.

The Mystery of Poe

MR. GEORGE MOORE is the latest of a whole line of foreign critics who have annoyed Americans by their persistent determination to regard Edgar Allan Poe as the one and only poet—perhaps the only artistic genius—which this country has produced. In his recently published "Conversations in Ebury Street," where Mr. Moore laid the plans for his "Anthology of Pure Poetry," no other American poet is so much as tentatively considered, but the author of Ulalume and The Haunted Palace is passed for admission into the select company which neither Longfellow nor Whitman nor Frost nor Robinson will be permitted to enter. Moreover, to make the matter worse, Walter de la Mare enthusiastically supports this choice and fears only that the anthology will have to be overcrowded with Poe.

Many times in the past American critics have protested against the tendency here exhibited. Emerson, as everybody knows, called Poe "the jingle man"; Henry James said that a liking for his verse was a sure sign of immature taste; and A. C. Brownell wrote a whole essay to prove that his entire work consisted of nothing except labored and obvious artifice. Foreign critics, however, have persisted in exalting the work of this man of whom many sophisticated Americans are inclined to be a little ashamed, connecting him only with elocutionary renderings of

> . . . the bells, bells, bells, bells,
> Bells, bells, bells.
> . . . the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Sober critics like Edmund Gosse and Andrew Lang insist that he is "the greatest poet, perhaps the greatest literary genius of his country," and that "he must be ranked with the greatest poets," while enthusiasts like Baudelaire and Mallarmé exceed all bounds, the former solemnly praying to him as a saint and the latter calling him "a genius the most truly sublime the world has ever known." Evidently we are faced here with something more than an ordinary difference in literary taste. Below the surface of the shallow jingle which competent American judges dismiss with contempt certain men catch an undercurrent of meaning not perceptible to those who have no temperamental sympathy with Poe, and we are in the presence of a mystery which will never be fully solved until his personality is more carefully studied by someone capable of understanding the malady of the soul from which he suffered.

Even in America Poe has not failed of partisans but they have almost always been the wrong ones. Sentimental Virginians and facile admirers of the shallow trickeries of his verse have claimed him for their own while those who have caught some hint of his deeper and darker meaning have turned aside in distaste. Professor Woodberry, his keenest biographer, confessed to a friend that after finishing his book he was compelled to take a trip to Italy to get the taste of Poe out of his mouth. He thus proved that he had caught something of the flavor of his subject, but proved also that he was not the one to sympathize with the quality which makes Poe the first of the great neurotics of literature and the real inventor of the *frisson nouveau* attributed to Baudelaire—of that shiver whose source is not in melodrama but in a definite sickness of the soul. Unlike Baudelaire, Poe never clearly articulated the cry uttered by his nerves; he hinted here and there among the artificial fripperies of his work at the things which haunted him. When both the admirers and the condemners of his jingles are pushed aside there will be time to analyze and evaluate that peculiar flavor which left in Woodberry's mouth so unpleasant a taste and awoke the unbounded admiration of Baudelaire and Mallarmé. Indubitably all three caught the same flavor.

Yale Wins Again

GEORGE P. BAKER, for thirty-six years a teacher at Harvard, creator of the famous English 47 Workshop, has resigned to accept the directorship of a new department of dramatic arts at Yale. To the outsider, perhaps, the chief significance of this event will seem to lie in the fact that the million-dollar gift just made by Edward S. Harkness to Yale for the founding of such a department will assure Professor Baker all the equipment necessary to carry on his work, but the incident has another aspect. *The Nation* must express its sympathy with the Harvard *Crimson*, which has risen in editorial wrath against the Harvard authorities, whose persistent refusal to cooperate with this extraordinarily gifted man has forced him to go elsewhere.

Mr. Baker's resignation was naturally the occasion for an exchange of amenities between him and President Lowell, but these amenities cannot wipe out the fact that Harvard has persistently slighted a faithful and distinguished servant. Mr. Baker denies the report that there has been friction between him and his university, and President Lowell writes polite regrets in the course of which he says, among other things, "We owe you a large debt of gratitude for all you have done for the university during a long service." That is true, and it is also true that no effort has been made to pay that debt, even to the extent of making it possible for him to do his best work. As the *Crimson* says: "For three decades he has fought for decent quarters and equipment for his work and not once has his cry been heeded by the authorities. It is at the feet of the latter Harvard should lay the blame for his loss." These undergraduate editors see more clearly than the men who plan their education.

The 47 Workshop, in which plays were written and produced by students, was Mr. Baker's own creation. He realized the necessity of studying dramatic technique in connection with the practical problems of production, and his method has been brilliantly justified by the fact that he has sent forth a score of students—including Edward Sheldon and Eugene O'Neill—to make living contributions to the theater. The fame of his class spread until it was the most celebrated academic course in America, yet when his bare quarters in Massachusetts Hall were burned Harvard failed even to assume proper custody of his papers and properties. Poverty has, of course, been the excuse, but the excuse, like the regret, is empty since Harvard has had no difficulty in raising funds for things it really wanted. While starving the Workshop it raised more than $30,000,000, including its recent ten-million-dollar drive, from which six millions were pledged to the business school but not a cent to the drama. This drive blocked the effort which Mr. Baker's friends wished to make to raise money for a college theater workshop, and thus he was given as plainly as possible to understand that though the Harvard officials were anxious to teach advertising and accounting they took no serious interest in the development of creative literature.

We do not doubt that the leaders in commerce need training, but business, so powerful and so rich, can look after its own, and the first duty of a university is surely its duty to the things of the spirit. If the colleges, theoretically devoted to the cultivation of those things which the busy world is likely not to find time for, relegate them to a bad second place, where shall they find refuge? If Harvard can get more money than it needs for the real work of a university it might perhaps conduct a school of business (though we are of those who believe such a school out of place at Harvard); if it is determined to put the requirements of such a school first it is betraying its trust and its tradition.

The incident has, in addition, its moral side. If Harvard wants to make itself "practical" in conformity with the spirit of a practical age, it may have the right to do so. But has it the right virtually to cast off a man who for thirty-six years has served it faithfully? It has decided too late that it has no need of Mr. Baker. His aims and aspirations have been long known; the university has accepted his labor and expressed its gratitude, but if it intended to do no more it should have made that fact clear to him long ago. To Harvard he gave the best efforts of his best years and Harvard, having accepted them, starved him into resignation. What, we wonder, would its teachers of business ethics have to say about such a procedure?

Meanwhile, Yale gains what Harvard has lost. Thereby it wins a vaster prestige than all the athletic victories it ever won in its bowl or Harvard's stadium.

The West—Tamed and Combed

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

DISILLUSIONMENT? In the language of the West, "You bet!" One expects change and some drift toward standardization, of course, as a young country gets older. But this last visit of mine to the Middle West and part of the Northwest startled me with its overwhelming evidences of conformity. No, I am not speaking politically, though I might; but of the outward aspects of people and places, social appearances generally. My memory goes back to a ride on the first train that ever crossed the continent from St. Paul and Minneapolis to the Pacific Ocean, so I have years of background. At least I can recall what the Twin Cities looked like a long time ago, also big and little towns, frontier hamlets in all their brutally coarse rawness. Often I have revisited the West since, but never have I noticed as much change as this time. Those who wish to have all America exactly alike, who would blot out every distinction and difference between States, towns, and sections may take heart. They are nearing the time when one may drop down into Kansas City in a Zeppelin out of an early morning fog and fancy oneself in Cleveland or Worcester or Buffalo, or even Newark and see nothing in outward appearances to dispel the illusion.

Yes, the West is growing old, and as it gets older it patterns more and more after the East—incredibly so. You arrive in Sioux Falls and a yellow taxi stands where once were tame bronchos hitched to a wagon, and the driver is, as elsewhere, guaranteed to be a safe escort to both men and women. You drive to the hotel, any hotel, and it is just a replica of some gilded fourteen-story rabbit warren near the Grand Central Station. It may be small or it may be big and expensive, but you know the pattern right off. The rooms are all of a type, the baths like every other, even down to the towels and the little pieces of soap in their paper wrappings. The hotel clerk is twin to him of Pershing Square, and the bell-boy—well, the bell-boy is as much a hold-up artist as though he had been born in a "lounge," suckled in a Pompeian Room, taught to walk in Peacock Alley, and made first to eat solids in an Egyptian cafeteria. Not a telegram will he deliver until his reward is forthcoming. The waiters wear dress-suits; the women—shades of Owen Wister's biscuit shooters!—wear neat black uniforms with white caps and aprons. Gone is the old-fashioned dinner with its innumerable bird-bath dishes; gone the frowzy, dirty waitress who stood at your elbow and mumbled off the grub-list in a Choctaw you could only begin to make out at the third trial. (The last living female of this deadly species I found in a Cortlandt, New York, caravansary the other day.)

Now these are hard things to put up with if your memory goes back to the time when every hotel was an American House or some such; when you lugged your own bag; when the bar opening into the lobby was the biggest thing in the hotel, and omnibus drivers and evil-looking hackmen were lords of the porticoed entrance; when you entered an ill-smelling room with grimy curtains, whose faded, dirty carpet with its huge, once-glaring, designs reminded you of the man at the old Brighton Beach Hotel who insisted that that hostelry's slogan, "Swept by Ocean Breezes," referred only to the method of cleansing the bedrooms. And the stairs you once climbed and the men you met, loud-voiced, tobacco-spitting, broad-brimmed, pistol-toting (I once, for half an hour, watched two Chinamen in a San Francisco hotel cleaning up big pools of blood in a corridor where two gentlemen had just met and fought to their souls' content)! Yes, they had their hussies, too; and you were lucky if you did not draw a room next to a poker game that lasted until four a. m. Characters there were then in the hotel business itself, plenty of them, men who had added a bedroom or two, and then more, to a flimsy unpainted saloon until they became real "hotel-keeps." Sometimes the unexpected appeared among them. In Montana, in a two-story shack destitute of plaster, paper, or paint, I one day danced with the wife of the manager, a dainty French girl not long enough away from Paris to have gained a language and lost an accent in the Montana of thirty-five years ago; she was joyous, indeed, at meeting a boy who knew her Paris even if only from the conventional tourist angle. It was like finding a lily in the midst of sage-brush.

And now? Would you believe it? When I drove up in Omaha to a hotel with a promising but misleading Indian name, the man who opened the door was clad immaculately as an English groom with a tall hat and cockade, light corduroy breeches, and, if you please, the regulation top boots. In Omaha! I stood and stared. It is not so long ago, I recalled, that cowboys on this very street were shooting the heels off the boots of much less tempting freaks than that. Inside the doors and you were back in the thousand-roomed orchestraed, marble-columned, overornate monstrosity so familiar in New York. Yes, you could swear you were in the Astor or the Commodore, for the lounge had a great big motor-car in it and the parlors were full of other $5,000 autos attended and explained by cultured, young gentlemen all in dinner coats and all as carefully groomed as a professional dancing partner. I can swear that not one chewed tobacco, and I am sure they had never seen an Indian or a cowboy and did not know the difference between a cinch and a pack-mule. I know they had never heard the click of a roulette-wheel, or ever seen the inside of a frontier saloon where men threw dice for drinks—and sometimes for lives that were held about as cheap.

So it was everywhere. The big and the small department stores have done their damnedest. There are more oddly dressed persons in Bangor, Maine, than in Parsons, Kansas. I don't deny that the improvement in dress has been tremendous. There in Parsons, in the Main Street shops, are the very same styles for men and women that you see in New York. The buyers from Kansas City take the Berengaria and the Mauretania and come back from Paris on them as regularly as those from Lord & Taylor's. They all bring back the same things, and the buyers from Parsons have only a small ride on the "Katy" to get the bait for their shops. The men—well, they look like men everywhere and nary a pair of trousers tucked into rawhide boots among them. As for the girls, conformity has done its worst here—bobbed hair, little round hats, dresses just below the knees, pink hosiery, silly, open-work slippers, coats just like the ones you saw in Chicago, St. Paul, and

Lincoln. Individuality? Not a trace of it; it's decried and driven to cover as a disreputable wench, just as have been certain ladies of a certain type who once had their little shacks in plain view beyond the freight house across the railroad tracks. Paint, powder, and lip-sticks everywhere. Only the rouge is put on as if with a shovel. I stood on a university campus which shall be nameless and saw young girls dyed, marceled, painted, lip-sticked, "nude"-stockinged, and said to myself that Broadway must suddenly have moved West. They are as pure as gold, I've no doubt, but copy-cats of the worst kind, of the worst kind of thing, though they may not know it.

Gradually one sighs and sighs and suffers pain for the sight of something new. Everywhere the same automobiles, Packards, Buicks, Dodges, Chandlers, Chevrolets, yes, even a Rolls-Royce now and then, and miles and miles of Fords. All kinds and all varieties, all dirty, faded, and shabby. Once painted always painted seems the motto with all cars, and some girls. Same parking difficulties; same terrible crush on shopping afternoons. Not a town big enough for its cars in motion or waiting. Roads? Well, many superb ones, and many where a motor car "dies" ignobly in three minutes. Minnesota shines here with miles and miles of magnificent cement roads all used by motor buses, radiating in every direction. Some of their schedules call for seventy miles an hour, I was told, and I believed it after one ride where we surely hit sixty miles before we skidded dangerously and then slowed down. One huge bus I saw in the ditch—"steering-wheel broke, nobody hurt." They are broad, low-hung monsters; as they come at you they suggest nothing so much as monstrous bugs out of some dreadful nightmare, or some pterodactylian monster bent on swallowing you entire in the lifting of an eyelid. Indeed, automobiling conforms too. A friend drove me 340 miles in fourteen hours through the original Main Street (so proud signs at its gate announced) and beyond with perfect ease over prairies where little beside Concord coaches and the inevitable bronchos ventured when that first transcontinental railroad trip began. The "hitch-hiker" is there, too, and the red filling-pumps, and the tire signs, and all the rest. But no men on horses, not an Indian, not a man with "chaps."

In Kansas City I trembled, for the old station was gone and there stood the magnificent new one, a first cousin to the Pennsylvania Terminal. Had its air of modernity, its every aspect of the new rich, destroyed the life of what used to be the most interesting, swarming place in all America of Americans of all types? Yes. Almost. Harvey (Fred, not George) has a wonderful lunch-counter room there that beats anything in New York even to the looks of the waitresses. And next door *is* a room! Well, the waiters in their dress-suits, the perfection of the service, the curtains, the carpets, the prices, the decorations, the head-waiter were all as if bodily transplanted from the Ritz. That seemed the last straw. But then, as if to order, there came a bewhiskered farmer in his shirt-sleeves attending eagerly upon a crippled wife attired in a Mother-Hubbard and ensconced in a rolling-chair, a Mexican, a cowboy with the largest hat I think I ever saw, and an Indian, not in blanket and feather, but in "cits"—still in his profile and his color an aborigine. They saved the day and gave me just a reminiscence of the old thrill of the dusty, dirty, wooden "depot," where one used to meet more types and kinds of Americans in five minutes than anywhere else in years.

As for the city? But for its hills it is like Rochester or Indianapolis or Cleveland, full of bustling life and miles upon miles of shops crammed with second-hand autos for sale. The same movies, same taxis, same chain drug-stores, same soda-water and candy shops, same hotels, same marble-fronted banks, same prison-like Federal Reserve structure as in Minneapolis, Cleveland, and New York—(a new governmental infamy); same flappers, same hats and stockings, same well-dressed elderly women, same men, droves of them, middle-class business men bent on selling, selling, selling, selling—apparently never buying—and about to vote for "Cal" to save the country. Kansas City, come to this out of its shabby newness, its unpaved dirty streets, its gin palaces, its rows and rows of grimy wooden homes, yes, its sordidness! All of it once characteristic, once individual, once original, once distinctive—once, oh well—once it *was* Kansas City. Now it is any old place with many lovely new homes and buildings—the best American architecture lifting its head here and there, even in whole quarters. And a soldiers' monument going up which bids fair to be the noblest yet erected. "Kansas City, door-way to the West, Southwest, and Mexico, on the bluffs of the Missouri; most important railroad center and headquarters for wholesale buyers. Population, 350,000. . . ."

How good, after all, those prairie towns were! Not to live in; no—the Connecticut hills first. But to see. And now Sauk Center, however small and dull, with "red-blooded hemen" is playing cards in a room where the bar and the rail still exist, but drinking soda. A living protest against the invasion of the East. Strange that Sinclair Lewis did not see in Main Street, already conforming within, a last desperate struggle outwardly to be a bulwark against the flood from the East. At Villard—Villard, Minnesota—once destined to be a metropolis and now still a hamlet beside two fine lakes—my heart jumped a bit. False fronts again! On the ladies? Or, dear *no*. On the houses. One-story shacks with a false second-story front, the plainest, openest, kindliest fraud ever perpetrated, for you saw the fraud as you approached down the street and as you left it, if you looked back. Here the auto alone seemed to mark the lapse of years. The bombast has gone, the exaggerated visions of what each hamlet was to be and to become. Forty years ago they talked of empires to be won and untold riches to be garnered from the winning of the West. The dreams of wealth, of low prices, of an easy living wrung from virgin soil have faded away. Only in the cordial crispness of the language, the inevitable "you bet," the friendly welcome is there the constant proof that one *is* West. The flaming spirit of political and social progress flickers unevenly, at times all but extinguished, either by prosperity or because of isolation and lack of knowledge as to what is going on. And behind it all lurks leering—conformity.

One's mind leaps back forty years. There were few fronts that were not false in those little frontier towns which, many of them, were nothing but gambling hells and worse. Oh, but the *color* they had! The human variations! The real Sioux, in their own blankets and their own grime and grease, cowboys in numbers with Theodore Roosevelt among them to see the first trains go by. The gamblers, the vigilantes, the road-agents, the "good" and the "bad" women, the "respectable" shopkeepers, the blue uniformed troops—all, all have yielded, in this section at least, to conformity, the enemy of us all.

Forty years from now?

Where Are the Women Geniuses?

By SYLVIA KOPALD

MANY years ago Voltaire was initiated into the mysteries of Newton by Mme du Châtelet. Finishing her translation and her rich commentary upon the "Principles" in a glow he extended to her the greatest tribute which man has yet found for exceptional women. He said: "A woman who has translated and illuminated Newton is, in short, a very great man." Genius has long been a masculine characteristic, although some more generous authors admit its possession by certain "depraved" women. Only the courtesans of classical antiquity could be women and individuals at once, and, therefore, Jean Finot found it necessary to remind us emphatically even in 1913 that "women of genius and talent are not necessarily depraved." Not necessarily, mind you. No, the great woman may be, in short, a great man, but she is not necessarily depraved.

As the twentieth century progresses and women capture the outposts of individuality one after the other, the old questions lose much of their old malignancy. Women battle with the problem of how to combine a home and a career and men become less sure (especially in these days of high living costs) that woman's place is in the home. As women enter the trades and the arts and the professions, men begin to discover comrades where there were only girls and wives and mothers before. It is an exciting century, this women's century, and even though prejudices crumble slowly, they crumble. Yet one of the old questions remains, persistent and unyielding as ever: Where are the women geniuses?

Even a pessimist may find cause for rejoicing in this final wording of the "woman question." Man's search for the woman genius is more consoling than his sorrowful quest for the snows of yesteryear. For snows, like all beauty, have a way of melting with time; a mind ripens and mellows with age. Granted a mind which it is no longer a shame or a battle to develop, woman can look upon the passing of the years with at least as great an equanimity as does man. She remains in the picture of life long after the Maker's paints have begun to dry. And that is good. But as long as the female geniuses remain undiscovered, it must be also a bit insecure. Women may have minds—every average man will now grant that. But (he will quickly ask) have they ever much more than average minds? Look at history, which this time really does prove what you want it to. Every high peak in the historic landscape is masculine. Point them out just as they occur to you: Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Virgil, Horace, Catullus, Plato, Socrates, Newton, Darwin, Pasteur, Watt, Edison, Steinmetz, Heine, Shelley, Keats, Beethoven, Wagner, Bach, Tolstoi. . . .

Where are the *women* geniuses?

It has really become much more than a question of feminist conversation. Science has attempted to put its seal of approval upon the implied answer to this rhetorical question. It has sought to put the notion that a woman is only a woman but a genius is a man into impressively scientific lingo. The argument goes something like this: In regard to practically all anatomical, physiological, and psychic characteristics the male exhibits a greater variability (i.e., a greater range of spreading down from and up above the average) than the female. The male is the agent of variation; the female is the agent of type conservation. This sex difference operates in the realm of mental ability as everywhere. In any comparable group of men and women, the distribution of intelligence will tend to follow the law of chances (Gaussian Curve). But female intelligence will cluster far more about its average than male. There will be more imbeciles and idiots among men, but there will also be more geniuses. It is really very simple, as the following arbitrary example will show. Supposing you take comparable sample groups of 1,000 men and 1,000 women from a given population. After testing them for grade of intelligence, you classify them according to previously accepted "intelligence classes." Your results would tend to read a little like this:

Intelligence Class	Number Men	Number Women
Idiots	10	3
Inferior	100	50
Slow	200	150
Average	380	595
Able	200	150
Highly talented	100	52
Geniuses	10	..

Of course none of the proponents of this theory would state the alleged facts of man's greater variability in such bald terms. But all of them would agree that men do vary more than women and in some such fashion. In this greater variability they see the explanation of men's monopoly of genius.

According to Karl Pearson this "law of the greater variability of the male" was first stated by Darwin. Somewhat earlier, the anatomist Meckel had concluded that the female is more variable than the male. It is interesting to note in passing that he consequently judged "variation a sign of inferiority." By the time Burdach, Darwin, and others had declared the male more variable, however, variation had become an advantage and the basis and hope of all progress. Today great social significance is attached to the comparative variability of the sexes, especially in its application to the questions of sex differences in mental achievement. Probably the outstanding English-speaking supporters of the theory in its modern form have been Havelock Ellis and Dr. G. Stanley Hall. But even so cautious a student as Dr. E. L. Thorndike has granted it his guarded support. And Dr. James McKeen Cattell has explained the results of his study of 1,000 eminent characters of history by means of it. Indeed, many others hold the theory in one form or another—e.g., Münsterberg, Patrick. What is most important, of course, is that its supporters do not stop with the mere statement of the theory. They ascribe to it tremendous effects in the past and ask for it a large influence in the shaping of our policies in the present.

For Havelock Ellis the greater variability of the male

"has social and practical consequences of the widest significance. The whole of our human civilization would have been a different thing if in early zoological epochs the male had not acquired a greater variational tendency than the female" ("Man and Woman," p. 387). Professor Hall builds up upon it a scheme of gushingly paradisiacal (and properly boring) education for the adolescent girl, which "keeps the purely mental back" and develops the soul, the body, and the intuitions ("The Psychology of Adolescence," Vol. II, Chap. 17). Just because Professor Thorndike is so careful in his statements, his practical deductions from the theory are most interesting: "Thus the function of education for women, though not necessarily differentiated by the small differences in average capacity, is differentiated by the difference in range of ability. Not only the probability and desirability of marriage and the training of children as an essential feature of women's career but also the restriction of women to the mediocre grades of ability and achievement should be reckoned with by our educational system. The education of women for such professorships as administration, statesmanship, philosophy, or scientific research, where a few very gifted individuals are what society requires, is far less needed than education for such professions as nursing, teaching, medicine, or architecture, where the average level is essential. Elementary education is probably an even better investment for the community in the case of girls than in the case of boys; for almost all girls profit by it, whereas the extremely low-grade boy may not be up to his school education in zeal or capacity and the extremely high-grade boy may get on better without. So also with high-school education. On the other hand, post-graduate instruction to which women are flocking in great numbers is, at least in its higher reaches, a far more remunerative social investment in the case of men." (Sex in Education, *Bookman,* Vol. XXIII, April, 1906, p. 213.)

Before we begin the revision of our educational systems in accordance with this theory, we must make sure that it really explains away the "female geniuses." For although the theory is still widely held by biologists and psychologists, it requires only a short study to discover how tenuous is the evidence adduced in support of it—in all its phases, but especially in regard to mental traits. Darwin apparently gave no statistical evidence to support "the principle," as he called it, and those who have followed him have done little to fill the lack. Professor Hall offers evidence that is almost entirely empirical; Havelock Ellis has been attacked by Karl Pearson for doing much "to perpetuate some of the worst of the pseudo-scientific superstitions to which he [Ellis] refers, notably that of the greater variability of the male human being." Professor Thorndike, in spite of his conclusions, admits that it "is unfortunate that so little information is available for a study of sex differences in the variability of mental traits in the case of individuals over fifteen." And while the overwhelming majority of Professor Cattell's 1,000 eminent characters are men, he merely states without proving his explanation that "woman departs less from the normal than man."

Wise feminists today are concentrating their forces upon this theory. Women have won the right to an acknowledged mind; they want now the right to draw for genius and high talents in the "curve of chance." And this is no merely academic question. For while genius may overcome the sternest physical barriers of environment, it is nourished and developed by tolerant expectancy. Men may accomplish anything, popular thought tells them, and so some men do. But if women are scientifically excluded from the popular expectation of big things, if their educations are toned down to preparation for "the average level," if motherhood remains the *only* respected career for *all* women, then the female geniuses will remain few and far between. And, more important still, all thinking women will continue restless over the problem of how to secure the chance to vary in interests and abilities from the average of their sex, and at the same time to be wives and mothers.

In this fight for a full chance to compete, woman may do one (or all) of three things. She may merely ignore the theory and go on "working and living," trusting that as environmental barriers fall one after the other this final question, too, will lose its meaning. She can point out in support of this attitude that the past does contain its female geniuses, however few; and certainly if all the barriers that have been set up against woman's entry into the larger world have not entirely stifled female genius we may at least look forward hopefully to a kinder future. Something of this attitude, of this demand for free experimentation, must make part of every woman's armor against the implications of this theory. But taken alone, it becomes more purely defensive than the status of the theory deserves. For it is really the theory that must defend itself. We may demand not only that it bring forward more affirmative evidence but also that it meet the contrary findings of such investigation as has been made. It must, finally, prove its title to *the cause* of the scarcity of female geniuses when so many other more eradicable causes may be at its bottom.

The actual evidence that has been gathered on this question is still uncertain and fragmentary. While it does not yet establish anything definitely, it points to rather surprising conclusions. In all cases investigated the discovered differences in variability have been very slight, and if they balance either way tend to prove a greater variability among women. Neither sex need have a monopoly of either imbeciles or geniuses, but women may yet be found to be slightly more favored with both!

The first painstaking investigation in this field was made by Dr. Karl Pearson, who published his interesting results as one essay in his "Chances of Death and Other Studies in Evolution" in 1897. Under the heading Variation in Man and Woman (Vol. I, pp. 256-377), written as a polemical attack upon Havelock Ellis's stand in this theory, he set forth results of measurements upon men and women in seventeen anatomical characteristics. He obtained his data from statistics already collected, from measurements of living men and women, and from post-mortem and archæological examinations. Female variability (coefficients of variation) proved greater in eleven of these seventeen characteristics, male in six. He concluded among other things that "there is . . . no evidence of greater male variability, but rather of a slightly greater female variability. Accordingly, the principle that man is more variable than woman must be put on one side as a pseudo-scientific superstition until it has been demonstrated in a more scientific manner than has hitherto been attempted."

To round out this evidence Drs. Leta Hollingworth and Helen Montague measured 20,000 infants at their birth

in the maternity wards of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. They sought to discover whether environmental influences played any determining role in producing the results obtained by Pearson from measurements upon adults. From the ten anatomical measurements made upon these babies they found that "in all cases the differences in variability are very slight. In only two cases does the percentile variation differ in the first decimal place. In these two cases the variability is once greater for males and once greater for females" (The Comparative Variability of the Sexes at Birth, *American Journal of Sociology*, Vol. XX, 1914-1915, pp. 335-370).

The findings on anatomical variability do not, of course, necessarily prove anything about differences in the range of mental ability. They do, however, suggest the probability of parallel results and such studies as have been made tend, on the whole, to bear this out. All the recent work in this field (and it is still fragmentary) seems to point at least to equal mental variability among men and women. In 1917 Terman and others in their "Stanford Revision of the Binet-Simon Scale for Measuring Intelligence" investigated this problem among schoolchildren from five to fourteen years old. They obtained the intelligence quotients of 457 boys and 448 girls and compared these I.Q.'s with teachers' estimates and judgments of intelligence and work and with the age-grade distribution of the sexes for the ages of 7 to 14. After making all necessary qualifications they concluded that the tests revealed a small superiority in the intelligence of the girls that "probably rests upon a real superiority in intelligence, age for age." But "apart from the small superiority of the girls, the distribution of intelligence shows no significant differences in the sexes. The data offer no support to the widespread belief that girls group themselves more closely about the median or that extremes of intelligence are more common among boys" (p. 83).

Dr. Hollingworth, again, has made a study of mental differences for adults. She has summarized the results of recent studies in sex differences in mental variability and in tastes, perceptions, interests, etc. Her conclusions on this score are interesting: "(1) The greater variability of males in anatomical traits is not established, but is debated by authorities of perhaps equal competence. (2) But even if it were established, it would only suggest, not prove, that men are more variable in mental traits also. The empirical data at present available on this point are inadequate and contradictory, and if they point either way, actually indicate greater female variability. . . ." (Variability as Related to Sex Differences in Achievement, *American Journal of Sociology*, Vol. XIX, pp. 510-530, Jan., 1914).

It seems hardly safe scientifically, therefore, to restrict women to the average levels in education and work and profession on the ground that eminence is beyond their range. But if the female geniuses have not been cut off by a comparatively narrowed range of mental ability, where are they? Certainly history does not reveal them in anything like satisfactory number. And it is now that women may bring forward their third weapon of attack. The female geniuses *may* have been missing not because of an inherent lack in the make-up of the sex, but because of the oppressive, restrictive cultural conditions under which women have been forced to live.

The important role played by cultural conditions in the cultural achievement of various nations and races has been noted with increasing emphasis by the newer schools of sociology and anthropology. No scholar can now defend unchallenged a thesis of "lower or higher races" by urging the achievements of any race as an index of its range of mental ability. Culture grows by its own laws and the high position of the white race may be as much a product of favorable circumstances as of exceptional innate capacities. Similarly the expression taken by the genius of various nations appears to vary strikingly. This is especially impressive in the realm of music. The Anglo-Saxon peoples are singularly lacking in great musical composers. Neither Britain nor America, nor indeed any of the Northern countries, has contributed one composer worthy of mention beside the Beethovens and Wagners and Chopins of this art. Indeed, the great names in music are generally of German, Latin, or Slavic origin. Yet no one thinks of urging this fact as evidence of an Anglo-Saxon failure of major creativeness. Instead, we point to achievements in other fields or at most attempt to explain this peculiar lack by some external causation. Similarly all our impatience with the unartistic approaches of the American people does not lead us to frame a theory of their lack of genius. There are many cultural factors to be considered first.

But as soon as we approach the problem of female genius, too many of us are apt to bring forward an entirely different kind of interpretation. We pass over the undoubted female geniuses lightly—granting Sappho and Bonheur and Brunn and George Eliot and Brontë and Mme Curie and Caroline Herschel and perhaps even Chaminade and Clara Schumann and several others. We admit the undoubtedly significant parts women are playing in modern literature. But the question always remains.

Yet in no national or racial group have cultural influences exercised so restrictive an influence as among the entire female sex. Not only has the larger world been closed to them, not only has popular opinion assumed that "no woman has it in her," but the bearing and rearing of children has carried with it in the past the inescapable drudgery of housework. And this is "a field," as Dr. Hollingworth points out, "where eminence is not possible."

It was Proudhon who sneered in response to a similar argument that "women could not even invent their distaff." But we now know enough about the laws of invention to realize how unfair such sneering is. Professor Franz Boas and his school have long demonstrated that cultural achievement and mental ability are not necessarily correlated. For material culture, once it begins, tends to grow by accumulation and diffusion. Each generation adds to the existing stock of knowledge, and as the stock grows the harvests necessarily become greater. Modern man need have no greater mental ability than the men of the ice ages to explain why his improvements upon the myriad machines and tools that are his yield so much larger a harvest than the Paleolithic hunters' improvements upon their few flint weapons and industrial processes. For, as Professor Ogburn has well shown (in "Social Change," Part III), all invention contains two elements—a growing cultural base and inventive genius to work with the materials it furnishes. The number of new inventions necessarily grows with the cultural base. Even 50 times 100 makes only 5,000, but 2 times 1,000,000 makes 2,000,000. Countless generations have added their share to the total material culture which is ours and which we in turn shall

hand down still more enriched and diversified to posterity.

It must be at once obvious that there has been no such cultural growth in housework. Housework has long remained an individualized, non-cumulative industry, where daughter learns from mother the old ways of doing things. The small improvements and ingenuities which most housewives devise seldom find their way into the whole stream of culture. Thus it is that the recent great inventions which are slowly revolutionizing this last stronghold of petty individualism have come from the man-made world. Workers in electricity could more easily devise the vacuum cleaner than the solitary housewife; the electric washer, parquet floors, the tin can, quantity production of stockings, wool, clothing, bread, butter, and all the other instruments that have really made possible women's emancipation have naturally come not from women's minds (any more than from men's) but from the growth of culture and the minds that utilize that growth for further expansion.

Consequently, as women participate in the work of the world and win the right to acquire the results of past achievement in science and technique and art, we may expect their contributions to the social advance to appear in ever greater numbers. Until we give them this full chance to contribute, we have no right to explain the paucity of their gifts to society by inherent lacks. And that such a chance will render the old quest for female geniuses properly old-fashioned is an hypothesis at least as good as any other now current. They will be there, these women—the able and talented and geniuses—working side by side with men, not as "very great men" nor as necessarily "depraved" nor in any way unusual. They will be there as human beings and as women.

Man the Creator

By ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

"WHEN is no bird, a woman—no human," says a Russian proverb. In this drastic formulation stands written the history of centuries. Woman's claim to "human"-ness was at times accepted with reservations, at other times it was boldly challenged, and even today when woman's legal, social, economic, and political disabilities have been largely removed woman's acceptance in society as man's equal remains dependent on a definition of the "equal."

As in the case of the mental capacity of races, the question of woman's intellectual status was never judged on its merits. Rather, it was accepted as a practical social postulate, then rationalized into the likeness of an inductive conclusion. The problem seems so replete with temptations for special pleading that a thoroughly impartial attitude becomes well-nigh impossible. However, let us attempt it!

Is woman psychologically identical with man? or, If there is a difference, is it one of superiority and inferiority? And of what practical significance is this issue to society?

Two ways of approach are open: Subject men and women to psychological tests, or observe performance in life and, exercising due critical care, infer capacity.

Both methods have been tried. The first enjoys today a certain vogue: it is the method of science, of experimental psychology. Unfortunately, the findings of science in this field have to date resulted in precisely nothing. It was feasible to assume that woman was man's equal in elementary sensory capacity, in memory, types and varieties of associations, attention, sensitiveness to pain, heat, and cold, etc. Experimental psychology has confirmed these assumptions. But what of it? What can we make of it? Precisely nothing. What we are interested in is whether woman can think "as logically" as man, whether she is more intuitive, more emotional, less imaginative, more practical, less honest, more sensitive, a better judge of human nature. These, among many other interesting issues, cannot even be broached by experimental psychology "within the present state of our knowledge."

Remains the second method, to observe performance and infer capacity.

To examine in this fashion all the issues involved would require a small library. I select only one, creativeness. Is woman man's equal in creativeness? The choice is justified by the highly controversial character of the issue as well as its practical bearings.

Two periods in the history of civilization lend themselves well for our purpose, the primitive and the modern.

The primitive world was not innocent of discrimination against woman. In social and political leadership, in the ownership and disposition of property, in religion and ceremonialism, woman was subjected to more or less drastic restrictions. It would, therefore, be obviously unfair to expect her creativeness in these fields to have equaled or even approximated that of man. Not so in industry and art, where division of labor prevailed, but no sex disability. As one surveys the technical and artistic pursuits of primitive tribes, woman's participation is everywhere in evidence. The baskets of California, the painted pots of the Pueblos, the beaded embroideries of the Plains, the famous Chilkat blankets, the tapa cloth of Polynesia, all of these were woman's handiwork. Almost everywhere she plans and cuts and sews and decorates the garments worn by women as well as men. Also, in all primitive communities she gathers the wild products of vegetation and transforms them into palatable foods. More than this, in societies that know not the plow woman is, with few exceptions, the agriculturist. It follows that the observations, skills, techniques, and inventions involved in these pursuits must also be credited to woman.

It will be conceded that in primitive society woman's record is impressive: wherever she is permitted to apply her creativeness she makes good, and the excellence of her achievement is equal to that of man, certainly not conspicuously inferior to his.

In evaluating these findings, however, it is important to take cognizance of the submergence of individual initiative by the tribal pattern, a feature characteristic of primitive life. This applies to men and women, to artisans and artists. Imaginative flights being cut short by traditional norms, the individualism and subjectivism of modern art are here conspicuous by their absence.

How does this record compare with a survey of the modern period?

Here again woman's disabilities in the social, political, and religious realms were so marked that creative participation was impossible. The same is true of architecture. Then come philosophy, mathematics, science, and sculpture, painting, literature, music, and the drama. In philosophy and mathematics there is no woman in the ranks of supreme excellence. Even Sonya Kovalesky, though a talent, was not a great mathematician. In science also, where women have done fine things, none are found among the brightest luminaries. It must be added, moreover, that the few women who have made their mark in the scientific field, notably Mme Curie, have done so in the laboratory, not in the more abstract and imaginative domain of theoretical science.

At this point some may protest that the period during which women have had a chance to test their talents in philosophy, mathematics, and science was too short, their number too small, and that here once more performance cannot fairly be used as a measure of possible achievement. We must heed this protest.

As to sculpture, painting, literature, music, and the drama, I claim that woman's protracted disabilities cannot in any way be held accountable for whatever her performance may be found to be. Women artists, musicians, writers, and, of course, actresses have been with us for a long time. Their number is large and on the increase. Whether married or single, they devote their energies to these pursuits quite unhampered by social taboos. There are in this field no taboos against women. In the United States, in fact, these occupations are held to be more suitable for women than for men.

But what do we find?

In painting and sculpture no women among the best, although considerable numbers among the second best and below. There is no woman Rodin or Meunier or Klinger or Renoir or Picasso.

In literature the case for woman stands better. Here women have performed wonderfully, both in poetry and prose. If they have fallen short, it is only of supreme achievement.[1]

Finally we come to music and the stage. The case of music is admirably suited for our purpose, is really a perfect test case. What do we find? As performers, where minor creativeness suffices, women have equaled the best among men. As composers, where creativeness of the highest order is essential, they have failed. We have a Carreño or Novaes to match Hofmann or Levitzki, a Melba or Sembrich to match a Caruso or de Reszke, a Morini or Powell or Parlow to match a Heifetz or Elman or Kreisler; but there is no woman to match a Beethoven or Wagner or Strauss or Mahler or Stravinsky or Rachmaninoff—a composer-performer.

The situation in drama is almost equally illuminating. Here women have reached the top, have done it so frequently and persistently, in fact, as to challenge men, some think successfully so. But as dramatic writers the few women who tried have never succeeded to rise above moderate excellence. A Rachel or Duse can hold her own against a Possart or Orlenyev, a Bernhardt looms as high as an Irving, Booth, or Salvini; but there is no woman to compare with a Molière or Ostrovski or Rostand or Hauptmann or Chekhov or Kapek.

If now we glance once more at the primitive record the conclusion suggested by an analysis of music and the drama is greatly reinforced. In primitive society woman, whenever opportunity was given her, equaled man in creativeness; in modern society she has uniformly failed in the highest ranges. The results are not incompatible. As indicated before, in early days cultural conditions precluded the exercise of creativeness on the part of the individual except on a minor scale, in modern society major creativeness is possible and has been realized. Woman's creative achievement reaches the top when the top is relatively low; when the top itself rises, she falls behind.

To analyze this fact further is no easy task. We may not assume, as some do, that the difference between major and minor creativeness lies in degrees of rationality. This is certainly erroneous. The true creator is what he is not because of his rationality but because of what he does with it. The differentia, as I see them, are two: boldness of imagination and tremendous concentration on self. The creator, when he creates, is spiritually alone; he dominates his material by drawing it into the self and he permits his imagination, for once torn off the moorings of tradition and precedent, to indulge in flights of gigantic sweep. Imagination and pesonality exalted to the n^{th} power—not rationality—are the marks of the highest creativeness.

In the possession of these traits, then, as here understood, woman is somehow restricted. She has them, of course, and exercises them, but not on the very highest level.

We might stop right here, but it is hard to suppress at least a tentative interpretation.

If the personality-imagination complex is where woman fails at the top, then it becomes a priori probable that this difference between man and woman constitutes a remote sex characteristic. And if this is so, then it may prove worth our while to look for a corresponding difference on a level more directly connected with sex life. No sooner is this done than a difference does indeed appear, and it meets our expectations, for it lies in the direction of personality or self-concentration as well as of imagination. Woman is never so much "a part of" as when she loves, man never so "whole"; her self dissolves, his crystallizes. Also, woman's love is less imaginative than man's: man is more like what woman's love makes him out to be than woman is like what man's love makes her out to be. Relatively speaking, his love is romantic, hers realistic.

This difference in the diagnostic features of man's love and woman's love confirms our suspicion that the discrepancy in performance, where the personality-imagination complex is involved, constitutes a remote sex characteristic.

We must now turn once more to woman's achievement in the different fields of cultural creativeness, for the variation in the degree of excellence reached by her provides a

[1] We need not mention a Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, or Milton. Perhaps these are too far back. Not so Tolstoi, Dostoevski, Turgenev, Goethe, Heine, Balzac, Maupassant, the Goncourts, Flaubert, Byron, Browning, Shelley, Emerson, Walt Whitman. Where are their equals among women? And coming down to the modern period, when literature is flooded with feminine figures, is there one who can be placed beside Anatole France or d'Annunzio or Proust or Gorki or even Bernard Shaw (not to mention Ibsen)? The feminine names that might be cited in comparison are obvious enough, but would any of them measure up to these—quite? However, let me mention Katherine Mansfield, Edith Wharton, Edna St. Vincent Millay. And I may add Sheila Kaye-Smith, Willa Cather, Selma Lagerlöf, and Marguérite Audou.

I realize, of course, that such comparisons, except in a most sweeping statement, are invidious. A better picture could be obtained by juxtaposing, one to one, writers of similar type and literary form—but this is a task for a volume.

valuable clue as to where her strength lies. In an ascending series of woman's achievements musical composition is at the bottom of the list, then come sculpture and painting, then literature (with a strange drop in dramatic writing), then instrumental and vocal performance; acting, finally, heads the list.

This order is most illuminating. The relative excellence of woman's achievement is seen to rise with the concreteness of the task and the prominence of the technical and human elements. Creativeness is more abstract in music than in the plastic and graphic arts, more abstract in these than in literature; and in each case woman's relative achievement increases as abstractness decreases. Even the peculiar drop in dramatic writing when compared with other forms of literature is explicable in terms of a more abstract sort of creativeness required by the formal elements of dramatic art. Again, the high position in the list of musical performers and actresses must in part be ascribed to the importance of the technical element in these arts. The preeminence of the musical performers is probably entirely due to this factor, although the intrusion of the human element (performing for an audience) may also have a share in the result.

In the case of acting the human element is the most important factor, for here there is not only an audience to act to but the human content of the acting itself. The human orientation also accounts for the relatively high position of literature in the list when compared to sculpture and painting and to musical composition. Finally, the creativeness of musical performance and acting—two fields in which woman excels—is concrete when compared to that of literature, the arts, and musical composition. Incidentally, a sidelight is thus thrown on the case of science, where woman's relative preeminence is found in the concrete and technical domain of the laboratory.

The preceding analysis leads to the conclusion that woman's strength lies in the concrete as contrasted with the abstract, the technical as contrasted with the ideational, the human as contrasted with the universal and detached. This conclusion, it may be of interest to note, harmonizes perfectly with the general consensus of mankind, as expressed in lay opinion and the judgments of literary men.

To summarize: In all fields of cultural activity opened to her, woman has shown creative ability, but since cultural conditions have made major creativeness possible, she has failed, in comparison with man, in the highest ranges of abstract creativeness. On the other hand, woman has shown in her psychic disposition affinities for the concrete, the technical and the human.

Before closing, these findings may be utilized for a prognostication of woman's activities in the immediate and more remote future.

The present tendency toward equalizing the cultural opportunities of man and woman will no doubt persist. Thus the range of woman's cultural contributions will expand and the excellence of her creative achievement will rise, especially in the fields in which she has so far had but little chance to try her hand. It is to be expected, however, that in the highest ranges of abstract creativeness, in philosophy, science, art, music, and perhaps literature, she will fail as she has hitherto failed to equal man. Her concrete-mindedness will ever continue to provide a useful counterpoise to the more imaginative and abstract leanings of her male companion. Her technical talents will shine more brilliantly in a world in which the crafts will again occupy the prominent place which was theirs once before. But her unique contributions will come in the range of the human element.

In this respect, woman's principal affinity is calculated to bear its choicest fruits in a world better than the one we live in. When formalism recedes from the field of education, as indeed it has already begun to do, and gives room for more individual and psychologically refined processes, woman's share in education will grow in scope and creativeness. When the family has left behind the agonies of its present readjustments, the reconstruction of a freer and happier family life will largely rest on the shoulders of woman. When prisons will be turned into hospitals and criminals will be treated as patients, woman's sensitiveness, insight, and tact will bring her leadership in this field. When a return of leisure and the reduction of economic pressure will permit a revival of the more intimate forms of social intercourse, woman's social talents will find new fields to conquer. When the world of nations will sheathe its sword forever—an event toward the realization of which woman will probably contribute more than man—woman, to whom nothing human is foreign, will at last be free to show the world what she can accomplish as the mother of the family of man.

Acquiescence

By IRWIN EDMAN

It matters not how piteously you plead,
Your voice is but a silence in my ears;
Sighs move me not. I am too straight a reed
For storms; I am not teachable by tears.
Your bitterness may sting me into pain,
And I may wince at every searing word;
You do not, therefore, make me see less plain;
Nor does your anger make you less absurd.
Scorn, rage, all the hot cruelties you have said
I have withstood. But how can I withstand
The hopeless little drooping of your head,
The helpless little lifting of your hand?
By these a lock is turned, and a bolt slips,
And acquiescence leaps across my lips.

Sustenance

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

The cherries darken up in the tree,
The flower of the bee-balm waxes red;
The sun was a little blind fish in the sea:
The white-bellied fog is fed.

A wind straddles the cherry-bough,
The scent is gone from the mint's gray bed.
And now the fire-fly comes, and now
He rises, with his lantern fed.

Beyond black walls lie cherry and mint.
The longest day of the year is dead.
My mind gnaws on a sky of flint,
And so is fed.

National Village Notelets

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The President will now assume leadership of his party. He regards himself as having a mandate from the people.

Nicholas Longworth will now assume leadership of the House of Representatives. In the last session he did not have a mandate from the people, since the people in his district did not know that he was going to be Republican floor-leader. Now, having been floor-leader, and having gone back to his district for reelection, and having got reelected, he regards himself as having a mandate.

Senator Curtis of Kansas will assume leadership of the Senate. He has been Republican "whip," or sub-leader, and now he has been promoted to be leader in succession to Henry Cabot Lodge. He says that leadership is a good thing and that he will try to produce it.

Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis will again try to lead the Supreme Court. It is not known that the other seven justices will respond to this leadership.

Mr. Bascom Slemp, political secretary to the President, and Mr. Judson Welliver, literary secretary to the President, and Mr. Edward Clark, personal secretary to the President, are reported as being ready to follow the President's leadership.

Members of the Shipping Board are reported to be ready to follow the President's leadership on all matters except the appropriation for the Shipping Board. They think the appropriation should be larger.

Members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, having refused to reduce freight rates on agricultural products while the President was saying and while the Republican Party was saying that freight rates on agricultural products should be reduced, were non-committal today on the subject of leadership.

Seven delegations from rotary clubs visited the White House today and urged the President to assume leadership. Their spokesman said: "We believe in the Constitution and we think that anything the President says the Congress ought to do."

Senator Couzens of Michigan, on being asked whether or not he would follow the leadership of Senator Curtis in the Senate, is erroneously quoted as having responded: "Sure! The President will say it to Senator Curtis and then Senator Curtis will say it to me and then I will do it. That is all there is of it. What we have always needed is simplification in government, and this is it."

Senator Capper of Kansas, having got a larger majority for himself in Kansas than was given to the President, said, it is said: "I will follow the leadership of the President and of the people."

Later it was said that he did not say it.

Representative A. Pitt Andrew of Massachusetts, having got in bad with the Administration for opposing administration ideas, and having got in bad with the radicals for opposing radical ideas, and having been denounced by all the administration newspapers, and having been denounced by the American Federation of Labor and by the La Follette national congressional organization, and having gone to the polls to get reelected, and having been reelected without anybody's daring to run against him, said: "Since everybody is against me, and since I am here, I will, of course, do anything that anybody says."

President Coolidge, it is now discovered, has not said that he will tell Senator Hiram Johnson of California what to do. Friends of the Constitution are said to be greatly disappointed in President Coolidge. They think he ought to tell Senator Johnson what to do and make him do it.

The President is said to have asked Frank W. Stearns of Boston how to make Senator Johnson of California do what he tells him to do if Senator Johnson does not want to do it. Mr. Stearns is said to have told the President to consult some of the editorial writers who write editorials demanding leadership and action in Washington.

The President refused to comment on the rumor that a Senator had been found who would follow the leadership of somebody. The President then proceeded to continue to refuse to comment upon the subject of leadership at all.

A member of the Cabinet was seen talking with a member of the House of Representatives. This is thought to indicate a new close harmony between the executive branch and the legislative branch.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon is reported to believe that the Government should take a temperate attitude toward business.

The Federal Trade Commission continued yesterday to press its efforts to prevent the Mellon Aluminum Company of America from continuing to practice its alleged unfair methods of competition and of monopoly.

When asked if the Federal Trade Commission would accept the leadership of the Treasury Department or if the Treasury Department would accept the leadership of the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Trade Commission and the Treasury Department replied that the problem would perhaps be referred to Colonel H. C. Smither, chief coordinator of the Bureau of the Budget.

Several correspondents, who had sent out dispatches about leadership, have now sent out dispatches saying that we can never have leadership in Washington as long as there are so many people here. The only way to have leadership, these correspondents now say, is to have President Coolidge and Representative Longworth and Senator Curtis and Mr. Justice Brandeis here and have all the others send in their proxies.

The trouble with Washington, these correspondents now say, is too many individual personalities and too many individual convictions.

President Coolidge, Representative Longworth, Senator Curtis, and Mr. Justice Brandeis, having conferred, announce that among them they had found three convictions too many.

All is as quiet and composed as usual along the Potomac.

On fifteenth thought the correspondents have decided that nobody is going to boss Washington. One man scooped them on this discovery. The President, it is now learned, never did say that he hoped that even the Interstate Commerce Commission, which he appoints, would do what he wants. The President, it is thought, will take what leadership he can and will not attempt what leadership he can't. His problem is to be sensible and only a President, while the rotarians must be led to think that he is crazy and a monarch.

Some correspondents think that Calvin Coolidge can get away with even this.

The Wind and the Whirlwind

By WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

These stanzas are part of a poem by Egypt's one staunch friend in England, written in 1883 after the bombardment of Alexandria by the British and the arrest of Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian nationalist leader. We reprint them on account of their immediate and tragic bearing on events in Egypt today. Blunt died in 1922.

I have a thing to say. But how to say it?
I have a cause to plead. But to what ears?
How shall I move a world by lamentation,
A world which heeded not a nation's tears?

How shall I speak of justice to the aggressors,
Of right to Kings whose rights include all wrong,
Of truth to Statecraft, true but in deceiving,
Of peace to Prelates, pity to the Strong?

Where shall I find a hearing? In high places?
The voice of havoc drowns the voice of good.
On the throne's steps? The elders of the nation
Rise in their ranks and call aloud for blood.

Where? In the street? Alas for the world's reason!
Not Peers, not Priests alone this deed have done.
The clothes of those high Hebrews stoning Stephen
Were held by all of us—aye, every one.

Yet none the less I speak. Nay, here by Heaven
This task at least a poet best may do,
To stand alone against the mighty many
To force a hearing for the weak and few.

Unthanked, unhonored—yet a task of glory,
Not in his day, but in an age more wise,
When those poor Chancellors have found their portion
And lie forgotten in their dust of lies.

And who shall say that this year's cause of freedom
Lost on the Nile has not as worthy proved
Of poet's hymning as the cause which Milton
Sang in his blindness or which Dante loved? . . .

* * * * *

I have a thing to say. But how to say it?
How shall I tell the mustery of guile,
The fraud that fought, the treason that disbanded,
The gold that slew the children of the Nile?

The ways of violence are hard to reckon,
And men of right grow feeble in their will,
And Virtue of her sons has been forsaken,
And men of peace have turned aside to kill.

How shall I speak of them, the priests of Baal,
The men who sowed the wind for their ill ends!
The reapers of the whirlwind in that harvest
Were all my countrymen, were some my friends.

Friends, countrymen, and lovers of fair freedom,
Souls to whom still my soul laments and cries!
I would not tell the shame of your false dealings,
Save for the blood which clamors to the skies.

A curse on Statecraft, not on you, my Country!
The men you slew were not more foully slain
Than was your honor at their hands you trusted.
They died, you conquered—both alike in vain.

Crimes find accomplices, and Murder weapons.
The ways of Statesmen are an easy road.
All swords are theirs, the noblest with the neediest.
And those who serve them best are men of good. . . .

* * * * *

I have a thing to say. Oh how to say it!
One summer morning at the hour of prayer,
And in the face of Man and Man's high Maker,
The thunder of their cannon rent the air.

The flames of death were on you and destruction.
A hail of iron on your heads they poured.
You fought, you fell, you died until the sunset;
And then you fled forsaken of the Lord.

I care not if you fled. What men call courage
Is the least noble thing of which they boast.
Their victors always are great men of valor.
Find me the valor of the beaten host!

It may be you were cowards. Let them prove it—
What matter? Were you women in the fight,
Your courage were the greater that a moment
You steeled your weakness in the cause of right.

Oh I would rather fly with the first craven
Who flung his arms away in your good cause,
Than head the hottest charge by England vaunted
In all the record of her unjust wars!

Poor sheep! They scattered you. Poor slaves! They bowed you.
You prayed for your dear lives with your mute hands.
They answered you with laughter and with shouting,
And slew you in your thousands on the sands. . . .

* * * * *

Oh insolence of strength! Oh boast of wisdom!
Oh poverty in all things truly wise!
Thinkest thou, England, God can be outwitted
Forever thus by him who sells and buys?

Thou sellest the sad nations to their ruin.
What hast thou bought? The child within the womb,
The son of him thou slayest to thy hurting,
Shall answer thee, "An Empire for thy tomb."

Thou wentest to this Egypt for thy pleasure.
Thou shalt remain with her for thy sore pain.
Thou hast possessed her beauty. Thou wouldst leave her.
Nay. Thou shalt lie with her as thou hast lain.

She shall bring shame upon thy face with all men.
She shall disease thee with her grief and fear.
Thou shalt grow sick and feeble in her ruin.
Thou shalt repay her to the last sad tear.

Her kindred shall surround thee with strange clamors,
Dogging thy steps till thou shalt loathe their din.
The friends thou hast deceived shall watch in anger.
Thy children shall upbraid thee with thy sin.

All shall be counted thee a crime—thy patience
With thy impatience. Thy best thought shall wound.
Thou shalt grow weary of thy work thus fashioned,
And walk in fear with eyes upon the ground. . . .

And thou too, Egypt, mourner of the nations,
Though thou hast died today in all men's sight,
And though upon thy cross with thieves thou hangest,
Yet shall thy wrong be justified in right.

'Twas meet one man should die for the whole people.
Thou wert the victim chosen to retrieve
The sorrows of the Earth with full deliverance.
And, as thou diest, these shall surely live.

Thy prophets have been scattered through the cities.
The seed of martyrdom thy sons have sown
Shall make of thee a glory and a witness
In all men's hearts held captive with thine own.

Thou shalt not be forsaken in thy children.
Thy righteous blood shall fructify the Earth.
The virtuous of all lands shall be thy kindred,
And death shall be to thee a better birth.

Therefore I do not grieve. Oh hear me, Egypt!
Even in death thou art not wholly dead.
And hear me, England! Nay. Thou needs must hear me.
I had a thing to say. And it is said.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter saw her first as she walked deliberately through the crowded railway station by which he had just entered Manhattan. Her gray fur coat was grimy with the dust of countless city streets and her white neck was shadowed with the same dingy stain. But dignity was in every movement of the lithe body that found its way so easily through the tangled mass of human beings. As she passed the Drifter he looked into her eyes—and knew somehow that he had come face to face with reality. They were calm and wise—unjudging, and very tired. And because wisdom had come to her through sorrows they were old eyes—too old for the graceful figure that slipped through the crowd and vanished into the street.

* * * * *

A FEW mornings later the Drifter took a turn along a parkway. A gray figure walked there, too, close to the fence. Her pace was steady, unhurried, but at intervals she looked back. The Drifter followed her glance. At a distance came a large well-groomed police dog. Obviously he was very young and very excited. His tail was up, his step was eager. Every movement said: "Isn't this great? A cat so early in the morning. I'll catch her too. I always get everything I want." The Drifter wanted to box the dog's ears, but what could he do? He caught a glimpse of the gray cat's eyes. There was no fright in them—she was simply bored, tragically bored. He watched. The dog was gaining a bit. The cat turned a corner and her pursuer followed. They both disappeared.

* * * * *

THE Manhattan Cat. Who has not seen her? Like a gray shadow she moves over the face of the city—and disillusionment is in her eyes. She may be black, she may be white, she may be black and white; but always there is that indefinable grayness about her that distinguishes her from other cats. In every doorway she lurks—and woe to the youth who looks into her sad green eyes overlong. Where does she live? The Drifter couldn't tell. He has seen the little gamin sparrows visiting their nests on the shoulders of the saints in Trinity churchyard; he has never seen the Manhattan Cat except on the move. He did see two bedraggled and frightened kittens under a stairway on Brooklyn Bridge the other day, but that is all.

* * * * *

PERHAPS there's a cats' heaven, where the streets are paved with eiderdown and the only dogs are toy dogs; where the gutters run with milk and birds are sometimes, not too often, caught. But the Drifter fears the City Cat wouldn't like it. Three kittens were offered homes in the bosom of a refined family. All the comforts were theirs for the taking. But milk-fed cleanliness was not to their liking, and soft carpets were irksome to the pavement-hardened feet of their inheritance. One by one they disappeared into the streets of their forefathers, there to live, to suffer, and to learn in the heart breaking, dream-taking struggle of the streets. And not one of them ever returned. For cats, like human beings, prefer hell on earth to heaven out of it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Be Honest to the South

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a significant article in the *American Mercury* for October called The Dilemma of the Negro by that eloquent and admirable writer, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. The whole is a careful study of educational problems for the Negro, and it contains a strong plea for Atlanta University, which he says is starving today. "Despite its great record, it has not half the income it needs; its teachers are wretchedly underpaid; its equipment is painfully inadequate." I can vouch for the needs of Atlanta University and for the beautiful spirit of faith and hope and loving service that is shown by the members of the faculty, both black and white.

The South is fond of saying it understands the Negro best. It has even the impertinence to proclaim that it treats him best! It makes an insincere pretense of desiring the betterment of the race—insincere because it vents its spleen upon those white men and women who really try to lift it up. It amazed me to find that the most delightful white men and women were entirely ostracized for giving their lives to teach the Negroes. One woman professor at Atlanta University is the daughter of a former president of a well-known Wisconsin college, yet she is nevertheless completely ignored by white

Atlanta, even her own friends coming down from the North falling into line with the local policy of neglect.

And speaking of visitors from the North, I want to protest against the silence of those who loathe Southern injustice and yet are afraid to speak and give offense. It is not considered good form to utter one's opinion on the Negro question, as if it could really be a purely local question, one in which the North is not just as much interested as the South. Thus the few liberals of the South (and they are growing) receive no support from the liberals of the North. They have begged me to pass on the word to speak out, to utter one's scorn. Let us no longer toady to Southern opinion, saying: "It is a bigger problem than we of the North thought." "If we lived here we also would act as you do." When we learn that taxes are taken from the Negro and little given in return, let us cease being polite and call it plain dishonesty as it deserves. When we learn that $9.64 is spent in the education of a white boy and $1.74 for a black boy, don't let them tell you they are doing their best to educate the Negro. If the South wished to educate its Negroes, surely it would not dishonor the white teachers who are endeavoring to accomplish it.

No, the next time you go South, leave your politeness at home. Tell the truth.

New York, October 30 ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

Library Censorship

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Were you born in this country?" "Why did you come here?"

Thus spake Mr. John H. Leete, the director of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, simply because I contributed to the library a book dealing with a vital phase of American history. The book was John Kenneth Turner's remarkable and most accurate study of America's part in the late war, "Shall It Be Again?" The director refused to place this book on the shelves for general circulation. He told me by letters and by a personal interview that this book was anti-American —insidiously anti-American—and that no true American would desire to see it circulated.

The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh is controlled by a ruthless czar; he is the director, who is appointed by a board of trustees, among them Andrew Mellon, foremost Pittsburgh citizen (on the income-tax returns) and Secretary of the United States Treasury. The director has the final word on all books, magazines, and newspapers that are to enter the library.

After experimenting thus far, I decided to go further. I sent the library three more books, which, I wrote the director, I would be glad to contribute if he would place them on the shelves for general circulation. These books were Scott Nearing's "The American Empire," Upton Sinclair's "The Goose-Step," and ex-Senator Pettigrew's "Imperial Washington." A few days later I received an acknowledgment and thanks for my contribution, but do you think they were ever placed on the shelves for general circulation? No!

Pittsburgh, October 26 BENJAMIN P. CHASS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I appreciate your courtesy in allowing me to see the article criticizing the policy of the Carnegie Library. As typical of many points in which the article falls short of the truth, let me say that the opening conversation, in order correctly to represent the facts, should be prefaced by statements of your correspondent to the effect: America is all wrong. Her government is altogether corrupt and her public men are all crooks and grafters. It was only then that as a matter of curiosity I asked the question "Were you born in this country?" and obtained the answer that the young man was of Russian birth. Again, to be fair, the article should state explicitly that the books were accepted for reference use, which would make them always available for all readers of maturity.

Yes, there is a distinct difference of opinion between your correspondent and the writer as to the policy which should be pursued by a public library. We do contend that a public library is not only justified in limiting the circulation of certain material to people of maturity of judgment and with sufficient knowledge of the facts in question to enable them to discriminate between true and just charges and unfair and malicious slander, but is obligated to adopt such a policy. While we would not and do not debar from our shelves any material representing the viewpoint of any individual or group of individuals, we do believe that we should not circulate indiscriminately among young and immature minds unproved or false assertions and accusations calculated to defame character and to subvert government and good order. We believe that public funds should not be devoted to such a purpose.

May I call your attention to the fact, also, that every editor and publisher uses discretionary power as to the material he shall circulate and, in that sense, exercises the same right (censorship?) as that claimed for the library? To say that the library shall circulate without question anything that finds its way into print simply makes the publisher the judge rather than the public library.

Pittsburgh, November 24 JOHN H. LEETE,
Director, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh

Adrienne Toner, Saint

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have received a copy of *The Nation* containing an exceedingly interesting and brilliant review of my novel "The Little French Girl." It would ill become a writer to enter into any controversy as to an interpretation of her work, yet may I be allowed—in regard to an earlier novel—one protest?

"Adrienne Toner" is in no sense the story of "the grooming of an American girl into ladyhood." I see Adrienne as no more, or less, of a lady at the end than at the beginning of the book. Her development takes place in quite another category, for it is as a saint that I see her ending, and her story is the story of a saint. ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Far End, Kingham, Oxon, England, October 31

Savinkov and Masaryk

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reprint of Savinkov's story, appearing in the International Relations Section of your publication for October 22, finally gives an opportunity to subject Savinkov's assertions as regards President Masaryk to a closer scrutiny. Briefly, Savinkov asserts that in the year 1918 he received money from one Klepando in the name of President Masaryk for the purpose of conducting a campaign of assassination against the Bolshevik leaders.

President Masaryk left Moscow on the 9th of March on his way to America by way of Siberia and Japan. While in Tokio he advised the Allied governments not to antagonize the Soviet leaders and so to handle the Russian situation as to prevent these men from becoming German tools, consciously or unconsciously. Whether we agree with Masaryk's Russian policy or not, this fact of itself is pretty nearly sufficient to discredit Savinkov's story in so far as it involves Dr. Masaryk, who, in his memorandum from Tokio, holds that a Soviet downfall is not to be expected in the near future.

President Masaryk arrived in Vancouver on April 29, 1918. I know, because I met him there in response to his cabled request from Tokio. From that time until November 19 of the same year I was with him daily, first as his secretary, then as delegate of the Czecho-Slovak National Council, and

still later as commissioner of the Czecho-Slovak Republic to the United States. I know every move that was made, I saw virtually every document that was issued, including cablegrams to the troops in Siberia, and through this all Masaryk's insistence is upon strict neutrality of the Czechs in Russian matters and their departure for the western front in France.

The clash with the Soviets came as a development following Masaryk's departure from Russia, and was not welcomed by the President, still less instigated or ordered by him. It was inevitable the moment the Soviets decided to place obstacles in the path of the Czechs in their desire to reach France.

Savinkov speaks of a Klepando who made him the alleged payment. There was no Klepando in the Czech movement in Russia. Probably Savinkov refers to George Klecanda, secretary of the Russian branch of the Czecho-Slovak National Council. But if so, more than reasonable doubt is thrown upon his story by the mere fact that Klecanda died on April 28, 1918, on a railroad train between Petropavlovsk and Omsk, and was buried in the Omsk cemetery.

At all these times Savinkov appears to have been in Russia proper. He claims that he was ordered by the French ambassador to begin a revolt in Jaroslav or Rybinsk at the beginning of July, 1918. At that time Masaryk was in America and Klecanda had been dead for two months.

Washington, D. C., October 21 CHARLES PERGLER

Schoolbooks and Propaganda

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your magazine for September 17 appears an article which refers, among other things, to a textbook of mine in an uncomplimentary way. I am accused of introducing various sorts of propaganda, consciously or unconsciously, in favor of rich men and corporations, with the effect of prejudicing the minds of children who read the book in favor of these same "malefactors of great wealth." Especially, the writers Messrs. Herskovits and Willey are alarmed by the fact that I used some illustrations which came from the United States Steel Corporation or some of their subsidiaries.

Please allow me to state that after a considerable number of years' experience in the classroom I never once knew a member of the class to make any reference whatever to the source of an illustration which was printed in fine type beneath it. Nobody except a college professor looking for trouble would read into a mere credit line anything in the nature of propaganda. Furthermore, the criticisms in the article are too often based on paragraphs or sentences or illustrations taken out of their context and made to seem to suggest something that the ordinary reader would never think of, as long as they remained in their proper place. I am sure of no bias, conscious or unconscious, when I put myself into the mental state required of a textbook writer, in favor of or against corporations, labor unions, or any other of the numerous economic elements that actually do exist. I will not allow myself to refuse to give corporations or rich men credit for occasionally doing something right. But I know that the discussions and questions and illustrations in the book will create no prejudice one way or the other, if considered by any teacher or class in the spirit in which they were prepared. An author cannot help it if a teacher or critic reads into a text something which is not there. But he does object to having his work advertised as unfair when there is no cause for any such assertion.

Pittsburgh, October 24 R. O. HUGHES

[Mr. Hughes selects John D. Rockefeller's church for illustration as an example of a "community church." Public-health work is illustrated by a tooth-brush drill by "courtesy of Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Co." His pictures of strikes are limited to two street-cars wrecked in front of a church; the wreckage of the supply-house at Herrin; and a crowd listening to a strike speaker. Beneath the first of these is the caption: "Strikers or their sympathizers overturned and wrecked these cars in Denver, Colorado. The public was seriously inconvenienced. Are such conditions necessary or excusable?" After careful study of the book we cannot accept Mr. Hughes's contention that Messrs. Herskovits and Willey distorted his meaning by quoting sentences apart from their context. His section on Those Who Would Overturn Things, from which they quoted liberally, is grotesque. Mr. Hughes's own book makes plain his earnest desire to be fair and to state both sides; most of it is excellent, but the chapter on Industrial Relations reveals his own, perhaps unconscious, distrust of labor unions and sympathy with industrial paternalism.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

E. D. Morel's Work

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The announcement of E. D. Morel's death will be accepted by friends of the liberal movement in England and throughout the civilized world as the loss of a rare leader. His combination of intellectual rectitude and moral courage is almost without parallel in our times. How little we know, or perhaps are still intended to know, of such champions of truth is made clear by the scant notice of his death, as it had been by the superficial recognition of his great achievements during his life. His election at Dundee over Churchill by a majority of ten thousand at the time of MacDonald's triumph was hardly recorded in this country. Today we have to search English papers to find that in the late conservative landslide he was again elected from the same district by an increased majority.

These triumphs at the polls are the more significant when we remember that his was a life's challenge to falsehood and hypocrisy in a period of lying propaganda at its worst. The man who wrote "Red Rubber," and fought for many years to expose the crime of the Belgian Congo and succeeded, could hardly expect official or even popular favor. The author of "Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy" was all too true a prophet of the Great War's origin, purpose, and tragedy to invite recognition in his own lifetime. The British citizen who throughout the war refused to bend the knee before official misstatement, and finally to curb him was sent to prison on a technical charge, must have been prepared to be lost in obscurity.

But he was a man of action. He not only survived; he triumphed. His publication *Foreign Affairs* has maintained his crusade for truth. In its columns he has confirmed the correctness of every charge he ever uttered against the myth of sole guilt for the war and against the hideous crimes committed since the war in the name of humanity and democracy and world peace.

Friends of democracy may derive consolation and courage from the fact that so unyielding a champion of truth won the confidence of his constituency in two elections. They may have to concede that the British foreign system is too well intrenched to have made it possible to admit so uncompromising a champion of open diplomacy into the cabinet even when MacDonald was premier, but nothing can deprive them of the inspiration of a life of service so completely unselfish, courageous, and noble.

St. Louis, November 24 CHARLES NAGEL

To Morel

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sending you the following few lines in appreciation of a great man who has just died:

Dauntless he walked breast forward, pressing to his goal;
Scorned Courts where subterfuge helped diplomats betray,
Held Truth his oriflamme, nor feared the scourging way
Which immemorial time has made the true man's dole.

New York, December 1 MARY CRUTTENDEN PERCY

International Relations Section

The Violation of Europe

THE results of the World War and the treaties which followed it and the position of the United States toward the European settlement are vigorously outlined by Samuel Untermyer in the following "Reflections on Armistice Day" delivered at the Temple Rodeph Sholom on November 11, 1924:

When the agreement for the League of Nations was formulated it was found to be an agreement to perpetuate, by the combined force of arms of the great nations of the earth, the most brutal, despotic, and war-breeding "peace" in the annals of time. Then and then only did we learn that our dear country, under the guise of "a peace without victory" that was to make the world forever thereafter "safe for democracy," had been made the pawn in the most treacherous game ever played in history. We, whose participation had changed defeat into success for the Allies, were repaid by a treaty that violated every promise made by us and which cannot but perpetuate hatreds for generations to come.

The fundamental particulars in which these three documents (the armistice terms, the League agreement, the Treaty of Versailles) differ from one another, the oppressive and destructive exactions that were added from step to step, have been so frequently analyzed and discussed that the outstanding facts are now well known to all students of the subject. Prefacing them by a brief chronological table, they may be summarized as follows:

NEGOTIATIONS PRECEDING THE ARMISTICE

October 5, 1918. German note to the President, accepting the Fourteen Points laid down in his address to Congress of January 8, 1918.

October 8, 1918. President asked if he was to understand definitely that the German Government accepted the terms laid down in the Fourteen Points and his subsequent addresses and that nothing would be left except to discuss the practical details of their application.

October 12, 1918. The German Government returned an unconditional affirmative to this question.

October 14, 1918. Further communications from the President concerning submarine warfare and guaranties of the representative character of the German Government.

October 20, 1918. Such assurances were given in the German note of that date.

October 23, 1918. The President announced that having received the solemn and explicit assurance of the German Government that it unreservedly accepted the terms of peace laid down in his address of January 8, 1918, and the principles of settlement announced in his subsequent addresses, particularly in the address of September 27, 1918, he had communicated the correspondence to the Allied Powers with the suggestion that they ask their military advisers to draw up armistice terms.

November 5, 1918. The President transmitted to the German Government the reply of the Allied Governments declaring their willingness to make peace on the terms laid down in the President's address of January 8, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent addresses—with two qualifications, the one concerning the freedom of the seas and the other relating to reparations.

The peace agreed to by Austria-Hungary with General Diaz in Padua was based on the same terms and principles contained in President Wilson's addresses above referred to.

IN WHAT RESPECTS THESE TERMS WERE VIOLATED

Time will permit of only the briefest summary:

1. The first of the Fourteen Points relates to "open covenants openly arrived at and open diplomacy."

This was violated by the Treaty of the Trianon concluded with Hungary. The allotment of territory to Rumania, including all of Transylvania and a large piece of territory across the River Tisza with over 5,000,000 inhabitants, was based on the secret treaty between the Quintuple Entente—that is, France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, and Rumania—concluded in August, 1916. The allotments to Serbia and Czecho-Slovakia were based on the secret pacts of Corfu, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh respectively.

2. The third point concerns the "removal of economic barriers and the assurances of equality of trade." This was violated in every particular.

Germany and her allies were required to obligate themselves by the treaties of Versailles, St. Germain-en-Laye, and the Trianon both with respect to imports and exports and as regards tariff regulations and prohibitions for five years to accord "most favored nations" treatment to the Allies and their associated states, without reciprocity; for five years Alsace-Lorraine was made free to export into Germany without payment of customs duties, up to the average amount that had been sent into Germany from 1911 to 1913. No such treatment was accorded German exports into Alsace-Lorraine. For three years Polish exports to Germany and for five years Luxemburg's exports to Germany were given similar treatment under the treaty, without reciprocity. Luxemburg was permanently excluded from the German Customs Union. For six months after the treaty came into force Germany was prohibited, and again without reciprocity, from imposing duties on many imports from the Allies and associated states higher than the "most favored nation" duties prevailing before the war.

This prohibition was continued for a further period of two and one-half years beyond the six months on such commodities as wines, vegetable oils, artificial silk, and washed or scoured wools. . . .

The Allies also reserved special treatment on the left bank of the Rhine, under cover of which the French have tried to establish an independent republic under French clerical auspices.

The provisions relating to railways as affecting goods shipped from Allied countries into Germany and in transit through Germany stipulate a one-sided and "most favored nation" treatment in respect to rail freight rates, etc.

The treaty has given over the administration of the Elbe, the Oder, the Danube, and the Rhine to international commissions. There were similar one-sided stipulations in the Treaties of the Trianon and St. Germain-en-Laye.

3. "Reduction of armaments guaranteed." This covenant has likewise been flagrantly violated by the treaties. Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Bulgaria have been disarmed and left to the "tender mercies" of the Allies while the states of the Allied Powers have greatly increased their armaments.

On November 1, 1918, Czechia (which at that time had not been allowed to annex Slovakia) had 70,000 men under arms, Jugoslavia 60,000, and Rumania 127,000. Today, about five years after the peace, their actual military forces are at least twice as large as at the time of the armistice.

The Hungarian army, on the other hand, has been converted into a voluntary body and limited to 35,000, consisting of about 7 mixed battalions. Czecho-Slovakia's military force has 12 infantry corps, 3 cavalry and 4 artillery battalions, and 2 mountain batteries. Jugoslavia's army includes 16 infantry corps, 2 cavalry corps, and 8 heavy artillery regiments. Rumania commands 14 infantry corps, 2 corps de chasseurs, 1 mountain corps, 3 chasseur battalions, 2 battalions of guards, and 7 mounted, 7 sanitary, and 7 reserve corps.

The 3½ Hungarian corps are in the proportion of 1 to 17 compared to the 59 corps of the Little Entente. Hungary's 525 machine-guns are faced by 3,200 of Czecho-Slovakia and 560 of Jugoslavia and the 4,870 of Rumania. This means that Czecho-Slovakia possesses 6 times as many machine-guns as Hungary, and Rumania 9 times as many. As to cannon, Czecho-Slovakia has 800 pieces of ordnance, Jugoslavia 722, and Rumania 1,822, while 105 is the total of Hungary. Thus Czecho-Slovakia has 8 times, Jugoslavia 7 times, and Rumania 15 times more of these arms than Hungary.

The Hungarian army is prohibited from having any flying-machines, while Czecho-Slovakia is now in command of 1,400 aeroplanes as a result of the completion of the 1922 program. Jugoslavia has 70 and Rumania has 80 flying machines.

Hungary is not allowed to mobilize. Czecho-Slovakia, according to the 1920 Army Act, recruits to a total of 2 to 3 million men. Jugoslavia with her 32 categories accounts for 1,600,000. Rumania with her 27 categories represents a total of 2,500,000. That is a total of 6,400,000 men to be let loose on the comparatively defenseless population of Hungary.

The Allied countries are allowed compulsory military service, while the former Central Powers are permitted only voluntary service.

As to the fifth point, concerning the "impartial adjustment of colonial claims": This was completely disregarded. All former German colonies have been taken without compensation. Austria-Hungary have lost their former settlements in China, without compensation.

4. The ninth point, which assured the adjustment of Italy's boundaries according to nationality, was also flagrantly disregarded. Millions of Germans and Austrians have been included in the territory ceded to Italy by Austria (including Bozen), and without plebiscites.

5. As to the tenth point, promising autonomy to the people of Austria-Hungary: This, too, was violated in every particular. Instead of autonomy millions of people have been wrested from their mother country without a plebiscite and against their will. Hungary lost about 14,000,000 out of a total of 21,000,000. With the exception of western Hungary no plebiscite was held anywhere. Here the population voted almost 2 to 1 in favor of retaining Hungarian rule, although the inhabitants are chiefly of German origin.

6. The eleventh point provided that Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro should be evacuated and the occupied territories restored.

Montenegro was swallowed up by Serbia and ceased to exist. Serbia, now known as Jugoslavia, has been enormously enlarged at the expense of Hungary, Bulgaria, Croatia, and Bosnia. Historical allegiance and nationality were ruthlessly disregarded. This is true also as to Macedonia and Herzegovina—which latter province has never belonged to Serbia. Croatia never belonged to Serbia and wants to be autonomous.

7. The thirteenth point, providing for an independent Polish state, has been disregarded in the partition of Upper Silesia, the cession of eastern Prussia to Poland, and the establishment of Danzig as a free city.

Referring now to the principles laid down in President Wilson's addresses: On February 11, 1918, he said: "There shall be no annexations, no contributions, no punitive damages."

Under the peace treaties there have been wholesale annexations. Leaving aside Alsace-Lorraine, which it was always understood would go to France, there were annexed Moresnet, Eupen, and Malmedy by Belgium; part of Silesia by Czecho-Slovakia; eastern and western Prussia (partly) together with Posnania by Poland; Upper Silesia partly by Poland; North Schleswig by Denmark; all the colonies of Germany by the Allied Powers. All German territory west of the Rhine is to be occupied for at least fifteen years. It remains to be seen how much longer this occupation or annexation will last.

Nation Dinners

Dec. 12, 1924

Is the Press Kept?

Speakers:
HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE,
Executive Editor, *The World*
ERNEST GRUENING,
Former Managing Editor, *N. Y. Tribune*

Can You Get the Truth from Persona Grata Foreign Correspondents?

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
Former Foreign Correspondent

Chairman:
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,
Editor, *The Nation*

Jan. 23, 1925

Is Monogamy Feasible?

Speakers:
FLOYD DELL
ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS
A. A. GOLDENWEISER

Chairman:
FREDA KIRCHWEY

Feb. 13, 1925

Do Americans Speak English?

Speakers:
CARL VAN DOREN
and others

Chairman:
ARTHUR WARNER

Tickets will be sold only to Nation subscribers and their guests. Each dinner $2.50

A ticket to any of the dinners with *The Nation* for a year $6.50

Season tickets for the three dinners $7.00; with *The Nation* for a year $11.00

All dinners at
The Fifth Avenue Restaurant
200 Fifth Avenue

The Nation,
20 Vesey Street, New York.
Enclosed find $..... Send me *The Nation* for a year and reserve.....places at the.....dinner, (or the series of dinners).

Name .....

Address .....

(The tickets will be mailed a few days before the dinner.)

12-10-24

Two-thirds of Hungary has been fraudulently taken by Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia; Fiume by Italy (leaving Hungary without a port or access to the sea); Macedonia by Serbia; the Dobrudja by Rumania; Bessarabia, Bukovina by Rumania; parts of Tyrol; Trieste, the Austrian seacoast, and the Hungarian littoral by Italy.

The American delegate to the Peace Conference, Mr. John Foster Dulles, vigorously protested against contributions and punitive damages from Germany. He particularly objected to the payment of military pensions, which is the biggest item of the reparations payment. Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, another American delegate, declared that not one legal expert of the American delegation advised the inclusion of pensions in the reparations.

In the address of February 11, 1918, above referred to, the President also declared:

> Self-determination is not a mere phrase. It is an imperative principle of action which statesmen will henceforth ignore at their peril. . . . Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims of rival states.

Except in eastern Prussia, Upper Silesia, and western Hungary, there was no plebiscite and no self-determination. The peoples have simply been transferred to alien rule without being consulted. . . .

If the war had terminated in the defeat and surrender of the armies of the Central Powers the Allies might well have claimed that under the ancient brutal rules of war, whereby "to the victors belong the spoils," they were entitled to absolutely dictate the terms of peace, however destructive to the future peace of the world. But this war was not supposed to have been so terminated. Each side (except the United States) was almost as near the point of exhaustion and enforced surrender as was the other. Hostilities were suspended by common consent and upon assurances that were flagrantly violated at every step. The dismemberment of Austria-Hungary and the taking of a vast part of the territory of Russia, the former ally of the Allies, were accomplished because their resistance-power was exhausted.

France is today almost as much the military master of the new states, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugoslavia, that were taken largely from her ally, Russia, and from Austria-Hungary, as though they were her territory. We have substituted French militarism for German militarism, but in a more aggravated form.

The League of Nations, that was to correct past wrongs and aggressions and to perpetuate a just peace, has proved an iridescent dream. It was beautiful in its abstract conception but was wrecked and converted into a weapon of injustice and oppression before it took form. The treacherous and obnoxious character of the peace that it was finally pledged to assure, more even than the requirements of Articles X and XII of the Covenant, made it impossible for America to become a party to that iniquitous bargain.

America's Role

Every venture that we make into the realm of diplomacy proves anew that we are mere children in that art. The play upon our idealism is as easy as taking candy from children. It is the indoor sport of European statesmen. A trade with the United States is an easy diversion in which we are sure to come off in the rear. In the Spanish War, after having easily beaten the poor, weak, impoverished enemy with its antiquated navy, we paid $20,000,000 for the privilege of winning the war and of relieving Spain of a liability that had hung like a millstone around her neck and assumed the role of colonial development of subject peoples for which we are not fitted, which is foreign to our conceptions of free government, and into which we have poured and will continue for generations to pour untold wealth.

America - South - of - U. S.

Deals exclusively in books, maps, prints, old and new, relating to South America, Central America, Mexico and the West Indies.

Catalogues of 900 out-of-print items mailed on request.

A list of 400 current books always in stock is now in preparation. It includes the latest books.

EDWARD W. AMES, Prop.

44 West 47th Street New York

Telephone, Bryant 4096

The New School Bookshop

will be glad to help you choose your

Christmas Gifts

Books for Children and Grown-ups

Gift Cards of Unusual Beauty

Open Evenings

465 West 23d St. Call or Telephone Chelsea 1386 New York City

PROSPECT HILL APARTMENTS

41*st* STREET AND PROSPECT PLACE

100% Co-operative

ON the highest point in midtown New York; ground floor on a level with sixth floor in Washington Square district; within 10 minutes' walk of Grand Central Station. Decorations of apartments and fixtures included in the sales price. Apartments will consist of 2 to 4 rooms or larger combinations. Fireplaces, chemical refrigeration, incinerators, etc. Occupancy Spring of 1925. References required. Send for complete plans.

HAMILTON, ISELIN & CO.

SELLING AGENTS

385 Madison Avenue, Murray Hill 7660

Hamilton Gibbs's stirring article, What Every Veteran Knows, which appeared in The Nation *for November 19, has been reprinted for wider distribution. Orders should be sent at once, as the supply is limited. Five cents a copy; $3 a hundred. Lower rates for large orders.*

The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

In the World War the result is far worse. Here we have succeeded in sowing the seeds of future wars by our impotent, amateur diplomacy, while the Allies have bagged the spoils in power, territory, and reparations. Our role has been that of the Lady Bountiful who after supplying man-power, armaments, and the billions of money that made victory possible, found ourselves at the end without indemnity for our sacrifices and without real participation or influence to make good our promises, based upon the assurances made by the Allies to us, in the carrying out of the terms of peace on which we induced the enemy to lay down their arms.

Our diplomats are mainly untried men drawn haphazard from the ranks of successful lawyers, bankers, and big business, without training in diplomacy—men who have been so busy with their private concerns that they go to their posts painfully ignorant of the conditions that confront them.

What we need above all things in our foreign affairs is a school of diplomacy where the histories of the inner affairs of nations can be studied, supplemented by a system of promotions in the service that will assure these men a career and will give us a consistent, continuous foreign policy unhampered by political changes in our home administration of affairs.

The latter has in recent years been assured to a limited extent in the minor posts, but the positions of great honor, power, and prestige are still doled out as rewards for political service. The worst feature of that system, unlike other countries, is that by the time a man has learned his way about and begun to gather friends and accumulate influence in the country to which he is accredited he is replaced by a new administration. So long as these conditions prevail we shall continue without real knowledge and influence at the head of our diplomatic affairs.

We have in our brilliant Secretary of State probably the most superb, all-round, intellectual machine in America. But he, like most of our other high public officials, assumed that great office entirely devoid of experience in the subtle art of diplomacy.

America and Russia

Our attitude toward the recognition of Russia is an apt illustration of the incoherent, infantile brand of diplomacy in which we are engaged. For seven years the present Russian Government has maintained itself and gradually grown in strength in the face of incredible obstacles until it has literally forced recognition from other great countries.

We recognized the Czarist regime, which was the most cruel and despotic form of government of modern times, surpassing even the kingdom of Siam and other countries that might be named, whose accredited representatives are members of our Diplomatic Corps at Washington. We have recognized Central and South American governments with their kaleidoscopic changes, brought about by internal revolutions that were so rapid that by the time we had recognized an existing government another had taken its place through bloody revolution.

The internal social and economic policies of a great nation are none of our business. If we were only to associate in friendly relations with those countries whose forms of government appealed to us we should have been living in isolation for the past century.

If our reason for refusing to recognize Russia is based upon her repudiation of the debts of the Czarist regime, we should at least be consistent. Has Czecho-Slovakia or Jugo-slavia recognized the outstanding obligations of the countries they have absorbed or any portion of them? . . . Has Germany or Austria-Hungary assumed liability for the outstanding internal or external debts of those countries held in foreign lands? Does not the treaty, in fact, prevent them from doing so by placing the reparations payments ahead of all such things?

Russia's substance was poured out in the defense of the Allies on the Eastern Front. She lost millions of men and

Make your gift a compliment. Give The Nation!

See suggestions on page ix

A Half Hour Well-Spent

A well informed state of mind on the world's affairs is no more than a matter of half an hour's reading.

The source of information must, however, be reliable; news presented must be facts not fiction; editorial opinion must be reasoned judgment not insinuating propaganda.

The Manchester Guardian
WEEKLY

presents in compact form all the important news of the world without suppression or distortion of facts.

During more than a hundred years *The Manchester Guardian* has earned a unique reputation among the world's journals for its frank and unbiased editorial opinion, no less than for the accuracy of its news.

Today, in more than sixty countries, readers find that given a half hour of time each week *The Manchester Guardian Weekly* keeps their knowledge of the world's affairs in repair and enables them to maintain an intelligent outlook on all vital matters.

.....MAIL COUPON BELOW.....

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY,
224 West 42nd Street,
New York City.

I enclose three dollars for a year's subscription to THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY, to be mailed to me direct from Manchester, England, commencing with the current issue.

Name .....

Address .....

billions of treasure in that effort. When her government collapsed as a result of this intolerable drain the Allies, in whose cause it had been thus destroyed, calmly proceeded to carve out her territory. Such pretexts for the non-recognition of Russia are the veriest hypocrisy.

If we had a real sense of humor we would "tread rather lightly" in celebrating Armistice Day, beyond congratulating ourselves that we are out of the mess and vowing to forget all about the mortifying spectacle that we must present in the eyes of the trained diplomats of Europe. If America wants a real Armistice Day that shall be a source of pride rather than of shame and mortification, we should at least make an effort to correct or modify these wrongs, for which we are at least partly responsible, in so far as possible. As the first step in that direction, let us ask the forthcoming Disarmament Conference to include in its agenda the discussion of treaty revision. It would be a difficult task, but if it can be only partly accomplished it will open the way for us to become a party to a League of Nations to preserve a peace which we need not be ashamed to defend.

Contributors to This Issue

SYLVIA KOPALD is the author of "Rebellion in Labor Unions."

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER, author of "Early Civilization," is a lecturer on anthropology at the New School of Social Research.

BABETTE DEUTSCH, poet and anthologist, has recently returned from Russia.

MAX EASTMAN was formerly editor of the *Masses* and the *Liberator*.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD is an editor of the *Measure* and the author of "For Eager Lovers."

LEWIS MUMFORD is the author of "A History of Utopias" and "Sticks and Stones."

FLOYD DELL is a journalist and novelist of nation-wide reputation.

HARRY HANSEN, literary editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, is author of "Midwest Portraits."

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON is the author of "The Story of Mankind."

H. H. JOHNSTON (Sir Harry Johnston) is famous as an English novelist and traveler.

SAMUEL C. CHEW is professor of English at Bryn Mawr.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is professor of sociology in Smith College.

CAMILLO VON KLENZE is professor of German in the College of the City of New York.

TENNEY FRANK, professor of Latin at Johns Hopkins University, was in the American Academy at Rome during Mussolini's march into the city.

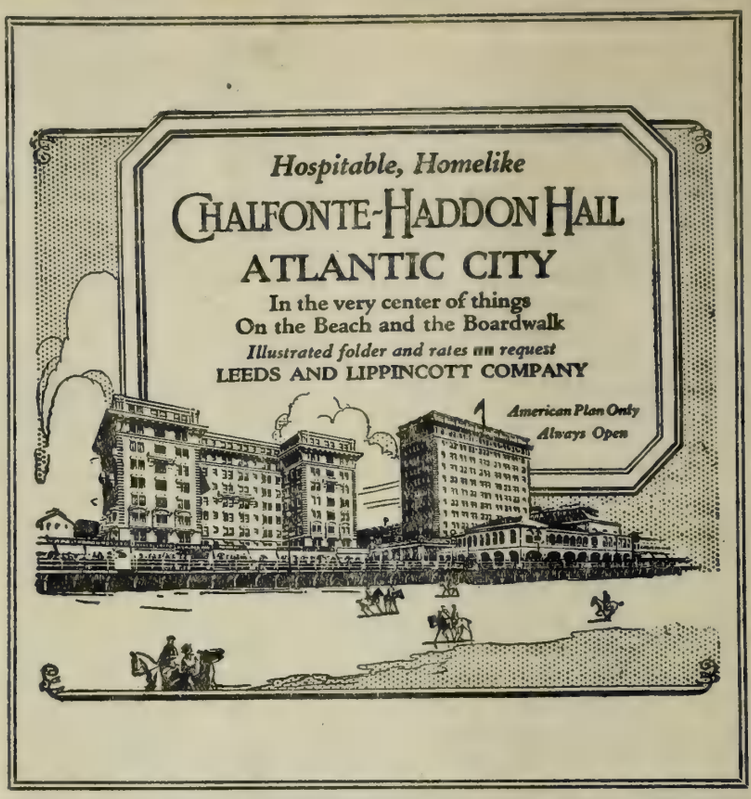
HENRY B. FULLER is a novelist and poet of Chicago.

RUTH SUCKOW is a Nebraska novelist.

THOMAS MUNRO is professor of fine arts at the University of Pennsylvania under the Barnes Foundation of Modern Art.

PITTS SANBORN has frequently contributed to *The Nation* on musical subjects.

GEORGE GENZMER, an instructor in English at Columbia University, is the author of a forthcoming work on American literary dialects.



The Fifth Avenue Restaurant

EXCLUSIVELY A LUNCHEON AND EVENING BANQUET RESORT ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING, 200 FIFTH AVENUE TEL. GRAMERCY 4900 TO 4907 INCL.

THEODORE KEMM, Proprietor

NAVARRE SOCIETY *UNEXPURGATED LIMITED EDITIONS*

Apuleius; Casanova; Cervantes; Decameron; Heptameron; Montaigne; Rabelais; Royal Mistresses and Lovers; Ten Pleasures of Marriage; Harriette Wilson's Memoirs. All of above are beautifully illustrated and bound in handsome buckram.

Catalogue Sent on Request

G. GERHARDT, 25 WEST 42D STREET NEW YORK

accept nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c.

Midol for HEADACHE

Holiday Book Section

Poems

Rational Man

By ROLFE HUMPHRIES

His restless glance abruptly drew
An arc halfway around the rim
Of earth's mysterious big bowl:
After escaping from his soul
Colors of sleep were standing by,
Their dark-blue shadows all around him.

This was the kind of night, he knew,
That, for no cause at all, would hound him,
And set his spirit prowling, prowling. . . .
His glance, grown tired of running, flew
Suddenly upward to the sky
And stopped. The moon gazed back at him;
He stared, frowning a little, scowling . . .

He had discovered that, despite
Supposed advantages of sex,
When that white globe was on the wax
He could not hope to be immune
To lunar influence, nor fight
The monthly fulness of the moon.

And then he saw some poplar trees
All in a line, set close together,
Essential to a stiff design
In formal-garden symmetries:
He counted them, and there were nine.

He thought that they were beautiful:
Then he began to wonder whether
They were, like him, susceptible
To that distinct unearthly pull;
Some influence, he saw, was making
Their leaves keep rustling and shaking
Strangely. There seemed to be no breeze.

Rest and quiver, rest and quiver,
The trembling trees stood close together.
Their false propinquity, however,
Was not surprising to discover,
For he remembered he had heard
Poplars would never touch each other
No matter how their limbs were stirred.

There was a symbol for his shield!

Nine poplars on a moonlit field
Aloof, fastidious, intense
With shuddering self-preference!
He had no one near him to touch
But the idea consoled him much,
And he, whose lot was not like these,
Took comfort from the poplar trees.

To Lisa in Summer

By MAX EASTMAN

All things that move are memories of you,
The waves that linger glimmering and slim
Along my body when I dive and swim,
The daisies bathing with me in the dew,
The nimble swallows in the limpid blue,
The leaping butterflies above the trim
Wild yellow lilies dancing in the brim
Of winds that are but living motion too.

There is no wing or willow in this place
So swift or slender it can bend or bless,
But in remembrance of your kindling grace;
And even the deep cool waiting water knows
How liquid is the depth of your repose,
How silver still a pool your quietness.

Memoir

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Such bliss he had, such agony,
And what he had he gave to me.

I shut the door of our small house
And lived with agony's carouse;

I opened the door and let in
Others to live down the din;

And all the time his bliss was there
Eluding me like silver air,

And when I caught his silver glee
It was too magical for me.

I broke his bliss, I hushed his woe,
We stood in our empty house to go

Packed and coated on our quest:
He went east, I went west,

Until at length we met before
The narrow panel of our door;

We stood and faced each other as
Long as lifetimes take to pass;

Into the house I led him then,
I shut the door on living men;

And now we watch grope to and fro
The ghost of bliss, the ghost of woe.

Contemporary Disillusion: A Dialogue

By LEWIS MUMFORD

A MARBLE bench in the Public Library. The pallor of a November afternoon, just before the lights are up, makes a glacier of the blenched walls and causes the two figures that have crumpled up in the corner to seem a little pathetic—as if they had lost their party and had sunk down wearily to await the return of the guide. As a matter of fact, they have been shopping. The poet, Marjorie Franck, is an eager, mouselike woman, with a quick inscrutable smile; the critic, Thomas Deems, has a hard intentness which points to a mind that perpetually feels the touch of some interior whip. They eye each other wanly, these two, in the first tentacular moments of meeting; but presently their weariness and apathy are blown away in gusts of conversation.

MARJORIE. What have I been doing lately? That is an ironic question to ask a mother. I wash innumerable diapers, I sew, I prepare food, and occasionally I am foolish enough to dream of writing a little; but nothing comes of it: the child of my flesh is a jealous child! And you?

DEEMS. I am in much the same plight as you; but I haven't the excuse of a baby. Our contemporaries are all so sick and disillusioned that although I have a hundred things in me that want to be written I am appalled at the notion of having to arouse so much apathy.

M. Don't talk about our contemporaries! I feel like strangling every person between thirty and forty that I meet. Every time I spend an evening with some remnant of those little groups and coteries that used to be so active when I was at college or during the first year of the peace, I hear nothing but the same tale—how old they feel, how disgusted they are with life. Those who don't openly complain show by their tastes and interests what has happened. They tell dull smutty jokes and discuss the nuances of Krazy Kat. Even this is a little too strenuous for their mentalities: so they seize the first drop of liquor as a pretext for getting drunk! If only they were gay!

D. Yes, if only they were! The sad fact is that they become the Brahmins of the frivolous life, and like Mr. Gilbert Seldes they discuss jazz and Joe Cook with a seriousness which would be pontifical and absurd if they were treating the music of Bach or the stage of Molière. Their efforts to repudiate their old interests seem much more pathetic than the plight of the younger generation; for the youngsters are not conscious of the past they have turned their backs on.

M. Don't you honestly feel a little sad at the fact that we no longer *are* the younger generation; that there is now growing up a fresh crop of boys and girls who scorn what we cherished?

D. I should be heartily envious of them if I thought that their rebellions were driving them into positions where some freezing-up of old sympathies kept us from following them. When I was in Germany last year I more than once felt a sentimental twitch when I watched the bands of medieval-looking youths setting out to live for themselves a much more gay and strenuous life than we had been able to conceive—and grabbing directly a number of things that we had thought could come only by legislation or a prolonged course of education. Many of them have achieved, on a few crusts of bread and a stout heart, the sort of life we couldn't imagine for ourselves without an economic revolution and a full dinner pail. In America I don't feel this at all: the chief mark of the younger generation is a sort of spiritual amnesia; and their notion of the good life is that of the bourgeoisie, minus the responsibility. Reaching adolescence in the midst of the war, these youngsters were introduced to none of the great ideas of the Enlightenment: all they were conscious of was the material and spiritual collapse. They are literally a generation without a history; for the war effaced the future as well as the past, and who can labor at art or science or any of the humane disciplines if he is uneasily aware all the while that the fabric which supports his single work may be destroyed overnight?

M. But they are not alone: at bottom we are all in the same mood. Did you read the retrospective wail with which Floyd Dell finished for good and all *The Liberator* and the things that it once stood for? This emptiness is what makes my lot as a mother doubly hard. What have I to give my child at its coming-of-age? Ten years ago one wouldn't have asked the question: the answer was as obvious as a good dinner to a man with a healthy appetite. But what can we believe in today? A state which will promote imbecile wars for the sake of picayune commercial gains or "Nordic" prestige? A labor movement that learns nothing, assimilates nothing, foresees nothing—except Mr. Babbitt's world extended and enlarged? "An emerging American philosophy" which will revise and codify all the thin sterilities of puritanism and pragmatism. How thrilling! What trumpet calls to the soul!

D. What you say reminds me of a dictum of Taine's I ran across the other day: I jotted it down in my notebook. I have it here: "Beneath every literature there is a philosophy. Beneath every work of art an idea of nature and of life. . . . Whoever plants the one, plants the other; whoever undermines the one, undermines the other. Place in all the minds of any age a new grand idea of nature and of life, so that they feel and produce it with their whole heart and strength, and you will see them seized with the craving to express it, invent forms of art and groups of figures. Take away from these minds every new grand idea of nature and life, and you will see them deprived of the craving to express all-important thoughts, copy, sink into silence, or rave." It is easy to see the bearing of this on our generation: we have lost the medium of ideas in which we lived and breathed and had our being. No wonder literature is in a backwater. No wonder we have novels like "Jennifer Lorn," and the "New Candide," and "Lady into Fox," and the "Green Hat"—to speak only of the better ones. No wonder so much of our poetry is delicate, inane embroidery. I am not speaking of your own verses of course; but if you'll forgive me for saying so, I do not think it is the baby alone that has made you sink into silence these last few years.

M. Well, between us, we've conjured up a horrid picture; and in the act of explaining the situation it seems to me we've made it worse. It would be bad enough if the dreariness of our contemporaries were a mere aberration. But suppose it is inevitable: suppose we, without realizing it, are in the same giddy boat? One can blame no one: one can correct nothing: one can create nothing! That is what your criticism comes to.

D. On the contrary: it is only in the past tense that things are inevitable. The battle has not been lost yet; and the reason is that it has not been fought. I myself don't feel old and tired; on the contrary, I feel much younger than the so-called younger generation. The fatigued academicism of Mr. Gorham Munson, or the encyclopedic felicities of Miss Marianne Moore, or for that matter the belated decadence of Mr. Carl Van Vechten, who belongs to the younger generation, as it were, by adoption—these things are really old and tiresome and depressing. The young men in *Broom* who used to write paeans to the stark lucidity and beauty of modern advertisements doubtless never heard of Elbert Hubbard; their colleagues who have awakened to sudden enthusiasm over the rigorous comeliness of machinery are probably unacquainted with Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, to say nothing of Samuel Smiles and the architect of the Crystal Palace. I have not succumbed to these hoary modernisms, perhaps, because the foundations of my education were laid before the war; and as Charles Adams said the other day, anyone over thirty who keeps his wits at all is *ipso facto* gifted with the matured intelligence of an old man, for he has passed through a long course of spiritual experiences which the youth of today has been deprived of. I am not at all discountenanced by these stale enthusiasms and sickly philosophies which satisfy the belligerently young. Let them exhume all the corpses my generation folded tightly into the earth; if the corpse has any vitality it is only the vitality of decomposition.

M. I follow your argument, I think; but I don't get much consolation out of it. We should be happier if we could feel again the old meanings and hopes; but we are empty, and the universe seems empty, too. Like the sick man in the parable of Sadi, our only want is that we might want something.

D. Excellent; emptiness is the prelude to appetite. What is necessary, for those of us who recognize our dilemma, is simply to keep our writers and artists from cherishing the illusion that emptiness is a new kind of fulness. We may not be able to produce any robust works of the imagination; we may hardly be able to stomach the hearty intellectual fare that a Tolstoi or a Nietzsche could give us. So much the worse for us, of course; but we must be doubly on our guard lest we fancy that the things we now produce, which lack the full swing of the intellectual and imaginative life, can redeem their inherent weakness by their verbal costume and their aesthetic pattern. Formal perfection is not merely a minor virtue; it is something that belongs to minor works of art. You can demand it in the sonnet but not in the Odyssey; you can find it in Leopardi's dialogues but not in Plato's. This cant about pattern attempts to measure imaginative literature with standards that are scarcely proper even to painting or music; and it is absurd, for unless a work of literature has more than "form" it can only be a dim, muddy kind of painting or a fettered sort of music, performed on an imperfect instrument.

M. But what good will this sort of criticism do? You will only alienate the people you should help. The younger group won't believe you; or, if they do, will accept your criticism as the last bouquet of praise, and will continue to flirt with those literary periods in which their own delicate vacuity has been most perfectly expressed. Before you know it, there will be a cult of Renaissance masques. Do you not smell the approach of this in Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's beautiful book on the Baroque in Spain and Italy?

D. Well, I have no desire to reform anybody or change anything; I, too, am a product of the war! If I insist a good part of our present work is sterile and empty, it is not because I wish to chasten the taste of those who like that sort of thing; it is only because I want to keep the road open for those who have guts enough to read and write something different. We are a minority at the moment; but we will have our day yet! After Lyly came Ben Jonson! Given sufficient time our spiritual ailments tend to heal themselves; that is the great secret of psychoanalysis which accomplishes many of its marvels by a treatment so prolonged that it outlasts the disorder which occasioned it!

M. (demurely acid). Biologically speaking, you've made me happy that I am at least a mother. By the time the child of my flesh is old enough to feel the difference there may be new children of the spirit for it to play with: and in the meanwhile I can forget my futility.

D. That from a feminist!

The chandelier over their head suddenly rings with lights; and they rise from their crumpled postures with clean decision.

Stephen Crane and the Genius Myth

By FLOYD DELL

THOMAS BEER, in his excellent study of Stephen Crane, relegates to an appendix the myths which, gathering about Crane's name, so confused a previous biographer that he gave up his task in despair of ever finding out the truth. Piecing together various fragments of these myths, one may reconstruct the following biography of the *mythical* Stephen Crane: he was the illegitimate son of a President of the United States; he served a term in prison for some crime; he had a love affair with Sarah Bernhardt; he had an illegitimate child by a girl in the slums, who then went on the streets; he married and deserted a number of women; he was an alcoholic and a drug-fiend; he fought a duel, tried to burn James Gordon Bennett's yacht, and sent a ninety-thousand-dollar cablegram to his paper when he was a war correspondent; he died of delirium tremens in Paris. . . . None of this, as Mr. Beer takes pains to point out, was true. Stephen Crane was hard-working, sober, and of irreproachable private life. Why, then, this lurid myth?

Mr. Beer ascribes it to prejudice and envy; and Joseph Conrad, in his introduction to the book, takes pains to defend his dead friend against this "perfidious and contemptible gossip." Yet nothing is clearer than that the people who spread these preposterous stories were not animated by any hatred for Crane; they had no wish to do him injury. On the contrary! Mr. Conrad reveals the secret when he says, scornfully, that the story of Crane's being unable to write "without getting drunk" was related by some one "as an instance of the artistic temperament." And Mr. Beer speaks of some of these other stories as having been told by people who had met Crane "and admired him." That is just the point; these people did admire Crane, and they admired him for his "artistic temperament." No, these legends did not spring from malice; they were the tribute of his generation to his "genius." The Stephen Crane myth, which reveals nothing as to Crane himself, reveals much as to the state of

mind of the times in which he lived—late nineteenth-century America.

Much of it is archaic enough in form; heroes have been illegitimate since there were hero-tales to celebrate them; and the President as the father is merely a quaint substitute for the King of those hero-tales. But in spite of such archaisms, the myth discloses a late nineteenth-century secret—what people thought a "genius" ought to be. Genius, according to this view, consists in breaking rules. And in being illegitimate our mythical genius was merely starting in at the beginning with his rule-breaking. Of course a true genius ought to commit some crime and go to prison; could "unrestrained temperament" be expected to abide the laws made for common people? And he should have an illicit love affair with the most distinguished woman of his time—with some Cleopatra, some Ninon de L'Enclos; and the divine Sarah served the purposes of myth very well. Crane had written a book about "a girl of the streets"; a true genius studies life at first hand—he goes and does the thing, and then writes about it; our genius must unquestionably have driven Maggie to the streets before he could write about her. Women, as stepping-stones, play a part in the life of all true geniuses; they must be numerous, and they should, according to late nineteenth-century taste, be badly treated by all ordinary standards; hence the other deserted women of the myth. Obviously he must be a drunkard and a drug-fiend, and write only under the influence of these literary aids. He must do preposterous things; the attempt to burn the Bennett yacht and the ninety-thousand-dollar cablegram have the true epic touch. Finally, he must die in the horrors of delirium tremens; those horrors add the final touch of perfection to a life consecrated to beauty, as that of a genius must be.

Contemporary fact had something to do with this notion of genius. There were poets in England who were vagabonds and drunkards, who went to prison, who died in delirium tremens. But it was more than a fact, it was a fashion that was being emulated in America. It was the thing for young geniuses, just then, to "tread their mystic way to the dogs," as Rebecca West has said, to "conscientiously stretch themselves upon the rack of irregular habits." They were doing it faithfully in England and in the more up-to-date literary circles of America. The trouble was that the recipe did not work very well; in England, in a few instances, literary ability survived for a time this harsh regimen, and the brilliant flashes that drugs and drink had not extinguished were ascribed to their beneficent influence. But in America there was not even that much to show. The theory had to be proved: a genius, authentic and universally acclaimed, had to be there to point at. So poor Stephen Crane was picked upon. Wasn't he a genius? Well, then, he must have become one by such means!

That leaves unexplained, however, the existence of such a fashion. The fashion may perhaps be described as the flamboyant and defiant acceptance of an apparent necessity. Different as late nineteenth-century England and America were, in both there was a tremendous emphasis on the manufacture and sale of goods, and slight encouragement for the young person who was by temperament committed to something else. Stephen Crane's own early and obscure literary struggle testifies to this for America. The result of such early discouragement and lack of sympathy might have been, in a person of less stamina, drugs, drink, and irrelevant and preposterous adventures. That might have been the case; that was the case with many others; and it was these others, failing to achieve anything in literature themselves, who took refuge under the aegis of the Stephen Crane myth. He was their great apologia, their justification, and in a sense their sanctification. Through him all their sins were forgiven.

And in a sense they were right in identifying themselves with him. He too, though in a different way, was the victim of his environment. American commercialism, if it did not drive him to drugs and drink, killed him none the less. He was, truly enough, a martyr to his artist's temperament. Others, who could adjust themselves more easily to the America into which he was born, still live and flourish; Stephen Crane died young.

The Unknown Critic[1]

By HIMSELF

HE is a youth to fortune and to fame unknown. But the certainty that some day his efforts will be recognized is a pardonable vanity in him, because it is a dream born out of his finest hopes. Humble though he is, and as yet totally unknown, he asked permission to draw his own portrait for *The Nation* because he believed he had claims to such a distinction. For he knows himself for what he is, an important member of that great family which knows no other nexus in itself but its community of love and reverence for the noblest manifestations of the human spirit.

He has no achievements to be discussed. His philosophy—if philosophy may be called the small quantum of knowledge and of experience he has gathered and is trying to synthesize—and his personality may be of no interest to the public. But as a tyro in the quixotical concerns of the spirit he deserves the attention of that small number in whom the curse of opportunity has not yet killed the love for that small plant of beauty and understanding he is preparing himself to cultivate.

Personal details about him are unimportant. His parents may be descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers; or he may be made constantly aware of his long nose by hearing the word "Jew" muttered under breath at the slightest provocation; or it may be that his broad a's and dark skin proclaim him for a Latin—it does not matter. Whether born here, or brought here when young, it was here that the tendrils of his mind first pierced the soil of wisdom in search of knowledge; here, from English cadences, he first suffered the voluptuous pang with which the beauty of words can make him smart; and here, planted by an American hand, was the seed of his longing for expression. He does not consider hereditary traits, therefore, as important in his making as the influences of the environment in which he first opened his eyes to the light of understanding. The blood of his soul, his mental traits, the make-up of his moral bias, his aesthetic prejudices—these were gathered here by him, from the same fountains from which Whitman and Melville and Hawthorne gathered theirs. The American tradition, perhaps broadened and made more catholic by his intimate acquaintance with another, is definitely his.

[1] This anonymous article is the eighth in a series of articles by American critics about themselves. Heywood Broun, Ludwig Lewisohn, H. L. Mencken, Carl Van Doren, Llewellyn Jones, Harry Hansen, and Henry Seidel Canby have appeared; Burton Rascoe, E. W. Howe, and John Macy are to follow.

He is therefore an American. The land itself he loves because it is a land pregnant with the promise of great things. But the word American as he uses it is not tainted with the prejudices of the patrioteer or of the jingoist. He is an American because he is keenly interested in the life about him and sensitive to its beauty and passionately resentful of its ugliness. Politically, however, he is an internationalist, for he sees no rational justification for the division of the world into sovereign states and considers this division as the cause of the moral chaos into which the world is at present plunged.

But political and industrial questions, however much they may throb in the back of his mind, do not preoccupy him. He leaves them to others to settle as best they may. This is hardly to say that he is not interested in them at all. No human problem is alien to him. Just as politically he considers himself an internationalist, economically his sympathies lie with the proletariat. But he is satisfied with his unscientific opinions about this question, because he considers the wrangle between the capitalist and the proletariat, although of sweeping practical consequences, a superficial wrangle. And he knows that whatever settlement they may come to his own position, which is the position of the artist, will remain unchanged. As an artist, it is not to capitalism that he is opposed but to industrialism. And for industrialism neither the gilded plutocrat of today nor the mythical proletariat of the dictatorship offers a remedy. As to the triumph of his faith he is pessimistic, for he knows that there has been no time in the history of the race when the claims of art were ever recognized with preference; not even in Greece, which witnessed such a beautiful flowering of the human spirit. Our present dream of the glory that was Greece he believes to be a beautifully desperate modern invention; an expression of our modern longing for a disciplined, harmonious life of the soul.

What he is mainly interested in is life as expressed in literature. Perhaps what impels him toward criticism is his concern for expressed life—for the ethical and philosophical implications of life, for the yearnings and aspirations of man as caught and rendered clear by the artist in an aesthetic medium—rather than for life itself. As he sees it, the difference between the critic and the imaginative artist lies in the fact that the artist is concerned only in externalizing the world of his fancy—which is the world of his experience remade to suit his heart's desire—while the critic, with a more intellectual bent, or with a lesser sensitivity to experience, finds vicarious self-realization by giving a meaning to the world of the artist. This is what he understands by criticism. As he once put it to me, critics are beach-combers in the sands of expressed life, searching for hidden coins in the sieves of their own philosophies.

In search of the weft for his sieve, in search of a few principles under the light of which to understand life, and with the aid of which he may correlate the chaotic plexus of its tendencies as he feels them, he has spent a good part of his formative years. But philosophers who purport to solve the riddle of the world have given him but little. After a long apprenticeship in their barbaric lingo, when he was able to enter their arcana he saw that metaphysicians are quack doctors pretending to cure the world of imaginary illnesses. His disappointment with them, nevertheless, taught him that it is not from others but from himself that he may expect the answer which he seeks. And that answer he may get only by extracting it from his own experience, alchemized in his own mind, with reference to the truth attained, not by the Hegels or Kants but by those who are sensitive enough to the beauty and the hurt of the world to feel for man love and pity.

To two moderns, however—whom he thinks of not as philosophers but as artists, since they are, in truth, more concerned with expressing the world of their fancy than with understanding the world of experience—he owes a great debt: Nietzsche and Santayana. From these two men, who after all are the only two modern thinkers who have a serious claim to the attention of the youth of today, he is endeavoring to gather the sweetness and light of the latter and the restless courage and passionate hatred of mediocrity of the former. The staid Attic pose of Santayana, searching in life for the seeds of its ideal possibilities, and the fearless and uncompromising attitude of Nietzsche toward a bungling self-satisfied world—these are, of human virtues, the two virtues he admires most. But their philosophies, as tools for his work, have not proved of great use to him. For Santayana, by locking himself up in the tower of ivory of his "Life of Reason," shuts out the man of flesh and bones, the man of contradictions and of passions, from his consideration. And Nietzsche, to escape his own weakness, identified strength with cruelty, and because he was not able to liberate himself from his pity—the consciousness of his own weakness—made of it the scapegoat of his failure.

The rational attitude of Santayana and the aristocratic attitude of Nietzsche are the present tyro's distinguishing characteristics. Through them he expects, in whatever measure may be given to him, to play his part in the process of accelerating America's coming of age. His program is yet vague in his mind. But the major lines of his intentions are simple enough. The need of America as he sees it (and for this diagnosis, of course, he does not claim originality) is the recognition of the claims of the spirit. We are—for reasons that are being brought to light by men like Van Wyck Brooks—worshiping at shrines whose gods have little care for the more permanent values of the human soul. But there is no reason to believe that, after the exaltation of our materialistic triumphs has worn itself out, as it must very soon, we shall not be forced to turn toward lines of endeavor of greater significance to the human spirit than those we at present follow. Do not our buildings—he argues naively—gush upward? Surely, there must be a meaning to this obsession for the heights! To point out the fallacy of our materialistic philosophy, to stimulate our already growing discontent with it, and to force acceptance of the cults of Apollo and of Minerva is the duty of that minority among us who have enlisted in the priesthood of the older gods. This is, with him, a matter of faith, and he admits of no other attitude than that of a truculent intolerance for the values which to him are false. To encourage, then, as a critic, the efforts of those who are striving after sweetness and light, to unmask those who under the disguise of artists go about peddling bogus beauty and wisdom, and by helping to unite the efforts of the minority into a common urge to wage a successfully defensive fight against the eternally triumphant hordes of Philistia—this is the task to which, with a religious fervor and a humble attitude, he has had the temerity to pledge himself.

Books

First Glance

HAVELOCK ELLIS is only sixty-five years old, but throughout the third and final series of his "Comments and Impressions" (Houghton Mifflin: $3) he speaks like one who believes that he is done. Death has begun to be something that he can love; a feather from her soft wing has touched his eyes, the scythe has pricked him and left him bleeding, and he is not sorry. He thinks of Prospero, "the man who has finally grasped the whole universe in his vision, as an evanescent mist, and stands serenely on the last foothold and ultimate outlook of the world," and he is content with such wise company at the close of a long day spent without rest yet without haste. The author of "The New Spirit," "Man and Woman," "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," and "The Dance of Life" rises quietly from profound labors along the darker edges of man's mind and walks free upon an earth which he now sees for the first time, perhaps, in its complete and shining beauty.

The quality of his present vision he has himself defined in a magnificent passage describing the final phase of any great artist's genius—Rodin, Michelangelo, Titian, Rembrandt, Turner, and Shakespeare are in his mind. "The artist has lost his early power of realistic grip, and with it lost also his early taste for such power. But he has lost it only to attain a wider and deeper and more symbolic mastery of the world. He no longer cares for the mere literal imagery of a scene he will leave so soon. But he cares more than he has ever cared for its essence, and he is conscious of that essence with a delicacy of sensitive perception he never before possessed. He is no longer concerned with things; they are receding from his view. As he rises above the earth, like Elijah in his chariot of fire, he now sees it only in the distance. Henceforth he no longer deals with things. It is the soul of things that he brings before us." It is the soul of his universe that Mr. Ellis is asking us to see in this last but surely not yet finished phase—the soul behind all natural things, the soul one glimpse of which "converted" him to a very special kind of religion years ago. It shows itself clearly to him now as he goes on holidays of the spirit along the Cornish cliffs or through the vineyards of the South. It is manifest in sun and spray, in the green oncoming wave, in the music of Bach, in the aeroplane which takes him once to France, in the twisted, vigorous vine, in the metaphysics of obscenity. It reconciles for him the most stubborn of all opposites—"the diversity of the world" and "its inability to accept its own diversity." It saves him from the romanticism "which lies in seeking after a beauty the world cannot hold and in failing to see the beauty it really holds." But in particular it glows for him through all the rich memories of books and men which leisure now allows to return. If he is the ripest commentator on human life today it is because he knows and remembers more pertinent things than any other man, and because these things are grown not only into his mind but also, apparently, into his body; so that to observe for him is to reflect, and to reflect is to feel truth spreading like a warm dye through nerve and sinew and bone.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Ellis will write many more books, and incidentally that he will continue as here to chastise the age into which—unfortunately, he thinks—he was born. "I am sometimes called 'modern,'" he remarks, "and there is nothing that I less desire to be called. The only modern things that I care for are those that are as old as the dawn or the rainbow or at least as the wild rose." The Victorian age against which he rebelled and the Georgian age about which all he can say is that it "will seem worth remembering heaven knows for what!" have been timid ages, innocent of danger, extravagance, and splendor. Dominated by the cowardly herd, the twentieth century has faced few or none of the facts which to Mr. Ellis are as simple as they are noble. And what is never to be forgiven, it has fought a squalid, meaningless war. Mr. Ellis on the World War, and especially on those flimsy minds which now deprecate it though they once justified and cheered it, is a salutary satirist. Perhaps the particular future which it is hard not to believe awaits him lies in the direction of denunciation.

MARK VAN DOREN

Sherwood Anderson's Autobiography

A Story Teller's Story. By Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $3.

THIS autobiography has the singular merit of presenting in a most engaging manner a key to all sides of its author's literary character. Parts of it must have been written desultorily, and other parts rapidly; some of it is humorous, rippling with gaiety and boyishness; some of it is introspective, brooding, testamentary. Out of this book comes the real Sherwood Anderson: not only the man seeking to interpret the subconscious elements in life or lamenting about the hard road of the artist in a world of ironmongers, but also the man rich with the human quality that comes out in short stories like "I'm a Fool" and the unpublished "Mama Geigans." It would seem that Mr. Anderson revealed here all the facets that one discovers otherwise only by reading every one of his previous volumes.

Mr. Anderson recalls boyhood as an adventure in which the imagination had its share; consequently the early pages tell how the Anderson boys dramatized "The Last of the Mohicans" and delved into such romance and mystery as boys can conjure up; in retrospect, also, the author sees his father as a delightful, carefree story-teller with a flair for braggadocio, and the mother as hard-working, lovable, solicitous for her brood; the reader recognizes the father at once as the original of Windy McPherson in Mr. Anderson's first published novel. In fact, he is much more entertaining than his fictive replica, and one is tempted to hazard the guess that Windy McPherson might have sat for the portrait of Mr. Anderson's father much as a model sits in the clothes of a person long deceased when a posthumous portrait is to be painted. Mr. Anderson looks back to the mother whom he adored and the father whose dreams he envied—"What dreams he must have had!"—with much tenderness, but the saving grace of humor lightens what might have become sentimentality, until, when he says: "The purity of a Southern woman is unlike any other purity ever known to mankind," one is willing to admit that even that fits into the picture.

Except for occasional asides on morality and aesthetics there is little in this story of boyhood to foreshadow the author that was to come. But one reads here of "a sensual love of life, of surfaces, of words with a rich flavor on the tongue, colors, the soft texture of the skin of women, the play of muscles through the bodies of men." That is significant of the future, for Sherwood Anderson has written often of such riches. Also he sets down: "There is something of the actor in me." But whether as a boy his fancy told him that he would look at our

industrial age differently from other men he does not know. "But of one thing I am quite certain," he writes; "in all my life I have never for a moment subscribed to the philosophy of life as set forth by the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Yale*, 'Upward and Onward,' 'The White Man's Burden,' etc." The period of uncertainty came to him as it comes to all men, and with it came sexual unrest and the desire to play a brave part before the dull-witted teamsters and warehouse employees who surrounded him. It was about this time, in Chicago, that he began to walk the streets at night, to take stock of life round about him, and to speculate on the words he heard and the faces he saw. In these solitary wanderings the novelist came to the surface.

The rich loam of experience soon produced much meditation. Mr. Anderson began to think about the relation of industry to living, and to wonder why men abandoned themselves to routine slavery. "I have always understood horses better than men," he writes. "It's easier. . . . I had always been drawn toward horses, dogs, and other animals, and among people had cared most for simple folk who made no pretense of having an intellect, workmen who in spite of the handicaps put in their way by modern life still loved the materials in which they worked, who loved the play of hands over materials, who followed instinctively a force outside themselves they felt to be greater and more worthy than themselves—women who gave themselves to physical experiences with grave and fine abandon, all people, in fact, who lived for something outside themselves, for materials in which they worked, for people other than themselves, things over which they made no claim of ownership." And farther on, carried away by his convictions, he remarks: "To the workman his materials are as the face of his god seen over the rim of the world. His materials are the promise of the coming of God to the workman. . . . Some day the workmen will come back to their materials, out of the sterile land of standardization. . . . The day of rediscovery of man by man may not be so far off as we fancy. Has there not been, in our own time, a slackening of the impulse toward purely material ends? Has not the cry for success and material growth become already a bore to the average American?"

When the time came for Sherwood Anderson to seize his materials they proved to be words and he wooed them like a lover. They are associated in his mind with the use of hands. "The arts are after all but the old crafts intensified, followed with religious fervor and determination by men who love them, and deep down within him perhaps every man wants more than anything else to be a good craftsman. Surely nothing in the modern world has been more destructive than the idea that man can live without the joy of hands and mind combined in craftsmanship, that men can live by the accumulation of moneys, by trickery. In the crafts alone one may exercise all one's functions. The body comes in, the mind comes in, all the sensual faculties become alive."

Sherwood Anderson is a sensualist in the best meaning of the word, as has already been amply proved in other books, when he caresses words and phrases, or embraces a woman, or recalls "the rich, fragrant smell of things" on farm and race-course. His contempt for the industrial age has its foundation in the fact that it perverts the senses to slavish uses and makes of man a machine. He writes much in this book about changing America; he reminds his reader often that the artist is still in bondage, unable to become the child of fancy because of his money-making, but his meditations on this subject, which come mostly in the latter half of the book, do not always carry conviction. We can sympathize with his hatred of the machine-made tale, built about a plot or made to point a moral, and with his desire to get at the "actuality of life" and to make comprehensible some of the intangible relationships of human beings. But we are reminded that he wrote most after a pattern in those early days when he was in bondage to an advertising concern, and that he has voiced his lament most eloquently in these later years when he has been comparatively free to reach out for the heart of things. He is at his best in this book, as elsewhere, in his plain narrative of experiences among human beings—such is the story of Judge Turner, of Alonzo Berners, and of Nate Lovett—for he has a simple, direct, and fragrant prose which is the best proof of his contention that the plain words that fit a situation are the only living words; and he is least successful when he tries to make these experiences and observations the basis for long and often unoriginal generalizations. But if we judge the book in the light of its function, we have to agree that it presents most accurately the mental growth of the man who wrote not only "Windy McPherson's Son" but also "The Triumph of the Egg" and "Many Marriages." In the field of literary autobiography it stands practically alone in America.

HARRY HANSEN

Cornelia Among the Roughnecks

My Dear Cornelia. By Stuart P. Sherman. Atlantic Monthly Press. $2.50.

Points of View. By Stuart P. Sherman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

AMONG the things that make a critic provocative and important three may, perhaps, particularly be mentioned. He may be interesting by virtue of the range, acuteness, and vividness of his impressions. He may hold attention by the weight and lucidity of the philosophy of life and letters which informs his specific observations. He may on the basis of his own inventive prose and fancy be a charming, seductive writer.

Mr. Sherman has long been recognized for the sharpness and precision of his perceptions; even when one disagrees with his valuations one admires the accuracy with which he discloses the native essence of the writer or idea he loves or hates. He has likewise long been vilified or glorified for the general philosophy of life and criticism which lies implicit in every theme he handles and every paper he writes. In "My Dear Cornelia" Mr. Sherman seems to me to have added a new dimension to his reputation as a writer. He has turned criticism into congenial fiction and made ideas the living and persuasive voices of characters themselves living and persuasive, whatever their ideas may be.

Mr. Sherman has long been set up by what he himself calls the young Mohawks as an organ of reaction, a frowner upon life and freedom, a propagandist for the academic, the formal, and the dead. In the light of these two recent books it might be well to consider what his actual position is. Mr. Sherman is, if the term still means anything, a classicist. He is interested in those permanent residua of perfections in form, clarities in thought, and rationalities in ways of life that appear and reappear in the history of literature, and make certain writers of all ages brothers and contemporaries. He loves grace in life and urbanity in letters. He thinks they are the fruit of a discipline in living and an Askesis in thought. He is an enemy of spontaneity in so far as it leads to chaos; he hates freedom only in so far as it leads to foolishness. He regards reason as the gardening process in a weedy world.

There are many things in contemporary literature that seem to Mr. Sherman rank weeds, and he has often in the past spoken astringently of them. He has dealt hard blows against writers like D. H. Lawrence, Ben Hecht, and James Joyce, who seemed to him to have made a perverse cult of an animalism that may be the basis of life but is not its fruit. He has faced with apprehension the disintegration in prose, the loathsomeness in subject-matter, and the helterskelterism in life which seem to him to be the leitmotifs of the "emetic" school of fiction. He has contended against these things not because he has felt that they were wrong puritanically but because they seem to him to be obstacles to that rounded and perfected beauty which constitutes success in the arts and in the art of life.

He has, in the person of Cornelia, presented this doctrine in a winning dramatic garb. Cornelia is a lovely, albeit narrow lady, living in a smooth and lovely world. From the walled garden of her wealth and social position—she is the wife of a talented and successful diplomat—she surveys with alarm the invasions threatening her fastidious Greek temple of a cosmos. She hates the insurgent romanticism that makes her daughter want to marry a charming boy without any prospects in preference to a civilized and settled gentleman. She hates to see her daughter smoke cigarettes and bob her hair; she cannot brook the thought of her son drinking things out of flasks. She hates, in so far as so elegant a person can hate, emetic novelists; the stupidities of the plain people; the miscellaneous roughneckedness (how Cornelia would hate the phrase) of the contemporary world. She flees to Communion and Saints' Days' and the Anglican Church for an inner peace that the outer scene no longer affords. Cornelia hates democracy much as Plato hated it, because it is hoodlum and bedlam. Life to her must be always a clean Parthenon of reason.

The professor, the amiable protagonist in these witty and sometimes poetic dialogues, courteously and deferentially suggests the reasons why this retreat to an edifice of traditional reason is impossible. He is the partial defender of the uneasy or bumptious flutterings of the younger generation. The two children, Oliver and Dorothy, are the outspoken crumblers of the old order. The professor, whose opinions seem most like Mr. Sherman's, stand midway. He knows what Cornelia is driving at, and loves the preciousnesses she is trying to preserve. But he knows also that she is shutting her eyes to many of the inviting possibilities that lie outside her tight and polite universe. He knows that she is shutting herself out of more than she is shutting herself into.

Cornelia, elegant, gracious, and unyielding, represents for Mr. Sherman, one infers, the conservative viewpoint at its best. She longs for conservation of the defined traditional values, unmarred by the wild, weird, or irruptive new ones. The children are lithe and clear-headed spokesmen of the essential pagan idealism which lies at the heart of the young revolt.

Mr. Sherman intimates that he thinks the young are doing something more than shattering the tables of the law; they are moving toward a temple of their own. Says Oliver:

> We get our line out of books and out of the air; some of it we think out ourselves, and a little of it we get out of Hoover and Lane and what father calls the "Western roughneck crowd. . . ." We're sick of war; we don't think it's sensible; and we're sick of supermen; and we're sick of belonging to the privileged class. We believe in the real square deal and good sportsmanship and common sense, and common decency, and health and hygiene and science and beauty and—and a lot of things like that. . . .

These conversations with Cornelia and her children seem to me an unusually successful attempt to turn current controversy to something at once, clear, humane, and entertaining.

"Points of View," in which Mr. Sherman dons his more familiar critical habit, is a miscellany of essays on current social and literary phenomena: American Style, Sinclair Lewis, Where There Are No Rotarians, Brander Matthews, and Gertrude Stein. For Mr. Sherman literary and social and moral phenomena are indissolubly connected, and one is conscious in these essays how much of his attention is occupied with the moral needs of our time. Mr. Sherman has a more passionate concern than most literary commentators with moral issues. Discipline in life and form in art are for him the twin principles of a moral Askesis. The most telling essay in the book is the one that opens it and sets its mood. What are the materials of our civilization, the things that really move us, that we spend our money on? Cleanliness, health, intelligence, swift mobility, playing the game, and publicity. Out of these we might make something clean and beautiful if we would. But that clean beauty can be attained only by a lopping off of irrelevance and by disciplining ourselves to our ends.

Out of our operative national faiths we can develop something like the Greek runner and the Greek marble ideal of life. But it was a disciplined athletic asceticism that made these possible. Our life and our literature, Mr. Sherman suggests, need the same thing.

It is not an unamiable ideal. Mr. Sherman's antagonists come mainly from those who see the beauty of flashes of undisciplined rapture, and love Byron no less than Adonis. Mr. Sherman looks at life as more than a moment, and sees success in life as no less than a disciplined art.

IRWIN EDMAN

Racial Unrealities

Racial Realities in Europe. By Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

The Mediterranean Races. By Marion I. Newbigin. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

THOSE who defend the opera omnia of Mr. Stoddard against attacks made upon them by the ribald are apt to set up the defense against his slipshod methods and conclusions that he has humanized an obscure subject of study which formerly lay forgotten in the *Preussische Jahrbücher für Anthropologie*, and that he therefore has rendered a signal service to the cause of the great Nordic Triumph.

I recommend to such enthusiasts a simultaneous perusal of the two books listed above. Of Miss Newbigin I know nothing beyond what the publisher tells me. But I shall order whatever other books she has written, for I find in this one volume a neatly ordered mind and that respect for facts (good, bad, and indifferent) which makes me suspect that the excellent lady is right, or about as right as anybody can ever hope to be. The story of the Mediterranean lands is not particularly new. People began to write about them as early as the Trojan war. It seemed that everything which could be told had been told. But no, here we get the same facts, recomposed in such a fashion that the resultant symphony pleases our ears and delights our brain.

And then we turn to Mr. Stoddard's latest (if it still is his latest) Ode to the Nordic, and the irritation begins. "More and more we are coming to realize the fundamental importance of race in human affairs." Am I reading the literary pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* or have I stumbled upon the advertisements? "More and more we are coming to realize the fundamental importance of central heating (or sauerkraut-three-times-a-week, or dental-floss, or silk-underwear, or blood-pressure, or Listerine) in human affairs." I have so often said what I think of those books, indeed of this entire branch of erudition devoted to white-man propaganda, that it becomes boresome. Besides, the esteemed *Saturday Evening Post*, with that profound contempt for brutal truth which characterizes everything which bears the name of Curtis upon the title-page, will continue to dish up this badly prepared pabulum for the sake of popular applause, and what is a still little voice in the arid wastes of *The Nation* against the clamorous millions of the Paradise of Profit?

But I will try to repeat my objections as concisely as possible. I am no great lover of the human brotherhood if I have to sit in the same room with all the brethren and sisters of all the many and variegated nations of this earth. I am not at my ease, for example, with the honest Hindus from Bombay whose long brown fingers, playing with a simple teaspoon, can drive me into a nervous condition which is almost unbelievable. From a long struggle with the Genus Hibernicus I have come to dislike the inhabitants of that sea-green island until the slightest murmur of a brogue makes me look for the nearest exit, fully determined to run and not walk to the door if my fears should be verified by the inevitable paean of praise to the Holy Saints and the Sovereign Republic. But I fully realize that these sentiments on my part are silly prejudices, based

upon nothing more sound than my ancestral dislike of cheese or my personal horror of spiders. For cheese is an excellent item upon our bill of fare, and spiders are useful animals because they eat up flies, and the poor creatures who invade my workshop cannot know that I would rather have the flies (which can be dry-killed) than the spiders, which are as messy in death as they are hairy and horrible in life. If I were to take these prejudices and turn them into a foundation upon which to erect a brand-new racial theory devoted to a careful exposition of my own superiority to the Hindu and the Irish I would (as far as I can see) contribute something almost as useful to human progress as the works of the new school of "racial realities."

Realities indeed! The poor innocents who spend their nickels upon this stuff believe that it represents a sound piece of investigation, that the conclusions stand like the rock of Gibraltar and the multiplication table, that there is such a thing as "racial realities," and that the scientists are greatly worried about it. Of course they are, but only because they appreciate that in the field of race we still know practically nothing and know that we shall know practically nothing for a long time to come. To take this ignorance and revaluate it into knowledge, to take hypotheses and turn them into established facts, is a variety of historical adulteration which in the end may prove almost as dangerous as similar experiments with sausage and Scotch whiskey.

Science is not like poker. Around the poker-table the chips have only such value as the players have agreed upon beforehand. If it pleases the cheerful company the red chips can be called purple and the purple ones green and the green ones red. But in the department of provable fact a red chip is always red, a green is always green, and a purple is always purple. The new Nordic Edda (of which "Racial Realities" is only one short canto) is a most flattering contribution to the pride of the Original Settlers, and from a purely charitable point of view I would say the more of these books the merrier. But let us be honest and say that their contents are meant as a substitute for the old oratory of the Fourth of July and must not be taken too seriously. In that case the hollow-chested, emaciated, morally decrepit new-comer may even join in the celebration. But for heaven's sake let us know to what sort of party we have been invited.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

A Victorian Genius

Selected Papers on Anthropology, Travel, and Exploration. By Sir Richard Burton. Edited and annotated by N. M. Penzer. Robert M. McBride and Company. $4.

AMONG all the enthusiastic appreciators of Sir Richard Burton there has been none more persistent, more determined in his efforts to obtain justice for him than Mr. Penzer. Whether he had any personal knowledge of his hero I have not been able to determine. I was a friend of both Sir Richard and Lady Burton from the year 1885 until their deaths, in 1890 and 1895. But I am now sixty-six, and Mr. Penzer, I believe, is considerably younger.

It is a little difficult for me to understand how and why Burton created such vivid animosity in certain directions. I have related in my own autobiography and even in one or two of my novels how I came to know this really great man. I was quite young when I first met him at a dinner party, but I had already grown enthusiastic over his books on Africa and Arabia. I was entranced by his reception of me, and at intervals in the five following years became increasingly a friend of Sir Richard and Lady Burton. Never had I known such hosts at a London dinner party, such fellow-guests at a great House. Burton and his wife were themselves the most delightful hosts. They were able to make all their guests interesting by drawing them out in whatever direction they had specialized. Away from Burton one realized that he lived far in advance of the average thoughts of his day. Yet his wife—extraordinary as it seems—was an ardent Roman Catholic. One met at their table great ecclesiastics as well as great agnostic exponents of modern science. Burton, from the fifties onward, was not appreciated or well treated by the heads of the British Foreign Office; yet the subheads, the young and middle-aged men who were growing up concurrently into positions of great influence and authority at that office, had the highest opinion of him. How on earth the authorities of Great Britain failed to appoint him in his later life British Minister at the Court of Morocco I have never been able to understand, remembering as I do the types who were sent there after the death of Sir John Drummond Hay.

That, I think, was the great disappointment of Burton's life. His talents, his researches, had captivated the intelligence of the late Lady Salisbury. It was she—one always understood—who had moved most effectively in 1885 to secure him recognition from Queen Victoria as a K.C.M.G.; though her husband, the great Lord Salisbury, was in no way averse to him—an appreciator, on the contrary. Yet Burton remained to the day of his death very poorly treated by the Foreign Office. The climate of Trieste did not agree with his health, nor were its small emoluments any compensation. They were chiefly spent by Burton in obtaining efficient assistance from a vice-consul. He remained, in fact, a very poor man down to the publication of the first six volumes of the "Arabian Nights." A few years later he had a stroke and was obliged to call into his household a young doctor (now an elderly man, but still living, and still an enthusiastic Burtonian), whose constant care kept him alive for two or three years longer, during which time he completed the supplementary volumes of his "Arabian Nights" and considered the question of publishing translations of French translations or free renderings of Persian prose poems.

It is said that these were of scandalous lubricity. Possibly this would seem an exaggerated description today. But Burton's translations of the French were destroyed after his death by his wife and his wife's sister, whether justifiably or not we cannot determine.

In conversation I never heard Burton dwell other than anthropologically upon the sexual questions affecting man's progress and his divagations. He and I (though there was such a great disproportion of years between us) were intensely interested in languages, particularly in the great Bantu speech-family of Africa and its possible connections in a far distant past with language families of Mozambique and the Mediterranean shores, with the Asiatic languages of today, and with the Romance tongues of present time and of the Dark Ages as they emerged from popular Latin. In such a direction as this he was an entrancing person to meet, and he was always human enough to appreciate a good lunch or a well-chosen dinner or an evening at the theater. But he was keen and critical as to the works of Diez and Gaston Paris.

Things that he said to me in the five years of our acquaintance remain vividly in my mind. He was so modern-minded that we have only now come up to date with him. My remembrance even of his remarks about the telephone, about the advances of photography, or even about such details as the possible improvement of the bicycle (the bone-shaker of 1889), or the making of motor cars (then almost uncreated) makes me feel that, if the impossible could happen, he would fit rapidly into his place among us at the present day.

The essays of Burton included in this book are mostly new to me. They consist of "Early Days in Sind," written down somewhere about 1851; "The Guidebook to Mecca," issued as a pamphlet in 1865; "A Trip to Harar" (published in 1855), "Notes on Scalping" (1864), "A Day amongst the Fans" (1863), "Notes on the Dahoman," "Chapters from Travel" (in Syria), "Notes on Rome" (1875), "Spiritualism in Eastern Lands" (1878), and "An Essay on Belzoni," the Italian Egyptologist

who afterward died exploring Benin and the Niger delta. This selection shows the wide range of Burton's studies and explorations: from the very heart of the United States at a time when its inter-communications were distracted by civil war; from the tangled recesses of the African continent to the town of Mecca, almost unapproachable for a Christian at the present day, though Burton visited it in thin disguise as a nominal Mohammedan; from this, that, and the other little-known and scarcely described district of western India to Rome, which had just ceased to be Papal, and to Palmyra, lost in the sands of desert Syria.

In addition we must remember that Burton spent several years as a consul in Brazil exploring the courses of Brazilian rivers; that he knew intimately France and Italy, Spain and Portugal—he spoke and translated Portuguese like a master; that he was well acquainted with most parts of England and Ireland; that he fought in the Crimean War; and that he closely followed the discoveries of palaeontology. Surely such a career as this would seem unusually great and varied and instinct with genius at the present day, thirty-four years after Burton's death. It was still more wonderful thirty-four years ago, and Mr. Penzer is to be thanked for placing before us the articles we find in this book.

H. H. JOHNSTON

War and the Willing Victim

Plumes. By Laurence Stallings. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

ONE may, if he likes, call Mr. Stallings's novel propaganda. Doubtless the author would never have striven so passionately to communicate his personal disillusion had he not hoped to convince others of the futility of war and to do something to make it impossible. But some of the qualities which render the book more effective than most as propaganda also help to raise it to the level of art. There is, above all, no undue simplification of the case, no tendency to make of any single factor like capitalism or industry or patriotism a scapegoat and thus to simplify the thinking of pacifists as the thinking of the average citizen was simplified by the convenient assumption that the Kaiser was, in his own person, the only remaining obstacle to universal brotherhood; instead there is a comprehensive recognition of the interlocking factors which make war possible and a frank acceptance of the fact that the reconstruction which must precede permanent peace is as much a reconstruction of individual human minds as a reconstruction of governmental systems. Richard Plume, struggling with the problems of a wounded veteran in a post-war society and trying at the same time to understand the causes, external and internal, which made him a victim, is no mere lay figure invented to illustrate a dogmatist's point. He is a very real man, suffering a real perplexity, and paying the penalties of real but humanly forgivable defects.

Surely this Richard, actually glad in the beginning to leave his instructorship and his wife to seek in France the romance of combat, is more typical of the soldier than the now more familiar figure of the completely unwilling victim of capitalistic greed or political trickery. Like countless others, Richard had in his veins the blood of fighters; none of his ancestors had ever possessed more than twenty-five thousand dollars and none had ever had much either to win or lose materially, yet each had gone forth gladly under Jackson or Lee to fight the battles of those who had more tangible things at stake. Each was, if you like, a victim of material interests; but not one was in any sense an unwilling victim because each in his heart believed that war was a noble activity and was willing enough that others should find some excuse to set it going. All brought mutilated limbs back to ruined homes, but as they sat useless in chimney corners and recounted their deeds to admiring listeners none ever doubted that the glory was worth the price paid for it.

War is a trick which the powerful few play upon the feeble many, but it is a trick which can never be forestalled until the instinct through which it works is eradicated. No political scheming and no industrial greed could drive a people to fight if that people were not glad of the opportunity; unfortunately the socialist's dreams of economic reorganization are nearer to realization than the destruction of that fighting instinct which the reconstructed world will still have to reckon with. Thousands will still be willing, like Richard, to leave wife and children and job behind to embark upon the glorious adventure even though they half realize that they are both fools and villains and, even after disillusion has come, will be hardly willing to admit, as Richard's biologist friend tells him he must admit if he is to extricate himself from the dilemma, "that all your suffering comes to exactly the same thing that might have been gained from a fall under a freight train when attempting to steal a ride." That is a bitter proposition for any one to accept, bitter not only because of personal pride but bitter, too, because it means the surrender of the high hope that real heroism must be somehow good and because it makes the world a sadder and a flatter place by robbing it of certain spiritual values inherent in the idea of a great struggle for non-personal ends. Yet the most that the optimist can reasonably hope is that the proposition is now nearer to being accepted than it ever was before. "Pshaw!" says one of the characters to Richard, "who ever heard of an old soldier who did not creep home to romance about his wounds? My own father, I remember, was thirty years choosing a literary mode for his own wound at Yellow Tavern." But Richard Plume, though he could not escape the illusion which led him to follow his ancestors to battle, will at least never romanticize his folly.

Neither Mr. Stallings's style nor his manner is particularly original or distinctive, but they furnish a clear medium by means of which his thought and passion are communicated. No one, that is to say, could maintain on the evidence of this book that he is a great novelist or predict with certainty that he could create another important novel; but there is, on the other hand, no denying the fact that at least one experience has moved him deeply and that he has been able to set it forth in an intensely interesting story. Nor, if we consider the novel as propaganda, is the fact that it is stylistically unmannered to be regretted. The extreme of the naturalistic style, with its heaping of horror upon horror and the exploitation of ugliness as a form of beauty, has been chosen by most contemporary writers when describing war, but it is itself a form of romanticism. The thesis of a book so written may be easily dismissed by an unsympathetic reader as part of a literary device; but no one, not even the most convinced of patrioteers, could read so straightforward and unvarnished a tale as "Plumes" without being just a little shaken by the truths which it reveals.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

An Anthropologist Kidnapped

Social Organization. By W. H. R. Rivers. Edited by W. J. Perry. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

HAD Rivers lived, his definitive work on social organization would have been little short of an event in ethnology. As it stands, the fragmentary treatise presents a carefully reasoned and lucidly written summary of some of the outstanding facts and theories in the field of primitive society and politics. Unfortunately it is only too apparent that the piece is but a skeleton of the much more comprehensive work for the writing of which Rivers was so splendidly equipped.

What is said about the clan, for example, will barely suffice for a freshman course in anthropology, while the important subject of totemism, to which the author in other publications has contributed both critically and constructively, is scarcely touched upon. A much-needed summary of the history of social organization breaks off midway in the most

disconcerting fashion. Rivers deserves great credit for an exceedingly illuminating consideration of the difficult problem of kinship and relationship. His sketch will be more acceptable to the unprofessional reader than Lowie's discussion in "Culture and Ethnology," and it is simpler than Rivers's own "Kinship and Social Organization."

Even in so compressed a treatment more diversified illustrative data would have been welcome. Melanesian material, with which Rivers had first-hand acquaintance, is disproportionately stressed. Africa receives some attention, but America scarcely enough. Also, a couple of errors have crept in: the Haida (of Queen Charlotte Islands) not merely are divided into two moieties but have in addition numerous clans which are distributed between the two exogamous halves; and a chief among the Iroquois may never be succeeded by his son, the succession being strictly matrilineal. Yet by and large the treatise is excellent and will prove most useful.

And now a word about the really unique feature of the book. I refer to Appendix III: The Dual Organization, written by W. J. Perry, the editor—a fact which, in justice to Rivers, should have been indicated in the table of contents. This kidnapping of a competent ethnologist by a group of dogmatizing amateurs stands out as a truly pathetic episode in Rivers's career. The tale is worth the telling.

Rivers's early contributions to ethnology were marked by methodological rigor. In particular he earned recognition by introducing the so-called genealogical method, which proved most fruitful in the study of social and ceremonial organization. Thus his studies of kinship and social groupings among the Torres Straits islanders, as well as his masterful exposition of the highly complex ceremonialism of the Todas of Southern India, firmly established him in the foremost rank of English anthropologists. Later came his preoccupation with the problems of kinship and relationship systems. With these theoretical interests he undertook a field survey of certain island groups in Melanesia. Here he was confronted with a highly complex cultural situation, and in his attempt to interpret what he saw he was prompted to make most ingenious if equally hazardous use of the hypothesis of cultural diffusion, with the result that his "History of Melanesian Society" (in two volumes) stands unique in the entire domain of ethnology, not alone for its speculative acumen but also for its total futility; the entire elaborate structure is but a house of cards.

During this period Rivers became acquainted with the daring speculations of G. Elliot Smith, a famous anatomist, whose most commendable labors on ancient Egyptian skulls were suddenly succeeded by ruthless and uncritical excursions into the domain of civilization. The main elements of his theory are no longer foreign to the reading public. Civilization goes back to Egypt of the fifth dynasty. There we find the ruling family of Heliopolis, the Children of the Sun. There also throve Perry's "Archaic Civilization" with its dual organization and totemism, its agriculture and irrigation, its megalithic monuments, including the pyramids; its polished stone implements, its mining activities and pearl fisheries, its gold, its Sun worship, its mummification of the dead. From there the Children of the Sun went forth into the world, and, although their own preoccupation was with gold, pearls, and life-giving shells, civilization went along.

And Rivers capitulated. He beheld the Children of the Sun and was lost. Without ever accepting the Smith-Perry mythological epic in its entirety, he went far enough to become thoroughly perplexing to the initiated and confusing to the uninitiated.

In "Social Organization," however, Rivers wisely refrained from ultimate interpretations. Throughout, his speculative thrusts are extremely reserved. The book, in short, can be safely passed on to the young. And now, without word of warning, this sketch of The Dual Organization by Perry (incognito)! I confess that in the face of such a performance I find it difficult to preserve scientific calm. For, apart from the inherent absurdity of the entire doctrine, the inclusion of so highly speculative a theory in a book which attempts the modest task of stating in simple language what is known of primitive social organization must be characterized as nothing short of preposterous.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

More "Avowals"

Conversations in Ebury Street. By George Moore. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Pure Poetry. An Anthology. Edited by George Moore. London: The Nonesuch Press. 17s. 6d.

Wrap Me Up in My Aubusson Carpet. By John Middleton Murry. Greenberg. $1.

MR. MOORE talks and meditates upon all manner of subjects: education, a national theater, "objective" and "subjective" poetry, Balzac, Anne Brontë, the members of the New English Art Club, Baudelaire, Mr. Hardy, St. Paul's possible authorship of a passage in Acts, the engaging Monsieur Dujardin, the burning of Moore Hall, and other equally unrelated themes. The threads which bind these miscellaneous topics together are Mr. Moore's personality and his point of view. He is somewhat too willing to admit that his book was prompted by the need to make a volume to take the place of the suppressed "Impressions and Opinions" in the collected edition of his works. The book lacks any such dominant motif as that which runs so sinuously through his earlier volume of conversations, the famous "Avowals." It is an informal collection of impressions, ideas, opinions, and notions. A large portion is occupied with an attempt to do for the New English Art Club what he did in "Hail and Farewell" for the Irish Literary Movement. Several of the members—Steer, Tonks, and the rest—are portrayed in lively fashion yet with an affection which the touches of inoffensive satire do not disguise. The dialogue with Mr. Granville-Barker on the need of a national theater will interest Londoners more than Americans. Since it was written progress has, I believe, been made toward the fulfilment of that need. The concluding meditation upon the burning of Moore Hall by the Irish "rebels" is in Mr. Moore's best manner, quite worthy to rank with the last pages of the "Memoirs of My Dead Life."

Some of the opinions on literature are challenging; all are interesting. Mr. Moore has nothing new to say on Balzac, but he manages to say the old things in a new way by passing under review the minor pieces and leaving aside the great novels. The American edition of the "Conversations," by the way, reprints from "Avowals" the lecture in French on Balzac which was delivered years ago in Paris. This is not included in Heinemann's exquisite limited edition. Its inclusion in the ordinary edition results in a sad break in the harmony of the Ebury Street atmosphere. One assumes that it was reprinted by way of atonement for the miserable hash made of the French in Messrs. Boni and Liveright's edition of "Avowals." The dialogue with Mr. Freeman and Mr. De la Mare on "Pure Poetry" prompted the Nonesuch Press to invite Mr. Moore to edit an anthology containing the poems thought worthy to deserve that high and chaste adjective. For his anthology Mr. Moore wrote an introduction in which he tells of his early interest in poetry, reprints the conversation with his friends, and adds some remarks upon the objective and subjective in the arts, drawing his illustrations from the art of painting. The thesis propounded by Mr. Moore and (apparently) accepted by his interlocutors is that only "things" have in them a lasting quality, while ideas and opinions change from age to age; that therefore poetry which is concerned with the poet's own thoughts and aspirations has in it the taint of mortality; and that the only "pure" poetry is that which mirrors with absolute objectivity the external world. If that be so there is very little "pure" poetry in the world, a conclusion

which this slender anthology serves to support, for it would not be difficult to indicate "subjective" passages even in the songs of Shakespeare and Blake which are thought worthy of inclusion. The thesis does not amount to much; but the introduction is a delight and the anthology is a beautiful piece of book-making.

Not many people will agree with Mr. Moore in his whimsical laudation of the merits of Anne Brontë, whom he rates more highly than either of her sisters; or in his perverse blindness to the greatness of Baudelaire. He hints a fault and hesitates dislike of Joseph Conrad, whom, however, he refrains from treating roughly on the ground that "Mr. Conrad is our guest," a stranger in England. But he denies him "a place in English literature" for the truly astonishing reason that to win such a place a man must bring "into the language something that was not there before"; or "something latent in the language must be raised to the surface." But surely Conrad's claim rests upon the fact that he *has* brought to the surface qualities latent in the language but hitherto not apparent upon the surface. To argue with Mr. Moore is, however, fruitless; his mission is to tease, to irritate, to suggest, to inspire; neither to convince nor to be convinced.

They talk with quiet, easy dignity in Ebury Street; with something of a quaint formality that is never pompous though often a trifle self-conscious. The tone of these conversations is for the most part the most mellow, affable, and kindly to be found in any of Mr. Moore's books. The pity is the greater that he permitted himself the luxury of the attack which it contains upon Thomas Hardy. Mr. Hardy is not sacrosanct, and there is no reason why the defects in his style should not be discussed and exposed. Mr. Moore's criticism is at times acute and justified; at times exaggerated and perverse. Much of it might be answered were it worth while. But he should not have condescended to the personalities with which this discussion closes, in which he pictures Mr. Hardy as arrogating to himself a position in the hierarchy of literature in the same rank with Aeschylus and Shakespeare. The accusation is a piece of very bad interpretation of character and is in exceedingly bad taste. The best way to meet it is with a shrug of the shoulders, for it is "just Mr. Moore's way." Mr. J. Middleton Murry is, however, not so tolerant and philosophical, and he has turned upon George Moore with a venomous and vituperative fury which would scarcely be justified had Mr. Moore committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. So shrewish and ranting and fishwife-like is this attack that Mr. Murry contrives to turn all our sympathies to the object of his hysterical denunciations. One is puzzled by his sneer that Mr. Moore makes a virtue of his necessity and, having few readers, issues his books in costly limited editions. Considering that the "Conversations" is published in the ordinary way at a moderate price and that Mr. Murry's reply is in an edition limited to five hundred copies, one fails to grasp the point of this remark.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Political Science Passé

American Democracy Today and Other Essays on Politics and Government. By William Starr Myers. Princeton University Press. $1.75.

MR. MYERS was one of the personal appointees of Woodrow Wilson in his preceptorial system and in his own department at Princeton, and his political views very largely coincide with those expressed in Mr. Wilson's books, which are amply quoted and cited here. During and following the war he was one of the foremost sources of aid and encouragement to the embattled women's clubs and other organizations of this type; his "Socialism and American Ideals" (1918) was perhaps the most conspicuous academic extenuation offered to the Palmer atrocities—second only to Calvin Coolidge's "Reds in the American Colleges" as a fervid and feeling warning against the inroads of Sovietism in the land consecrated to conservatism, safety, and sanity by the tradition of Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, Franklin, Tom Paine, Hancock, and Jefferson. The present work, however, has been toned down greatly, and there is evidence that Mr. Myers no longer looks under his bed nightly for a bomb-laden emissary from Lenin or Debs.

The topics covered in the book are the trends and major problems in contemporary American democracy; constitutional changes and amendments; the function, powers, and relationships of the three departments of the federal government; the weaknesses of contemporary State governments; and the political party as the indispensable mechanism of representative government. The book represents approximately the stage of political analysis reached in Wilson's "Congressional Government"—being an account of governmental machinery and its workings with little or no attention to the basic underlying factors of an economic, social, geographical, or psychological type. There is no evidence here that the juristically immaculate department of political science at Princeton has been defiled by an intrusion of the interests represented by Beard, Bentley, Lippmann, Laski, or Wallas. Yet the work is not without value as a readable brief résumé. Among the pertinent subjects suggestively discussed are the mixture of races and cultures in America as a problem in democratic and representative government; the wide differences in mental capacity among the various members of our population, with the bearing of this on the validity and practicability of democracy; the desirability of restriction of suffrage on the basis of an intelligence and educational test; the tendency toward over-centralization in our federal system, produced as much by the incompetence and default of State government as by federal aggression; the necessity of more adequate presidential leadership in legislative matters, something which was notably forwarded by Roosevelt and especially by Wilson; the decline in the intelligence and morale of the Senate since the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment providing for direct election of senators; the irrational system of equality of State representation in the Senate; the committee system as the dominant technique of congressional government; the lack of adequate discretionary power in representatives; the necessity of a scientific budget system to check wasteful expenditures; the desirability of maintaining the independence of the federal judiciary; the burlesque of contemporary State government in the United States; and political parties as the dynamic and unifying factor in contemporary political life.

But students of political and social science would accord less unanimous approval to some of the following statements and implications. "The mere sight of the pushing, shoving crowd of human cattle (in the New York subway), for that is what they are, is enough to make any person despair of the future of this country. But a closer look at the faces and actions of these same individuals shows that they are not American and do not know what America is, or that for which it stands." "It is a well-known fact that socialism has never appealed to the rank and file of the people of the United States, Great Britain, or the self-governing commonwealths of the British Empire." "Foreigners are swamping America and American institutions. . . . Mayor Hylan was elected by Italian, Irish, German, and other foreign blocs. . . . Senator La Follette, who poses as the leader of a radical agrarian movement, draws his main personal support from a large German socialist element in Wisconsin which showed its true character during the war, and never has been really Americanized." "The way to end 'tax exempts' is completely to revise our income and other levies, and then capital automatically will flow into productive enterprise." "Even among the most extreme radical or socialist elements in British politics one seldom hears any questioning of loyalty to the Crown, or the expediency of its continuation as a part of the constitution and government. Its practical utility is established." Mr. Myers apparently would approve Washington's proposal to surround the President with regal splendor and ceremony. Imagine Calvin in gold and purple,

with crown and scepter! The Constitution of the United States is as adequate for the public control of a great industrial democracy as for the tiny agrarian republic that brought it into existence in 1787. "It is probable that reverence for the Constitution is just as important now as ever. . . . Reverence and respect for this remarkable document or form of government is well justified, and rests upon a sound basis of experience and reason." McKinley is included in the list of the seven Presidents of "outstanding power and popular influence"—Roosevelt compared him to a chocolate éclair. All proposals to meddle in any way with the present powers of the Supreme Court are severely frowned upon, even to the plan to require something beyond a bare majority in declaring significant and important legislation unconstitutional. Roosevelt's plan for a recall of judicial decisions is branded "a dangerous and destructive expedient." Few will dispute Mr. Myers's contention that appointment of judges is to be preferred to their election under modern political conditions, but he fails to call attention to the dangers in the appointive process when federal judges are selected upon the advice of an attorney general so distinguished for juristic erudition, legal acumen, broad and sympathetic grasp of social and economic principles, and objective, impersonal, and non-partisan attitude as the late Harry Micajah Daugherty. And in his analysis of parties he subscribes firmly to the Lowellian anachronism that the two-party system is the only natural and healthy basis and procedure in party government. The group system which dominates continental Europe and is making its way into England is explained on the ground of the political immaturity and incapacity of these states. But the great defect in his analysis of parties lies in his total lack of appreciation of what constitutes the rationale and basis of the emergence of parties and groups. Such information can be discovered only by consorting with Ratzenhofer, Beard, Michels, Brooks, Kales, and Wallas. In brief, the book as a whole may well be regarded as a brief epitaph to the Woodrovian era of political analysis which has run its course and is giving way to a consideration of the realities of political life.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Brandes's Goethe

Wolfgang Goethe. By Georg Brandes. Authorized translation from the Danish by Allen W. Porterfield. 2 vols. Nicholas L. Brown. $10.

IT is the aim of this monumental work to interpret Goethe "as a profoundly human and magnificent personality," as "the incarnation of humanity at its loftiest," and as the "most superbly endowed human being in general that has concerned himself with literature since the days of the Renaissance"; and, furthermore, by avoiding "rubrics" (such as "Goethe as a dramatist" or "Goethe as a lyricist") to trace all his literary output "back to the history of his soul" and thus "dissolve" it "in psychology." The author could eagerly address himself to this enterprise because Goethe represents an age in which, in contrast with our own, interest centered on "proper development of the soul in accord with its inborn ability and innate power," and because ripe understanding of his message—as is strikingly evinced by Edouard Rod's essay on Goethe in 1898—has not even yet become universal among leaders of literary criticism.

In accordance with its underlying plan the book unrolls the development of Goethe's mind as reflected in his verse and prose, in his scientific publications, in his attitude to the great social and political problems of his day, and last but not least in his relations to his contemporaries. But the author does not stop there. He skilfully interweaves critical discussions of the lyrics, novels, and dramas. He brings to his task intimate familiarity with his material and that acumen which has made of him one of the pathfinders in modern criticism. His exceptional gift for literary interpretation nowhere comes better to expression than in the discussion of "Werther," "Wilhelm Meister," and the second part of "Faust." Nowhere does profound realization of Goethe's greatness degenerate into idolatry nor criticism lapse into cavil. The most masterly chapters are perhaps those entitled Goethe and Voltaire and The Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge. The former with a few unerring strokes characterizes the two sovereigns of letters in the eighteenth century and reaches its climax in the antithesis: "Voltaire was all mind; Goethe was all nature." The latter chapter, by contrasting with Goethe on the one hand supreme artists like Rembrandt or Mozart, "whose gifts lay exclusively in an extraordinary ability to create life," and on the other scientists like Alexander von Humboldt or Darwin or a historian like Augustin Thierry, "who had great knowledge and great wisdom," who "sought and found," but who wholly lacked the ability "to create characters that live and move," comes to the conclusion that Goethe alone was "at once a fountain of life and an inexhaustible fountain of knowledge."

If in spite of its extraordinary advantages this work fails of being a truly great biography the reason lies in the fact that it falls between two stools. For the specialist will lay it down with a sense of disappointment. He will find little in it that is new. He will miss much in it that he must regard as vital—as, for instance, an adequate discussion of Goethe's letters, diaries, and conversations or of Goethe as a critic of literature or of art. He will stumble over inaccuracies such as the statement that Heinrich Meyer, Goethe's influential guide in matters of art, "could do no more than agree with him." The general reader, on the other hand, will balk at a book of a thousand pages which contains detailed reproductions of the contents of unimportant plays like "Die Geschwister," "Claudine von Villa Bella," or "Der Bürgergeneral" or of the tales in "Wilhelm Meister's Years of Travel," which goes into long discussions of the life and works of minor poets like Lenz and Klinger, and which discusses in full Duke Karl August's behavior toward Napoleon. A perusal of these pages more than ever inspires one with the feeling that the English-speaking world is entitled to a new Goethe biography representing a more modern method and doing justice to Goethe's supreme and many-sided message without lingering on what has lost its value for us. Calvin Thomas and Hume Brown failed to understand Goethe the artist; Benedetto Croce deals, though with rare brilliancy, with only a small part of Goethe's activity; while Gundolf's treatise, the most original of recent years—it still awaits translation—probably presupposes too close an intimacy with the famous German to appeal to a large English audience. Let us hope that someone will arise who will combine Mr. Brandes's rare acumen, sweep, and insight with a finer sense of selection.

The translation is fluent but lacks distinction. The reader's attention is all too frequently diverted by expressions like "which did not turn out any too well," "he had begun . . . to lave away the reality he had so loved," "he had emptied them on to the fatherland," "then he went in for Goethe with all his heart," "the scene . . . mixes program-like sensations." Moreover, the translator would have done well to introduce as footnotes renditions into English of the passages quoted in the text—a procedure which heightens the value of Mr. Ainslie's translation of Croce's "Goethe."

CAMILLO VON KLENZE

The Perfect Philologist

The Philosophy of Grammar. By Otto Jespersen. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

FEW scholars are at once as learned and as entertaining as Professor Jespersen. He is indeed the perfect philologist. Nothing that concerns language is alien to him. Bantu, Beach-la-Mar, and Chinook are not too remote, nor the dialects of his native Denmark too near, to interest him. He does not confine himself to phonetics and morphology or to syntax,

Ready in January

JOHN KEATS

AMY LOWELL

A permanent and absorbing biography, notable alike for the new light thrown on Keats's life and work, and for the insight with which its author has revealed more fully Keats's psychology as poet and man. *Lavishly illus., 2 vols.*, $12.50

SONGS AND SONNETS OF PIERRE DE RONSARD

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

These translations, published some twenty years ago in a limited edition, closely reproduce the exquisite and varied lines of the original. His book is, we believe, the only volume of translations in English that has been published. $2.00

THE LITTLE BOOK OF MODERN BRITISH VERSE

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

A delightful collection of two hundred and twenty-nine poems, from the works of one hundred and six poets since Henley that will be a joy as well as a convenience to every poetry lover. $2.00; leather, $2.75

UNDER DISPUTE

AGNES REPPLIER

"Well may this book bear the imprint of the most letters-loving house in America, so choice are its contents, so saturated with appreciation and comprehension of all literature."—*Milwaukee Telegram.* $2.00

AFRICAN CLEARINGS

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

"The book is more than a travelogue of a strange land and people—it is a human document."—*Brooklyn Eagle.* $2.50

MODERN FRENCH MUSIC

EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL

"The most comprehensive and authoritative survey of the subject thus far published."—*New York Review.* *Illus.* $4.00

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT

SIR WILLIAM FLINDERS PETRIE

"Mr. Petrie writes with the firm hand of the scholar. . . . The result is a volume which is both interesting and instructive."—*New York Post.* *Illus.* $2.00

Good Gift Books

FROM

HOUGHTON M

WOODRO

WILLIA

Here is a biography that reads like a no truth, such clarity, and such abounding interest he would the most thrilling novel of adventure. of Woodrow Wilson as man and as President. M widely read and talked of biographies of recent

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

FREDERIC L. PAXSON

The first complete history of the American frontier telling whole thrilling story of the conquest of the wilderness. *With maps.* $

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN MUIR

WILLIAM BADE

A definitive biography of the great American naturalist will rank with Muir's own "Story of My Boyhood and Yo for its vividness and absorbing interest. *Illus., 2 vols.* $

THE SOUL OF SAMUEL PEP

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

"The most delightful purely literary piece of work and most interesting analysis of characters that has been place the book market in twenty years."—*Hon. John Sharp Will* *Illus.* $

IMPRESSIONS

HAV

The third, final, and most brilliant volun whom Mr. H. L. Mencken has called "the mo of the thoughts collected in this volume will giv Life." For a gift of permanent value, a gift t recommend this new book.

"Nation" Readers

T OF

LIN COMPANY

WILSON

WHITE

e story of a complex personality told with such ader will sit up to finish it with as much zest as me for a thorough, frank and impartial appraisal as made it in a book that will be one of the most
Illus. $5.00

HE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON

As fair, as engaging, as deeply stimulating a biography as has published for a long time."—*Providence Journal.* Edited Martha Dickinson Bianchi. *Illus.* $4.00

RANCIS WILSON'S LIFE OF HIMSELF

A great comedian describes his long and distinguished career, es his pages with choice new stories of many celebrities, and ws himself to be as entertaining on the printed page as across footlights. *Illus.* $5.00

WANDERINGS THROUGH NCIENT ROMAN CHURCHES

RODOLFO LANCIANI

A study of the most ancient and interesting of Roman churches the author of "Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome," "The lden Days of the Renaissance in Rome," etc. *Illus.* $7.50

D COMMENTS

LLIS

ournals of the author of "The Dance of Life," of living Englishmen." The sanity and wisdom e on the booklover's shelf beside "The Dance of den horizons and chart the way to a richer life we
$3.00

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Critics and readers of three countries proclaim this absorbing novel the book of the year. A Christmas gift of distinction that will give pleasure to readers of every taste.
$2.00

THE FALL OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

HENDRICK WILLEM VAN LOON

"Mr. Van Loon has illuminated an exceedingly interesting period in the life of a remarkable nation."—*Boston Transcript. New Edition, with illustrations by the author.*
$5.00

THE SPIRIT OF THE REVOLUTION

JOHN C. FITZPATRICK

A decidedly readable and minute study of many little-known aspects of our Revolutionary War, giving an intimate view of the life of the period and of the conduct of the war. *Illus.* $4.00

BENJAMIN CONSTANT

ELIZABETH SCHERMERHORN

"A most admirable essay in biography, at once edifying and amusing, sympathetic and unsentimental. It contains enough good character drawing to make half a dozen novels."—*New York Herald-Tribune.* $5.00

TORQUEMADA

RAFAEL SABATINI

First published ten years ago, this thrilling biography was immediately recognized as the authoritative book on the creator of the Spanish Inquisition. *Illus.* $2.50

PARTY BATTLES OF THE JACKSON PERIOD

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

"Mr. Bowers has wrought in masterly fashion . . . a book which is as fascinating as a novel of Dumas."—*Former Senator Beveridge. New Popular Edition.* $2.00

THE PIPER, a periodical devoted to books and their authors, will be mailed free on application to Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston. Send now for the special Children's and Holiday issues.

but studies every aspect of his subject. He unites the wide range of the comparativist with the minute knowledge of the specialist. The foremost authority on the English language, he has also written about the musical tones in Chinese and has contributed much to general linguistic theory. He has even turned historian of his science and written appreciatively of his predecessors. Yet erudition is not his most salient characteristic. Other philologists carry in their holds a cargo as vast and various as Professor Jespersen's, but they do not carry it with such ease and grace. In him the scholar has not submerged the thinker; his knowledge of other men's ideas has not frightened him out of his own. He has not only learning but imagination, energy, humor, originality. A master of the footnote and the filing cabinet, he yet writes a lucid and vivacious English, and his books fizz with ideas.

His latest work, the "Philosophy of Grammar," is no exception. In it he reviews the usual practices of grammarians, presents his own views, and illustrates them with an abundance of quotations drawn from a number of languages, but chiefly from English. His main purpose is to discover the principles underlying the grammar of all languages, and thus to lay a solid foundation for the grammatical study of any language. In practice, however, he limits himself pretty strictly to the Indo-European group, to the great comfort of most readers, who would not care to follow him much farther afield. The book is, therefore, both prolegomena to his own "Modern English Grammar," which is already a philological classic, although only two volumes have so far been published, and a general introduction to the study of syntax.

For the traditional scheme of grammar Professor Jespersen has little respect. According to that scheme, which is of course variously modified by grammarians, the subject is treated in two main divisions, and the two are kept as much apart as possible. The first division, morphology, classifies words under the parts of speech and exhibits the flexional forms in paradigms. Word-formation, carefully distinguished from inflexion, is handled by itself. The second main division, syntax, groups the forms together under the syntactical categories of person, number, gender, case, comparison, mood, voice, tense, and the many sub-classifications, and then proceeds to explain how sentences are put together. The treatment is thus largely formal; relatively little is said about the meaning expressed by the forms and constructions, and that little is sometimes vague, misleading, or otherwise unsatisfactory. Although such a system will serve for the grammar of one's native language or of languages belonging to the same family, it is inadequate as a scientific exposition of linguistic structure and is even of little practical value in the case of a language of totally different structure. The great German philologist, Georg von der Gabelentz, seems to have been the first to attempt something better, and in his "Chinesische Grammatik" he treated syntax both from the standpoint of form and from that of meaning.

To von der Gabelentz Professor Jespersen is indebted for the basic idea from which he elaborates his own thoroughly original system. In that system he retains the terms "morphology" and "syntax," but uses them in a sense different from the one generally understood. The two divisions of grammar, in his scheme, treat the same grammatical facts, but morphology approaches them from the side of form and syntax from the side of function and meaning. His morphology, therefore, includes not only the flexional forms but also word-formation and the order of words in sentences. The arrangement is according to formal characteristics; the different ways of making the plurals of nouns, for example, are treated not together but under the different phonetic devices employed. In the syntax, on the other hand, the forms of the language are grouped together under the syntactical categories—all the different means of forming plurals, for instance, being brought under the syntactical category of number—and it then becomes the chief business of syntax to explain how the categories express meaning—how ideas are run into grammatical molds.

So much for the general outline of his system. To fill in that outline—to discover the scope, uses, and meanings of the syntactical categories—calls for the greatest shrewdness, observation, and feeling for language. The bulk of Professor Jespersen's book is devoted to an examination of those notional categories that are expressed in the structure of the chief European languages and to tracing their curiously complex relations to syntactic phenomena. No short review can do justice to the insight and erudition displayed in every chapter, but even a short review must call attention to Professor Jespersen's distinction of the three syntactic ranks and to his masterly discussion of negation, the meaning of proper names, the difference between substantive and adjective, and the various kinds of nexus. Such work shows Professor Jespersen at his best, bringing vast learning, clear intelligence, and deep insight to the great task of understanding the ways of language.

GEORGE GENZMER

Eugene Field

Eugene Field's Creative Years. By Charles H. Dennis. Doubleday, Page and Company. $4.

IF Chicago, as Mr. Mencken professes to believe, has become an important literary center, and if a vital literature is, as some others maintain, the child of the daily press, then few newspapers have done more for the cause of Western letters than the Chicago *Daily News*. It has brought out any number of well-known talents. It introduced an Ade. It remembers, though with qualified satisfaction, a Hecht. It employs a Sandburg. Yet its earliest and greatest boast remains a Field; and now we find Field suitably commemorated by the managing editor who has made so many other careers possible.

Mr. Dennis was at the helm of the *News* during some of Field's most productive years, and he writes out of a fulness of knowledge. There is little doubt that he often found his distinguished contributor a handful. Field was not to be treated simply as an employee: he had to be handled otherwise than as poet and paragrapher. He was to be considered as the head of a household, with erratic notions of finance; as a rabid bibliophile who was likely to wander into any eccentricity or excess; as an indefatigable copy-spinner whose discretion could not always be depended upon. His quick hand thrust itself out and drew back anything within range. An eminent librarian made a precious target; a group of friends among the clergy put him on his mettle; any notable literary visitor from the East became a shining mark; and his daily associates, along with his suburban friends and neighbors, lived in constant apprehension of what might be coming next. Such were some of the dribbling streams that contributed to the ceaseless flow of a free and varied invention. Over all this impish laboriousness hovered the blue pencil, in the hands of Field's present biographer; and the pencil was constantly asking itself: "How little *may* I do? How much *must* I do?" Field's natural tendency was to josh, to play the wag, to indulge in airy personalities, to fasten impertinent fabrications upon innocent bystanders. His jocularities, his waggishness, his practical jokes and wanton wiles are often grouped by Mr. Dennis under the single broad head of "merriment"—a decorous word, yet somehow cold and hollow; for Field's activities, even when somewhat trying, usually possessed the warmth and momentum of a genuine human impact.

Did this last attitude extend to childhood? Field still reigns in nursery and schoolroom by virtue of Little Boy Blue and other effusions; the point, therefore, becomes important. Mr. Dennis finds it so, and gives it a whole chapter. Doubt has been widespread; and Field's own declaration that he did not like all children has received due, perhaps undue, emphasis. Other biographers of Field have brought adverse testimony; but his present one is fully of the faith. He believes that while

SCRIBNER HOLIDAY BOOKS—A VARIED LIST

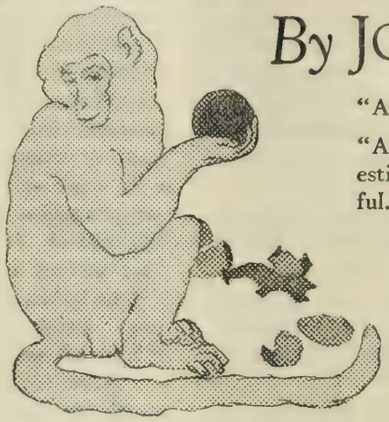
The Big Novel of the Christmas Season

The White Monkey

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

"What makes a story so good that you want to tell your friends about it right away? . . . Something positive and admirable comes out of 'The White Monkey,' something that gives the reader the satisfaction of 'a good book.'"
—HARRY HANSEN in the *Chicago Daily News.*

"I like 'The White Monkey' unreservedly. It's my notion of a novel for anybody and everybody. It is a good story, an excellent story, easy to read and . . . worth reading."
—FANNY BUTCHER in the *Chicago Tribune.*



"A delightful novel."—*New York Tribune.*

"A fascinating story, exquisitely done, engaging, interesting, and, as is usual with Mr. Galsworthy, thoughtful."
—*New York Evening Post.*

"The White Monkey" is Mr. Galsworthy's first novel in three years. A book which is being read and discussed throughout the English-speaking world, it is hard to conceive of a novel which would be more acceptable as a gift. $2.00

Also for Your Christmas List—The Novel of the Billionaire Era

THE NEEDLE'S EYE — By ARTHUR TRAIN

A prominent critic says: "He has taken the rich material furnished by the families of J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller (chiefly) and has welded all that is most characteristic in a harmonious whole—the Grahams of New York. . . . These Grahams of 'The Needle's Eye' are a gorgeous collection, and one can no more leave them after making first acquaintance than one can refrain from reading his morning newspaper. . . . Great stuff, Mr. Train!" $2.00

Select Your Christmas Non-Fiction from This List

MEMOIRS OF AN EDITOR. *By E. P. Mitchell.* The season's most entertaining memoirs. $4.50
LETTERS FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO ANNA ROOSEVELT COWLES, 1870–1918 $2.50
IMPRESSIONS OF GREAT NATURALISTS. *By Henry Fairfield Osborn. With portraits* $2.50
SIX DAYS OF THE WEEK. *By Henry van Dyke.* An admirable gift book. *Cloth,* $2.00; *leather,* $3.00
THE FAITH OF A LIBERAL. *By Nicholas Murray Butler.* Liberal view-points of to-day. $2.50
A POPULAR HISTORY OF AMERICAN INVENTION. *Edited by Waldemar Kaempffert.* 2 vols. $10.00
RACIAL REALITIES IN EUROPE. *By Lothrop Stoddard.* A fascinating study. *With maps.* $3.00
THE CHARACTER OF RACES. *By Ellsworth Huntington.* The influence of environment. $5.00
GREATER FRANCE IN AFRICA. *By Prof. Wm. M. Sloane. Profusely illustrated.* $3.00
DOGS AND MEN. *By Mary Ansell.* The famous Nana of "Peter Pan" was one of Mary Ansell's dogs. $1.50
THE DIARY OF A DUDE-WRANGLER. *By Struthers Burt.* A delightful personal narrative $3.00
COWBOYS, NORTH AND SOUTH. *By Will James.* A man's book—be sure to see it. *With drawings.* $3.50
AS I LIKE IT: SECOND SERIES. *By Wm. Lyon Phelps.* These papers are an unfailing delight. $2.00
THE GENIUS OF STYLE. *By W. C. Brownell.* The distinguished critic's only book in recent years. $2.00
POINTS OF VIEW. *By Stuart P. Sherman.* For your Christmas list, Mr. Sherman's most delightful book. $2.00
MARY ROSE. *By Sir James Barrie.* One of the most delightful Barrie plays. *Boards,* $1.00; *leather,* $1.75
SIX PLAYS. *By Rachel Lyman Field.* These are ideal for amateur production. $1.50
THE NATURE, PRACTICE, AND HISTORY OF ART. *By H. Van Buren Magonigle.* $2.50
BEAUTIFUL GARDENS IN AMERICA. *By Louise Shelton.* A beautifully illustrated book. $10.00
GARDENS: A NOTEBOOK OF PLANS AND SKETCHES. *By J. C. N. Forestier. Profusely illustrated.* $12.00

For Young Readers

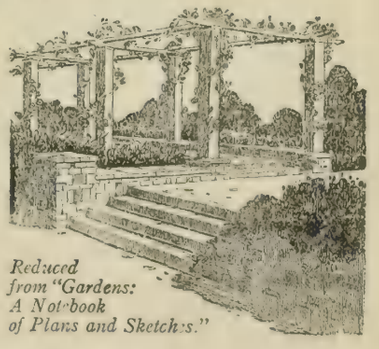
TALES FROM NATURE'S WONDERLANDS. *By W. T. Hornaday.* Fascinating natural history. $2.50
YOURSELF AND YOUR BODY. *By Wilfred T. Grenfell.* The famous Labrador doctor talks to boys and girls. *Illustrated.* $2.50

Stevenson's DAVID BALFOUR, with beautiful full-color illustrations by N. C. Wyeth, is the new Scribner illustrated classic for younger readers. The 29 books in this series have been reduced in price—it's now the

SCRIBNER $2.50 SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED CLASSICS FOR YOUNGER READERS

The Complete List

Robert Louis Stevenson's *David Balfour, The Black Arrow, A Child's Garden of Verses, Kidnapped, Treasure Island;* Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans;* Eugene Field's *Poems of Childhood;* Jane Porter's *The Scottish Chiefs;* Kingsley's *Westward Ho;* Sidney Lanier's *The Boy's King Arthur; Poems of American Patriotism; Arabian Nights;* Grimm's *Fairy Tales;* Jules Verne's *The Mysterious Island;* Scott's *Quentin Durward;* Frances Hodgson Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy, A Little Princess;* Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows;* J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan and Wendy, Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, Peter and Wendy;* Noah Brooks's *The Boy Emigrants;* Mary Mapes Dodge's *Hans Brinker;* Louis Dodge's *Everychild, The Sandman's Mountain, The Sandman's Forest;* F. B. Linderman's *Indian Old-Man Stories, How It Came About Stories, Indian Why Stories.*



Reduced from "Gardens: A Notebook of Plans and Sketches."

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK

Field "studied" children ("experimented" might seem the better word to Messrs. Thompson and Stone) "with the purpose of expressing their ways and their emotions in his poems and stories," yet he "studied them sympathetically and, as a rule, with tenderness." And Mr. Dennis cites his own offspring as beneficiaries of Field's good-will. Perhaps the continuing vogue in the schoolroom and at the bedtime hour constitutes the decisive argument.

The book, concentrating on Field's best years, is topical rather than chronological. Field as the up-to-date translator of Horace, as the insatiable collector, as the celebrant of Christmas, and as the enemy of "veritism" receives due attention. All the same, he is decisively put in his own milieu and his own day; and these pages, as a record of literary Chicago in the eighties, may come to have a permanent value. They depict a rather uncouth yet aspiring society on its way to something better; and it is the author's pleasing fancy to represent Field as a *censor morum* who corrected by laughter: what other formula, indeed, for the disconcerted pork-packers and "Culture's Garland"? However, *quis custodiet?* Field, by heritage and by early environment, was a blend of East and West, of Massachusetts and Missouri; often these two influences ran side by side and produced an effect which was, at the very least, disconcerting. Perhaps it is but fair to say that Field himself needed discipline as much as did the community with which he cast his lot.

Mr. Dennis's book is large, full, well-organized, and carried on with a fine tactfulness. It has copious excerpts from Field's varied writings, and a complete and serviceable index. The only objection is that it comes too late—it is at least a quarter of a century behindhand. However, a busy man must find his opportunity when he can, and Mr. Dennis is perhaps justified in leaving his biggest job for his last.

HENRY B. FULLER

Mussolini Pro and Con

The Awakening of Italy: The Fascista Regeneration. By Luigi Villari. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

WE have no right as yet to expect an unbiased history of Fascism in Italy. If the writer be enough of an Italian to command all the facts, he will inevitably find his sympathies too much involved for cool judgment. Villari has apparently breathed in the smoke of battle these last years and is somewhat too honest to pretend disinterestedness. To him Mussolini is the savior of Italy, while Nitti was its evil genius. But the book is not to be cast aside because of its bias. If the reader will use it as an account of what has actually happened, suppressing now and then the names of the hero and villain of the piece (who, after all, were to a very striking degree the spokesmen of inevitable post-bellum reactions), he will come out with a fairly accurate story. And Villari has so candidly betrayed his sympathies for bourgeois normalcy that the proper deductions can always be made.

To a mere outsider who watched the fray from a balcony above the Seven Hills it seems that both men served their generation fairly well. When Italy was tobogganing downward after the war to find her economic level—a necessary process—she required most of all a resilient shock-absorber, and Nitti provided just that. On the rebound Italy needed force vigorously applied in the right direction. Mussolini was there at the proper moment, preferring, however, to use quantities of TNT where some of us think that a steady steam engine might have sufficed. But Italy has made the grade, notwithstanding the fact that she has been a bit rattled by the unsteady motion. It was a steep grade too, and the reader who follows Villari's honest catalogue of accomplishments in the latter half of the volume can readily forgive him for his enthusiasm. There is something very appealing in Mussolini's romantic faith in youth, his devotion to clean public service, his power to inspire disinterested work, his hatred of malingering and graft in public office. The list of his amazingly rapid reforms in breaking an outworn and futile bureaucracy, reconstructing the judicial system, cleaning the barnacles from the educational system, lopping off expensive sinecures, adjusting the tariffs and taxes to some semblance of fair incidence, and ridding the departments of ancient forms of graft is soberly enough set down by Villari and justifies in great measure his thesis.

It is in its silences and apologies that the book is least satisfying. The quixotic "march on Rome," saved from incalculable consequences by the King's wise intervention, is treated too casually. As for the Fascist militia, formed to protect the revolutionary government, Villari offers this judgment of cerulean innocence: "In order to replace the disbanded Guardia Regia without great expenditures and avoiding the employment of troops for the maintenance of order, Mussolini conceived the idea of creating a force of volunteer militia composed of Fascisti to assist the police when necessary"—a sentence that would find its proper setting in *Punch*. The brief paragraph on the Corfu affair is almost as delightfully naive. The praise Villari accords the government for breaking the labor unions and enticing the individual workmen by promises of jobs to betray their organizations is, to say the least, premature. Italy will eventually have to pay for this wholesale jettison of self-respect on the part of a million laborers.

Moreover, since the author is writing for foreigners, he might well have admitted that the peculiar Italian traits which reveal themselves so constantly in a florid self-confidence and a disintegrating individualism have at times forced Mussolini to adopt unparliamentary methods. In Italy, where there is little social cohesion, seldom an effort to comprehend a neighbor's point of view, and a very tenuous spirit of compromise, it is as yet too much to expect that democratic government will suffice for every crisis. We cannot forget that the present constitution is young, adopted—from a desire to be up to date—at a time when Italy was a patchwork of a dozen jealous states and when the majority of its citizens were still illiterate. Such considerations, which Villari would perhaps find less pleasure in recording, go far toward justifying a temporary dictatorship and an ingenious method of securing a workable legislative bloc by counting in a two-thirds majority of deputies to the credit of the party that gains a plurality of the votes at an election.

Finally it must be said that the first half of the volume, with its sharp criticism of previous governments, is far from satisfactory. It is quite likely that history will blame Nitti not so much for yielding what he did to urban labor as for not yielding more to the farm tenantry. Had he followed Rumania's example, the absentee landlord system, which, in its social and political consequences, is Italy's greatest curse, might then have been broken.

TENNEY FRANK

Chekhov Revealed

Letters on the Short Story, the Drama, and Other Literary Topics. By Anton Chekhov. Selected and edited by Louis S. Friedland. Minton, Balch and Company. $4.

THOSE who seek to know the great figures of Russian literature will consider the letters and diary of Chekhov more important than the subjective writing of any of his compatriots. For other Russian authors have revealed in their creative work—often too readily and too obtrusively—the attitudes and appetites, convictions and characteristics which distinguished them from other men. Chekhov scrupulously refrained from expressing his opinions and his desires in the drama and fiction he wrote. Complete objectivity was the ideal of his art, a goal which he fully achieved. It is therefore necessary to peer into his more intimate pages for some idea of his character and quality.

When writing to those friends who aided and inspired him,

Is it to be a book?

Here is a beautiful Christmas List to choose from

Biography, History and Politics

☐ **A Gallery.** **By Philip Guedalla.** Sketches of noted contemporaries. $2.50

☐ **Supers and Supermen.** **By Philip Guedalla.** Pen portraits of interesting moderns and historicals. $2.50

☐ **The Secret of the Coup d'Etat.** Edited by the **Earl of Kerry.** Unpublished correspondence dealing with the Second Empire of France. $3.50

☐ **Marie Antoinette.** **By Hilaire Belloc.** The beautiful queen is presented as an instrument of destiny. Illustrated. $5.00

☐ **The Life and Times of Cleopatra.** **By Arthur Weigall.** A biography of the queen as a woman, a wife, mother and lover. Illustrated. $5.00

☐ **The River of Life.** **By J. St. Loe Strachey.** The editor of the "Spectator" records his experiences and thoughts. $5.00

☐ **The Windows of Westminster.** **By the Gentleman with a Duster.** A fearless dissection of British Tories today. $2.50

☐ **Those Europeans.** **By Sisley Huddleston.** Politics and politicians in post-war Europe by an eminent journalist. $2.50

Travel

☐ **Galapagos: World's End.** **By William Beebe.** The distinguished naturalist gives an account of his expedition. Gorgeously illustrated. $9.00

☐ **Voyaging: Southward from the Strait of Magellan.** **By Rockwell Kent.** With pen and picture the well-known American artist tells the story of his voyage. $7.50

☐ **The Sea Gypsy.** **By Edward Salisbury and Merrian C. Cooper.** A thrilling adventure round the world in a small sailing vessel. Richly illustrated. $3.50

☐ **In the Land of the Laughing Buddha.** **By Upton Close.** China in its present political upheaval. $3.50

Belles Lettres

☐ **Enchanted Aisles.** **By Alexander Woollcott.** Delightful essays on letters and the theatre. $2.50

☐ **The Golden Flower.** **By Arthur, Count Gobineau.** Translated by Ben Ray Redman. A companion piece to "The Renaissance." $2.50

☐ **The Fabulous Forties.** **By Meade Minnigerode.** New York and America in "the awkward age." Illustrated. $3.50

☐ **Sitting on the World.** **By Heywood Broun.** The well-known columnist's impressions of life, letters and politics. $2.00

Fiction

☐ **The Colour of Youth.** **By V. M. Friedlaender.** A distinctive tale of sensitive, inarticulate youth. $2.00

☐ **The Golden Bed.** **By Wallace Irwin.** A gorgeous love story of a Southern beauty and a "poor white." $2.00

☐ **The King of Elfland's Daughter.** **By Lord Dunsany.** A super-fairy tale of elves, magic and a quaint village of long ago. $2.00

☐ **Georgian Short Stories of 1924.** A distinguished collection of fiction by fourteen leading British writers. $2.50

Check this list and take it to any bookseller or

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS **2 West 45th Street** **NEW YORK**

Chekhov dismissed all reticence and uncovered his soul. Here, and here only, has he declared himself the liberal and humanitarian, here the artist bemoaning a fate that forced him into journalism, here the Micawber with his everlasting embarrassments of a pecuniary nature, the literary oracle, honest yet kind, and the critic of Russian life and Slavic temperament. Hence the title of this volume is a bit misleading. It may give the impression that the book is a manual of rules and suggestions on authorship. And though there is sufficient consideration and criticism of literary media in the letters to justify the claim that the volume may be an aid to writing, the substance of these epistles is autobiography.

"And I must write and write and hurry to the post office, since, for me, not to write means living in debt and worry. . . . Not for one moment does the thought leave me that I must, that I am obliged to write. To write, and write, and write. I am of the opinion that inner happiness is impossible without idleness. My ideal: to be idle and love a fat girl. For me the greatest delight is to walk, or to sit and do nothing; my favorite occupation—to collect what is not needed (papers, bits of straw, etc.), and to do useless things. Meanwhile I am a litterateur, and must write, even here in Yalta. . . . I am disgusted with writing and I do not know what to do. I'd take up medicine with pleasure; I would look for a post, but I haven't the physical flexibility. When I write, or think about writing, I experience an aversion—as if I were eating sour-cabbage soup from which a roach had been removed—forgive the comparison. It is not writing itself toward which I feel this aversion—it is really toward the literary 'entourage' which one cannot escape, and which one always carries along as the earth carries its atmosphere."

These quotations are chosen from letters extending over a period of five years, that is, from 1893 to 1898. In 1887, when he had just arrived, Chekhov wrote ironically: "I may boast that my business is better than Loboda's. I, brother, have become a merchant. I sell articles, plays, books, and medical advice. I'll get no less than 1,000 rubles for the play; the other day I sold to a certain publisher fifteen old stories that were lying about and that had already appeared in print—for 150 rubles. Sold for one edition only. And so on. In a word, business is lively." The fullest expression of Chekhov's irked and bilked spirit is to be found in the satiric sketch "In Moscow," which Mr. Friedland has wisely included in this biographical material. The maladjustment between man and humanity and the complexity of living always oppressed Chekhov, though he saw and laughed at all of that three-ringed circus of life: the quirks of the gods, the antics of men, and the solemnity of circumstances.

Only slightly less important than the revelation of his own character is Chekhov's explanation of his created characters, especially of those whom the critics and the public misunderstood. In discussing Ivanov, the hero of a play of that name, Chekhov generalizes on the nature of a Russian gentleman. His reflections on the Slavic temperament and his comparisons with the Germans and French, though condensed into half a dozen pages, are equaled only by the observation of Herzen for penetrating analysis and indictment of Russian society. They clarify not merely Ivanov but also Turgenev's Rudin, Tolstoi's Nekhludov, and the salient Russians of one's own acquaintance.

As the quotations indicate, Mr. Friedland's translation is simple and satisfactory. Though the literal rendition occasionally makes for awkward passages like "that it is already a week since I have been tortured by ceaseless palpitations of the heart," it carries the tang of Chekhov's unpretentious yet neat and effective style. In his thoughtful introduction the editor summarizes successfully Chekhov's attitude toward the art of writing, but he overemphasizes the service that the master may render to students of literary technique. The craft of the litterateur was always an incidental consideration with Chekhov.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Mature Youth

The Apple of the Eye. By Glenway Westcott. Dial Publishing Company. $2.50.

THE literature of locality is prevalent just now in America, and therefore Mr. Westcott's book is announced as the story of "a little-known countryside of southern Wisconsin." The setting is painted beautifully and truthfully, but "The Apple of the Eye" is, as a first novel is apt to be, chiefly a presentation of a young man's philosophy and experience of life, with an autobiographical flavor.

This novel, in impulse and method, inclines rather toward poetry than toward that vital concern with character which Arnold Bennett names as the basis of pure fiction. The sureness of the characterizations seems to rest upon thoughtful consideration and not so much upon that minute and intuitive understanding of people as people that usually marks the born writer of fiction. The characters are human qualities—purity, chastity, sensuous joy, the primitive—rather than human beings. But what the book lacks in the sense of intense intimacy and of a deep human relish for the spectacle of life it perhaps gains in a poetic simplicity of conception.

There is no particular value in restating its philosophy, which is set forth very definitely in the book itself. Philosophies and conclusions cannot make art, although they can mar it. There are other, personal qualities which give Mr. Westcott's book a very marked distinction—an exceptional sense of form and balance, poetic insight, and a kind of fine adequacy in form, characterization, speech, incident, style that is like the satisfying competency of technique which one feels in certain musicians.

The whole book shows this perception of aesthetic form, as every separate sentence shows it. It is very nearly faultless in technique—faultless rather than perfect, because the feeling of perfection is more intense and goes beyond this. The book is divided with a beautiful coherence. The first part, the primitive story of Bad Han, is quite complete and at the same time forms a legend for the rest of the book. The second part tells, as it stands, the brief tragedy of the coming together of puritan and pagan; but it, too, is drawn into the whole by its influence in the development of young Dan Strane's comprehension of life. The third part coordinates the other two. There is a balanced comprehension of both the puritan and pagan impulses, very rare in American fiction up to this time but exactly due. Beside the excesses of many recent novels this has the maturity of a thoughtful and deeply feeling boy, watching his elders, weighing and pondering, then quietly and resolutely taking his own way among the materials of his choice.

The preoccupation with form exacts its penalty, however, in a certain static quality. Each sentence, each paragraph and part is so careful, so complete that it tends to halt the movement instead of becoming an integral part of it. There are a few very fine scenes which move of their own accord, inevitably, and irresistibly. The most beautiful is the sheep-shearing scene in the chapter called A Puritan Idyll. And there is, too, a certain remoteness or isolation in the quality of the author's vision which often gives the effect of someone standing a little too much apart and seeing with a distinct but at times unrelated view; so that we get, not quite so much a vivid participation in the thing itself as a fine and truthful but rather too personal vision of it.

There is little of the haziness, unevenness, and panicky loss of direction of an immature novel. And yet, for all its simplification, the book has behind it far too strong and aesthetic impulse and feeling to produce the journalistic patness and obviousness of a thesis novel. Only twice, I think, does a certain immaturity betray itself: first, in the story of Rosalia, which has too much of a poetic Ophelia touch about the pretty madness and which does get off the basis of reality to which

OF ESPECIAL INTEREST TO *NATION* READERS:

OUR CHANGING MORALITY

By Bertrand Russell, Floyd Dell, Ludwig Lewisohn, etc.

"THE subject of sex has been treated in this generation with a strange, rather panic-stricken lack of balance. . . . A few courageous, matter-of-fact glances into the depths have been embodied in this volume."—*From the Introduction by Freda Kirchwey.*

The problems of the younger generation have been more or less toyed with for some time, but in this symposium, which appeared in *The Nation,* many of the best known serious writers of our day discuss these questions from every angle. $2.50 net

BEGGARS OF LIFE

[A Hobo Autobiography]

By Jim Tully

H. L. MENCKEN says, "This is the best book of its kind I have ever encountered. Thirty-one strange chapters, and all of them good." $3.00 net

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI, INC., 39 W. 8th Street, NEW YORK

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S

The Flower Beneath the Foot

By RONALD FIRBANK

Who Wrote "Prancing Nigger"

The pathetic history of St. Laura de Nazianzi and the times in which she lived.

"One of the most curious phenomena that grace . . . the present literary sky of England is, beyond all doubt, Ronald Firbank. . . . Few, if any, English-speaking writers have filled the part of the *enfant terrible* with such grace and gusto."—Edwin Bjorkman in the New York Evening Post. $2.00

The Natural Man

By PATRICK MILLER

The novel which won this year's Grant Richards prize for literary merit, THE NATURAL MAN is, strangely enough, a straight war book. Unclothed by sentiment or mock heroics, it tells the story of the born soldier. As a refutation to war novels of the Dos Passos, Cummings, Stallings type, it commands your attention. $2.00

At All Bookstores

BRENTANO'S :: PUBLISHERS

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S

Sherwood Anderson

writes:

Dear Calverton:

It would be absurd of me to make any criticism at all of your article. I wonder why you thought I might not like it. It is one of the few things I have read that has something to say.

May I keep the copy I have or will you want it returned? The essay is remarkably fine.

Sincerely,

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

of

SHERWOOD ANDERSON:

A Study in Sociological Criticism

By V. F. Calverton

The Giant (a story), Leonid Andreyev
A Modern Analysis of Historical Theory, Haim Kantorovitch

are other articles in the Fall issue of

THE MODERN QUARTERLY

318-20 Exeter Street Baltimore, Md.

35 cents a copy. $1.00 a year.

Name .....

Address .....

most of the story holds so firmly; and again at the end—the intellectual test of any novel—which turns to autobiography and spoils the illusion of a thing complete in itself. Like his own Dan Strane the author cannot quite make a legend of his own short life—cannot hold these things away from him but must relate them too closely to his own personal existence. Thus the vision underlying the book is not quite equal to its fine execution. But it is a beautiful book, individual if not strongly original at bottom.

RUTH SUCKOW

The Great Sorcerer

Wagner as Man and Artist. By Ernest Newman. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE first American appearance of Mr. Newman's "Wagner" should be an occasion for public rejoicing. Musical criticism is so often no more than a display of pedantic dulness, or personal caprice, or simply bad temper that one welcomes with delight the exercise of an intelligence as incorruptible as it is certainly not pea-green. There is nothing ponderous about Mr. Newman's learning, and nothing spiteful or ignorant about his wit. His first book on Wagner came after the permanent proof and establishment of the great sorcerer's genius, and therefore he is not one of those whose unremitting crusades brought first light to the darkness of the barbarians. Yet he was one of the first to write a full study of Wagner in English, and he is one of the last to give the shining distinction of wisdom and learning to the unraveling of a personality whose art reshaped the texture of music, roused the diligent wrath of schoolmen, and even now afflicts the chambered elegance of those who like to talk about "pure" music.

When Mr. Newman considers Wagner the man and Wagner the artist he is, of course, doing two almost separated tasks. The time has gone by when a great-hearted critic like Ruskin can affirm that the beauty of art springs from the beauty of the artist's character. In his own life Wagner presented a discreditable series of years filled with egotism, greed, meanness, pettiness, and vanity. In music, and for that matter in any kind of art, perhaps no one else has created a world so colored with loveliness and splendor and haunting enchantment. Mr. Newman does not indulge himself with moral judgments about Wagner's disingenuous conduct and his almost monstrous egotism. It would be too much like lecturing the ocean. Wagner was what he was by the very force of his temperament. The world did not treat him kindly, or welcome his slow-maturing colossal genius with anything like enthusiasm. The world was too busy admiring Meyerbeer's operas, immense and impressive like gigantic earthworms. It had no time for a new heaven peopled with gods and heroes and incomparable seraphim. Wagner's years of almost incredible privation and disappointment in Paris would have planted weeds of rank bitterness in the heart of the most self-denying, and self-denial is not a desirable virtue in one who, like Siegfried rather than like Parsifal, was to dispossess the old order that a magic rainbow might be flung to the cloud turrets of Valhalla.

In his first study Mr. Newman explained the difficult business of Wagner's "ideas" about music drama and even then indicated that the ideas do not matter. Wagner was wiser than his metaphysics and more enduring than his theories. Mr. Newman leaves for lesser critics the pain of being bothered by Wagner's determination to paint in music the dazzle of magic fire and the bleak upland of a mountain dawn rather than the geometrics of a spun pattern. Taking his own great learning almost for granted, Mr. Newman first disentangles the thick mesh of "Mein Leben" (an invaluable and often misleading document) so that he may proceed to the Artist in Theory and the Artist in Practice. Informed with a culture of old music no less genuine than his understanding of new music, Mr. Newman traces the long course of Wagner's development from the early Italianism of "Lohengrin" and "Tann-

McBRIDE BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

A new book by the greatest Living Romantic Writer
JAMES BRANCH CABELL

STRAWS AND PRAYER-BOOKS

In this trenchant and stimulating book Mr. Cabell offers what may best be described as an autobiography of the mind. It is a discussion of the mental and spiritual adventures which lead to the production of literature, so brilliantly presented that it becomes one of the most diverting, as it is certainly the most personal, of Mr. Cabell's books. Third printing. $2.50 *net*

BUSHRANGERS
By Charles J. Finger
Another beguiling book of rogues by the author of *Highwaymen*. Illustrated with eight spirited wood cuts in color by Paul Honore. $3 *net*

THE LIFE STORY OF AN UGLY DUCKLING
By Marie Dressler
There have been other biographies of stage folk, but surely none resembling this life story of Marie Dressler, best beloved of American comediennes and creator of the immortal *Tillie*. It is the revelation of a richly human personality, at once candid and engaging. Illustrated. $3 *net*

FRAGMENTS FROM MY DIARY
By Maxim Gorky
A book of sketches and interpretative pictures of Russian life, done with the beauty and tenderness and irony that are found in M. Gorky's other work. $3 *net*

ECONOMY IN HOME BUILDING
By Oswald C. Hering
A well-known architect discusses the commercial and artistic side of building for the benefit of the prospective home-builder. Illustrated. $5 *net*

DR. LITTLE'S DOG BOOK
By George Watson Little, D.V.M.
A complete manual for dog lovers upon the care of the dog in sickness and health. The author is one of the leading canine specialists in the country. Illustrated. $4 *net*

WHEN ISRAEL IS KING
By Jerome and Jean Tharaud
A study of the Jewish question in Hungary by the authors of *The Shadow of the Cross*. $2 *net*

THE JUDGE
By Maxim Gorky
Gorky's latest play, which the author considers his finest achievement in this field. $1.50 *net*

SQUIFFER
By Hal Garrott
A charming tale for young people by the author of *Snythergen*. Squiffer is a squirrel whose desire to become a boy sends him upon strange adventures. The characters of the tale include a Bear, a Candy Princess, the wicked Red-Fairy-Hot (with his three quick changes) and ever so many other delightful persons. With many illustrations in color and black and white by Dugald Walker. $2.50 *net*

WONDER TALES FROM FAR AWAY
By Frederick H. Martens
Fairy tales gathered from the story-treasure of far-away people and places by the author of *Fairy Tales from Far Away*. For children from seven to twelve. Illustrated in color and black and white by Da Loria Norman. $2.50 *net*

THE ENCHANTED WANDERER
By Nicolai Lydskov
A robust, whimsical tale of the wanderings of Golovan, madman saint and rascal. *The Enchanted Wanderer* is one of a series of Russian classics, edited by Maxim Gorky. $2.50 *net*

THE HOUSE OF HATE
By Rita Wellman
A finely written story of a woman in whom love and an even more powerful passion struggle for dominance. Florence of the present day is the background of a drama which is developed with admirable subtlety. $2 *net*

PAULUS FY
By Helene Mullins and Marie Gallegher
James Branch Cabell says: "This is a startling book, a book compact, it may be, of all delicate corruptions, and yet pointing a delicate moral, too, for the not utterly unsophisticated." $2 *net*

THE THING IN THE WOODS
By Harper Williams
"From its sinister title to its last shivery page *The Thing in the Woods*, by Harper Williams, is the scaringest mystery story that has come this way since the fearsome *Hound of the Baskervilles*."—*Toledo Blade*.

THE VALLEY OF EYES UNSEEN
By Gilbert Collins
Far-off China and the mysterious hinterland of Thibet are the scene of this exciting tale in which yellow men and white struggle for the treasure preserved by an unknown race. $2 *net*

LIBERATION
By Isabel Ostrander
The story of a man who escaped from prison. One of the best of Miss Ostrander's novels. $2 *net*

THE MAN WHO PLUNDERED THE CITY
By Sven Elvestad
A mystery story upon unusual lines, with a fantastic villain and a detective who is *not* a superman. $2 *net*

At all Bookstores. When ordering by mail, add 8 per cent. for postage.
ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO., *Publishers*, New York

häuser" to the creation of works which are Wagner's own, his final and indisputable masterpieces. Certainly Mr. Newman was never more subtle or profound than in the pages wherein he discovers Wagner's symphonic lineage and shows that the abiding permanence of his greatest music lies in the symphonic web of the tone poem rather than in the histrionics of the stage. Whatever Wagner himself may have written to the contrary, Mr. Newman is altogether right in describing the finest pages in "Tristan" and "Götterdämmerung" as concert pieces independent of the contours of fat sopranos or the stage fright of Brynhilde's horse.

It would be impossible for anyone in words to give more than a faint intimation of the stupendous grandeur of the last act of "Götterdämmerung," or the fearful mounting passion of "Tristan," or the golden serenity of "Parsifal." Analysis and explanation and persuasion can do little more to make clear the rapture of a remembered experience. Yet if anyone can indicate the infallible invention of Wagner as a dramatist, or his extraordinary variety of tone painting, or his overwhelming orchestral climaxes, it must be Mr. Newman, unless indeed it is Mr. Lawrence Gilman. Once Mr. Newman has discussed the historical and technical details of Wagner's life and art he can in full measure estimate the nature of an achievement as astounding as the "Ring" or as exquisite as "Die Meistersinger." Having disposed of the quaint theory that Wagner ever tried to put actual birds and horses and forests into music, Mr. Newman can give us (or perhaps merely renew for us) judgment on Wagner's volcanic concentration of musical phrase, his understanding of the most diverse springs of character so that Hagen and Alberich are drawn with no less complete reality than Siegmund and Brynhilde, his rising flood of a long-drawn musical intensity that at last gathers to itself the very substance of pain and sorrow and sublimity. Each of the great operas hangs like a profound dream over the dark gulf of time. Each one glows from its own luminous and terrible beauty and speaks with its own voice of divine godhead.

A. Donald Douglas

The Art of Elie Faure

The History of Art. By Elie Faure. Translated by Walter Pach. Harper and Brothers. 4 vols., each $7.50.

DURING the past three years these volumes, long well known in France, have been appearing in Mr. Pach's vivid translation. Each has been met with generous praise, and the series, now completed, seems on the verge of becoming a popular classic. Before it is thus placed safely out of reach there is need for a general estimate, a little calmer perhaps than was possible during the first excitement it aroused by its unusual eloquence.

Why is the history popular? What does it give its readers? A fine collection of pictures, first of all, representing a wide range of art. In the text, an enormous variety of subjects. Artists of every time and place; anecdotes of their lives and personalities. Their environments—the desert, the tropical forest, the streets of Florence, Paris; the effect of these places upon their art. Intellectual and social backgrounds—Platonism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, medieval Christianity, democracy, materialism, industrialism; all religions, philosophies, social systems; literature, music, architecture; a glance at the history of every artistic people from the cavemen to the grain-elevator builders of North Dakota. How all these affected, and were expressed by, painting and sculpture. A philosophy of civilization almost as broad in scope as Herbert Spencer's. A tolerant mind, finding something good in old masters as well as in modern extremists, with no axes to grind, no metaphysical prejudices, no pedantic scholarship or dogmas about what people ought to like. Musical sentences, dreamy images, epigrams, metaphors that seem to sum up a man, a school, or an age; the ability to vitalize a subject, to make of

Books that Stimulate Thought

THINGS AND IDEALS
Essays in Functional Philosophy
By M. C. Otto, *University of Wisconsin*
Philosophic facts examined discerningly and presented in a distinguished style. The author revaluates current values and emphasizes the reality of things. $2.50

PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY
By G. Watts Cunningham, *University of Texas*
Written from the point of view that modern philosophy supplements and unifies the results of scientific research, of which it is an outgrowth. $3.50

THE INNER DISCIPLINE
By Charles Baudouin and A. Lestchinsky
Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul
The study of auto-suggestion considering both its historical and present-day aspects. $2.00

MIND AS A FORCE
By Charles F. Harford
The forces of mind and how best to use them are comprehensibly presented for the lay reader. $2.00

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EARLY CHILDHOOD
By William Stern
Translated from the German by Anna Barwell
This standard work, recently revised and published in English for the first time, makes a comprehensive study of the child's psychic life from birth to the sixth year, the author basing his theories upon a wealth of observation. $5.00

SCHOLARSHIP AND OTHER ESSAYS
By Calvin Thomas, *Late of Columbia University*
Comprises thirteen essays on varied subjects—all discussed in Thomas's lucid style. A sketch of Thomas's life and works by Professor W. A. Braun is included. $2.50

ESSAYS TOWARD TRUTH
Studies in Orientation
By K. A. Robinson, W. B. Pressey and J. D. McCallum
of Dartmouth College
Certain fundamental questions pervading the present social fabric discussed by some of the most distinguished living writers, including Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Mencken, Galsworthy, etc. $2.00

Economics of Fatigue and Unrest and the Efficiency of Labour in English and American Industry
By P. Sargant Florence, Ph.D., *Cambridge University*
A summary of the most recent results of English and American labour research, discussing industrial inefficiency and methods of prevention. $5.00

PROBLEMS OF CITIZENSHIP
By Hayes Baker-Crothers, *Dartmouth College*, and Ruth Allison Hudnut
Provokes individual critical thinking on such important civic problems as the Newspaper, Immigration, the Negro, the Woman Question, Labor, Civil Liberty, International Relations, and World Peace.

THE READER'S GUIDE BOOK
By May Lamberton Becker
Mrs. Becker considers every taste and purpose in her advice to readers. *John Cotton Dana, Librarian of the Newark Public Library, says:* "Mrs. Becker has helped thousands of readers in their search for what each year becomes more difficult to find—the best books on specific subjects." $2.00

At All *Booksellers*
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
19 West 44th St. New York

Greek scupture, Flanders, or the cathedral a living organism into which one enters, of whose growth and decline one seems to be a part.

Enough to ask of one book, perhaps, and certainly more than most writers on art have to offer. Yet because of his importance M. Faure deserves to be judged by severe standards. He does much, but not everything equally well, and there are serious failings almost inevitable in the sort of task he has undertaken.

The first follows naturally from his attempt to interrelate so many different subjects. Along with Spencer and many other philosophers he has fallen into the trap of over-simplifying history, trying to reduce it to the interplay of a few factors, assuming universal causal connections where they do not exist. He has undertaken to show how all sorts of remote conditions affect the arts, and show it he will in every case, resorting when necessary to the most far-fetched explanations of underlying influence. Too cautious or too rhetorical to make simple and clear assertions, he piles up analogies. The Hindus live in tropical forests, profuse with swarming life; they are pantheists; their art is profuse, swarming with unorganized forms. The ground of Italy undulates; its church holds individuals in order; Florentine line embraces living forms in its undulating arabesque. Provence has bare rocks and sharply outlined planes; Cézanne's painting is reduced to the bare essentials of form. Drugged by long passages of highly colored prose, one forgets to ask: "But is this really an explanation? Have not other sorts of environment produced that kind of art? Have not the same environments produced different kinds of art?" Doubts and exceptions are brushed aside with vague, high-sounding concepts reminiscent of Spencer: integrations and dissolutions of social forces, rhythms, equilibria, periods of analysis and synthesis. Rarely is a specific picture more than casually alluded to; never is it discussed with anything approaching thoroughness. A few chapters are genuinely constructive in linking up a social institution with an art-form; others are full of penetrating guesses which open up long vistas of possible speculation; some dress up the familiar and obvious thing, such as the connection between Venetian pageantry and color. But all are written as if the system of events were simple and certain; no circumstance is irrelevant, no phenomenon incomprehensible; never is the author content to admit frankly: "Ingres was a bourgeois; some bourgeois paint one way and some another; why, I do not know."

In explaining the subject-matter of art he is more plausible. Social and religious conditions doubtless determine to some extent what a man shall paint, whether Virgins or Venuses, queens or wives of millionaires. But whether they determine how he shall paint them, with what line, color, light, and shade, is more dubious. There probably is some relationship, but M. Faure has not established it as universally as he supposes. The plastic qualities of a painting or statue are what distinguish it from other treatments of the same subject; far more than subject-matter, they distinguish an artist or an age from others. Presumably they should be the central theme of a history of art, but here, as usual, they are persistently subordinated to subject-matter. So when the author comes to men whose subjects are comparatively unimportant—Chardin, the Negro sculptors, Modigliani, Picasso—he is all at sea; he passes quickly on, or spins out irrelevant platitudes. Elsewhere his occasional perception of plastic form is drowned in a flood of other ideas, poured in haphazard. There are so many horses to ride at once that he has to skip back and forth incessantly. First a vague simile, perhaps (this artist's colors are like burning clay); then his home town, where such colors are to be seen; his early loves, the books he read; the scenes he must have met with on the street; long idyllic reveries, long pursuit of labored metaphors. As a statement of facts it is bewildering; and even as rhetoric the flowery phrases lose their first appeal. The same figures of speech come back a little too often, the same hearts throbbing with fever, full breasts of women,

OXFORD BOOKS

THE SANSKRIT DRAMA
By A. Berriedale Keith $7.00

Thirty-two years have passed since the first adequate sketch of the origin and development of the Indian Dramatic Theory. In the light of recent research the time is therefore ripe for a fresh investigation in the light of the new materials available.

INDIAN PAINTING UNDER THE MUGHALS A. D. 1550 to A. D. 1750
By Percy Brown *Net* $35.00

"The word 'sumptuous' is emphatic and not to be used slightly. But if a stronger adjective as descriptive were at our command we would use it in describing this engrossing study. Into all public libraries and into the home library of every lover of art this superb book should go."— *Boston Transcript.*

THE HOME OF AN EASTERN CLAN
By Mrs. Leslie Milne *Net* $5.35

An interesting and readable account based upon first-hand observations, and extending over many years, of the life and customs of a little known tribe of North-Eastern Burma who are as yet hardly touched by European Civilization.

WHITE JACKET
By Herman Melville *Nett* 80c

The incidents portrayed were the outcome of the author's own experiences on board the U. S. Frigate, "United States." Moby Dick by Herman Melville was published last year. Typee and Omoo will be published shortly.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch
35 West 32nd St. New York City

In making up your Christmas List—Don't overlook

ROGET'S INTERNATIONAL THESAURUS

"The chiefest tool of all writing craftsmen."
—Dr. Frank Crane.

One of the most valuable desk guides ever prepared, for both the careful writer and reader. It supplements the Dictionary at every turn. Its use is a liberal education. (The Cross-Word Puzzlers have discovered this fact!)

Prices $3.00 to $5.50

THOS. Y. CROWELL CO. NEW YORK

calm brows of blond angels, pearly mists and ruby pulps of tropical fruit. One can enjoy such things for a while in either a poet or a Frenchman; M. Faure is both, but there is a limit.

His virtues and defects, in short, are those of all romanticists—enthusiasm, intuitive sympathy for human struggle and emotion, along with extravagance, loose thinking, and dissipation of energy. What he says of the romantics is essentially true of himself: Delacroix "feels too much, he wants to say too much; and if the ensemble is always living, it sometimes is too much alive, it reels, as if it could not bear the weight of silence. . . . Hugo abounds in holes, in empty places full of smoke and wind. Wagner is often loose and prolix, and his giant breast suffocates under the flowers he heaps up."

The final test of art criticism would seem to be: Does it help one to appreciate art? There is room for doubt whether M. Faure's type of criticism, in spite of the pleasant reading it makes, will ever accomplish much toward that end. It can succeed only in giving one the habit of looking at a painting in so many ways at once that all are bound to be confused and blurred, with dimly felt plastic qualities, subject-matter, historical associations, and day-dreams all jostling one another for supremacy. By the easily satisfied this fulness of soul, these vague emotional quiverings at the name Botticelli or Sistine Madonna, are taken for understanding and appreciation. Such readers will come from this book with a comfortable sense of omniscience but with no suspicion that such a thing as plastic form exists, and with little conception of how to proceed in the face of a new and unfamiliar painting. M. Faure admits frankly that his work is a poem, and holds that the study of art must be either that or the dry table of dates which he appends to each volume. Is there no middle ground, then, for clear thinking, for the simple statement of facts, opinions, and preferences? Why should a good picture be injured by our finding out just what forms it produces with its line, light, and color, in what distinctive ways it treats its subject? A history of art that followed this course, or indeed any course straightforwardly, would get somewhere, and need by no means be coldly intellectual about it. A little of such thinking would make it possible to approach, with some hope of success, a few of the ten thousand problems that M. Faure has valiantly tried to solve at once.

THOMAS MUNRO

Books in Brief

The Falkland Islands. By V. F. Boyson. With notes on the natural history by Rupert Vallentin. Oxford University Press. $5.

A history of the treeless islands of Patagonia which entered history with Amerigo Vespucci and became a plaything of Spanish, French, and British ambitions. Today the strange huge Falkland fox is extinct and the last king penguin is dead, its oil used to seal the Falkland roofs. A commercial company takes profits from a million sheep and kills the wild geese who dispute with the sheep the succulent native tussock-grass. But the mysterious stone rivers, in which no water ever runs, remain to puzzle the geologist and the geographer.

Anglican Church Principles. By F. J. Foakes Jackson. Macmillan and Company. $2.25.

A flippant reader might say that Mr. Jackson makes a better case for the enduring Anglicanism of the Established Church of England both before and after Henry VIII than for its enduring Christianity. But such comment would do less than justice to a scholarly and readable book in which such different men as John Wesley and the modern High Churchmen are dealt with sympathetically yet discerningly. To one who knows Mr. Jackson as a colleague of Kirsopp Lake in drastic criticism of the gospels and the person of Jesus it is a bit surprising to find him here revealed as so good a Churchman.

Lippincott Books in Brief

UNCENSORED RECOLLECTIONS — Anonymous
The literary tid-bit of the season—the book all America and all Europe will devour this year. King George, it is reported, has read his copy three times, and this is not to be wondered at considering its piquant and racy revelations. "The most entertaining volume of intimate memoirs the reviewer has read for many a season."—*New York Herald Tribune.* Eight printings have already been necessary to satisfy the demand here and abroad. 346 *Pages. Large octavo.* $4.50

SEEING CANADA — By John T. Faris
A tour through the land of Moose and Salmon, from Cape Breton to the Rockies. Completes Dr. Faris' popular American Travel Series, now covering every section of the United States and Canada. *Frontispiece in color,* 150 *illustrations in double-tone.* $6.50

THE MANORS AND HISTORIC HOMES OF THE HUDSON VALLEY — By Harold Donaldson Eberlein
Published in limited editions, all previous volumes of Lippincott books on Historic Homes have gone speedily out of print and when procurable now sell at a premium. The present volume will become one of the most desirable because of the interest of the region selected. *Frontispiece in photogravure,* 81 *illustrations in doubletone.* $10.00

HISTORIC WALL-PAPERS — From Their Inception to the Introduction of Machinery — By Nancy McClelland
A literary luxury. The only comprehensive and authoritative study of the subject in any language. Printed from type in a very limited edition, this magnificently illustrated volume is destined to become a rare book among rare books—an ornament to any fine collection. 12 *Color plates,* 245 *illustrations in halftone and a folding chart of periods.* $25.00

SPANISH GARDENS AND PATIOS — By Mildred Stapley Byne and Arthur Byne
Spanish gardens are of oriental inspiration and differ from all others. This volume comes as the first authoritative work on the subject, a revelation to artists, architects and owners of summer homes. 4 *Color plates,* 175 *illustrations in halftone and measured drawings of important gardens, all made by the authors expressly for this work.* $15.00

FEEDING PETER — By "Caroline"
"To cook interestin' is the Lord's own gift." But young housekeepers who read "Caroline's" instructions on how to feed Peter deliciously, wholesomely and economically may acquire it second-hand. Never have pots and pans, recipes and menus, been more alluringly presented. $2.00

LOUIS BECKE'S — Never-to-be-Forgotten South Sea Tales Now Published in a Uniform Edition
Louis Becke's bizarre and adventurous life among pirates and pearlers, islanders and traders, deserters from whaleships and men-o'-war gave his work such truth and vigor that it has outlived more recent South Sea fiction. In his books readers will find the real South Seas. The following four are now published, to be followed in time by the others:

PACIFIC TALES
BY REEF AND PALM and THE EBBING OF THE TIDE
HELEN ADAIR
RODMAN, THE BOATSTEERER
Each $2.00

PRILLILGIRL — By Carolyn Wells
The New "Fleming Stone" Detective Story. A mystery that mystifies—until the adroit Stone outwits the murderer by radio. $2.00

HARBOTTLE — By John Hargrave
A thought-provoking novel, outspoken on the subjects of Trade, Sex, Religion, Politics and other human relations. The *Saturday Review* calls it: "A novel of great importance as an expression of the spirit of the times." $2.00

RE-CREATIONS — By Grace Livingston Hill
This diverting romance is an ideal gift for old and young, for with freshness and vivacity it tells just the kind of love story everyone likes at heart. $2.00

LAUGHING LAST — By Jane Abbott
The story of Sidney Romley's adventurous summer on the boats and wharves of Provincetown. A splendid book for girls, fresh and sweet as the clean breath of the Atlantic over the Cape Cod sand dunes. Colored frontispiece, 3 illustrations in black and white. $1.75

Lippincott's Sociological Series
Books that apply scientific methods to social thought
Edited by Edward Cary Hayes, University of Illinois

CRIMINOLOGY — By Edwin H. Sutherland
An analysis of criminality in the light of recent developments in the science of human behavior. $3.50

RACES, NATIONS AND CLASSES — By Herbert A. Miller
The psychology of dominion and freedom. $2.00

THE SOCIOLOGY OF REVOLUTION — By P. Sorokin
A sociological analysis of Revolution, in the light of the Russian Revolution especially. Tentative price $2.00

POLITICAL ACTION — By Seba Eldridge
A naturalistic interpretation of the Labor Movement in relation to the state. $2.00

POPULATION PROBLEMS — By Edward B. Reuter
An enlightening book on the facts of population here and abroad. $2.00

SOCIAL WORK IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY — By Stuart A. Queen
The first study of social work in historical perspective. $2.00

At All Bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
LONDON PHILADELPHIA MONTREAL

Books for Children

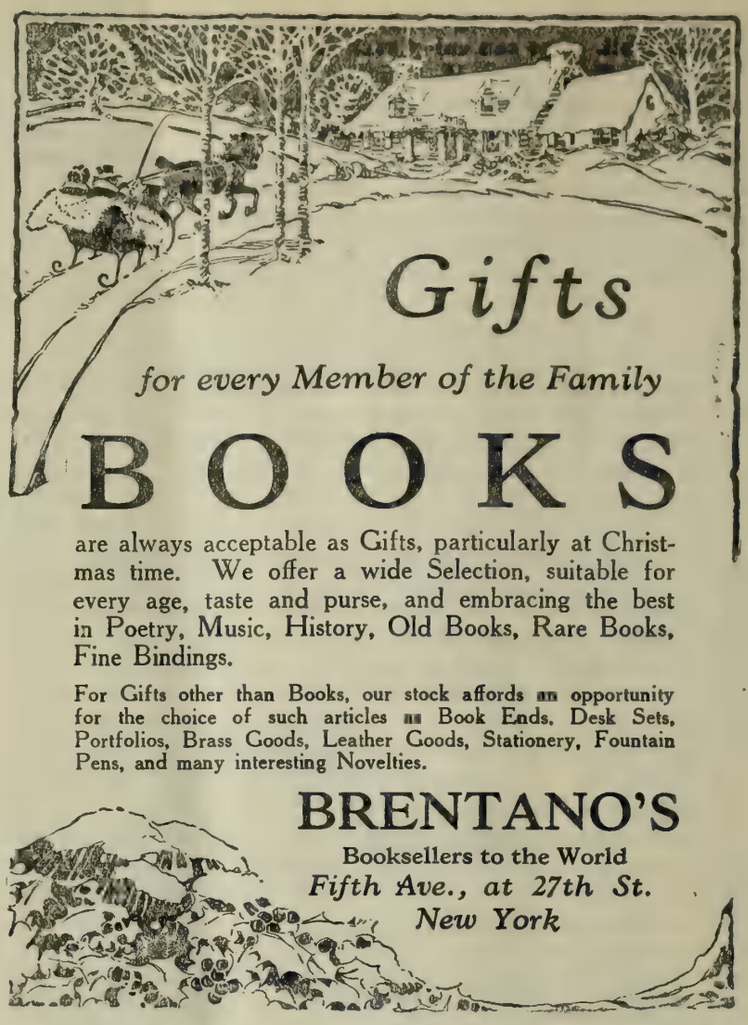
By DOROTHY GRAFFE

THERE is as little logic in discussing "books for children" as there would be in lumping the balance of printed matter under "books for adults." Adults read poetry and essays, scientific treatises or dissertations written to obtain a Ph.D.; they do not, however, regard all these as one and the same species. But for the children, who are obliged in the main to read only those books which adults have written—with a few honorable exceptions—and certainly which they have printed and published, there is only "juvenile literature," passed out over the counter with never a thought for the particular inclinations of the boy or girl who will read it. The final insult, of course, is that adults write articles deciding which books are most suitable for a certain age, size, and doubtless color of child. This discussion, therefore, is not for the purpose of determining which books of the current season are best for, say, a blond boy of eleven. One has difficulty enough in predicting for adults. Yet books written for children have a right to examination as literature, and in the long run it is as literature that they will be judged by their readers, old or young.

It is pleasant to record that two of the most beguiling books classed this season as "juveniles" have been written by children themselves. Selections from Hilda Conkling's two volumes have been issued as one ("Silverhorn"; Stokes: $2.50), and Nathalia Crane, a young woman of twelve years or so, has brought out a volume of poems ("The Janitor's Boy"; Seltzer: $1.50), which a poet twice her age might read with envy and considerable delight. Mr. William Rose Benét in an admirable preface has said perhaps all there is to say about Nathalia, and he has picked out for comment almost every line of distinction in the volume—lines revealing genuine poetic insight into matters which are not ordinarily grasped so clearly at twelve. With Hilda Conkling it would be much more difficult to isolate felicitous lines, for Hilda is felicitous almost always, if she is also at times reminiscent and self-consciously rapturous. Hilda knows what a poet may say; she will learn in time what he may not. Meanwhile, she can write:

> Sun-flowers, stop growing!
> If you touch the sky where those clouds are passing
> Like tufts of dandelion gone to seed,
> The sky will put you out!
> You know it is blue like the sea . . .
> Maybe it is wet, too!
> Your gold faces will be gone forever
> If you brush against that blue
> Ever so softly!

There are those children who read Hugh Lofting gray and ragged; for them a new volume, as rich and gently humorous as the others, will be cause for joy ("Doctor Dolittle's Circus"; Stokes: $2.50). The little doctor is still the despair of his neat duck housekeeper; he *will* wander over the country ministering sensibly to afflicted animals. Mr. Lofting has composed also a diverting book of nonsense rhymes ("Porridge Poetry"; Stokes: $1.25), adding his own absurdly solemn illustrations. Very amiable young children should find this little book as welcome as "the wonderful adventures of Ludo, the little green duck" (Duffield: $2), an extravaganza in lavish green and purple which takes Ludo from his home in Normandy across the world and back again. "Tony Sarg's Book for Children" (Greenberg: $3.75) is likewise full of colored pictures intimately illustrating a text that will delight aged parents who must read it aloud; it holds, moreover, plenty of interest and laughter for children, even if a little of the humor is above their heads. The tale of how the battle of Waterloo was lost through Napoleon's excessive fondness for pastry should become a classic of nonsensical history. The handsomely bound "Number Two Joy Street" (Appleton: $2.50) is both less hilarious and less successful than Mr. Sarg's volume. Mr. A. A.


Gifts
for every Member of the Family
BOOKS
are always acceptable as Gifts, particularly at Christmas time. We offer a wide Selection, suitable for every age, taste and purse, and embracing the best in Poetry, Music, History, Old Books, Rare Books, Fine Bindings.
For Gifts other than Books, our stock affords an opportunity for the choice of such articles as Book Ends, Desk Sets, Portfolios, Brass Goods, Leather Goods, Stationery, Fountain Pens, and many interesting Novelties.
BRENTANO'S
Booksellers to the World
Fifth Ave., at 27th St.
New York

RHYMES OF EARLY JUNGLE FOLK:
An outline of Pre-History for the Young Folks. By Mary E. Marcy, illustrated with seventy-one woodcuts by Wharton H. Esherick.

The Hartford Courant says:

"The children of the rising generation are here presented with a delightfully up-to-date account of pre-historic man, related in exceedingly readable and clever verse; possessing this volume a child of the tenderest years is at once given the scientific point of view; cave-men and such-like amazing creatures become as real as the lions and tigers of the old-fashioned picture books.

"As is true of all really first-class books intended for children, the older people who read these verses aloud to their little ones will enjoy them as heartily as will the children themselves, for they are genuinely entertaining and the author's mastery of different meters adds vastly to the charm of their alluring rhymes. Mr. Esherick's woodcuts are in perfect accord with the spirit of the book, and the verses and pictures together make a work which is really striking and original."

$2.00 postpaid.

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, 347 E. Ohio St., Chicago

The
CHANNEL BOOKSHOP

A bookshop where your own tastes are sympathetically followed.

Let us help you with your Christmas list. We have many delightful books including charming ones for children.

Come in person or order by mail or telephone.

You will find us at 279 Park Avenue (between 47th and 48th Streets), New York, Tel. Murray Hill 4864.

Milne's story of Prince Rabbit, which begins the book, is charmingly light and original. The rest of the poems and stories vary considerably in merit; some are pretty, some have wit; one at least is dull beyond words.

Mr. Padraic Colum ("The Island of the Mighty"; Macmillan: $2.25) has retold the matchless tales of the Mabinogion so that their poetry, freed from often wearying complications, gushes forth clear and bright. Here are King Arthur's knights with different names and different tasks, but still daring and firm, still riding forth to slay monsters, protect the poor and friendless, storm unassailable castles, and take to wife the fairest ladies in the world. "In the youth's hands," so runs the tale of Kilhuch and Olwen, "were two spears of silver, sharp and well-tempered, of an edge to wound the wind. . . . And the blades of grass bent not beneath him, so light was his courser's tread as he journeyed toward the gate of King Arthur's palace." This was the age when chivalry in literature was yet uncorrupted, when it was proud and lovely and free of rancor. The high-hearted will read about it and ask for more. It is a pity that this book, as well as Harriet Martineau's "Feats on the Fiord" (Macmillan: $1.75), charmingly illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff, could not have been given a better dress by the publisher. The contents, the end papers, the pictures are all satisfying, but a thoroughly unimaginative binding makes the approach to them a little difficult.

When he wrote "Highwaymen"—as good a book for children as was ever written—Mr. Charles J. Finger showed himself a first-rate story-teller. Now in "Tales from Silver Lands" (Doubleday: $3.50) he has retold certain legends of the South American Indians with spirit and with a swift and captivating grace. If a mere grown-up may judge of such matters, this is the ideal children's book. It is, to begin with, beautifully made and illustrated with excellent woodcuts by Paul Honoré; it tells of giants and witches, of astute animals who not only attend sensibly to their own affairs but are generous enough to come to the aid of honest young men harassed by sorcerers, of unsuspecting little girls whom black magic freezes tight to a rock; it is rich in fancy and poetry and at the same time full of good sense and good humor; brave deeds succeed each other and the moral is not distressingly plain. If a child is so unreasonable as to demand more than Mr. Finger has to offer, he can only be directed to retreat in good order to Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe, those ancient strongholds.

A Note on Gluck

By PITTS SANBORN

NOW that the Metropolitan Opera House has gone for over seven years without giving the public anything by Gluck, the Society of the Friends of Music is taking upon itself to fill a want by devoting its concert of next April to a performance of Gluck's "Orfeo," to be done, of course, in what, for convenience, is termed "concert form." It is a distressing reflection that Gluck is no longer staged at the Metropolitan, but in justice to Mr. Gatti-Casazza we must not forget that during his sixteen years of directorship he has done what no other impresario ever did in America; he has produced three operas by Gluck, "Orfeo," "Armide," and "Iphigénie en Tauride"—the first in particularly artistic fashion and the two latter at least for the first time in this country. Perhaps eventually he will return to Gluck.

Meanwhile, if New York is to look to the concerts of the Friends of Music for the creations of a great composer of lyric drama whose works are constantly staged in Europe, it is permissible to express a wish that the Friends had selected for their coming concert performance not the comparatively familiar "Orfeo" but that particular one of the six major operas of Gluck which has never been restored to stage use. I mean the "Paride ed Elena." However, inasmuch as the Friends

ANIMAL LAND

Delightful, Entertaining and Informative Stories About Animals, Birds and Insects for Children, Parents and Teachers

By WILLARD ALLEN COLCORD

This charming new book contains three hundred stories, all TRUE, and beautifully told. It is divided into sixteen parts, each part having a descriptive introduction.

A suitable gift-book for children of all ages.

12mo, 462 pages. 16 full-page Illustrations. Jacket in colors.

Beautiful cloth binding in colors, $1.75 net.

The Judson Press

1701-1703 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Early Italian Songs and Airs

Volume Two Now Ready

Transcribed and edited by
PIETRO FLORIDIA

(Two Volumes) Volume Two (Forty Songs)
PUBLISHED IN TWO EDITIONS

FOR HIGH VOICE FOR LOW VOICE

PRICES:
Each volume in heavy paper, cloth back . . $2.50 Net
Each volume in full cloth, gilt . . . . . 3.50 Net
Postage extra except in first and second zones from Boston and New York.

In this volume of *The Musicians Library* the editor completes his collection of early Italian masterpieces, and brings them forward to the beginning of the nineteenth century when the great school of song melodists yielded to the rise and predominance of modern Italian opera. The names of Scarlatti and Stradella are represented, together with many others less known but of imperishable value; and in the richly colored but appropriate harmonic dress Mr. Floridia has given them these songs are indeed a splendid harvest of beauty.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY,
178-179 Tremont St., BOSTON 10

Chas. H. Ditson & Co., 8-10-12 East 34th St., New York

Order of your local dealer

have chosen "Orfeo," one may then wish that they would see fit to distinguish the concert performance by discarding the usual contralto version in favor of the version which Gluck made twelve years later, when the work was to be introduced to Paris, rewriting the part of the hero for a tenor voice.

But, gloomy reflections and unprofitable wishes aside, it is a fact that the operas of Gluck belong in the theater and that they can be so presented as to appeal strongly to audiences of today. The Munich Festival of 1922 reached its artistic culmination in the performance of "Iphigénie en Aulide" (in a German translation of course), under the direction of Bruno Walter and with Delia Reinhardt and Fritz Feinhals congenially cast as Iphigenia and Agamemnon. The manner of staging the work in Munich was worthy of emulation on any stage. Without risking the grotesque, it might conveniently be described as expressionistic.

Most of the action passed in the huge curtained tent of King Agamemnon, through occasional rifts in which one got a glimpse of the Greek encampment silhouetted black against an orange sky. There was thus the sense of something trammeled and held back as long as the Greek army sat windbound on the coast of Aulis. For the miracle the entire theater was absolutely darkened, and when again light slowly dawned the tent had disappeared and we saw nothing but a wide expanse of beach and a wider sea beyond, bearing the liberated ships. The Grecian host came rushing to the shore with a mighty shout of "Nach Troja!" and the curtain fell on a tempest of frenzied rejoicing.

Similar stagecraft might be applied to Gluck's four other operas of Grecian subject—"Orfeo" itself, "Alceste," "Paride ed Elena," and "Iphigénie en Tauride." But an opera of the time of the Crusades, of adventure and necromancy in the nearer East, is another matter. In "Armide" Gluck's music, though romantic enough in feeling, remains strictly classical in form and subdued in coloring. Of the local color with which any composer of the last two or three generations would saturate an Armida opera Gluck's score is entirely innocent. A realistic Oriental setting, faithful to the period of the Crusades, could not but swear lustily at the classical formalism of the music. Fantastic scenery and costumes, such as our Metropolitan essayed when it put on "Armide" thirteen years ago, were likewise out of sympathy with the music, for Gluck's score, though plenteously imaginative, is not fantastic. To solve the contradictory problems of staging this strange masterwork some have even advocated the wisdom of dressing it frankly according to the court style of the reign of Louis XVI, as it was dressed on the occasion of its initial production at Paris in 1777.

The Paris Opéra, under the present management, has made an interesting experiment of this sort in the staging of operas by Gluck's great predecessor, Rameau. Following the modes of the Louis XV period, the magnificence of the costumes in "Castor et Pollux" turned M. Rouché's costly production at the Opéra into a nine days' wonder. But interesting and artistic as the production indisputably was, the tragedy of "Castor et Pollux" got somehow lost amid the mighty bastions of the ladies' petticoats and the overwhelming parapets of their infinitely elaborated wigs.

If for "Armide" a "period" production is the thing, the inevitable model may be found blazoned on a set of tapestries treasured in the *Residenz* of the Bavarian kings in Munich. Those tapestries unfold the adventure of the crusading knight Rinaldo with the temptress Armida in a series of pictures whose sumptuous court costuming, though of a land far distant from the Orient and a time centuries later than the Crusades, nevertheless leaves ample room for portrayal of emotion in the features and bodies of the protagonists. If some such model as the Munich tapestries is not followed, then the staging of "Armide" should be without reference to time or clime, a frankly expressionistic presentation, duly decorative but with a discreet abstinence from the extravagant and grotesque.

These are mere suggestions, based on observation, for the effective production of Gluck's operas. The operas themselves need no apology or defense. They are as stageworthy today as the day they were written. Five of them hold a definite place in the theater, and with the present fashion of reviving operatic masterpieces of the remoter past—as, notably, Handel's operas in Germany—it seems extremely likely that "Paride ed Elena" will yet be restored to the stage, where it belongs. It is worthy of note that Richard Strauss has just sponsored a revival of Gluck's ballet "Don Juan" at the Vienna State Opera and that his little "vaudeville," "Les Pèlerins de Mecque," has recently been given again in Paris.

Undoubtedly "Orfeo" as an oratorio will be heard with pleasure when the Friends of Music present it in April. It is no disparagement to their well-meant effort to insist, however, that the place for the operas of Gluck is the stage and that, produced with the taste and imagination of modern stagecraft and competently cast and conducted, they can be trusted to interest audiences at the Metropolitan or any other opera house in the world.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

Compromise

IT was the simple faith of the old-fashioned playwright that life proposed no problems not completely solvable by those who were willing in purity of heart "to do the right thing," and it was the dominant thesis of the realistic drama which swept down from the North to revolutionize ethical thought that life's favorite game was, on the contrary, the devising of dilemmas from which neither good-will nor intelligence provided any possible escape. Between these two views, the one so comfortable and so false, the other so dark and so ready to leap into unre-

lieved tragedy, lies a region not so carefully cultivated as either of the others—the region where man is shown balked perhaps of his dearest desires and forced into compromises which his spirit does not willingly make, yet finding some *modus vivendi* for his soul in a world to which he need not wholly surrender.

Because Mr. Sidney Howard has chosen to treat of this middle-ground, his play "They Knew What They Wanted" (Garrick Theater) seems to me extraordinarily interesting. In it three simple people face a problem apparently too difficult for their quite uncultivated intelligences and yet succeed, in a measure, in solving it by virtue of a native intelligence strong enough to make them see how, by giving up much, they can still salvage something from the wreck which circumstance has brought about.

Tony, a middle-aged Italian wine-grower become rich in California, wants a wife and child. He falls in love with a San Francisco waitress and by mail he proposes marriage. The waitress longs so much for a home that she accepts, but as the result of a peculiar confusion she believes that it is a young workman on the place whom she has accepted, and it is not until she has arrived at the house that she realizes her mistake. A few moments before this Tony has been injured in an automobile accident, and, moved half by pity and half by the realization that life will hardly offer her a fairer chance at an existence reasonably decent and comfortable, she resolves to go through with the bargain. But she has reckoned without the presence of the young man whom she had imagined as her future husband. That night (and on no other occasion) they succumb to moonlit madness and that once is enough. Three months later the girl, nursing the wounded man back to health, has come to feel for him at least as much love as can be born of admiration and gratitude alone, and she has forgotten her momentary passion; but the doctor informs her that in the moment of madness a child was conceived. The thought, not of their lust but of their treachery, overwhelms the guilty pair; there seems to remain nothing for them to do except to leave together and to crush the man whom they both love. They tell him and he rises in a frenzy of pain to drive them quickly from the house.

Now fate, working in league with treacherous nature, has seldom devised a subtler or more seemingly hopeless dilemma, and for those who would accept Brand's motto "All or nothing" it would be the nothing which they would get, because it is obviously impossible that any of the three should ever wholly forget or that Tony should ever recapture his dream of the beautiful American girl who loves him with the wholehearted and exclusive passion with which he loves her. To the conventionally minded the situation is hopeless, and so, too, is it hopeless to those who love to find the unsolvable dilemma; but surely if clear vision and thought untrammeled by prejudice or sentimentality is worth anything it is because, after uncovering life's chronic unwillingness to gratify our romantic desire, it teaches us somehow to make the best of what it will give, and it is exactly that which Mr. Howard, choosing a method even bolder than that of the unhappy end, has made his characters decide. The guilty youth wants his freedom, the girl wants her home, Tony wants a baby. Why then should not the man and wife remain together? For then all three will get what they want even if not exactly in the way they wanted it. Thus the art of life is shown to be the art of compromise.

This thesis is neither pleasant nor spectacular, and it is therefore not an easy one to make effective in drama. But the conceptions of character embodied in Tony and the girl (brilliantly interpreted by Richard Bennett and Pauline Lord) succeed in making the play both convincing and, to one spectator at least, thoroughly satisfactory. The latter character, both as conceived by Mr. Howard and as interpreted by Miss Lord, is one of the most significant figures which the current stage has to offer. Through her Mr. Howard has succeeded in salvaging romance for an age suspicious of the idealization which romance seems to demand. He has made her as fallible and as limited as the strictest realism demands, but he has made her at the same time as appealing as any spotless heroine ever conceived by the most inveterate sentimentalist.

"Pigs" (Little Theater) is amusing theatricality of the sort which has made Mr. John Golden rich. "The Desert Flower" (Longacre) is melodrama for the simple-minded only; those for whom it is intended seem to relish it hugely.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATRE

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE
466 Grand St. Telephone Drydock 7516
First Play of the Repertory Season
"The Little Clay Cart"
A Classic Oriental Comedy
Every Eve. (except Mon.) Matinee Saturday
Orchestra $1.50. Balcony $1.00, 75c.

Subscribe Now for Our New Season
Special rates, for particulars, address:
Subscription Sec'y, 466 Grand St., N. Y.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD
by WILLIAM CONGREVE
"Emphatically worth the while of any person with the slightest taste for one of the most exquisite creations of the past to seize an opportunity not often afforded."
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH in *"The Nation."*
CHERRY LANE Saturday Matinee, 2:45.
Theater: 40 Commerce St.; two blocks from Christopher St. subway station on Seventh Ave. Line.

PLAYHOUSE West 48th Street. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30. Evenings, 8:30.
the **show-off**
By GEORGE KELLY
11th CAPACITY MONTH
"BEST OF ALL AMERICAN COMEDIES"—Heywood Broun, World.

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
"WHAT PRICE GLORY"
A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.

DEBATES LECTURES

DEBATE on PROHIBITION!
CLARENCE **DARROW** versus REV. JOHN HAYNES **HOLMES**
(Against) (For)
Chairman, Hon. Royal S. Copeland
Sunday, December 14, 3 P. M.
Manhattan Opera House, 34th St., W. of 8th Ave.
Tickets $1.10, 1.65, 2.20, 2.75. Box Seats $3.30.
On sale at the office of or direct by mail from
THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. (Longacre 10434-4447)
N. B.—Out-of-towners desiring a printed stenographic report of this debate should send us their names.

New Harper Books

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"LIKE everything that Twain wrote, it has throbbing vitality. And because it gives us first hand information about one of the giants of our native literature, it is a publication of the first importance," wrote *Burton Rascoe* in *Vanity Fair.*

Bare Souls

By Gamaliel Bradford

Author of "Damaged Souls"

"Our national portrait gallery is enriched by eight imported presentments which would do no discredit to the suave pencil of Sir Joshua himself," writes *Isabel Patterson* in the *New York Herald-Tribune.* Gamaliel Bradford has magnificently revealed the inner as well as the outer selves of eight of the most fascinating personalities of the literature of England and France. $3.50

Tide Marks

By H. M. Tomlinson

Author of "The Sea and the Jungle"

Once more H. M. Tomlinson has interpreted for us the beauty and the terror of the world that he has found in his travels—this time to the beaches of the Moluccas and the Forest of Malaya—in prose, without rival in our time for brilliance, range, and mastery. $4.00

The Causes of Industrial Unrest

By John A. Fitch

This timely and important book by an expert on industrial problems reveals the background, the point of view and the circumstances out of which the general labor struggle arises, bringing to the present heated conflict between labor and capital a thorough understanding of labor psychology and conditions. $3.00

Fiction

Julie Cane

By Harvey O'Higgins

Author of "From the Life"

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing 'Julie Cane' one of the outstanding novels of the year. There is a fine simplicity about the story, a hearty robustness and vigor that are infinitely pleasing," said the *New York Evening Post.* $2.00

Lottery

By W. E. Woodward

Author of "Bunk"

"The color, the gusto, the crassness, passion, restless energy of America have gone into the making of this book. But the peals of Rabelaisian laughter are hearty," said the *New York Times* of this rollicking satire on the career of an American business giant. $2.00

R. F. D. No. 3

By Homer Croy

Author of "West of the Water Tower"

Josie Decker is real, from her craze for the movies to her beauty and her longing for the good things of life. In his novel of Josie, her parents, and the Missouri countryside where they lived, Homer Croy places himself definitely in the front rank of significant novelists of the American scene. $2.00

History of Art

By Elie Faure

"Before Elie Faure the history of art was never written," wrote *Octave Beliard* in the *Nantes Mondain* of this supreme history of the human race as it has been written in the art of all peoples, from the stone age to the present.

Translated from the French by Walter Pach, with over eight hundred illustrations.

In four volumes. Volume I, Ancient Art; Vol. II, Mediaeval Art; Volume III, Renaissance Art; Volume IV, Modern Art.

Each, $7.50

Gypsy Fires in America

By Irving Brown

Author of "Nights and Days on the Gypsy Trail"

"It is a colorful story, with many high points of romance as we wander over the countryside watching the gypsies trading, reading fortunes, singing world-old songs, and telling tales of humanity's youth.—It is a good deal better reading than most fiction," said the *Boston Transcript.* $3.00

The Coasts of Illusion

By Clark B. Firestone

This collection of the wonder tales told by the early travelers of the world to their generations—stories of fabulous animals and of countries beyond the rim of the seas—is a sort of Arabian Nights exploration of the faery lands of the human imagination. $4.00

HARPER & BROTHERS Established 1817 NEW YORK

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1924 No. 3102

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 665
EDITORIALS:
Muscle Shoals—Ours 668
Britain and Our Reparations 669
International Literature 669
Albert De Silver 670
SOVIET GEORGIA'S LITTLE REVOLUTION. By Louis Fischer 671
MAKING COOPERATION SUCCEED IN AMERICA. By Agnes D. Warbasse 673
THE PRIMITIVE BLACK MAN. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois 675
JAURÈS AT THE PANTHEON. By Ida Treat 677
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 680
CORRESPONDENCE 680
BOOKS AND PLAYS:
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 682
Twin Prestidigitators. By R. F. Dibble 682
"The Fox's Paw." By W. L. Fichter 683
Wilberforce. By Frank J. Klingberg 683
Europe for Children. By Martha Gruening 684
Rockwell Kent in the South. By Glen Mullin 684
Books in Brief 685
The Nation's Poetry Prize 686
DRAMA:
Too Much Main Street. By Joseph Wood Krutch 686
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
What England Wants in the Sudan 688
France Sets an Example 690

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FREDA KIRCHWEY, MANAGING EDITOR MARK VAN DOREN, LITERARY EDITOR

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

ROBERT HERRICK LUDWIG LEWISOHN NORMAN THOMAS

JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S MESSAGE to Congress on the state of the nation is a first-class report of an executive to a board of directors. It is clear and straightforward, in the best style of any of the President's documents, and—is lacking in vision and idealism. The President boasts not at all of his tremendous electoral success; when he refers to it he does so merely to assert that it is a verdict that the country "is determined to go forward," but that "it will have no pretenses" and "no vagaries." Unfortunately, to the President, who in his Labor Day speech asserted that the New England mill operatives ought to call themselves blessed because they were earning $14.95 a week, the country's "going forward" means merely business and material development. He makes many recommendations, most of which are tossed off with slight comment for the consideration of Congress. Some are routine; others, like the proposal for a national police bureau, are fraught with danger and carry the menace of further unnecessary concentration of power in Washington. Mr. Coolidge's approval of voluntary railway consolidations has helped to send railway securities sky-rocketing in Wall Street. Curiously, he looks upon the pending consolidations as altogether desirable—a complete break with the policy of the Roosevelt-Taft days—because he is convinced that it not only means "a greater element of competition as to service but it will afford economy in operation, greater stability in railway earnings, and more economical financing." He is not able to see that for the Government to amalgamate all the railroads would afford far greater economies and far better financing than is possible under private ownership.

ONE PASSAGE IN THE MESSAGE we notice with particular pleasure. It is that in which Mr. Coolidge warns our militant admirals and generals that he will take no stock, and he does not wish the country to take any stock, in the usual military alarums as to what other countries are doing in the way of armaments. "We shall do well," he says, "to be little impressed by such reports of such actions." Declaring that "this country has definitely relinquished the old standard of dealing with other countries by terror and force and is definitely committed to the new standard of dealing with them through friendship and understanding," he raps the generals and admirals over the fingers by saying: "This new policy should be constantly kept in mind by the guiding forces of army and navy." These are pleasant words. But they will be regarded as treason by our 100 per cent patriots who insist that we never did deal with other countries by the old standards of terror and force. To us this Presidential utterance will appear meaningless until we end the cruel and bloody Caribbean policy which has given the lie to the President in Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, and other countries that have been the victims of our wanton aggression. Nor does the menacing plan of the navy bombastically to voyage to Australia and maneuver in Hawaiian waters at the very moment when our relations with Japan are so strained, make legal tender of the President's words. What has he to say to the words of our former ambassador to Japan, Mr. Cyrus E. Woods, who has just told the Federal Council of Churches that our anti-Japanese legislation was "an international disaster of the first magnitude, a disaster to American diplomacy in the Far East, a disaster to religion"?

WE ARE ALSO IN COMPLETE SYMPATHY with the President's traveling to Chicago and back in an ordinary Pullman. Anything that will tend to democratize the office of the President and to strip it of some of the attributes of royalty which have been attached to it in the last twenty years deserves the heartiest praise. The Presidency was meant to be an office to which a Cincinnatus should go from the plow to return to the plow; there is still no finer picture in American history than Thomas Jefferson, riding unattended into Washington for his inauguration and hitching his steed to a post. Mr. Coolidge has plenty of opportunity in the Presidential office for practicing the excellent doctrine of economy which he is preaching, and for putting the service of the White House on a completely honest basis. Unless things have changed lately, various White House employees such as the first secretary to the President's wife are carried on the rolls of other departments as clerks, etc. Thus the yacht Mayflower, on which the President cruises, is, we believe, still carried as a cruiser in the navy, although its chief function is serving

as a pleasant place to give tea dances. If the President should have a yacht devoted to these valuable functions it should be so designated by Congress, and the men should be specially enlisted, not taken from the strength of the navy. The more that Mr. Coolidge deflates the Presidency, and cuts down officials and waste in the White House, the greater will the office really bulk in the eyes of the world.

GERMANY IS MOVING BACK to the center. In spite of Nationalist gains preventing a clear moderate majority in the new Reichstag, the Socialists have added at least thirty seats, probably enough to keep the Nationalists out of the Ministry; the heavy loss of votes at the extreme Right and the extreme Left will practically eliminate anti-Dawes Plan, anti-Republican influences. The most striking returns come from Bavaria, where the Right suffered a loss of nearly 75 per cent of its strength and the Socialists gained 50 per cent. The election results may cause parliamentary difficulties but they show unmistakably the trend of public feeling in Germany. Hard times drive people to political extremes. Bolshevism and Fascism thrive amid economic chaos. Peace and relative comfort bring new strength to the parties of evolution. Political prophets foretold the moderate victories from such encouraging figures as the following, of bank deposits in Berlin:

	Long-term deposits	*Short-term deposits*
	gold marks	
January	1,300,000	12,800,000
February	2,000,000	14,900,000
March	2,850,000	24,000,000
April	3,400,000	19,000,000
May	4,700,000	25,000,000
June	5,700,000	29,000,000
July	6,500,000	27,000,000
August	7,400,000	28,000,000

HERRIOT HAS ADDED to his good name by agreeing in behalf of France to submit the vexed question of the "free zones" on the Swiss border to the World Court. This is a sensible and an honorable decision. Readers of *The Nation* will recall the distressing attitude of previous French governments. Old traditions and century-old treaties bound France to an annoying system of tariff regulation on the border near Geneva. The custom-houses were well back of the frontier, and the border zone received Swiss products duty free. The Treaty of Versailles, to which Switzerland was not a party, arbitrarily declared these stipulations "no longer consistent with present conditions," and besought France and Switzerland to negotiate a new agreement. This they endeavored to do, but while Switzerland was ready to assent to the deneutralization of the border provinces and to other limitations of her treaty rights France asked total abrogation of all the reservations upon her sovereignty. Finally, no common agreement being reached, Poincaré, then Prime Minister of France, took the law in his own hands and moved the custom-houses to the frontier. Against this high-handed violation of treaty rights the Swiss Federal Council protested, but in vain. Now a compromise has been reached—the terms are printed in our this week's International Relations Section—and resort is had to arbitration. It is a practical expression of international good faith which the world will welcome.

AT HOME HERRIOT has loudly and heroically stifled a Communist revolution. It reminds us of the days when Mr. Palmer suppressed a revolution or two every morning before breakfast. So far as we can judge from the newspaper dispatches this particular uprising consists chiefly in a strike by the sardine-packers of Douarnenez, a town in Brittany which in 1920 had a total population of 10,000. This metropolis had a Communist mayor, and when the prefect of his department told him to stop the strike—the strikers were paid ten cents an hour—he wound the flag of France about his waist and went out to join the strikers on the picket-line. Other reports indicate that the Communists have been holding meetings and preaching revolution—which is hardly news. The other leading evidence of the Communist revolution in France is the return of Jacques Sadoul.

CAPTAIN SADOUL, a mild young school-teacher, was sent to Russia by the French Minister of Munitions in 1917. When the revolution came he discovered that he liked the Bolsheviks, and he refused to assist the French Ambassador in his attempts to organize military intervention. Instead, he persistently wrote letters to French politicians telling them that the Soviets would last. A year or two later, after his letters had found their way into print, a French court-martial amused itself by trying him *in absentia* on a charge of desertion, and sentenced him to death. Sadoul remained comfortably in Russia. A week or two ago he returned to France and telephoned to the police please to come and arrest him. That they did—and the boulevard press, to cover up its embarrassment at the necessity of arresting so pleasant a young man, began to howl about the Communist danger. Herriot, whose political position has been weakening, saw his cue. Whether there was a Communist menace or not, he would suppress it and win the laurels of the press. That he has done, and bravely: he has removed the mayor of Douarnenez from his office; he has broken up meetings, denounced Sadoul, and finally has deported a few score foreign workmen. Thus not only France, but M. Herriot's job as premier, is saved.

OTHER SIGNS reveal that M. Herriot is about to tread the well-worn path followed by Briand, Millerand, Viviani, and so many other French statesmen who began their political careers as radicals and ended them as reactionary office-holders. With Ramsay MacDonald out of power in England Herriot's liberal foreign policy was left high and dry, and Austen Chamberlain seems to have had no difficulty in persuading him to make a right-about-face and to join the British Tories in a career of empire. He is reported to have renewed the Franco-British agreement of 1905 (one of the first steps in the policy which made the European war inevitable), agreeing to give England a free hand in suppressing Egypt in return for England's support in the expansion of the French empire in Morocco. The Berbers of the Riff have thrown off the Spanish yoke, but they are not to be left to independence. France, in the holy name of "law and order," will step in, and add what was Spanish Morocco to her vast African empire. England will aid and abet. Plans for peace are jettisoned; and if the League or any other agency attempts to interfere with this program of conquest these two noble Powers will support each other in their aggression. It is a sorry deal, of which both countries will be ashamed.

CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE, "sentinels of the republic," "woman patriots," and "defense societies" are mobilizing to stop the passage of the child-labor amendment. Let us make no mistake: These are the black hun-

dreds of American reaction, men and women who have proved their scorn for the liberties guaranteed in the American Constitution but today take its name in vain. In the name of freedom and of the Constitution they would stop the federal amendment granting Congress the power to stop child labor. In their furious stand-pattism they distort facts, create false bogies, invent red perils. Nor can we solace ourselves with the belief that, because they have lost the power they once had to hound the police into arresting innocent men by the thousand, they are today harmless. They have not lost the power to frighten. Here is a simple amendment enabling Congress to adopt legislation protecting children. A few years ago State legislatures would have rushed to demonstrate their readiness to support such legislation. Today the apostles of fear have raised vague, enervating doubts—the absurd but effective bogy of federal regulation of the home, the irrelevant lie of nationalization of children, the outgrown shibboleth of State rights. And these fears disturb minds which are not touched by the sordid interest of the real inspirers of the opposition—manufacturers who would employ children—and retard the progress of a reform which would seem to be typically American.

NOW THAT EVERYBODY ELSE in the world has called the Russian Communists names, George Bernard Shaw has decided to do it too. But he has thought of new names, and we have a suspicion that they will penetrate several inches deeper into Russian sensibilities than all the opprobrium of all the Churchills and Hugheses and Poincarés in the world. Mr. Shaw discusses Mr. Zinoviev's "cinematographic schoolboy nonsense"—not in connection with the famous letter but with the constitution of the Third International, whose "bourgeois idealism" and "childish inexperience of men and affairs" shock Mr. Shaw profoundly. He says that modern socialism has left Karl Marx as far behind as science has left Moses. Mr. Shaw urges the Soviet Government to wake up "unless it wishes to become the main bulwark of capitalist imperialism in Europe and America," and he blandly charges the Third International with wrecking the British general election in the capitalist interest and thereby making "the Sudan a present to the British Empire and the River Nile a present to the Sudan plantations syndicate." There is enough stinging truth in every wrong thing Mr. Shaw says to hurt the feelings of any intelligent Communist.

WHEN WE AMERICANS want a change in the cost of living or the price of wheat we grumble and make speeches and then eventually go out and vote about it. We vote Mr. Taft out of office or Mr. Coolidge in, according to rather vague feelings of discomfort or security. We still believe in sudden shifts which will make us rich and powerful and better than our neighbors. So we jump into one briar-bush after another, but never, it seems, do we manage to scratch our eyes in again. Which explains, philosophically, why Europeans have developed the cooperative movement to heights of success and mutual benefit beyond the dreams of all but a few of the 100,000,000 people in this country. Cooperation demands vision and intelligence; it offers no opportunity for competition or dizzy individual success. Europe has come to it through generations of patience and hard work. A recent report by Huston Thompson, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, and William Notz, of the Department of Commerce, written after a summer's investigation, estimates that some 120,000,000 persons are linked to the cooperative movement in all parts of the world; in England and Germany nearly half the population is affiliated with cooperative societies. The farmers of Finland and Denmark and Holland and Ireland are solidly and prosperously organized. In Czecho-Slovakia about 8,000,000 people are cooperators. On another page of this issue Agnes D. Warbasse describes some encouraging enterprises in this country. When cooperation in Europe is considered the United States is nowhere. But we have made a beginning.

MORE PASSPORTS! That is the cheerful prospect that the Secretary of Labor holds out to a public already too much inconvenienced and restricted in its natural right to move about the world as it pleases. Not only more passports but thousands of miles of new frontiers and walls of restriction to interrupt existing free and friendly intercourse. For that would be the practical result of Mr. Davis's recommendation to extend the immigration-quota law to the nations of North and South America. Mr. Davis does not pretend that immigration from Canada and Latin America is a menace, but he imagines that the extension of the quota system would prevent what he calls the bootlegging of aliens over the Canadian and Mexican borders. In fact it would probably be as ineffective in that respect as is the Volstead law to stop bootlegging in liquor, while thousands of persons would be inconvenienced by the inevitable requirement of passports. Even worse, although less immediately apparent, would be the handicap to the natural economic and social development of the North American continent as a whole. The natural lines of commerce and travel in North America, like the rivers and mountains, run north and south. At a moment when we are beginning to accept this fact Mr. Davis suggests new political barriers. His ideal for our country seems to be a system of barricades beside which the barbed-wire entanglements of the war were nothing.

CAN THE AUTOMOBILE SUBDUE the desert? We shall soon see, for the French are making what amounts to a mass attack upon the Sahara. Four expeditions have started or are about to start which among them will attempt the loneliest and most difficult reaches of this great expanse. The first expedition, using caterpillar wheels, is working its way from Algeria toward the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and thence through Abyssinia to French Somaliland. Another party under Marshal Franchet d'Esperey, governor of Algeria, is heading south into Dahomey, using six-wheeled cars in order to test their usefulness for such travel. A third journey will be made in ordinary touring cars, but west to east from French Guinea to French Somaliland, while the fourth expedition will attempt to map a route for an airplane line from Tunis to the heart of French equatorial Africa. On top of all this we are not surprised to find that it is proposed to start a line of sightseeing automobiles across the Sahara in January, with a semi-weekly service. The project is fathered by André Citroen, manufacturer of the "French Ford." It is proposed to make the trip of some 1,500 miles in nine days, establishing hotels where necessary along the route. Three types of conveyance will be used: caterpillar-wheeled cars, ordinary automobiles, motor boats. "Native jazz bands and other entertainments" are promised along the way.

Muscle Shoals—Ours

"IF I were greedy for power over my fellow-men I would rather control Muscle Shoals than to be continuously elected President of the United States." So Newton D. Baker, the Secretary of War under whom the power project was begun, wrote last spring to the Committee on Agriculture of the Senate. This enormous power was nearly sold for a song to Henry Ford at the last session of Congress. The House passed a bill to that end, and there was strong sentiment in the Senate for similar action. Fortunately Senator Norris induced the Committee on Agriculture to favor instead a continuance of government control, but the danger of selling a national birthright for a mess of nitrate was not averted until Ford himself withdrew his offer.

Nor was it more than temporarily averted then. There were three detailed offers before Congress last winter besides that of Ford. Ford's offer was, in fact, the poorest of the lot, although it carried the most prestige because of the myth which had set up the auto-maker not only as an industrial superman but as a philanthropist to whom almost any power might safely be intrusted. The three other offers have not been withdrawn, and an effort is being made to induce the present session of Congress to turn over to private control the great power development in northern Alabama. But it is predicted in Washington that the offers will not again be pressed in competition with one another but will be superseded by an amalgamated plan having certain definite farmer support and strong business backing.

We are not especially interested in the details of this possible new plan or in the features of any of the old ones. We think it beside the point to contrast them, for one can be better than another only in that it offers a little more money—soon spent and forgotten—or a little more possibility of regulating a power so vast and vital that its complete control ought always and indisputably to be vested in the public. Let it not be forgotten that such control *is* vested in the public now. The problem is not like that of the railroads. There is no proposal that the nation buy at a huge outlay and plunge into the operation of a great privately owned industry. The nation *owns* Muscle Shoals. The question that it faces is the maintenance of that ownership and the gradual conversion and transmission of power, with plenty of time to work out a policy and a personnel as the size and importance of the project increases. It can sell out at any future date if it wants to, but it is safe to say that if it waits twenty years it would no sooner think of selling something of such paramount national interest than it would think today of selling the Panama Canal. On the other hand, if it sells Muscle Shoals now, Congress will within twenty years have to meet an insistent demand to buy it back at enormous expense and difficulty. Let us remember that we are now trying to recover two great oil basins that were too lightly disposed of.

The comparison with the Panama Canal is a good one. The public is still too little informed as to what Muscle Shoals actually is and can be. The power development there was begun in war time to furnish nitrates for making munitions. After the armistice the notion was spread that Muscle Shoals had lost its value and should be sold like our wooden ships for whatever it would bring. Ford's offer cleared away a little of that mist, for the public knows that Henry Ford is not collecting a menagerie of white elephants. But Ford put his emphasis entirely on producing cheap fertilizer for the farmer and so obscured the immensely more important facts about Muscle Shoals as a source of electric power for half of the United States.

Muscle Shoals is probably our greatest single water power. There is a drop in the Tennessee River at that point of 130 feet in thirty miles. The dam is 5,000 feet in length, or nearly a mile, impounding an estimated horse power of 850,000. Less than an eighth of this is needed to manufacture the amount of fertilizer promised by Ford.

The power has a transmission radius of 500 miles and an incalculable bearing not only upon the future evolution of all of the Southeastern section of the United States but upon virtually all of the country east of the Mississippi River except New England. The power at Muscle Shoals is far too great for any one State to use or control. It is the king-pin in the forthcoming development of electrified industry. It is fully comparable to the Panama Canal in its national significance and its possibilities of commercial revolution. To quote Newton D. Baker again:

> To grant Muscle Shoals to any individual or company for a hundred years, or even fifty years, grants to such company or individual industrial dominance for that period of the whole Southeastern portion of our country. . . . All the figures one sees about the gifts in present values in money to Mr. Ford or other proposed lessees are trifling as compared with the growing value of the industrial power that any such lease necessarily entails. . . . I am therefore clearly of the belief that Congress should retain Muscle Shoals, provide for its operation directly by the corps of engineers of the army or by a public corporation analogous to the Panama Railroad Company, and through such operation deal with the power produced in the mass, without entering into retail operation. By so doing the public interest, which we now see to be large, will be continuously served, and as the importance of this power source grows the hand of the Government will be free to make it continuously serviceable in the highest degree as the changing public interest demands.

The chief of engineers of the army has just reported that current expenditures at Muscle Shoals are at the rate of about $800,000 a month and that the electric-power and nitrate plants will be completed by next October but could be hurried through so as to be ready by July 1. More than $150,000,000 will probably have been expended upon Muscle Shoals by the time the work is done. There will be a tremendous drive upon the present Congress to turn this enormous undertaking, with its still greater potentialities, over to some private financial group to exploit for its own profit. Only a determined show of popular opposition can prevent this tragedy and this betrayal. *The Nation* has pointed out several times within recent months the striking economies and benefits that have been obtained in the province of Ontario through the public development and sale of power from Niagara Falls. Mr. Underwood's bill—supported by President Coolidge—to deliver Muscle Shoals into private hands under a fifty-year lease would tie it up for too long a period. Senator Norris has a better plan for continued government ownership, with the option of operation by the government or by private agency under government control.

Britain and Our Reparations

WHAT is behind the mist of talk about inter-Allied debts and debt settlements, sequestrated private property, reparation claims, which has been blowing through the press? This: The United States has claims against Germany arising out of injuries sustained by American citizens during the war; these claims, now being settled by the Mixed Claims Commission in Washington, will, it is estimated, amount to about $250,000,000. The Treaty of Versailles required Germany to make compensation for such war losses sustained by citizens of the Allied and Associated Powers, and the United States duly claimed them from Germany in the separate Treaty of Berlin. The Dawes Report, for the execution of which the Allies rely strongly on the United States, provided that the reparation claims of "the Allied and Associated Powers" shall be paid out of the so-called Dawes bonds and annuities. The United States asked its share of these reparation bonds at the conference, called in Paris in November, to distribute the bonds among the Allied and Associated Powers. Allied diplomacy, however, seemed to assume that the United States was merely a tool for the accomplishment of Allied policies and that our rights were concessions grantable by the Allies, for which we must pay.

When the United States in Paris asserted its claim to participate in the Dawes bonds, as the Dawes Report provided and required, to the extent of the $250,000,000 necessary to satisfy our pecuniary claims for war losses, we were told by France that our claim could not be granted because we had not signed the Treaty of Versailles and because France had been required to reduce her claims on Germany. She set a price on her consent which we evidently have had to pay, namely, a material concession on the French debt and support of French loans in the American money market.

The British delegate at the conference professed a lack of instructions, a clear indication that Great Britain opposed and would resist our just claim. The British moved for an adjournment of the conference until January, by which time the British Government doubtless will disclose the price it will require for its consent to our claims. This price has already been indicated by Mr. Winston Churchill: Britain will contend we should wait for our claims until the Allies have been paid off or else confiscate the sequestrated private property in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian in Washington, as England has disgracefully done; and finally, that Britain wants the same concession on her debt to the United States as France obtains.

Britain is playing for big stakes. Knowing the disposition of Congress to return the sequestrated private property, the retention of which constitutes an ineffaceable blot on our national history, she hopes to induce the Department of State to prevent Congress from returning it and perhaps eventually to confiscate it, thus putting us in the same evil boat with Great Britain. Moreover, should we return the property, the British Government realizes that the prestige for financial integrity thus gained by us will reflect on Great Britain and will stimulate the forces in England that are disgusted with the British policy of confiscating private property and are demanding that the expropriated owners, to save England's reputation, be compensated. If she cannot succeed in bringing about the confiscation of the property, for which England has labored unremittingly, she hopes to get the alternative advantage of a further remission in her debt to the United States.

All the world but Great Britain has admitted our rights, though France demanded a price for the "concession." We should not permit Great Britain further to debauch our foreign policy. Even according to the Knox-Porter Resolution, although it violated a basic American tradition by authorizing the retention of the private property until Germany had made "suitable provision for the satisfaction of" the claims of American citizens, the sequestrated private property, including compensation for the requisitioned ships, should now be returned to its owners. Judge Meares, formerly counsel in the office of the Alien Property Custodian, in a booklet just published under the title "The Confiscation Fact," has pointed out how the congressional policy of "conservation" of the property has been distorted and abused by Messrs. Palmer and Garvan into a policy of "confiscation." The Chemical Foundation transaction smells to Heaven, and should result in an indictment of the participating officials. Germany has now made "suitable provision for the satisfaction of" the claims of American citizens, by handing over to the Allied and Associated Powers for distribution among themselves 10 billion marks of railroad and 5 billion marks of industrial bonds. If the United States, through British recalcitrance or its own ineptitude, is unable to obtain its share of the bonds, the responsibility is not Germany's nor that of German citizens who own private property in the United States. This seems elementary. Congress has always had power to return the property, without waiting on the indulgence of the Secretary of State; and even he must now recognize that the condition precedent of the Knox-Porter Resolution, on which, contrary to all American traditions, he seems to have insisted, has now been performed.

International Literature

THE man who likes to imagine a world in which ideas are as easily and conveniently exchanged as coffee or tea or gold, a world over which literary currents flow uninterrupted by ignorance or accident or ill-will, will be particularly pained when he looks about him today. He will find remarkably few facilities for the free movement of books between nations in the West—the East he has doubtless given up long ago as hopeless—and such instances of international vogue among authors as he observes he will perhaps set down to the operation of chance. The news that Upton Sinclair is being hailed by critics in Soviet Russia as the writer of the future, the person whose method and subject-matter best reveal the tendencies which literature in the next century or so must logically follow, may be welcome to him; but he will at once begin to wonder how many other authors might have become influential abroad through the efforts of what he might call a Western clearing-house of literature. It was only by a similar accident a few years ago—perhaps it is true yet—that Ralph Waldo Trine took Europe by storm. And evidently it is an accident again that the publication this year in New York of Wladislaw Reymont's masterpiece coincides with the announcement that this Polish genius has been awarded the Nobel Prize in literature. The clearing-house is far away.

If pessimism on this point cannot be cured by argu-

ments showing the practical difficulties in the way—the expense, for instance, the waste of effort over books which literary officials might be wrong in deciding to promote abroad, and the increase in what is already too much printed matter—it may be soothed at least by a glance at the past. There is reason for believing that conditions are no worse and no better than they ever have been. The literary boundaries between nations have periodically been broken, and quite conceivably this has happened as often as there was any occasion for it. A great many elements in what is often supposed today to have been a purely national literature, the Greek, can be accounted for only by the fact of ideas infiltrated from the East. A Roman citizen in the time of Augustus read more Greek books, perhaps, than Roman; Greek meters were borrowed by Horace for his poems, and Virgil was indebted both to Homer and to the Hebrews. In the Middle Ages the use of Latin as a literary language brought it about that universities addressed more completely international audiences than have ever since assembled, and upon all subjects of large scope there was virtually no such thing as national expression. Exactly what was the nationality of Augustine, of Boethius, of Thomas Aquinas, of Abelard? The average layman would have to seize an encyclopedia to find out. Even fiction was international. Beowulf was not an English hero. Was Siegfried Scandinavian or German, and if Scandinavian what one of three countries did he start from? Parsifal was sometimes Percival, and Tristram belonged to all of Europe.

With the invention of printing and the development of the vernaculars there came a certain change, and yet the amount of that change should not be overestimated. From the beginning until now there have been periods of great intimacy between nations, and it is unlikely that accident or caprice was responsible; minds inevitably ran together. Elizabethan England became intoxicated with Renaissance Italy, and Shakespeare had access to Bandello as Chaucer had had to Boccaccio. A century later it was France which was educating England; a student of the Restoration must know Molière almost as well as he knows Dryden. And in the eighteenth century France returned the compliment. Voltaire had much to do with this—his "Philosophical Letters" came out in London a year before they did in Paris; and later on Frenchmen were accepting as classics the works of Locke, Pope, Thomson, Richardson, and Sterne. Still another century, and England was opening herself to Germany; Goethe and Carlyle corresponded, and Coleridge disseminated with all his might metaphysical doctrines which reached him from across the Rhine. Bernard Shaw is almost more potent today in Germany than he is at home, and Anatole France is the possession of everybody. British and American fiction can often be traced to a source in France or Russia, and Mr. Mencken in America can really be understood only by reference to Shaw, Butler, Nietzsche, and Schopenhauer.

No one could refrain from wishing that publishers and critics were more internationally educated than they are, and that good translators—for they are rare—abounded. On the other hand, it is hard to believe that an author in any country who deserves to be heard in another will not somehow get heard. In the long run there has been no difficulty in the case of Shakespeare or Molière or Voltaire or Goethe or Anatole France. The trouble may be that there are few such men.

Albert De Silver

TO write of one who was as close to the staff of *The Nation* as Albert De Silver is hard. He was one of its directors; he wrote many unsigned editorials; hardly a legal topic passed under review without the benefit of his balanced and suggestive mind; but more than all these, he was one of our closest friends.

Albert De Silver was in a sense a product of the war. He was born to comfort and position; he was a clubman at Yale; when the war darkened the horizon he was well along on the road to a conventional lawyer's career. From the beginning the violent partisanships of the war disturbed that cool passion for fairness which was perhaps his most individual characteristic. He always believed that there was another side, and he wanted to hear it. When the hot temper of 1917 began to stifle civil liberty in America he stepped out of his path to defend it. Friends marveled at the bold progress of what was by training a conservative mind. It was with amazement that, one day when war intolerance was at its fever heat, they saw his name appended to an advertisement asking funds for the defense of the imprisoned members of the I. W. W.

"So you've turned I. W. W.," more than one said.

"Not on your life," he would reply; "but I want to see those boys get a chance, and they aren't getting it."

When Roger Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, went to jail in 1918 Albert De Silver gave up his law practice and stepped into Baldwin's place. "Someone had to do it," he explained. When Baldwin came out of prison there was work for two and double work for a lawyer. De Silver continued.

"You get me wrong," he used to say to friends with whom he was associated in this work. "I'm not a radical. I don't know whether there is anything in your ideas or not. Only, I think you ought to have a chance to express them. We can't get on without that."

Conservatives too appreciated his clear mind and good humor. Few men who played so prominent a part in the free-speech fight retained—and made—such warm friendships among those whom they had to combat. Recognition of his balance and integrity made him chairman of the legislative committee of the City Club of New York.

In a nation of partisans and in an age of intolerance a personality like Albert De Silver's is rare and can ill be spared. His passion for justice was almost abstract; it held for enemies as well as friends. His restless curiosity was not to be stilled by the easy acceptances of any party or cause. He was beyond the reach of the various forms of hysteria that have muddled the minds of so many Americans, and he deliberately turned out of all the ruts.

When the persecutions died down he gave up his desk in the civil-liberties office. But by that time the ordinary practice of commercial law had come to seem an uninteresting thing, hardly worth the devotion of a venturesome intelligence. "I don't see why I should give my life to a thing I am not interested in," he said. "Fortunately, I don't have to. I'll find something which means more." He set out deliberately to reeducate himself, turning in his search for a firm foundation for his thought to chemistry. His critical mind never disturbed his sunny temper. He was still cheerfully searching when the train lurched on December 7 and he plunged to instant death.

Soviet Georgia's Little Revolution

By LOUIS FISCHER

Tiflis, Soviet Republic of Georgia, November 1

LITTLE Georgia, mountainous, wine-drinking, the cradle of the Caucasian race if we are to believe the omniscient ethnographers, today furnishes an indispensable object lesson in the science of revolution. The recent uprising in Georgia, which the League of Nations dignified with its attention, was the inevitable result of an attempt to develop a Communist or Soviet system on a country which had not, like Russia proper, gone through the preliminary purgatory of a revolution. For Georgia, it may be recalled, passed directly from capitalism under the Mensheviks to the New Economic Policy under the Bolsheviks without the intervening period of military communism which in Russia made possible stable politics under NEP economics.

From the *Pravda* (Moscow)

Mr. Hughes and His Russian Policy

To the student of revolution and of social movements Georgia is a revelation. Its history since 1917 and its present give him a partial or perhaps complete answer to the much-mooted question: Can England, can Germany evolve peacefully toward socialism? Can a labor government legislate the cooperative commonwealth into being? Or must the life of the land first be turned inside out and upside down by a revolution?

Soon after the power of the Czar collapsed, the Mensheviks set up a government in Georgia. In its early age the troops of the Imperial German Kaiser were its foster father; in its old age it was watched over by well-meaning British Tommies acting on behalf of Mr. Churchill and Lord Curzon, who have always evinced a peculiar interest in Baku and its oil-fields and in the great Baku-Batum pipe line, which cuts through the heart of the Georgian republic.

Meanwhile the Mensheviks were sending punitive expeditions to crush their restive national minorities, the Ossetinians, Adjarians, and Abkhazians. Unable to restrain the peculiar nationalistic ardor which distinguishes them, they engaged in petty wars with their neighbors, Armenia and Azerbaijan. By that time Moscow had rid itself of civil war. Wrangel was in Constantinople and the Poles were back within their swollen frontiers. It was then that Sirgo Ordjenekidze and his troops went to support the Georgian Communists and sweep the Mensheviks out of Tiflis, Batum, and Poti, out of Kakhatia, Mingrelia, and Svanetia. He led the Red army over impossible mountain passes, meeting with no resistance until within sight of Tiflis, where ex-Czarist officers made a futile stand. In February, 1921, Georgia had turned Bolshevik. The Menshevik leaders simply fled to Paris and Berlin, taking art and museum treasures with them.

For a week the mass of the people in the cities, which for Georgia with a proletariat of scant 90,000 means the bourgeoisie, hid at home awaiting the developments which had ruined the Russian bourgeoisie. But none came. Slowly they reappeared on the streets. They wore the clothes of yore and the diamonds. They flashed their evening dresses at the theater and opera. The Bolsheviks instituted no Red Terror in Georgia and no sudden expropriation of the propertied classes.

Revolutionary measures which were the first acts of the Bolsheviks in the Smolny and Kremlin are only now being ventured in Georgia. The Singer Sewing Machine Company was nationalized by the Russian Government early in 1918, by the Georgian Government late in 1923. The Tchiaturi manganese deposits, deposits on which the American steel industry is largely dependent and for which, therefore, W. A. Harriman is now bidding, are still worked by their prewar owners, the only instance of such leniency in all the Soviet Union, with the possible exception of some minor enterprises not known to the writer. Even the land reform in Georgia waited until 1923.

During the period of military communism in Russia the bourgeoisie was crushed. The war-weary soldiers had no sooner bolted from the Eastern front than they dispossessed the rich landowners, sometimes destroying their fine homes, often driving them from the neighborhood. The land barons and the nobility lost their wealth, their social position, not too seldom their lives. Many fought and died in the prolonged civil war through which Russia passed. Many, forced to go into exile, are now waiters and chauffeurs and unofficial advisers of foreign offices in the capitals of Europe. In fine, the effect of the upheaval in Russia was the extinction as a class of the landed bourgeoisie, and certainly, since private trade was outlawed for three years, of the city bourgeoisie. When the NEP came, the NEP which at least for some years after its promulgation in 1921 was a license to live to the bourgeoisie, the Bolsheviks had to deal with a new bourgeoisie without traditions and without roots. Experience shows that the task of combating such a deracinated bourgeoisie is, relatively at least, not difficult, though it is not always altogether pleasant or advisable.

The picture in Georgia is different. The land-owning classes did not emigrate. The rural princes—and owing to peculiar circumstances they constitute 6 per cent of Georgia's population of 2,400,000—were never violently expropriated and never forced to move from their premises. It is true that when the Bolsheviks finally redistributed

the country's meager land resources the holdings of the princes and nobles suffered serious diminution; nevertheless, they managed in many cases to maintain an economic superiority owing to retention of their live and dead agricultural stock and of their personal property.

The landed families which were not banished from their homes in Russia have forever renounced any pretensions to their former greatness. They have been forced out of their class and into the peasant class. But in Georgia they remained a compact and rather large nucleus of disaffection. It matters little that some of the princes have become paupers. Without years of civil war and of active communism to shake the foundations of their existence and to impress them with their own futility, they remain imbued with a sense of class solidarity, cherishing the hope of rehabilitation.

So also the urban bourgeoisie. Tiflis store windows were never boarded up as were those of Petrograd and Moscow. The luxury shops, the pastry parlors, the dispensers of fancy French perfumes, all private of course, operate in 1924 as they did in 1914. The bourgeoisie remains intact. More than that, it has gained in confidence and arrogance. The Communists have not dared lay hands on them.

Only in one respect did the Georgian Bolsheviks follow the radical road. They went the limit in the anti-religious campaign, closing every church in whole provinces and continuing atheistic street demonstrations long after Moscow had grown wiser. They justified the policy by submitting, what is true, that the average Georgian is less devout than the average Russian, yet they overstepped the mark, and today Ordjenekidze, the "big chief" in the Tiflis Government, is sounding the retreat. "To say that the peasantry does not want its churches," he tells a party conference, "is self-deception."

Georgia joins Armenia and Azerbaijan to form the Trans-Caucasian Federation, which federation plus Great Russia plus White Russia plus the Ukraine constitutes the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR). Officially, and in many respects actually, an autonomous republic, Georgia, sometimes with grace and sometimes without, usually takes the cue from Moscow. One marvels at the authority of the Kremlin. Its finger is as clear in Baku and Batum as in the very streets of Moscow. Now, when the intensive anti-NEP, anti-bourgeois crusade commenced a year or more ago, Tiflis followed suit, albeit with much caution. But whereas in Moscow the Nepmen merely complain meekly of their sad lot, Georgian merchants became the active supporters or passive sympathizers of the revolt.

Thus the tradespeople joined the princes and priests to form the backbone of the insurrection. Few workers joined the ranks. In fact the proletariat of Batum and Poti and Scharipan suppressed the trouble without the aid of the military. It was a tiny affair, the insurrection. At its climax it had mobilized no more than 4,000 persons. Some of these were peasants who jumped on to the bandwagon when the Mensheviks held Tchiaturi (population 13,000) for ten hours, and Novo Senaki (population 5,000) for two days. The Georgian peasants have as many good reasons to grumble as have the Russian. Nevertheless, most of the peasants turned a deaf ear to the Mensheviks; some, as in the province of Kakhetia, reacted toward the insurrection by driving the princes out of their villages. Still others, however, plain peasants whose condition was steadily yet only slowly improving were the victims of princely agitation and provocation. How natural this in a land where the nobles have not lost their prestige, which only recently shed its feudalism, and where, until several decades ago, the peasantry submitted to the exercise by the princes of the *jus primae noctis*. The relation between the peasants and the princes in certain sections of the country is closer than that which the Communists have succeeded in setting up. Therefore the non-bourgeois peasants struck with the bourgeoisie.

The insurrection was inspired and organized by the Mensheviks who live in Paris. Georgian Menshevism, it should be understood, is not the Menshevism of Martov, whom Lenin loved, nor even of Abramovitch. It has no kinship with socialism. It is tantamount to anti-Bolshevism. The Mensheviks who precipitated this revolt received foreign financial aid. A member of their own Central Committee, arrested by the Cheka, confessed the fact in testimony which lies before me. They were promised that if they succeeded in holding power for three or four days British and French vessels would land troops in Black Sea ports and march to their support. I spoke to young men in western Georgia, men who had carried arms with the Mensheviks, who wondered why America had not sent tanks. These innocents had been drugged into believing that the Powers would aid their efforts. And not without reason did they believe so. Had not Doumergue received with pomp and music the "Georgian ambassador to France," Tchenkelli, the Parisian copy of Bakhmetiev? Had not Herriot received Tseretelli, a member of the Menshevik cabinet? Had not MacDonald seen Tseretelli shortly before the rising? And did not MacDonald and Herriot support the Georgian Mensheviks at the recent meeting of the League of Nations? I think it can be stated categorically that the insurrection would not have occurred but for the encouragement which the Mensheviks got from abroad.

The Mensheviks exploited the exaggerated nationalism of the Georgians. The Georgians are an excessively proud race, and Czarist attempts at Russification only fostered the spirit. Menshevism urges the slogan of national independence. But history has proved that an "independent" Menshevik Georgia was first a colony of Imperial Germany and then of the British Empire. Georgia is too weak and too attractive to stand alone. It commands the road to the oil of Baku, Persia, and Afghanistan. It has the coveted manganese. With Georgia in British hands Russia's passive threat to India and Russia's possession of the Caucasus would cease. Georgia's choice lay and lies between British imperialism via Menshevism and Soviet Russia. It is interesting that the League of Nations lent its influence to the former.

Was it an insurrection for national liberation from foreign domination, the domination of Russia, or was it part of a scheme to destroy the Soviet regime in all of Russia? Between 1918 and 1921 the Menshevik Government in Tiflis fought the Armenians and the Turks in Azerbaijan; they burned the villages of the Ossetinians and cruelly oppressed the Abkhazians. Now they parade in the name of the rights of national minorities. Be that as it may, what was the prime object of the Georgian Mensheviks? Before me is a letter written by Noi Jordani, president of Menshevik Georgia, and intercepted by the Cheka. He outlines his plan to his comrades. First Daghestan is to revolt. Then Azerbaijan and the Mountain Republic

centering around Vladikavkaz. Finally Georgia. With the Caucasus thus detached from Russia they could prepare the downfall of Bolshevism. This is the "oil state" of which French papers wrote and which, it was suggested, would be under the aegis of the League.

There was a military program. On such and such a day Baku was to be taken. On that day the Social Democrat and emigrant press of Europe reported that Baku had been taken. Daghestan was to hoist the White Guard flag on Wednesday. On Thursday the anti-Bolshevik papers knew from "special dispatches" that the Soviet republic of Daghestan had been smashed. Though the entire affair was liquidated in three days, Berlin and Paris dailies continued for more than a month to describe disturbances in places which I know were perfectly peaceful because I was visiting in them at the time when these supposed disturbances were being reported. Jordani, for instance, sitting in Paris, sent the London *Daily Herald* a wire to the effect that "Bolshevik troops have disembarked in Batum and are making terrible reprisals on the population, massacring old men, women, and children." Now I have been to Batum. I have had conversations with an American, the local representative of the Near East Relief; with private storekeepers who mouthed fire and brimstone at the Bolsheviks, with port workers, with non-political hotel servants, and with Mensheviks. Batum is a small town. Had they seen Red troops who had disembarked or arrived in any other way? No. Had anybody been massacred? No. The revolt had not even touched Batum.

Georgia is a pre-capitalistic country. The people weave their own cloth and make their own carpet dyes from nuts and fruits. You see women making thread from raw cotton and wool. There is little factory industry and therefore no very strong bourgeoisie. Nevertheless, that bourgeoisie has been able to offer passive resistance to the Soviet regime since its inception in 1921 and to participate in three troublesome, albeit puny, insurrections. The last uprising, quickly terminated though it was, forced the Government to recognize that it could not flout the will of the bourgeoisie nor deny the influence of the princes on the mood of the peasants. Measures tending toward the destruction of private capital were publicly renounced. Thus the state monopolies for cotton, silk, and wool were revoked, giving Nepmen a free hand in competing with the Government. Private shops boycotted for a year by the banks will now receive credits. The anti-NEP campaign will probably cease, certainly it will take on milder forms, while concessions will be made to the rich peasantry. Attacks on religion have been ordered stopped.

This latest Georgian experience emphasizes the heavy cost of revolution and the tremendous responsibility of revolutionaries. For the Q. E. D. of three years of Bolshevism in Georgia is that the ends of socialism cannot be approached, much less attained, as long as a counter-socialistic class has the weight and the will to bar the way. The Red cynic will even say that if civil war and foreign wars do not follow social upheavals, as they did the French and the Russian, they must be artificially induced in order to excuse acts through which the destruction of this class, the bourgeoisie, could be consummated.

I have put the question to many Communists only to receive an almost unvarying reply: No bourgeoisie will voluntarily relinquish its wealth and power. Nationalize its mines, railroads, land, real estate, factories, attempt a serious capital levy, and even the bourgeoisie which is the greatest champion of democracy will fight, though its enemy be a regularly elected parliamentary majority. No class submits to the guillotine without a struggle, not even so small and weak and unorganized a class as the Georgian bourgeoisie.

Making Cooperation Succeed in America

By AGNES D. WARBASSE

MOST of us in the United States are not a bit stirred by cooperation. The ephemeral torchlight processions of political radicals arouse much more enthusiasm than the unspectacular but solid gains of cooperation. If, as Huston Thompson, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, says, "cooperation with all its problems is one of the most portentous, successful, and apparently enduring movements in this great period of world events," why aren't we thrilled at this growing movement in our midst?

In Europe they are taking cooperation seriously. Here perhaps, in our reckless, profligate way, we think "the effort is too great and the savings are too meager." Or perhaps we have not yet suffered enough to value it. Most of us still have the pioneer psychology. Even if we are in present straits we hopefully believe that by moving on we can find a better opportunity for ourselves. We are not yet ready "to dig in," right here on the job. There is no adventure in that. If we do not move on in search of improved conditions we prefer the excitement of standing on the sidelines and whooping up the other fellow—the politician or the boss—to better things *for* us: and then we blame him if things do not get better.

But there are some Americans who are pioneering in cooperation. Here, a few sketches of what they are doing:

"The visitor to New York goes to see the statue of Liberty; the visitor to Minneapolis goes to see the Franklin Cooperative Creamery." One of the daily papers of Minneapolis ran this as a headline last fall. They are proud of their lusty cooperative child out there. The Franklin Cooperative Creamery really is a prodigy. Though it is only four years old, it has more than two-thirds of the milk business of the city. One hundred and fifty-eight white wagons with white horses and glass-lined white automobile tank cars distribute $3,500,000 worth of dairy products to the members annually. The Franklin pays the organized farmer about fifteen cents more for a hundred pounds of milk than is paid farmers elsewhere. It sells milk at twelve cents a quart; two, three, even six cents lower than in other large cities. And besides all these money values that the people receive, there is the social value of this creamery to the community. The Commissioner of Health in a public statement largely attributes the reduction in the death-rate of babies and the decrease of typhoid in Minneapolis to its pure milk. Since 1920 the creamery has increased its percentage of butter fats even above the standard required by law and decreased the bac-

teria count to a lower point than ever before. The surplus savings of the Franklin are used for enlarging their plant, for music and recreation, and for education of the members. Nearly $4,000 has been set aside this year to spread the knowledge of cooperation in the Northwest.

Who makes the most fuss about the exorbitant profits of the chain stores? The workers and the radicals. And who patronizes them most? Not the profiteers but these same workers and radicals, to the tune of $1,000,000 a day. If, instead of trading at the chain stores, the workers would plug ahead and buy all their food at their cooperative stores they too might begin to challenge the coal barons, as have, for instance, the cooperators in the mill town of Maynard, Massachusetts.

In the beginning of 1923 this cooperative society found itself with a surplus of $23,000 because for two years it had distributed no savings-returns to members. The directors decided to go into the coal business. Big gains were being made from their restaurant, grocery store, meat, furniture, milk, and bakery departments. Why not tackle one more of the necessities of life? Early in the autumn an agreement was made with one of the coal-mining companies of Pennsylvania. Land was purchased near the railroad tracks for $2,100; permission was wrung from the railroad company to build a spur; an overhead trestle and concrete bins were built. The entire plant cost $15,000. They started to deliver coal late in October; 2,200 tons of coal had been delivered by the end of March, 1924, with a distinct saving on each ton handled. The business is still growing.

Somebody brought the story over from Europe in 1921 of how they were building cooperative homes for the homeless; how homes were being built to *live in* instead of to sell; how speculation in real estate and housing was passing out. Instead of cursing the landlords as villains and exploiters the people were quietly putting them out of business by becoming their own landlords.

As usual, however, before real cooperative housing—the non-profit-making kind—could get established in the United States, our enterprising realtors captured the idea, put up apartments to sell, and called them "100 per cent cooperative." Up and down the avenues of any of our large cities you can see luxurious "cooperative" apartments flaunting prosperity. Their values run to the millions. The tenants invest from ten to twenty thousand dollars in cash for each apartment. The monthly charges run up from $500 to $600. Everybody makes something all along the line in the typical American fashion; first the real-estate speculators, then the contractors, then the agents. After the tenants have paid the price that these promoters demand, they in turn catch the germ of profit-making. Sometimes they sublet at extortionate profit. Sometimes groups of tenants, owning all the building, occupy only a portion of it: they let the rest at such a high rent that they themselves can live rent-free on the proceeds. Sometimes they sell out at their own price.

You ask, "Well, isn't this good for the wise ones who have cooperated in buying the apartment together, instead of continually renting from landlords?" Of course it is; but it is not cooperative housing. It does not eliminate speculation in land and homes.

Contrast this with genuine cooperative housing. If you are a cooperator you cannot hold title outright to the property you occupy. You own shares in the society; it owns the property. You can't hold more than the house or apartment you intend to occupy; you can't sell or sublet at a profit. But you can, even in America, by investing from $500 to $2,500, get a permanent, desirable cooperative home. The upkeep charges vary from $35 to $135 a month for three to six rooms. This is a saving of almost one-half the rental of similar apartments rented from landlords. These monthly charges decrease as the mortgages are cleared off. The "Garden Homes" of Milwaukee are a proof that this plan works. Over a hundred are already built; five hundred are planned on a plot of twenty-eight acres, a real cooperative community. And there are many true cooperative apartments in New York, Brooklyn, and a few other cities.

The present banking system does not provide loans for the man with ideas or for the worker who has labor power and little else to offer for security. But the people's banks, or credit unions as they are called in the United States, do. That is the reason they have increased so rapidly in the last few years. The need is here. The people are learning how to supply it. There are 95 credit unions in Massachusetts, 104 in New York, 35 in North Carolina, and a few others scattered through other States—nearly 300 in all. These little banks accept deposits and make loans only to their members—telephone girls, mill operators, civil-service clerks, poor-white farmers, even intellectuals. Their shareholdings now amount to $15,000,000. These savings they loan back to members whose needs and character they know. Over $12,000,000 has thus been used. Practically no losses—in some districts a small fraction of 1 per cent only, in some absolutely none—have been sustained.

"Oh, yes, these are the cooperative banks of the big unions," you say. No, the labor banks are different. There are thirty-five labor banks in the United States with assets of $125,000,000. They too are growing, but they are not yet cooperative. Their shares are largely held by labor, it is true, but their methods and investments are subject to the ordinary banking laws. There is as yet no national law for cooperative banking. When such a law is passed, these banks may reincorporate and become cooperative. At present they are following the usual course of private banking—making money for their shareholders. There is one significant difference; these labor banks have voluntarily limited the amount of dividend payable on stock to 10 per cent. Although some have been able to pay more, they have kept their dividends down as low as 8 per cent. The remaining surplus has been used to increase the interest paid to depositors and to decrease the interest charged to borrowers.

In Europe, cooperation is standardized. Experimentation is passed; but until recently we in the United States preferred to blunder along independently rather than to unite with the national federation of consumers' societies, The Cooperative League, and learn the right way to go about things. An encouraging change is taking place. Three hundred and thirty-three of the strongest consumers' societies in the United States, doing a combined business of about $15,000,000 a year, have joined the league. As a result of its education, its clearing-house for information, and its standardization, these societies are making better headway than ever before.

At the recent cooperative congress, held in New York, November 6, 7, and 8, eight groups of cooperative organizations formed a federation for joint buying. They decided no longer to "go it alone" but to buy important staples—flour, sugar, etc.—in carload lots. This is a promising step

toward the formation of the much-needed cooperative wholesale.

Who would have believed, a few years ago, that three non-profit-seeking cooperatives of several thousand members each could succeed in the heart of competitive business, New York City? Is it not interesting to know that there are two cooperative restaurants flourishing in the Wall Street section and two in the uptown business district? They serve 65,000 meals a month. "Our Cafeteria," now known as Cooperative Services, Inc., started less than four years ago. It has had a calm, steady growth, nothing very spectacular. Yet the 1,900 members, who have received $14,000 in savings-returns in addition to 6 per cent interest on their capital stock, will tell you that there is a demand for cooperative service even in gay New York. A recent addition to their activities has been the Cooperative Laundry, which is washing 1,500 bundles of its members' clothing monthly at a distinct saving.

The second "co-op" that knows how to succeed in New York City is the Finnish Cooperative Trading Association, with 1,500 members. It has a meat market, butcher shop, bakery, restaurant, and recreation room. Its success is, of course, more easily explained. It is in Brooklyn, in the center of a Finnish colony, with like habits, like needs, and like traditions. This is fertile soil.

Union labor is the unbroken rule in the forty-five cooperative bakeries ranging from the Massachusetts seaboard to the coast of California. Some of these were organized by union bakers who despaired of ever getting better wages and conditions through legislation. Strikes, too, had been of little effect. So the workers started to finance and run their own bakeries. They sold shares also to the consumers. As a result the working class as a whole has benefited. The presence of the "co-op" in many a town has driven down the prices of competing private bakers, day by day. And in time of strike, for instance, the great textile strike of 1922, 170,000 loaves of bread were sent from the cooperative bakeries in Massachusetts to the strikers' food kitchen.

Throughout the land there is a growing understanding of cooperation. Two training-schools for cooperative employees and executives are running annual courses of six weeks each. The colleges and special schools are giving increasing time to courses in cooperation. Spurious, fraudulent, and fanciful schemes have been put out of business by publicity, by court proceedings, or forced to the wall bankrupt. Henceforth they will have little chance of securing a foothold in the United States. Americans are beginning to know real cooperation from "fake."

Cooperators in this country are at last building solidly and laying deep foundations. Most countries have built a cooperative movement first and later sought to add a cooperative culture. In the United States we are building a culture upon which to found the growing movement. We shall succeed. But we must work everlastingly to make ourselves bigger than our problems.

The Primitive Black Man

By W. E. BURGHARDT Du BOIS

I BEGAN to notice it as I entered southern France. I formulated it in Portugal. I knew it as a great truth one Sunday in Liberia. And the Great Truth was this: efficiency and happiness do not go together in modern culture. Going south from London, as the world darkens it gets happier. Portugal is deliciously dark. Many leading citizens would have difficulty keeping off a Georgia "Jim Crow" car. But, oh, how lovely a land and how happy a people! And so leisurely. Little use of trying to shop seriously in Lisbon before 11. It isn't done. Nor at noon; the world is lunching or lolling in the sun. Even after 4 p. m. one takes chances, for the world is in the Rocio. And the banks are so careless and the hotels so leisurely. How delightfully angry Englishmen get at the "damned, lazy" Portuguese!

But if this of Portugal, what of Africa? Here darkness descends and rests on lovely skins until brown seems so luscious and natural. There is sunlight in great gold globules and soft, heavy-scented heat that wraps you like a garment. And laziness; divine, eternal languor is right and good and true.

I remember the morning. It was Sunday, and the night before we heard the leopards crying down there. Today beneath the streaming sun we went down into the gold-green forest. It was silence—silence the more mysterious because life abundant and palpitating pulsed all about us and held us drowsy captives to the day. Ahead the gaunt missionary strode, alert, afire, with his gun. He apologized for the gun, but he did not need to apologize to me, for I saw the print of a leopard's hind foot. A monkey sentinel piped, and I heard the whir of the horde as they ran.

Then we came to the village. How can I describe it? Neither London nor Paris nor New York has anything of its delicate, precious beauty. It was a town of the Veys and done in cream and pale purple—still, clean, restrained, tiny, complete. It was so simple and quiet there in the great wide world. Its arms were wide—it was no selfish place, but the central abode of fire and hospitality, was clean-swept for wayfarers, and the best seats were bare. They quite expected visitors, morning, noon, and night; and they gave our hands a quick, soft grasp and talked easily. Their manners were better than those of Park Lane or Park Avenue, Rittenhouse Square or the North Shore. Oh, much better and more natural! They showed breeding.

The chief's son—tall and slight and speaking good English—had served the late Colonel Young. He made a little speech of welcome. Long is the history of the Veys and comes down from the Eastern Roman Empire, the great struggle of Islam and the black empires of the Sudan.

We went on to other villages—dun colored, not so beautiful, but neat and hospitable. In one sat a visiting chief of perhaps fifty years in a derby hat and a robe, and beside him stood a shy young wife done in ebony and soft brown, whose liquid eyes could not meet ours. The chief was taciturn until we spoke of schools. Then he woke suddenly—he had children to "give" to a school. There was a pile of brown coffee heaped in the center of the village. I see the last village fading away: they are plas-

tering the wall of a home, leisurely and carefully. They smiled a goodby—not effusively, with no eagerness, with simple friendship, as we glided under the cocoa trees and into the silent forest, the gold and silent forest.

And there and elsewhere in two long months I began to learn: Primitive men are not following us afar, frantically waving and seeking our goals; primitive men are not behind us in some swift foot-race. Primitive men have arrived. They are abreast, and in places ahead of us; in others behind. But all their curving advance line is contemporary, not prehistoric. They have used other paths and these paths have led them by scenes sometimes fairer, sometimes uglier than ours, but always toward the Pools of Happiness. Or, to put it otherwise, these folks have the leisure of true aristocracy—leisure for thought and courtesy, leisure for sleep and laughter. They have time for their children—such well-trained, beautiful children with perfect, unhidden bodies. Have you ever met a crowd of children in the east of London or New York, or even on the Avenue at Forty-second or 142nd Street, and fled to avoid their impudence and utter ignorance of courtesy? Come to Africa and see well-bred and courteous children, playing happily and never sniffling and whining.

I have read everywhere that Africa means sexual license. Perhaps it does. Most folk who talk sex frantically have all too seldom revealed their source material. I was in West Africa only two months, but with both eyes wide. I saw children quite naked and women usually naked to the waist—with bare bosom and limbs. And in those sixty days I saw less of sex dalliance and appeal than I see daily on Fifth Avenue. This does not mean much, but it is an interesting fact.

The primitive black man is courteous and dignified. If the platforms of Western cities had swarmed with humanity as I have seen the platforms swarm in Senegal, the police would have a busy time. I did not see one respectable quarrel.

Wherefore shall we all take to the Big Bush? No. I prefer New York. But my point is that New York and London and Paris must learn of West Africa and may learn. The one great lack in Africa is communication—communication as represented by human contact, movement of goods, dissemination of knowledge. All these things we have—we have in such crushing abundance that they have mastered us and defeated their real good. We meet human beings in such throngs that we cannot know or even understand them—they become to us inhuman, mechanical, hateful. We are choked and suffocated, tempted and killed by goods accumulated from the ends of the earth; our newspapers and magazines so overwhelm us with knowledge—knowledge of all sorts and kinds from particulars as to our neighbors' underwear to Einstein's mathematics—that one of the great and glorious joys of the African bush is to escape from "news."

On the other hand, African life with its isolation has deeper knowledge of human souls. The village life, the forest ways, the teeming markets bring an intimate human knowledge that the West misses, sinking the individual in the social. Africans know infinitely fewer folk, but know them infinitely better. Their intertwined communal souls therefore brook no poverty or prostitution—these things are to them ununderstandable. On the other hand, they are vastly ignorant of what the world is doing and thinking and of what is known of its physical forces. They suffer terribly from preventable disease, from unnecessary hunger, from the freaks of the weather.

Here, then, is something for Africa and Europe both to learn; and Africa is eager, breathless, to learn—while Europe? Europe laughs with loud guffaws. Learn of Africa? Nonsense. Poverty cannot be abolished. Democracy and firm government are incompatible. Prostitution is world old and inevitable.

Whereupon Europe proceeds to one of two programs:

1. To force Africa into modern work-slavery by whip and gun.

2. To tempt Africa into work profitable to Europe by catering to her present wants.

And then across these programs with absolutely no reference to them logically or physically run the amazing missionary efforts.

The net result is disintegration. Disintegration toward death as in the Belgian Congo. Disintegration toward European life as in French Senegal. Disintegration toward modern machine methods as in Sierra Leone. Disintegration by absorption into another group as in Liberia, where the new Liberian is more and more of native blood and American training.

Most people would disagree with the attempt to force Africa into work slavery and assume that this program is obsolete in Africa. It is not. It is, on the whole, the main and predominant program. On the other hand, the second program of catering to the wants of Africa may be good and may be bad, and is usually bad. Everything depends upon which wants are catered to, and how they are catered to, and with what objects and ideals. One may cater to the wish for alcoholic stimulants by synthetic gin, or one may cater to the need of knowledge by establishing schools; and between these two runs the gamut of the universe. As a matter of fact, what one does cater to is to those wants the satisfaction of which makes the largest profit for the importer. And one does this without any reference to the ultimate effect upon the people. One copies the beautiful cloth patterns of the West African artisan and his dyes, and floods West Africa with machine-made garments, beautiful and striking in many ways, but far less beautiful, of course, than the native garment, and at the same time driving the native artisan out of the market.

What shall one do? Here again one must do the thing most profitable to the importer. Bring down palm oil and ivory and wild rubber. All this beginning of trade and intercourse with the modern world is a matter which ought to call for the wisest thought and most far-seeing philanthropy. It is left today in the hands of the most selfish and ignorant white traders. One could envisage in West Africa a missionary effort that would uplift the world: trained physicians and nurses, masters of industrial processes guided by ideals which make industry cater to human development and uplift; wise men trained in anthropology and history to observe and copy the ancient and in many respects magnificent native organizations; and teachers who know how to teach.

Your Christmas gift to The Nation—
a new subscriber!

Jaurès at the Pantheon

By IDA TREAT

Paris, November 24

A DAY of incongruities. More red than tricolored, and yet not quite red. A truce between the "Internationale" and the "Marseillaise." A symbol of the Government of the Bloc des Gauches—with its hesitancies, its lack of assurance, its constant need of leaning on the Left. . . .

As we walk from the metro station toward the Chamber of Deputies the first glimpse is impressive. The brown bulk of the House-without-windows, with a high, black catafalque in silhouette against a moving, billowing curtain of tricolor, vast as a cloud against the dark pillars. Below the square is black with onlookers, massed at either side of the boulevard and along the bridge leading to the Place de la Concorde, where groups of red flags flame darkly through the mist.

Everyone buys a red eglantine for his buttonhole. Today red is an official color. Few police are in evidence; a platoon keeps the crowd in order; a few brigadiers with braided képis stand about. Cavalry officers trail their long swords; their silver spurs twinkle under their long coat-skirts cut after the German pattern.

Comes a prolonged drum-roll. Hats off. A monstrous something advances, draped in red-white-and-blue bunting, visible over the heads of the crowd. It sways and lurches, steams like a locomotive. People crane and shove. What is it? A float, a tank? It is the catafalque; poised at the summit of a wooden pyramid nearly twenty feet high and fully twice as long, it is borne along by the stalwart miners of Carmaux wearing their picturesque blue jeans. Incense burns at the four corners in gilded holders.

Overhead something whines and wheezes—like a phonograph with a warped disk or a worn needle. Two mighty amplifiers on the roof of the Chamber transmit the strains of an orchestra, playing in comfort within the heated building. The march from "Aïda"! In an instant the scene on the square loses its sincerity. This is mere opera—the swaying catafalque, the tall cenotaph with its silver gauze, its banks of chrysanthemums, and the two red-and-yellow torches like immense ice-cream molds. Only the billowing flag-curtain still is beautiful.

The crowd shivers and stamps in the icy fog. To think that this display has cost the Government 650,000 francs! One cannot help remembering the pathetic budget of education they have been discussing this very week behind those draped columns. No money for museums, no money for libraries and laboratories—but 650,000 francs for a spectacle! The republic has come a long way from Danton's "Bread first . . . and then education."

"Poor psychology," comments one man in the crowd. "Bad politics," grumbles another. In spite of the lyric tone adopted by the journalists, the crowd understands that this is a political demonstration. Jaurès is a pretext—a chance to reveal the forces massed behind Herriot and the Bloc des Gauches. Yesterday it was the Poincaré Government with the heart of Gambetta and the Unknown Soldier; today, the Left has its opportunity.

The catafalque has disappeared down the Boulevard St. Germain, followed by the President of the Council in his tall hat, deputies, and senators—the very men who in 1911 christened Jaurès "l'avocat de l'Allemagne." Then come the radicals, the League of the Rights of Man with its venerable chief, Ferdinand Buisson, warmly saluted by friends in the crowd. Last of all, the long procession of Socialists, their scarlet banners hung with crape—a disturbing sight no doubt to the good folk in the big houses that line the boulevard. A window just above our heads is filled with house-servants so typical that they seem scarcely real—the cook with mustache and cap, the housekeeper and her keys, the butler with a handful of spoons. Monsieur himself with his monocle stands a little apart from the rest, carefully observed by his household, who pattern their behavior after his. When Monsieur gives a scornful laugh, the servants laugh; a shrug of his shoulders is accompanied by a whole series of less successful shrugs.

The amplifier still whines over the square—excellent music, without a doubt, but nothing to march to. Could not some of the six hundred thousand francs have been used to hire a band? The cortège saunters—a well-dressed crowd, derby hats and French heels. One lady leads or is led by a gay little dachshund in a blue overcoat.

Two-fifteen; the "official" procession is over. The policemen along the curb break ranks. An amiable brigadier invites us to fall in behind the marchers. But there is a stir on the bridge, banners, and—at last—a band. The crowd surges into the square as the Communists, fifty thousand strong, sweep across from the Place de la Concorde. On they come, flags flying, Cachin and Vaillant-Couturier in the lead. Just under the cenotaph they come to a stand. There is a crash of brass.

C'est . . . la lut-te final-e . . .

The "Internationale." An answering roar from the crowd. Hats wave. The whole square rocks with sound.

"That's what Jaurès would have loved!" gasps an old man beside me who has been singing with all his might. "I am no Communist, but to bury Jaurès without the 'Internationale'—it would be a shame!"

"You can't play the 'Internationale' at a government funeral!" snaps a man with a Socialist badge on his arm.

"Jaurès didn't belong to the government. He was a revolutionary—" came the peppery rejoinder, and the old man burst out again with the refrain:

L'Inter-nationale sera . . . le genre humain!

For nearly an hour they file past—workers from the faubourgs, children in scarlet caps, bareheaded women—singing and shouting "Vive Jaurès! Vive l'Amnestie!" their voices covering the bark of the amplifier that is grating out the official speeches at the Pantheon. The Communists are masters of the street; they fill the boulevard from wall to wall and stretch in a long procession to the distant square where the dome of the Pantheon disappears in evening mist. No hypocrisy here. This is frankly a political demonstration—a heaven-sent opportunity to parade the strength of a revolutionary party through the very heart of the capital. Flags, songs, speakers haranguing the crowd from taxis.

And Jaurès? . . . The ceremony is over. The officials have wandered home to dinner. The amplifiers have ceased grating. The gates of the sanctuary are closed and barred. The autumn mist closes down on the square, shutting out the crowds that drift away with their eglantines and their furled banners; wrapping close about the dome of great men, like a symbol of the solitude of their lives.

Jaurès is alone in the Pantheon.

The Unimp

For Radio Enthusiasts and Music Lovers

FOUR BOOKS BY PERCY A. SCHOLES

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF THE GREAT MUSICIANS Net $4.20

For persons of all ages. Treats the subject in the light of a game that one must first learn to play and understand before full enjoyment comes. Also obtainable in three volumes, each Net $1.70

THE LISTENER'S GUIDE TO MUSIC. With a Concert-goer's Glossary . . . . . Net $1.50

When you listen in to musical programs on the radio do you understand what the music is expressing to you? Your family and friends will find this book an open sesame to the language of music.

THE BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO HARMONY . . . Net $ .85

A simple introduction to the subject.

THE LISTENER'S HISTORY OF MUSIC, Volume I. Net $2.00

A book for any concert-goer, pianist, or gramophonist. Provides also a course of study in the appreciation of music.

Order singly or in sets from your bookseller or from the publisher.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch

35 West 32nd Street New York, N. Y.

Ernest Boyd
PORTRAITS:
REAL AND IMAGINARY

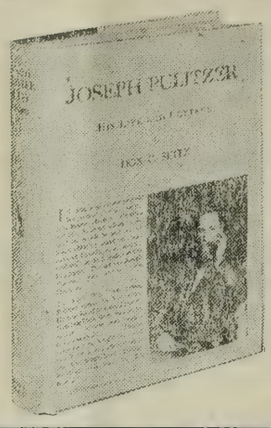
YOU can't afford to miss Mr. Boyd's "Puritan: Modern Style," "A Literary Lady," and other studies of types we all know. These keen satires are rounded out with word portraits of such writers as Shaw, Moore, Mencken, Scott Fitzgerald, Dreiser, and Chesterton. "It opens with the breathtaking 'Aesthete, Model 1924,' . . . You linger over the pages of this volume and are reluctant when the last leaf is turned." $2.50

John Farrar
THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

THESE intimate and exceedingly frank personal accounts of living American writers have already been greeted as sensational. Humorous, penetrating, sometimes bitter, these brilliant studies have been written by a score or more of famous American critics who accept the cloak of anonymity. Among the authors included are Tarkington, Edna Ferber, Cabell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sinclair Lewis, Mary Johnston, Sherwood Anderson, etc.
With caricatures by Gropper.

DORAN BOOKS

All Bookshops
Each $2.50



"The Seitz biography is

JOSEP
HIS LIFE AN

The dramatic s
thrilling chronic
American life. .

24 full page plates
SIMON AND SC

A Recommendation

Each year it has been the privilege of Charles Scribner's Sons to recommend as a Christmas gift an American autobiography published at a moderate price. Last year at this time we were presenting Michael Pupin's "From Immigrant to Inventor," a book which had perhaps its most adequate and discerning estimate in the pages of The Nation, *and which has since received the Pulitzer Biography Prize. The new autobiography recommended for the Christmas season of* 1924 *is*

MEMOIRS OF AN EDITOR
By Edward Page Mitchell

Who, two years ago, retired at seventy as editor of the New York Herald after 47 years of brilliant service with it and the Sun.

To our recommendation we might add that of the *New York Times*, that of W. P. Beazell, managing editor of the *New York World*, and those of the *Boston Transcript*, the *New York Herald-Tribune*, the *New York Sun*, to assure you that this is a fine, wise, human, rich and diverting book.

Illustrated $4.50

Cartoon of Charles A. Dana in Kidney Bill's Hack in E. P. Mitchell's "Memoirs." Mr. Mitchell's half-century career in journalism brought him in contact with men and great events.

Charles Scribner's Sons

UNCENSORED RECOL

"IT should be tremendously popular," said Laurence Stallings made its first appearance. Mr. Stallings can take credit as George, it is reported, has read his copy three times and this make it the literary tid-bit of the season. If you like sparkling inc "not even Margot Asquith presented social gossip and scandal, the *Times Book Review*, sees in it "an important contribution to Boston." The *New York Herald Tribune* agrees, finding it "th many a season. Gossip about personalities of international noto If you are looking for a gift to please the particular, give this here and abroad.

Large Octavo. *346 Pages.*

PHILADELPHIA **J. B. LIPPIN**

chable Gift

t charts the path of a comet."—Laurence Stallings

PULITZER

TTERS — By DON C. SEITZ

man who made THE WORLD,—a
f the most amazing careers in recent
example of craftsmanship in book-making.

5.00. At all book stores or from the publishers,

NC. 37 West 57th St., New York

st of
nguished

BOOKS *On Politics and Personalities*

A GALLERY
alla
Pen portraits and landscapes of such fascinating subjects as Fez, Mandalay, Anatole France, Galsworthy, Lord Curzon and Empress Eugenie, sparkling, witty and profound. $2.50

SUPERS AND SUPERMEN
alla
The brilliant historian skillfully lampoons interesting figures including Frederick the Great, Louis Philippe, Wilfred Blunt and Disraeli. $2.50

THE SECRET OF THE COUP D'ETAT
Earl
erry
The recently discovered correspondence of Louis Napoleon, Duc de Morny, M. de Flahault and others, reveals new and important facts concerning the Second Empire of France and are published here for the first time. $3.50

THOSE EUROPEANS
lleston
An intimate and illuminating account of men who have most influenced the destiny of Europe during the post-war period, ably written by one who knew them all personally. $2.50

THE WINDOWS OF WESTMINSTER
leman
ister
The only book on the leaders of the British Tory party, which has just come into power, invaluable to those interested in world politics. Illustrated with portraits of the members. $2.50

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

West 45th Street New York

TIONS *Anonymous*

York World when this book of entertainingly indiscreet gossip the volume at once proved an International Sensation. King wondered at in view of the piquant and racy revelations which u will enjoy these, for, according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, icity and snobbery, as this writer does." Walter Littlefield, of Biography, not overlooking that of London, New York and aining volume of intimate memoirs the reviewer has read for e runs through its pages like the swift flow of a swollen stream." Already eight printings have been necessary to satisfy the interest

At All Bookstores.— Postpaid $4.65

T COMPANY LONDON

New Books

OUR CHANGING MORALITY
A Symposium

by Bertrand Russell, Floyd Dell, Ludwig Lewisohn, Elsie Clews Parsons, etc.

A SERIES of articles which have been appearing in *The Nation* on the standards of the younger generation. $2.50

WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST

THE best selling book of humor since publication on November 7th. "For humor, this is hard to beat."—*Post.* $2.00

BEGGARS OF LIFE

by Jim Tully [A Hobo Autobiography]

"THE best book of its kind I have ever encountered. Thirty-one strange chapters, and all of them good."—H. L. Mencken. $3.00

BLACK CAMEOS

by R. Emmet Kennedy

"WE recall no other book of recent months that has captured the full flavor of Negro character and humor."—Allan Nevins. *With many illustrations.* $2.50

ON BOARD "THE MORNING STAR"

by Pierre MacOrlan

A PIRATE story for the sophisticated, with characters that ... "terrifyingly actual and the episodes involving them as vividly unreal as nightmares."—*New York World.* $2.00

ALBERT and CHARLES BONI, Inc., New York

Gifts

for every Member of the Family

BOOKS

are always acceptable as Gifts, particularly at Christmas time. We offer a wide Selection, suitable for every age, taste and purse, and embracing the best in Poetry, Music, History, Old Books, Rare Books, Fine Bindings.

For Gifts other than Books, our stock affords an opportunity for the choice of such articles as Book Ends, Desk Sets, Portfolios, Brass Goods, Leather Goods, Stationery, Fountain Pens, and many interesting Novelties.

BRENTANO'S

Booksellers to the World

Fifth Ave., at 27th St.

New York

In the Driftway

THE Drifter admits without pride that he is immune to the cross-word microbe. Long ago, when the disease was in its dread infancy, the Drifter was exposed to a single puzzle. With that thoroughness for which he is so justly noted he began at the upper left-hand corner, looked up every Tasmanian tree and Burmese deity, filled every square, in fact, to the very last. What was the Drifter's horror to find, at the lower right-hand corner, the name of an extinct bird that could only be nandu. Nandu didn't fit all its crosses, so they had to be changed. Nearly everything had to be changed, all the way back to the upper-left corner. From that moment the Drifter abjured cross-word mania, and nothing will tempt him back. Not if the checkered series stretches out to as many volumes as the Elsie books; not if the annual contest of the cross-word association comes to rival the Army-Navy football game; not if the puzzle-builders of the daily papers are paid as high as columnists and words like eloign and ormazd become as common as pronouns; not even if the Drifter himself is offered the chair of cross-etymology at Harvard.

* * * * *

DO not hasten to congratulate the Drifter on his immunity, because he has a much worse disease. He is addicted to the species of puzzle known as the number cryptogram. This, though rarer, is much more deadly than the common cross-word. Its pursuit requires no reference library of textbooks in naval engineering and Babylonian mythology. It can be practiced by the unaided exercise of the human intellect, but at what cost in vital energy! A number cryptogram, you should know, is a sum in arithmetic, expressed in letters which form a ten-letter keyword like a merchant's price code. All the victim is given is a picture like this:

VEL) RVLLB (AA
RMVP
RPVB
RMVP
IEO

The Drifter worked out this one yesterday, but unfortunately mislaid the answer. He has evolved his own secret method of solution, which he guards with his life. In case any converts wish to take up the study, he refers them to the method described not long ago in the New York *World* by an earnest contributor named Schrum. This careful scholar has made a card index, as the Drifter understands it, of the multiplication table. He reports a hundred possible combinations for a single pair of digits. Armed with his index he attacks the cryptogram, and after about two columns of explanation notes proudly: "This eliminates 56 combinations and leaves but 44 to contend with." The reader will of course understand that the rest is child's play.

* * * * *

AFTER all, the Drifter emerges from his cryptogram to observe, the cross-word vogue may be as good a key to the psychology of our time as radio, crime, or jazz itself. For unbelievers in the gospel of commerce, puzzle-solving offers a quaint escape from the useful. For orthodox devotees of the daily dozen, it serves to enlarge the vocabulary and sharpen, as they virtuously say, the wits.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Scouts with a Difference"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Last spring I had the pleasure of calling the attention of your readers to a new movement which adopted the name of the Pioneer Youth of America. I should like now to report what degree it has won for itself as a kind of "Boy (or Girl) Scouts with a Difference."

It ran a very successful camp at Pawling, New York, primarily for the children of workers. Anyone who would like to get the feeling of the camp would do well to write for a copy of that attractive little publication *Pioneer Youth*, which the boys and girls themselves wrote, edited, and printed.

This camp has been followed by the organization of eight clubs in different parts of Greater New York. Others will soon be opened in New York City, and in the near future work will be begun in Pennsylvania with the help of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor. Slowly and steadily the movement is winning the approval and support of organized labor, some sections of which, from the beginning, have been active in it. It has also won the friendly interest of modern educators and it has established a training class for leaders with an average attendance of over thirty.

It is quite idle to believe that we shall have a new labor party, or a nobler and less jingoistic patriotism, or a finer spirit in labor organizations, or world peace itself, if we are to allow the spirits of our boys and girls to be militarized and regimented and taught the religion of success, not only through our schools but through the very organizations which satisfy their need for recreation and comradeship and out-of-door life. That is why I believe the modest beginnings of this new organization deserve both the moral and financial support of the readers of *The Nation*. May I remind you that Joshua Lieberman, secretary of the organization, can be reached at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City?

New York, December 1 NORMAN THOMAS

American Labor at El Paso

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A band of Mexican labor delegates a thousand strong, many of them barefoot and scantily clad, wearing their broad sombreros and flaunting gay colors, marched into Liberty Hall at El Paso, Texas. They were greeted by the forty-fourth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor and immediately a keynote of internationalism was struck. The Chihuahua city band played "America" and the Mexican national anthem, and President Gompers and Secretary Trevino clasped hands, with the Mexican flag between them. Juan Rico, president of the Mexican Federation of Labor, meeting in Juarez, Mexico, answered the greeting of President Gompers; and again the band crashed out a Mexican tune. The delegates shouted "Viva Gompers!" "Viva Mexico!" "Viva labor and peace!" These expressions of brotherhood were significant and impressive just because they were unconscious and spontaneous. If they were emotional so were at least half of the deliberations of the assembled body. It greeted with equal enthusiasm the statement of National Commander James Drain of the American Legion that "the United States must maintain a navy the equal of any in the world. . . . It must have an army . . . capable of immediate expansion to war-time size" and the statement of A. B. Swales of Great Britain that "our congress is working toward the international solidarity of the workers of the world."

But the wheels of the machinery were well greased and moved with automatic precision. The committee reports went through without a hitch. The resolutions looking to the formation of a labor party were, of course, voted down, and the

nonpartisan political attitude of the federation was reaffirmed. The surprisingly broad and inclusive report on education, involving a per capita tax of one-half cent per member, per annum, to be paid to the Workers' Education Bureau, was passed as a matter of routine, along with an imposing list of other resolutions.

In similar fashion the reelection of every one of the officers of the previous year was ticked off with the regularity of a clock. No trace could be detected of an articulate or even a dormant minority opinion. Max Hayes, Andrew Furuseth, and Basky of the Stone Cutters were the nearest approach to a protest vote of which the convention could boast. This was all to be expected. The only feature of the convention at all comparable to its genuine exhibition of internationalism was the unexpected vigor, the aggressive determination of the federation's veteran leader. Recovering from his illness of the first day, Samuel Gompers spoke several times and fired the convention to tumultuous applause when he expressed sentiments like these:

> I would rather that the American labor movement put a dollar in the pay envelope at the end of the week and cut down an hour a day of the burdensome toil than to cast votes once in every four years. . . . Hungry stomachs may create a riot, but never a successful revolution. . . . It is better to resist and lose than never to resist. . . . If any industry cannot pay a living wage it had best go out of existence. . . . If the gauntlet is thrown down let us pick it up and fight—fight to the bitter end until the rights of our people shall be respected.

NELLIE SEEDS NEARING

El Paso, Texas, December 1.

A Critic Criticized

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of *The Nation* for October 29, in an article of criticism on "Taking the Literary Pulse" by Joseph Collins, Mr. Johan J. Smertenko says: "In the work of Dr. Collins we may see the green-grocer morality and mentality passing judgment on what it cannot understand." Why the gratuitous insult to the green-grocer? Is it not (I will not say un-American and undemocratic) unjust, unkind, and unintelligent to hold up to contempt an entire class of workers, harmless, necessary green-grocers, as objects worthy of scorn? Is it not that a sense of caste-distinctions is not yet eradicated from the soul of your foreign-named critic, so that a person in petty "trade" is not to him worthy the consideration an American gentleman is, in theory, at least, expected to give to each individual on his own merits?

This point recalls to my mind the practice of Rebecca West's early days of literary and social criticism. Butlers were her pet aversion. Any person too low and mean for special classification was dubbed a "butler." The very worst were "cretinous butlers"!

Would it not be well for such hasty and class-prejudiced persons as these two named critics to ponder the wise words of Phillips Brooks on "Tolerance," spoken more than twenty-five years ago, but most pertinent at the present moment? He says: "Has it not been true with you that the more sure you have been of yourself the more tolerant you have been always? We have full tolerance for the Buddhist and the Mohammedan; least of all for the man of our own church. Where the difference is least we have most misgivings, and there tolerance is weak."

Let our American critics beware, then, of selecting arbitrarily certain Europeanly designated "servile" classes for scorn and contumely lest they inadvertently betray concerning themselves what they presumably would prefer to keep hidden.

Los Angeles, November 11 EMMA B. PATTON

In Sympathy with Mr. Hard

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that Mr. Hard's letter of December 3 in *The Nation* most happily illustrates a very serious embarrassment. There is an undoubted disposition to confuse adherence to a general cause and adoption of a particular reason or measure to promote that cause. In 1896 I felt that Mr. Bryan was right in virtually every complaint he uttered, and wrong in practically every remedy he suggested. The common impression, however, was that to be honest it was necessary to be for or against both. In the last campaign I sympathized with La Follette's protests as to past abuse or neglect of principles, but I was out of sympathy with his program for future correction by changing those principles.

I was surprised to find that, because I stood for the right to utter opinions, I was expected to agree to any opinion that any one might utter. I protest that because I insist that others have a right to be socialists I should be classed as one of them.

The proposed child-labor amendment is a case in point. Many very earnest opponents of child labor still hesitate to support the federal amendment, although in the present state of the Constitution the Supreme Court has declared Congress to be helpless. This presents the same conflict between general purpose and particular measure. Shall the original conception of the dual system of government yield to the crying need for immediate relief? There are still those who would be glad to be both federalist and State-righter, and who contend that intelligent adherence to one presupposes respect for the other. Shall they yield that position?

Finally, there are those who advocate the least possible government. These are the progressive conservatives, or conservative progressives, as the case may be—men and women who cherish ideals but who look to the spirit of the man rather than to the letter of the statute. Again and again the question is, What shall be our practical answer in a situation which presents a conflict of conviction or principle, or both?

St. Louis, December 1 CHARLES NAGEL

New Hampshire

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on New Hampshire by Ralph D. Paine reminds me of a little poem written by Harry Kemp, the so-called "tramp poet," written while sitting beside a New England roadway. The verse bears the title of

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER

Along a slope of stony ground, where niggard nature yields
A scant return from rocky ridge and age-exhausted fields,
I see a farmer turning slow behind a yoke of steers
The furrow that his fathers clove in far colonial years.
The railway is an incident to him who turns the clod;
He has the limp that Cato had when Tuscan fields he trod—
Coeval he with Romulus, whose plow was sire to Rome,
Though snugly set 'mid apple trees he owns his Yankee home.
Last scion of a hardy line whose children run to seed,
He ever goads the wretched soil to half-supply his need;
Alone he toils from day to day—his offspring dead, or gone
To wrestle for existence in the million-peopled town—
Dyspeptic, full of ancient tales of things that used to be,
Of times more thriving, brighter suns, he chatters garrulously—
And then again a silence falls. . . . He turns to face once more
The battle with the barren lands his fathers drained of yore.

Stockton, California, September 1 OTES E. BROWN

Mollie Best's three articles, Quaker Revolutionaries, will appear in successive issues of The Nation, *beginning next week.*

Books and Plays

First Glance

THE tortures through which youth is willing to put itself in order to achieve expression in poetry are so appalling that to many persons they would seem incredible were it not that documents occasionally come along about whose reality there can be no doubt. Two recent volumes tell strange stories of such pain, and though they are alike in no other respect they belong together as proving the mad power of that urge which hunts elected souls across the difficult fields of art.

"Pascal D'Angelo, Son of Italy" (Macmillan: $2) is the autobiography of a young immigrant laborer who suffered the various hells of an impossible environment before a lucky day in 1922 brought him to the office of *The Nation*, where he got his first recognition as the only thing he wanted to be, a poet. Readers who remember The Roving Critic's article describing that visit will be interested now in Mr. D'Angelo's picturesque and moving account of the years which in one way or another led up to it. He begins with his boyhood in a valley of the Abruzzi, and his memories of that world, in spite of the fact that it lay under the curse of incurable poverty, give clear and beautiful color to the first four chapters of his book. These are packed with excellent narrative of storms and superstitions and childish fears, with pictures of rain and drought, of the vine, the goat, the red roofs of mountain houses, and the deep green of valleys. One passage in particular might be the work of an ancient pastoral poet momentarily exiled from his loved locality: "One day I was pasturing my goats and sheep on the broad shoulder of the immense mountain. Higher and higher we went, gradually leaving the castle below us, and reaching the clear bright regions of stunted trees and fitful mountain storms. Far below me was the white town and to the north stretched the vast glorious valley that was for so many centuries the stronghold of the mighty Samnites. In a hazy softness of distance it appeared, threaded by the Pescara, the blue river. There gleamed Sulmona, surrounded by its towered walls. And there nestled the villages of the Marsi, and further north, though hidden in mists, I knew was Aquila, the city of the eagle."

At fifteen he came with his father to America, and for twelve waste years he was herded with pick-and-shovel gangs through the Eastern States. It was only toward the end of this period that he was seized with a passion to learn English. He studied it fiercely, getting an old dictionary by heart and experimenting more and more boldly with written sentences. Then, becoming aware that he was a poet, he abandoned the pick and shovel and starved in New York through a long, cold year until his poems were accepted. He still must labor for a living, but he is a happy man in so far as he has caught the ear of a careless world. His poems, a few of which are inserted in the present text, deserve to be better known. But his story as told here is thus far the most important thing about him.

The story of Arthur Rimbaud has long been famous, though to most English and American readers it has hitherto been known only in outline. Such a book as Edgell Rickword's "Rimbaud: The Boy and the Poet" (Knopf: $3.50), which fills in the outline, was much to be desired. Mr. Rickword, far as he is from being a lucid biographer or a competent critic, has performed a valuable service by fitting together the known facts in the case and by furnishing translations of a number of Rimbaud's poems. The difficulties which formed the genius of Rimbaud were within himself, or within the bourgeois world which, as a boy of precocious and powerful intellect, he hated. Poetry with him was a virulent disorder, an eruption through which from fifteen to eighteen he arrived at an understanding between his sullen, adolescent ego and the rest of the universe. Equilibrium attained, he abandoned literature entirely and spent the second half of his life as a man of action, an explorer and colonizer in North-East Africa. He utterly despised the poems which he had set in circulation; today he would shout from his grave if he knew that he was considered by Mr. Rickword and many others the greatest French poet since Baudelaire. His relations with Verlaine make a story in themselves, and I am sorry that Mr. Rickword's volume is so unsatisfactory a mate for Harold Nicolson's admirable "Paul Verlaine" of three years ago.

MARK VAN DOREN

Twin Prestidigitators

Memories and Adventures. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Little, Brown and Company. $4.50.

A Magician Among the Spirits. By Houdini. Harper and Brothers. $4.

WHERE is Sherlock Holmes? May the master detective, despite his rheumatism, his philosophical studies, and his bee-keeping, seize his crutches and hobble forth from that irritating retirement in which he has remained since "His Last Bow" appeared. For a quest even more glorious than any of his former exploits awaits him—the rescue of his creator's mind from the clutch of that dreadful disease called the Psychic. And, when all is over, may Dr. Watson abandon his vials and scalpels in order to pen "The Adventure of the Gullible Author."

For Sir Arthur is, above all things, credulous. Here is an autobiography which in many ways is excellent; it tells, clearly, unaffectedly, and most entertainingly, the story of an exceptionally interesting, an enormously busy and therefore happy life. Certainly no lover of the Holmes Saga should fail to read it. But from beginning to end the book is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of metaphysical speculation. Like most specialists in science—Sir Arthur practiced medicine constantly for eight years and intermittently thereafter—he is incurably romantic about the great mysteries, and also (one hesitates to say it) almost as incurably cocksure of his own bizarre theories. "I have clasped materialized hands. . . . I have seen spirits walk round the room in fair light and join in the talk of the company." One imagines that Sherlock, listening to such remarks, would retort in his icy drawl: "Now, really, my dear Doyle . . ." This, of course, is the sort of jargon characteristic of mystics in every age. William Blake and John of Patmos made great poetry out of such hallucinations, but Sir Arthur shapes his broodings into unconsciously amusing, and yet distressing, essays in pseudo-science. Yet, after a fashion, his mental evolution has been sufficiently logical. Young Dr. Doyle wrote tales which portrayed the workings of an acutely analytical mind, though it is obvious enough that in almost every story about Holmes the dice of logic and reason are heavily loaded. Sherlock never picks up a watch or a key that does not contain a suspiciously large number of clues—far more than respectable watches and keys should have. Every act, every glance, every

button has some abstruse significance for Holmes; so every ghost has a meaning of its own for his creator. Hypnotized by an uncompromising belief that because he wishes a thing to be true it therefore must be true, Sir Arthur performs some tricks with logic that are far more astounding than many of Sherlock's ratiocinations.

But since Holmes will presumably remain in retirement—for, alas! Sir Arthur remarks that the detective tales have "tended to obscure my higher work"—it is most fortunate that Houdini, a jolly mystifier instead of a mystic, has just come on the scene. For some thirty years he has carefully studied every phase of psychic phenomena, has amassed a huge library on the subject, and has attended all manner of hair-raising séances—which, nevertheless, have failed to make a single hair on his own head wiggle. Still, as he admits, he would like to believe that spirits can commune with their earthly friends, largely because he would like to communicate with his deceased mother. Once he held a séance with his friendly enemies, Lady Doyle and Sir Arthur, in which Lady Doyle, "seized by a Spirit," wrote down a message, couched in excessively ecstatic English, which purported to come from his mother. Sir Arthur naturally believed that it was "a direct communication"; and when Houdini pointed out that his mother "could not speak, read, nor write English," Sir Arthur told him that "a spirit becomes more educated the longer it has departed and that my blessed mother had been able to master the English language in heaven." Incidentally, Sir Arthur avers that he has "smelt the peculiar ozone-like smell of ectoplasm"; and when one reads that Houdini and others have detected mediums discharging ectoplasm from either their noses or their mouths, one suspects that Sir Arthur may be right.

Houdini's book naturally abounds in amusing episodes. He once attended a séance with a friend, who, informed that his deceased wife's spirit was on hand, asked permission to kiss her; and "he told me later that she must have forgotten to shave, as she had a stubble beard." Here is an interesting comment on the deportment of spirits: "A widow in Brooklyn became a mother and claimed that the spirit of her husband was the father of her child." Yet the book as a whole is eminently serious. There is more solid sense in this one sentence than in all of Sir Arthur's fantasies: "The secret of all such performances [séances] is to catch the mind off guard and the moment after it has been surprised to follow up with something else that carries the intelligence along with the performer, even against the spectator's will." Incidentally, Houdini plays some surprising tricks with the English language. He may be able to escape from any man-trap extant, but he is frequently quite helpless in the coils of syntax.

R. F. Dibble

"The Fox's Paw"

The Fox's Paw. A Novel of Spanish Life by Ramón Pérez de Ayala. Translated by Thomas Walsh. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE appearance here a few years ago of a translation of three short stories by Ramón Pérez de Ayala, one of the most prominent of Spain's younger writers, passed all but unnoticed, even by the reviewers. Though the book was not a remarkable one, its neglect by the reviewers was regrettable in view of the extravagant praise they had been lavishing upon Blasco Ibáñez. Now that critics are becoming aware of the existence of other modern Spanish writers, it is to be hoped that they will not go to extremes, as some have already done, by overpraising "The Fox's Paw."

"The Fox's Paw" is one of a series of four novels dealing in general with modern Spanish life and in particular with the intellectual and spiritual development of a sensitive young Spaniard seeking to find himself. The first of the series, "Darkness on the Heights," was published anonymously some sixteen years ago, and achieved notoriety for its bold picture of libertinage. The second, "A. M. D. G., or Life in a Jesuit College," which came out under the author's own name, caused a certain stir by its denunciation of Jesuit education. "Troteras y danzaderas" ("Dancers and Trollops"), the fourth of these novels, aroused considerable curiosity because of the rumors that certain of its characters were veiled portraits of well-known figures in the artistic and political life of the Spanish capital. In "The Fox's Paw," the third of the series in date of publication, the central figure of the tetralogy, Alberto Díaz de Guzmán, young, well-to-do, with vague artistic longings, continues his attempt to fit himself happily into his world, but succeeds only in bringing unhappiness and death to the woman he loves and disillusion to himself.

One acquainted with these novels must feel that "The Fox's Paw" does not represent Pérez de Ayala at his best. To be sure it shows the same mastery of language as his other work, the same gift for narrative, and the same ability with characters; but the story, at least as reread in the present translation, fails by comparison with "Darkness on the Heights" and "Troteras y danzaderas." In those novels Guzmán was for the most part an agreeable young man whose adventures were picturesque enough not to be overborne by the didactic quality of his comments thereon. In this book he appears as a lover, and as such he is unconvincing. Never for a moment do his emotional experiences become crucial or real, nor are they productive in him of more than fruitless introspection and conventional poetry—much of the verse, by the way, has been left out in this not always accurate and otherwise bowdlerized translation. One is inclined to accept the judgment of a "certain theatrical critic, who had declared that Albert could never succeed as a dramatic author because of his incapacity to feel or understand a passion." The setting and events, moreover, have less significance than those of the other two novels mentioned; its narrative lacks the picaresque verve of "Darkness on the Heights," and its setting is not as solid as that of "Troteras y danzaderas." W. L. Fichter

Wilberforce

Wilberforce: A Narrative. By R. Coupland. Oxford University Press. $5.

MR. COUPLAND has written an interesting biography of one of the two outstanding Evangelical leaders. Wilberforce was the best-known English crusader for the Negro, while Lord Shaftesbury was a keen fighter for the working classes. It is a happy coincidence that a life of Shaftesbury by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond has appeared simultaneously with that of Wilberforce. The earlier five-volume "Life of Wilberforce" (1838) by his sons is a fine collection of material rather than a biography. The piety of the reformer is stressed until it wearies the reader. Mr. Coupland handles this subject in harmony with modern taste and creates a very human character.

Wilberforce holds an important place as a defender of the Evangelical creed. In 1797 he stated his religious convictions in "A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes of the Country Contrasted with Real Christianity." This book passed through many editions on both sides of the Atlantic. He hoped that the Younger Pitt might fulfil his ideal of a Christian statesman and govern England by "principle" rather than by "influence." Mr. Coupland's comment is: "It was not the least of Wilberforce's tributes to Pitt's greatness to conceive him thus, if once his eyes had been opened to the truth, initiating and directing that one experiment in aristocracy which mankind has never cared or dared to try—a government of saints—and bringing down to English earth the incredible dream of a Christian state."

Wilberforce was not wholly absorbed in the Negro. During forty years in Parliament, in the age of Fox, Burke, Pitt, and

Canning, he was active in many contests. He opposed the war with France in 1793; he turned the scales against Pitt's colleague, Lord Melville, in 1806, when the latter was impeached for grafting. He promoted missionary enterprises, worked for parliamentary reform and the amelioration of the penal code, and defended religious toleration. Under his leadership the abolition party became so powerful that Castlereagh, Wellington, and Canning did its bidding. His career suggests a study of the influence of humanitarianism in international diplomacy. Statesmen have not always obeyed and followed the wishes of investors, nor have they always been the instruments of economic imperialism.

Mr. Coupland admits that he has no new material to offer. Anti-slavery literature was scattered broadcast over England and America by letters, pamphlets, and parliamentary documents, and the pertinent manuscript material was used by the sons in the "Life." But he has written a standard biography. His narrative shows insight, gives excellent interpretations, and makes the stories of conferences and debates exceedingly vivid. Mistakes are few. On page 82 he gives the impression that Judge Mansfield wished the Somerset Case (1772) decided as a test case. On the contrary, Mansfield repeatedly urged a settlement out of court because he was reluctant to free 14,000 or 15,000 valuable slaves in England by judicial decision. No detailed account is given of the development of humanitarian sentiment during the eighteenth century, which made an attack on the slave trade inevitable. And the account of the emancipation struggle from 1823 to 1833 is necessarily brief, because this victory was won, not by Wilberforce, although he played a part, but by Buxton, the Stephens family, and Zachary Macaulay.

This study should be of much value to Americans. Wilberforce was a forerunner of our own anti-slavery leaders. William Lloyd Garrison was in England, counseling with the English leaders, when emancipation was voted in 1833, and he later visited that country several times. During the first visit he had two long conferences with Wilberforce just before the latter's death. Afterwards he joined in the memorable funeral procession as the triumphant anti-slavery leaders carried Wilberforce's body into Westminster Abbey. Harriet Beecher Stowe crossed the Atlantic also, and at her request Sir George Stephen wrote his "Antislavery Recollections." The libraries of American anti-slavery leaders, including Charles Sumner, were filled with English anti-slavery literature. Garrison underlined his copies of *The Anti-slavery Reporter* and covered the pages with marginal notes. Since neither a cotton nor a coffee kingdom grew up within the British Empire to replace the decaying sugar colonies, it was easy for the British to look upon slavery as wrong and unprofitable, and they championed the Negro cause in both hemispheres. As is well known, anti-slavery sentiment was strong enough to help keep England neutral during our Civil War, and so contributed to the preservation of the Union. A big share of this credit belongs to William Wilberforce.

FRANK J. KLINGBERG

Europe for Children

Ports and Happy Places. By Cornelia Stratton Parker. Boni and Liveright. $3.

MRS. PARKER has written a charmingly informal and very companionable travel book. It tells the story of her own two years in Europe with her children, and there is at least one want that such a book supplies. The innumerable parents who would like to give their children the advantages of travel and a grounding in foreign languages without interference with their normal development will find Mrs. Parker's report immensely valuable.

Mrs. Parker's travels took her from the beaten track not so much, apparently, because of any clearly formed intention of avoiding it as because she sought quiet and attractive backwaters where the education of her children could continue in its proper course. It was in this way that she came to live for a year in an enchanted cloister in the comparatively little-known Swiss town of Stein am Rhein while her sons went to school in the Swiss Landerziehungsheim of Glarisegg on Lake Constance. Mrs. Parker is probably the first American writer to give an adequate and untechnical account of these new schools, and this is in itself an important contribution. The greater part of the book is taken up, however, with accounts of vacation journeys: a five-weeks' walking trip through Germany with two boys and three rucksacks, winter sports in the Alps, a spring vacation in southern Spain and Algiers, and another in a fishing village of the Italian Riviera. On all these trips Mrs. Parker and her children managed to combine the seeing of sights ancient and modern—the "advantages" so dear to parents and so deadly, frequently, to their offspring—with a maximum of play and adventure, of fun and fellowship. From the point of view of the young Parkers there is every reason to believe that the undertaking was a success.

MARTHA GRUENING

Rockwell Kent in the South

Voyaging. By Rockwell Kent. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50.

ROCKWELL KENT'S amazing adventure was undertaken, by his own confession, on the chance of being "wrecked, drowned, or eaten." As it developed, the angry seas did their best to make merry hell for him but the cannibals failed dismally. They strangely preferred Huyler's chocolate to human flesh. Thrills enough remain, however, to make up for the recusancy of the anthropophagi.

In brief summary, "Voyaging" is an account of Mr. Kent's attempt in a tiny sailboat to steer a course from the Strait of Magellan south and west through the mountainous-islanded channels of Tierra del Fuego around Cape Horn. His mate in this mad enterprise was one Ole Ytterock, a thick-skulled Norwegian sailor with the blood of the ancient sea-rovers roaring in his veins. The twain, after rigging out a twenty-six-foot lifeboat with mast and sail and storing her with various provisions and necessities including Mr. Kent's art materials, a silver flute, and a broken phonograph, weigh anchor. On the first day they narrowly escape foundering. Thereafter their lives are in constant jeopardy. Escaping squalls and treacherous reefs in Admiralty Sound, they finally reach Bahia Blanca, where they are wind-bound for weeks. At last, realizing the impossibility of beating out of Gabriel Channel southward toward the Horn, they abandon their boat and set out on foot across Brecknock Peninsula laden with heavy packs, their destination being Beagle Channel whence they hope somehow to continue their sea journey to the Horn. Through matted virgin forest, over bog and stream, across bleak glaciers they tramp for days, arriving eventually at Ushuaia, the southernmost city of the world. In this trek they were genuine pioneers. They had found a new route across the mountains from the north to Beagle Channel.

Here at Ushuaia they find themselves still seventy-five miles from Cape Horn. Cape Horn itself is the southernmost point of a small rocky island-group called the Wollastons. Cape Horn Island is a desperate venture, and many days pass before they are able to borrow a boat and secure as guide a mighty otter hunter named Christopherson. They make a brave attempt, but high seas and a balky gasoline engine turn them back. They do, however, manage to catch a fleeting glimpse of Horn Island. In graphic prose Mr. Kent sketches the utter desolation of that quarter of the world known as The Sailor's Graveyard:

> After a last steep ascent of several hundred feet we reached the mountain top, and, clinging there against the storm, beheld the vast and fearful wonder of the region of Cape Horn. Through the drifting murk of the clouds appeared a wilderness of mountain peaks with the torn

> sea gleaming at their base, stark islands with the storm's night over them or glistening with a sunshaft on their streaming sides, or veiled illusively in falling rain. And, as we looked, suddenly the darkness of a midnight closed around us, obliterating every thing but the pinnacle of rock on which we crouched for shelter.

In order to guide the reader more effectively over the trail of his wanderings Mr. Kent has inserted several useful maps of the environs of Cape Horn. These are purely utilitarian, of course; but not so his glorious drawings. As Mr. Kent is rather better known as an artist than as a writer, one expects something especially fine when he undertakes to illustrate his own book. These black-and-whites make an astonishing portfolio in themselves. Scarcely a trace remains of the earlier Blakesque manner; a profoundly personal vision has found here a simple inevitable language of its own. The drawings are instinct with subtle, reticent intimations of dark elemental powers—forms of terror and mystery that swarm in those savage far-off seas. Mr. Kent has caught the wild beauty of this ominous region—iron crags ringed with the froth of blown surf, wind-tortured trees, distant peaks incrusted with dazzling snow; but out of the very heart of this bewildering beauty emanates a sense of unseen presences appallingly, implacably hostile to man.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Kent's drawings merely ornament a text. They supplement and enhance a narrative which has not only vigor and poetical sweep but candor and quizzical humor. The characters which appear throughout the book are alive. Mr. Kent lets us into the secret of their comic infirmities without overstatement, without a trace of snobbish superiority. Whether it be the crazy cook for whom he plays the flute, or the poachers on Baily Island, he shares the odd amenities of their lives as man and brother. This leads one to a consideration of the force that molds Mr. Kent's material into a genuine work of art. He does not venture forth into the unknown in the spirit of the professional purveyor of romance—always conscious of what a dash he is going to cut with the readers back home. In fact Mr. Kent's book seems to be a beautiful by-product—a mere accident born of prodigious adventure undertaken for its own glorious sake; then as an exultant survivor he writes about it and makes pictures with a drunken delight in imaginative representment. As his stolid mate Ole Ytterock is unconscious of anything save the zestful immediacy of adventure, so, too, is Rockwell Kent. He did not write to thrill a jaded, book-glutted world, but to retain for himself in some endurable form the richness of his ardors and travailings.

GLEN MULLIN

Books in Brief

Autobiography of John Stuart Mill. Preface by John Jacob Coss. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

Autobiography by John Stuart Mill. Introduction by Harold J. Laski. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

The appearance of two new editions of Mill's "Autobiography" is gratifying evidence of the continuity and vitality of the great tradition of liberalism. The "Autobiography," writes Mr. Laski, "paints a convincing and, I think, not unattractive picture of the way in which a body of ardent young men set out to convert a dubious nation to the acceptance of ideas which are only commonplaces now because they were occupied, with full minds and full hearts, in making them commonplaces." The Columbia University Press prints for the first time what "seems . . . the final draft intended for publication, because of the statement by Miss Helen Taylor (Mill's step-daughter), written by herself and attached to the manuscript, as follows: 'Autobiography of J. S. Mill written by himself. To be published without alterations or omissions within one year after my death. Helen Taylor.'" Examination of the passages restored, totaling about six hundred words, demonstrates the good taste of Miss Taylor in excising them, for they consist almost entirely of complimentary references to her quite as generous as those to her mother. She has also left a note contradicting Mill's statement that her father was "without the intellectual or artistic tastes which would have made him a companion" for her mother. The Oxford edition follows the old text, but is accompanied by a sympathetic and illuminating introduction by Mr. Laski which includes valuable information concerning Mill's unpublished writings and an appendix consisting of six hitherto unpublished speeches. These speeches, belonging to the period between Mill's seventeenth and twenty-third years, confirm the statements of the "Autobiography" concerning his intellectual life immediately before and after the celebrated mental crisis. The earliest, delivered in 1823, presents ideas from the common stock of the Benthamite school colorlessly and without elaboration. In that of 1825 there is more color, but no originality. Those of 1828 and 1829 reveal a freely critical intellect, adroit, fertile in illustration, and devastatingly ironical. The speeches were selected from a large number to be published soon by the Fabian Society.

America: The Great Adventure. A History from the Discovery to the Present Time. By George Philip Krapp. With Illustrations by Philip von Saltza. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

The mechanical appearance of this sumptuously printed volume suggests that the book may have been written for young people, and there is nothing in the vocabulary or the style that should cause the average American adolescent to stumble or grow fainthearted. The treatment is sufficiently mature, however, to suit the class of readers, unhappily very large, who do not care much for what they loosely refer to as the "facts" of American history, but who prefer a rapid survey, pleasantly sketched, of everything from prehistoric times to date, with emphasis upon personalities, informing excursions among things economic, and a patriotic, hopeful tone. Mr. Krapp's narrative meets very well these varying requirements, and while the historical substance of what he has to say is extremely slight and an imposing amount of what is usually thought important is left out, what remains is interesting and informing, the chapters on corn, wheat and cotton, gold, coal, and capital and labor being particularly well done. The illustrations, some in colors and some in black and white, contrast somewhat sharply with the sober character of the text.

A Strong Man's House. By Francis Neilson. Huebsch. $2.

This book, reissued now that public hysteria is supposed to be subsiding, describes terrible things intelligently. Its picture of the agony of war-time England will still be new to the great majority of readers in America who cannot believe in the reality of a knife until it cuts their own flesh, but those readers will not believe it any more than they believed Latzko or Barbusse or Sassoon. That moment in the individual's conversion to radicalism when he finds himself possessed of extreme exhilaration mixed with peace, a moment not unlike the ecstasy of religious conversion and having much in common with the ecstasy of sexual surrender, is here set forth in perfection. After their various sufferings in the war all the characters in the book on whom the author looks kindly find their way into this sweet pain, though they talk in rather longer periods than most lovers or most religious devotees, filling many pages with staggering logic out of Tolstoi and Henry George, and completely annihilating with their verbal bombardment any adherents of another order who venture to set themselves up as targets. They begin earnestly to adapt their lives to a juster dispensation and establish a stud farm for the breeding of hunters as a contribution to the cause of economic justice. They have, in fact, all the pleasurable emotions of falling in love without any of the disillusionments of married life. Every radical will recognize the blissful stage of early conversion—and its terrible optimism.

NOTE: "The Apple of the Eye," by Glenway Westcott, is published by The Dial Press and not by The Dial Publishing Company, as erroneously stated in last week's *Nation*.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

Too Much Main Street

IF any critic in a future age should happen to read the manuscript of "Close Harmony" (Gaiety Theater) he would probably be at a loss to understand why the obviously capable authors of the piece chose to burden themselves with a hero weak to the point of insignificance and with a social background dull to the point of imbecility. He would admit, as contemporary observers will be compelled to admit, that the suburban atmosphere is evoked in dense clouds and that stupid conversation is recorded with remarkable fidelity; but unless he understood fully the strange contemporary mania for the meticulous study of dulness he would marvel that playwrights hoped to lure audiences into a theater with portraits so photographically and phonographically accurate of people who would bore them to extinction in the drawing-room. Into the short space of two hours and a half the authors have managed to crowd a perfectly adequate substitute for at least a two months' visit in Suburbia. But to me, at least, such a visit would be more in the nature of a punishment than a pleasure.

Recently, it is true, the American intellectual has exhibited a passionate interest in dulness and has shown a strange inclination to consider the man who can imitate it closely as the most diverting of wits. This is merely because a temporary condition has given an adventitious interest to things which have in themselves no permanent significance. Just awakened from a complacent acceptance of provinciality and bigotry, the intellectual has been delighted to see them depicted—partly for the sake of the feeling of superiority which the spectacle produced and partly in order to assure himself that he could recognize them when he saw them. Yet only a nascent sophistication can be interested in stupidity for its own sake; the Main Street

MAY SINCLAIR says:

I have only read one of Mr. Anthony's previous books—The Gang. That was a spirited study of boyhood in the slums of New York, accomplished with a powerful and vivid realism.

The Golden Village is powerful and vivid and realistic, too, but it is several stages higher in its unique quality of imagination. It has *magic* and an almost spiritual beauty. I have read it with intense interest and admiration.

The Golden Village

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

Price $2.00

BOBBS-MERRILL, Publishers

Bishop Brown's Fight

A Fight for the Right to Interpret the Bible in Accordance with Science

A Fight to Break the Shackles of Outgrown Religious Creeds

A Fight Against Pulpit Hypocrisy

Bishop Brown's Fight is the popular title given to the Brief filed in the Court of Review by Joseph W. Sharts of Dayton, Ohio, counsel for Bishop William Montgomery Brown, in the heresy trial over his booklet, Communism and Christianism. Date of Review hearing, January 13th, 1925. Place, Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, Ohio.

PUBLICATIONS

Communism and Christianism, paper 25c
Heresy No. I, Before the Trial, 25c
Heresy No. II, During the Trial, 35c
Bishop Brown's Fight, 35c

(This set covers the trial to January 13, 1925, and may be had for $1.00)

Communism and Christianism, cloth 75c

The Bradford-Brown Educational Company, Inc.
GALION, OHIO

theme is played out. Perhaps a few years ago the limitations of the particular variety of the suburban mind which our conditions produce had not been sufficiently recognized, but today every literate person knows that neither the commuter nor the commuter's wife represents the acme of virtue or the final grace of living. Even the satisfaction which comes from the first glow of superiority has been evoked too often, and dulness has again become what it always should be—merely dull. Thus the authors of "Close Harmony" have miscalculated their time; the measure of their skill is pretty nearly the measure of the tedium which they produce. It is true that the play has received critical approval, but the critics, while speaking truly of its verisimilitude and sincerity, forget to add that it is not interesting.

The story which it tells is the story of a dull, weak man who realizes for a moment the dulness of his life and makes one futile movement to alter it, only to realize that he has settled too completely into his routine ever to change it and that he must rest content with a mild rebellion against the unimaginative tyranny of his wife. Although the restrained acting of James Spottiswood contributes some moments of gentle pathos, the story has, as we hinted before, the disadvantage of dealing with a man too inconsequential to arouse any very deep interest; and it is, besides, merely incidental to the main emphasis, which is upon the evocation of an atmosphere no longer possessing even a factitious interest. Upon this subject I speak with some heat, not because the play is bad in the way that merely incompetent plays are bad, but because the tendency which it illustrates is a tendency which seems to be leading American literature down a blind alley.

Excessive verisimilitude is the last charge which could be brought against "The Harem" (Belasco Theater), a farce by Ernest Vajda, which has been selected as a vehicle for the display of Miss Lenore Ulric's charm. The story of a wife who disguises herself with three square inches of transparent veil in order to seduce her handsome but credulous husband (William Courtenay) is almost the exact converse of "The Guardsman," and it is not so rich in the by-play of comedy types; but it is raised to an entertaining level by the lavish exploitation of the personality of the star. Throughout one whole act Miss Ulric sustains herself in her most sultrily voluptuous mood, and that is quite enough to hold the interest of a good many spectators.

The other offerings of the week contain little worthy of remark. Cosmo Hamilton's "Parasites" (Thirty-ninth Street Theater) follows the safe formula which calls for scandal tempered by moralizing and exposes the vices of the fast set for the delectation of those who regret that they never had the courage to be quite so fast. "Dawn" (Sam H. Harris Theater), a wooden play in alleged defense of the flapper, is hopelessly unreal. "Princess April" (Ambassador Theater) exploits the pleasing voice of Miss Tessa Kosta but is extraordinarily dull in both text and score.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATRE

THE WAY OF THE WORLD
by WILLIAM CONGREVE
"Emphatically worth the while of any person with the slightest taste for one of the most exquisite creations of the past to seize an opportunity not often afforded." JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH in *"The Nation."*
CHERRY LANE Theater: 40 Commerce St.; two blocks from Christopher St. subway station on Seventh Ave. Line. Phone: Spring 2480.
Saturday Matinee, 2:45. Evenings, 8:40.
Subscription to five plays, $10.00.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE
466 Grand St. Telephone Drydock 7516
First Play of the Repertory Season
"THE LITTLE CLAY CART"
A Classic Oriental Comedy
Every Eve. (except Mon.) Matinee Saturday
Orchestra $1.50. Balcony $1.00, 75c.

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
"WHAT PRICE GLORY"
A New Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30.

A Frohman success
EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway & 40th Street Evenings, 8:30. Mats., Wed. & Sat.
INA CLAIRE
triumphs in
Grounds for Divorce

PLAYHOUSE West 48th Street. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30. Evenings, 8:30.
the show-off
By GEORGE KELLY
11th CAPACITY MONTH
"BEST OF ALL AMERICAN COMEDIES"—Heywood Broun, World.

DEBATES LECTURES

DEBATE on PROHIBITION!
CLARENCE **DARROW** versus REV. JOHN HAYNES **HOLMES**
Famous Chicago Lawyer of the Loeb-Leopold Case (AGAINST PROHIBITION)
Brilliant New York Preacher of the Community Church (FOR PROHIBITION)
CHAIRMAN
U. S. Senator ROYAL S. COPELAND
This Sunday Aft., December 14, at 3 P. M.
MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE, 34th St. and 8th Av.
Tickets $1.10, $1.65, $2.20, $2.75. Box Seats $3.30.
Tickets on sale at the Box Office, Macy's and obtainable through any Theatre Ticket Agency, or at the following places:
Manhattan: Jimmie Higgins Bookshop, 127 University Place; Gothic Art Book Store, 176 Second Avenue; Harlem: Hauser's Book Store, 1285 Fifth Avenue; Bronx: Stern's Jewelry Store, 1337 Wilkins Avenue; also at the offices of and by mail from
THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
500 Fifth Avenue Longacre 4447-10434
P.S.—OUT-OF-TOWNERS desiring a printed stenographic copy of this debate, kindly send us their names.

"Why I Joined the British Labor Party"
Address by
Brig. General LORD THOMSON
Former Secretary of State for Air, British Labor Cabinet
December 29, 1924, at 8:15 P. M.
COOPER UNION
Tickets $1.10 and 25c. No collection will be taken.
Under the auspices of the
FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION
9 East Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

The New School for Social Research
announces the following lecture by
COUNTESS CATHERINE KAROLYI
"Why I am an Exile"
Saturday, December 20, 8.20 P.M.
465 West 23rd Street Admission $1 New York City

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

International Relations Section

What England Wants in the Sudan

IN her recent demands which have been accepted by Egypt, England tore up the Sudan treaties and eliminated even the shadow of Egyptian control in that region. Some of the economic factors behind that action and behind the demand for an unlimited extension of the Gezira irrigated area (hitherto limited to protect Egypt's water supply) are indicated in the following article in the 1923-1924 annual edition of the *African World* published at Cape Town:

Mr. F. Eckstein, chairman of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Ltd., is engaged on a work than which there is none bigger in the empire today. That work consists in bringing to fruition the aims and ambitions of his company and its subsidiary, or sister, concern, the Kassala Cotton Company. Together they are achieving in the Sudan the most gigantic cotton-growing proposition the world has ever known.

The stay-at-home individual, or even the Lancashire cotton spinner, does not realize the immensity of the proposition. Measurements of fields are not in acres or thousands of acres, but in hundreds of thousands; localities are not restricted, but extend to the north, south, and east of Khartum—along the Nile and, in the Kassala region, in the delta of the Gash River, whose waters never reach the sea but spread out, inundating fertile fields. When the Gezira and Kassala plains are in their first stage fully planted the acreage under cotton will be over 500,000 acres—to increase as time creeps on and irrigation works stride forward. The control over practically all this stupendous territory will be under the auspices of the Sudan Government, in the hands of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, whose leading spirit is, beyond doubt, Mr. F. Eckstein himself. Compare these figures, a modest estimate ten years hence, with America, where the biggest single cotton operation held in one hand is only 15,000 acres!

So much for the size of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate's operations in the Sudan. The real significance, however, of the work they have undertaken does not lie in the colossal acreage under their control, but in the cotton they produce. Reckoning at a rough estimate three to four (no doubt more) bales of cotton to the feddan or acre, you obtain an output of empire-grown cotton that commands respect. Add to it the fact that this cottor is of the best quality available, the sort of cotton that Lancashire is most anxious to purchase for her mills, and your Sudan proposition acquires immediately a new aspect.

Moreover, economic phases of even greater import are or will be affected by the Gezira and Kassala undertakings. It is notorious that cotton growing in the States is on the decline, and has been in the memory of the past ten years. Labor is expensive or unobtainable, so much so that certain spraying operations have now already to be undertaken by aeroplane, thus greatly enhancing the cost of production per acre and the selling price of cotton per bale. These questions do not arise in the Sudan. At first it was thought by some that the question of labor would kill any cotton-growing proposition on a big scale. The Mahdi's wars, they argued, had decimated the native population, and Egyptian fellaheen, frightened by, and hating the Sudanese, could not, even if such had been the intention of the authorities, be coaxed south of Wadi Halfa. But what has happened? An era of peace and prosperity having settled on the Sudan under the British flag, the population is increasing within the country, while from without there is a continual influx of "Hansa, Fellata, and other tribes from Nigeria and other places." Obviously, therefore, the labor question may be regarded as by no means so dangerous as small-minded or short-sighted little owners in the Khartum area originally thought.

This being so, one can assume that, at no very distant date, the Sudan Plantations Syndicate will be able to market a fine quality cotton on a big and ever bigger scale at a lower cost of production than that marketed by the Americans. The effect, at first, will be small, but it will gather and grow like an avalanche, and in the end it can have but one economic result, namely, the freeing of Lancashire from serfdom to the cotton speculators of New York and the Mississippi, whose refined cotton operations cost in Lancashire industry a loss of £1,000,000 per week!

That is the meaning, the real meaning, of the work now being undertaken and rapidly pushed by the Sudan Government in happy conjunction with the Plantations Syndicate. It is imperial and not local in nature; in aspect it is vast, and the possibilities attached thereto are so immeasurable that to analyze them, or to picture an empire freed from dependence on America for one of the world's most valuable raw products, is utterly impossible. But, at any rate, viewed from this commanding angle, the digging and sowing and planting and building now being hurried on in Kassala, Makwar, Zeidab, Tokar, and elsewhere will convince us that the vision of the men who conceived this plan years ago was not that of ordinary individuals intent merely on floating humdrum concerns. They looked ahead.

Nevertheless, it must not be presumed from the foregoing that these men, these empire-builders—in the same sense, though not along the same path as Cecil Rhodes—were casting bread on the waters for an idea only.

One of the happiest features of the work of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate is that, while planning the great scheme, its board of directors, always in close touch with the Government at Khartum, were able, long before the big work was put in hand, to lay the foundations of a solid business paying very acceptable dividends. Starting in a relatively small way on a purely experimental scale in various parts of the country, they made these experiments pay, thus proving that cotton-growing in the Sudan could be made exceedingly profitable, and that, if any one syndicate or group could, by private enterprise, daring, and ability help the Government to exploit such potential territories as the Gezira, that group was the Sudan Plantations Syndicate itself. Having proved which, they *ipso facto* reaped the natural reward. Today, if we may say so, they are still on the threshold of their career; ten years hence they will be among the most powerful and influential organizations in Africa, and certainly the largest cotton-growing and marketing organization in the world.

We have not dealt here with figures and statistics. . . . Suffice it that the experimental stage is over, that by next July the minor irrigation canals for 300,000 acres will have had to be dug, that plowing will begin by next October, and that in 1925 the Makkar Dam, being constructed by the Sudan Government, will have been completed and water begin to flow down the new channels into the prepared fields. This latter work is itself stupendous, and were it not for the ceaseless energy of the company's staff on the spot it would be nigh impossible. But we can rely on its being done to time, and then will begin the real career of the syndicate. It cannot be other than successful. For, as stated, the foundations have been too well built for failure.

In conclusion, we must frankly admit that for the men at the head of the Plantations Syndicate, who nursed it from its infancy sixteen years ago, and are now looking ahead into a land of waving cotton fields, we have the very greatest admiration. Imaginative and undaunted, diplomatic and able business men, organizers and men of tireless activity, they have created, or assisted in creating, a new Sudan beside which

THE etchers represented are outstanding leaders in their field. They are of no one school. They are neither all "modern" nor all "conservative." They were selected chiefly because of their Americanness and their wide range. The work of no one of them resembles that of another (either of this or of any other group). They are in the fullest and best sense, original and individual.

ERNEST HASKELL,

a master technician, represented in this set by "Sentinels of North Creek," is perhaps the closest student of the art of etching in this county. We are extremely fortunate in having one of his latest plates, a marvel of clean line, economy of means of expression and rhythmic design. He frankly admits the debt he owes to Rembrandt and Leonardo.

PEGGY BACON,

in "The Promenade Deck" (the single dry point of the set) reveals herself as a most penetrating depicter of character. A shoe by her needle point tells the story of its wearer. There is wit and biting satire in her populous plate and a wealth of keen kindly fun.

JOHN MARIN'S

"Brooklyn Bridge" will inevitably offend, intrigue, startle and delight. It is a characteristic piece of work, defiant of academic standards, pulsing with desire, quivering with emotion, tragically sure and unsure at the same time. This plate is a synthesis of sensation—the artist's own and his contemporaries.

HAYES MILLER,

one of the most thoughtful and thought-provoking of American artist, contributes "Play," a study of three nudes, a woman and two children. There is a stark profundity, a serene dignity, an almost austere sincerity about Hays Miller's work that marks him as a kind of ironic modern Ryder, aloof, alone mysterious.

EDWARD HOPPER,

whose "Night Shadows" is included in this set, is a finder of beauty in the seemingly commonplace. Robustly American, he knows how to make even the supposedly hideous, gabled house of the 70's sing with design. Light (as in "Night Shadows"—perhaps his finest single plate) plays an important part in all his work.

JOHN SLOAN

lover of cities, Dickens-like Chronicler of American life, also contributes a "best" plate, "The Bandit's Cave"—a Greenwich Village night scene, wherein hesitating maidens are being urged by their escort to enter the alluring door. This plate is not only a superlative example of etching, it is a rich harmony of design in characterization, in form, in depth and in feeling.

SIX ETCHINGS

Incomparable Christmas Gifts

ORIGINALS — NOT REPRODUCTIONS: EACH PROOF PRINTED BY PETER J. PLATT ON HAND-MADE VAN GELDER PAPER, SIGNED BY THE ARTIST, OFFERED WITH

THE NEW REPUBLIC

At an Incredibly Small Cost

$9.00

THE difficulty with this offer is not to explain, but to refrain. For in The New Republic's alluring list (which includes New Republic editions of the Wells' Outline, Strachey's Queen Victoria, and Van Loon) there has never been an announcement even approaching this one. Yet overstatement is almost difficult in face of the facts—the foremost of which (alone amply sufficient to testify to the quality of these etchings) is the names of the six artists themselves.

For those who know American etching, this is enough. An original by any one of this sextet is generally regarded as a collector's prize. Here is an opportunity to know and to own the original work of six outstanding American artists at an incredibly small cost.

Look at it Money-Wise. No price is placed on this set of six. It cannot be bought without The New Republic. Nor can the individual proofs. Their value can be approximated only by referring to a reputable dealer. He will tell you that a single original by any one of these artists brings anywhere from $15.00 to $40.00. The plates used here range in size from 4⅝ x 6 to 9 x 11 inches. They are printed in a relatively large edition. "Rarity value" is thereby eliminated. What you then have is intrinsic merit —ranging all the way from the Rembrandt-like perfection of the Haskell to the lyric impressionism of the Marin. The edition is limited. Acceptances will be filled in the order of their receipt. Act now for Christmas giving.

The New REPUBLIC
421 West 21st Street
New York City

I enclose $9.00 for one year of The New Republic and the six etchings.

Name ..... City .....

Street ..... State .....

For $12.00 you may have a two years' subscription or two annual subscriptions with the etchings. You may send The New Republic for one year to two friends or take one for your own subscription and make a gift of the other. The New Republic has prepared an attractive Christmas card which will be sent to the recipient of your gift if you request it. Both etchings and magazine postpaid in the United States. Add $1.00 for Canada, $1.50 foreign for each subscription.

N 12-17

the fields of Georgia and Alabama pale. They are carrying out, or assisting thereat, the dreams of Cromer, who, according to Mr. Eckstein, dreamed that one day railways would be constructed from Suakim to Atbara, from Khartum to El Obeid, from Atbara to Kassala; that one or two dams would be built on the Blue Nile; and that the Gezira Plain would be developed. . . .

France Sets an Example

THE treaty by which France and Switzerland agree to submit to arbitration their controversy regarding the special position of the border provinces is printed below as translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle* for November 22. Editorial comment on this action will be found on page 666 of this issue; a fuller summary of the dispute, by Robert Dell, was printed in *The Nation* for February 9, 1921.

Whereas France and Switzerland have not been able to agree upon the interpretation to be given to Article 435, paragraph 2, of the Treaty of Versailles, with its annexes, and it has been impossible by direct negotiation to reach the agreement there referred to,

The President of the French Republic and the Swiss Federal Council have resolved to resort to arbitration to define this interpretation and to settle the various questions involved in the execution of paragraph 2 of Article 435 of the Treaty of Versailles;

And, desiring to reach a contract expressing the equal will of France and of Switzerland loyally to conform to their international obligations, they have named as their plenipotentiaries:

For the President of the French Republic, M. Edouard Herriot, president of the Council of Ministers and Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Henri Fromageot, jurisconsult of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs;

For the Swiss Federal Council, M. Alphonse Dunant, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Paris; M. Paul Logoz, professor at the University of Geneva;

Who, having communicated their full powers found in good and due form, have agreed as follows:

ARTICLE 1. It shall be the function of the Permanent Court of International Justice to say whether Article 435, paragraph 2, of the Treaty of Versailles abrogates or is intended to abrogate, between France and Switzerland, the stipulations of the protocol of the conferences of Paris of November 3, 1815, of the Treaty of Paris of November 20, 1815, of the Treaty of Turin of March 16, 1816, and of the manifesto of the court of accounts of Sardinia of September 9, 1829, relating to the customs and economic structure of the free zones of Upper Savoy and of the Pays de Gex, while taking account of all facts precedent to the Treaty of Versailles, such as the establishment of federal customs in 1849, which may be regarded by the court as pertinent.

The High Contracting Parties agree that the court, when it has completed its deliberations shall, before issuing any decree, grant to the two parties a suitable period to settle with each other the new regime for the aforesaid territories, under such conditions as they may judge opportune, as provided by Article 435, paragraph 2, of the aforesaid treaty. This period may be prolonged at the request of the two parties.

ART. 2. If no convention shall be concluded and ratified within the period set, it shall be the function of the court, by a single decree rendered in accordance with Article 58 of the statute of the court, to pronounce its decision upon the question formulated in Article 1 above, and to settle, for a period which it shall determine, and taking account of the present circumstances, all the questions involved in the application of paragraph 2 of Article 435 of the Treaty of Versailles.

If the decree provides for the free importation of goods or for reduced customs rates on goods crossing the federal custom

Our best story teller here tells his best story

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Drawn by C. B. Falls after photo by Alfred Stieglitz

Third printing in press $3.00

A STORY TELLER'S STORY

N. Y. TIMES:—Probably unequalled in our recent literature for austerity of moral courage and sincerity of conviction. . . . A book which should be read by every intelligent and reflective American. —LLOYD MORRIS

N. Y. SUN:—Stays in the memory as a thing perfect of its kind. . . . An outstanding contribution to the spiritual history of the times. —ERNEST BOYD

N. Y. EVENING POST:—If we were asked for one American book of the year that should by all means be read, our choice would unhesitatingly be Mr. Anderson's autobiography. —HERSCHEL BRICKELL

The SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE:—It exhibits ever and again the fullest powers of one of the truly creative writers of our time. —WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

N. Y. EVENING POST and Philadelphia PUBLIC LEDGER:—This book—call it novel, autobiography, what you will—seems to me by far the most significant book of the year. —WALTER YUST

N. Y. WORLD:—It is a document of first importance for those interested in the growth of American letters. . . . Its warmth and humanity make it a great American book. —LAURENCE STALLINGS

The NEW REPUBLIC:—A story of spiritual adventure, a fascinating and moving revelation of the artist's mind. —ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

N. Y. HERALD-TRIBUNE:—It is a book which stirs thought and imagination. . . . He has a shining sence of humor. —SINCLAIR LEWIS

B. W. HUEBSCH Inc., *Publisher*
30 Irving Place New York City
THIS MARK ON GOOD BOOKS

CROWDED OUT

Nobody ain't Christmas shoppin'
Fur his stockin'!
Nobody ain't cotch no tukkey,
Nobody ain't bake no pie,
Nobody's laid nuthin' by,
"Santy" ain't got nuthin' hid
Fur his Mammy's little kid.

Seem like eve'body rushin'
An' er crushin',
Crowdin' shops an' jammin' trolleys,
Buyin' shoes an' shirts an' toys
Fur de white folks' girls an' boys,
But no hobby-horse ain't rockin'
By his little wore-out stockin'.

He ain't quar'lin', recollec',
He don't spec
Nuthin'—hit's his not expectin'
Makes his Mammy wish, O Laws!
Fur a Po' Folks' Santa Claus,
Totin' any kind er toy
Fur his Mammy's honey-boy!

Subscription from our many friends towards Colored Children's Christmas Tree and Dinner for the poor Colored children will be most gratefully received by

ROSALIE M. JONAS,

Hotel Rutledge, 30th St. & Lexington Ave.

or the French custom lines, this importation cannot be settled without the consent of the two parties.

ART. 3. Each of the High Contracting Parties shall deposit with the clerk of the court, in as many copies as Article 34 of the regulations of the court prescribes:

(a) Within six months of the ratification of the present contract, its Memoir upon the question formulated in Article 1, paragraph 1, with certified and like copies of all supporting documents and papers;

(b) Within five months from the expiration of the preceding period, its Counter-Memoir, with certified and like copies of all supporting documents and papers;

(c) Within five months from the expiration of the preceding period, its Reply, with certified and like copies of all supporting documents and papers, and its Final Conclusions.

ART. 4. If the court, in accordance with Article 2, is called upon to settle all the questions involved in the execution of Article 435, paragraph 2, of the Treaty of Versailles, it will inform the parties of the proper periods within which to produce such documents, suggestions, and observations as they may wish to submit to the court in connection with such settlement, as well as to reply to it.

Furthermore, in order to facilitate the said settlement the court may be asked by one or the other party to delegate one or three of its members to undertake studies on the spot and to hear all the interested parties.

ART. 5. The present contract shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Paris as soon as may be.

E. HERRIOT, HENRI FROMAGEOT, DUNANT, PAUL LOGOZ

Done in duplicate at Paris, October 30, 1924

In covering letters Messrs. Dunant and Herriot at the same time assured each other (1) that until the court made its decision they would not change the status quo on the frontiers; (2) that they had no objection to the court communicating semi-officially to both parties "all useful indications" regarding the result of its deliberations; (3) that the "present circumstances" referred to in Article 2 had the same meaning as the same words used in Article 435 of the Treaty of Versailles.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* correspondent in Russia, has just completed a first-hand study of conditions in the Caucasian Soviet republics.

AGNES D. WARBASSE has been active for many years in the cooperative movement in this country.

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS is well-known as lecturer, author, and editor of the *Crisis*. His article on Georgia: Invisible Empire State will appear in a forthcoming issue of *The Nation*.

IDA TREAT is an American living in Paris, who has frequently contributed to *The Nation*.

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of "Strenuous Americans" and of numerous biographical essays.

FRANK J. KLINGBERG is chairman of the department of history at the University of California.

GLEN MULLIN, artist and writer, is the author of "The Smoky Trail."

Those Who Recognize

that a play excellent enough to extract unusually high praise even from a *Nation* critic has something behind it deserving encouragement should communicate at once with the

Cherry Lane Players, Inc.
40 Commerce Street, New York
Telephone: Spring 2480

See *Nation* drama criticism of December 3rd.

Please inform me of the plans and purposes of your group of players.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

Immediate response will be rewarded.

WALDO FRANK

makes it possible for readers of *The Nation* to put a mystery story on their Christmas Gift-Book list and on their own reading list as well. The book is

CHALK FACE

which adds the thrill of beauty to the thrill of horror and suspense. Its mystery is not a mere trick of plot mechanics but opens for us, for a spelled interval, the whole mystery of existence.

"The book is a fine piece of writing, with novel ideas, well expressed, and artistically executed."—Dr. Joseph Collins, *New York Sun*.

"The evil man with the white head of CHALK FACE is assuredly in the category of those 'other ghosts' that have horrified the souls of such writers as Dostoyevsky and Melville."—Gorham B. Munson, *N. Y. Evening Post*.

$2.00

Boni & Liveright, 61 West 48th Street New York City

B&L

GOOD BOOKS

accept nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c.

Midol
for HEADACHE

CHIROPRACTIC A distinctly new and independent system of healing, the success of which has no parallel in the history of therapeutics. Our course of study is recognized by State Boards of Chiropractic Examiners. Our faculty has been carefully selected and represents the very best of the profession. Tuition fees are moderate. Evening Sessions—write or call for further particulars—Dep't N.

THE BRONX SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC
13-19 Astor Place New York City
C. E. C. OSWALD, A.B., D.C., Pres. "Near Wanamaker's."

Nation Dinners
For Nation Subscribers and Their Guests.
Dec. 12—Is The Press Kept?
Jan. 23—Is Monogamy Feasible?
Feb. 13—Do Americans Speak English?
Telephone Whitehall 7730 for reservations.

The Fifth Avenue Restaurant

EXCLUSIVELY A LUNCHEON AND EVENING BANQUET RESORT ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING, 200 FIFTH AVENUE TEL. GRAMERCY 4900 TO 4907 INCL.

THEODORE KEMM, Proprietor

LORD WILLIAM THOMSON

late Secy. for Air Defence in the British Labor Government

will make his first public appearance

at COOPER UNION, Dec. 29, 8:15 P. M.

500 tickets for sale at $1 and 1100 tickets at 25c each

under the auspices of the Foreign Policy Assn., National Headquarters, 9 East 45th St., N. Y. C.

—Further announcement on page 687—

Books?

Will you please—EVERYBODY—write us the name of the bookseller from whom you purchase books. We have something of benefit to communicate to such bookshops. Thank you for your cooperation. Address *The Nation,* 20 Vesey Street.

STRANDED in cactus hills after three years recovering health, easterner, depositor of defunct bank, seeks immediate employment: small-town and metropolitan experience of 15 years in mail-order and retail advertising, as analyst, writer and executive. Will tackle anything however keen the competition. Has a weakness for newspaper work. Age 36; speaks Spanish. Address Box 245, care of The Nation.

HOFFMANN SCHOOL
for Individual Development
156 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City
DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL
Rebecca Hoffmann, Director
Dr. Nathan Peyser, Educational Director
Children 4-10 years Bus Service

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE, Cooper Union, 8 o'clock
Friday Eve., Dec. 19. **Everett Dean Martin**
"Was the Renaissance a Mass Movement?"
Sunday Eve., Dec. 21... **William M. Salter**
"What is Americanism?"
Tuesday Eve., Dec. 23.....No Meeting
Christmas Holidays.

STEINWAY
THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

THE NATION will be glad to pay the current price plus postage for the following copies, stock of which has been completely exhausted. Please communicate with the Circulation Department:

February 14, 1923	*October 31, 1923*
February 21, 1923	*November 14, 1923*
April 11, 1923	*February 13, 1924*
August 15, 1923	*April 30, 1924*

Weekends?

At what hotel or inn do you stop when you leave the city for weekends or for a short winter vacation? *The Nation* has had several inquiries of this nature lately and would like to know what places appeal to its readers. We should appreciate hearing from you. Address A. B., *The Nation,* 20 Vesey St., New York.

Your Christmas List

Let the Channel bookshop help you with it. We have books for every taste. Christmas cards, too, for those in search of "something different." In this new bookshop your own preferences are sympathetically followed. Come in person or order by mail or telephone. Open evenings, also—except on Wednesdays. Tel. Murray Hill 4864.

THE CHANNEL BOOKSHOP
279 Park Avenue New York
(Between 47th and 48th Streets)

German Books, Etchings
W. BEYER
113 West 43rd Street, New York City

COSMOPOLITAN STENO - TRANSLATION BUREAU, 154 Nassau Street, Suite 925, New York. Beekman 1552. Translations, stenography, copying, mimeographing, circularizing, in RUSSIAN and other languages.

"A corner of old Russia in New York"—
THE RUSSIAN INN
33 West 37th St., 'phone Fitzroy 6567
LUNCHEON TEA DINNER SUPPER
Unique After Theatre Entertainment
Music and Singers

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1924 No. 3103

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 693

EDITORIALS:

Samuel Gompers 696
League Ahoy! 697
As It Will Be Soon 697
An American "Who Was Who" 698

RADIO OR NEWSPAPER—CAN BOTH SURVIVE? By Marc A. Rose 699

ENGLAND AND EGYPT: THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS. By Henry W. Nevinson 701

THE ONE-PARTY SYSTEM. By William Hard 703

QUAKER REVOLUTIONARIES:

The Death Battalion of Youth. By Mollie Best 706

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 708

CORRESPONDENCE 708

BOOKS, MUSIC, PLAYS:

First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 710
A Nietzschean Novel. By Joseph Wood Krutch 710
Frank Cobb. By Lewis S. Gannett 711
The Genealogy of a Genre. By Carl Van Doren 711
"The Land of the Fathers." By Dorothy Brewster 712
Benjamin Constant. By Arnold Whitridge 712
Books in Brief 713
The Nation's Poetry Prize 713

PUCCINI AND FAURÉ. By Pitts Sanborn 714

DRAMA:

Pure Theater. By Joseph Wood Krutch 715

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:

New Life in the Law. By Frithjof Toksvig 716
Danish Disarmament 716
Russia Answers Britain 717
Nevinson on Morel 718

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FREDA KIRCHWEY, Managing Editor MARK VAN DOREN, Literary Editor

Contributing Editors

ROBERT HERRICK LUDWIG LEWISOHN NORMAN THOMAS
JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THE GREAT DINNER given to Owen D. Young in New York on December 11, in recognition of his services in Europe as a member of the Dawes Commission, was a well-merited honor. Giving high praise to General Dawes for his work, which he described as the "selling end" of this business operation as opposed to the "manufacturing" in which he and the others labored, Mr. Young made no extravagant claims for the plan itself. He stated frankly that he took a middle ground as to its merits, between the extreme views in favor of or against the plan. "The members of our committee," he said, "well knew that human minds are too small to comprehend such great forces and to make a plan which, unchanged, would be permanently effective to control them." That is altogether refreshing. *The Nation* has never taken the view that the plan reduced the German people to slavery, but it has feared that it put undue burdens upon them. Mr. Young would probably be the first to admit that the plan is very much of a compromise. But it has started things going in Europe, averted bankruptcy and social disintegration, removed much ill-will, ended the Franco-German deadlock, and done away (for the time, at least) with the threat of European war. We are profoundly indebted to Mr. Young for making it clear that the Dawes Plan cannot endure unchanged. That merely adds to the debt which not only America but the world owes him. In saying that, we do not abate a jot of our belief that the worst feature of the Dawes Plan is that it gives American financiers a domination over Europe which may have the most serious consequences.

SO THE SENATE has voted the House bill appropriating $110,000,000 for the "modernization" of the navy. Congress might better throw this vast sum into the Atlantic Ocean. There it would create no ill-will, while doing the country as much good as will its expenditure on the fleet. The bill now goes to Mr. Coolidge for his signature, and we have no doubt that he will sign it. Did he not say that he was for an adequate army and navy, although warning the country against listening to stories that other countries were arming against us? Our jingoes have not listened to his admonitions. Mr. William B. Shearer, our latest "naval expert," has solemnly and publicly warned the inimitable Solomon Stanwood Menken and his National Security League that Japan is preparing for war with us; the Navy League has impugned the truthfulness of a statement issued by the Japanese Navy Department; and the fleet maneuvers in Hawaii are not to be stopped although Japan is the theoretic "enemy" against whom we are to maneuver. On top of this comes this criminally wasteful and dangerous expenditure of $110,000,000 more on the navy. This will have its prompt echo in England and Japan, our only possible antagonists on the sea. If we do not have war with Japan within the next five years it will not be the fault of the preparedness advocates. They, by the way, are very indignant when peace-lovers refuse to follow the wishes of authority; they now reserve to themselves the right to flout the admonitions of the President to desist from war-creating propaganda. Loyalty to officialdom is, in their view, the duty of the other fellow.

TREASON IS SPREADING so rapidly in our army and navy that we heartily wish our navy and security leagues would devote themselves to ferreting it out, leaving the condition of the navy alone—no two experts have ever yet agreed on that. Here is General Robert Lee Bullard, one of our three commanders of armies in France, quoted as saying that one German soldier equaled three Allied. That is going too far. Coming as it does on top of the clean bill of health which Admiral Sims gave the German submarine officers, we must ask where this will stop. What is to become of our cherished belief that the cowardly German had to be driven to the front and chained to his machine-guns, and that any American sergeant could kill twenty squareheads single-handed? Perish the thought! Keep all the old fictions alive, or there may come a disposition to query the war itself, its origin, its honesty, the relative moral positions of the adversaries, the worthwhileness of its outcome. The old tone rings in the dispatches now coming out of Spain charging the Moroccans with mutilating the bodies of the Spanish prisoners and Spanish dead, with subjecting their captors to torture, with chaining them

to stakes, blinding them by confinement in dungeons and starving them to death, etc., etc. That has the familiar ring of world-war days; that is the patriotic way to talk of one's enemies and to keep alive the fighting qualities. Let us have lies and then again lies, for henchmen of the war-god can carry on in no other way.

MR. MELLON COMES back to his muttons in his annual report: that is, the reduction of the income taxes, especially the surtaxes of the very rich, of whom he is one of the richest. Naturally he rejoices in the defeat of the La Follette forces, since they were particularly opposed to his policies and attacked him personally with a great deal of heat. Now Mr. Mellon still wants to reduce the inheritance taxes and to abolish the gift tax which has only just been passed. With some reason he declares it to be unworkable. With his reasoning that it "handicaps business" we cannot at all agree. The one object and purpose of Mr. Mellon's official existence is to "free" business. He is opposed to income-tax publicity because he thinks it hurts business, and to tax-exempt securities because they keep money out of business. He wants income-tax rates down because—according to Mr. Mellon—they hamper business, and when the facts go dead against him he is just a little more eager than ever to cut the rates. We wonder if he is able to sleep at all when he thinks of the perils that menace business. But we cheerfully admit that when he lies awake nights he can take solid satisfaction in the excellent work the Treasury has done under him in refunding our obligations, in helping to reduce expenses, and generally to put our public finances in order.

HULLABALOOING ABOUT THE INTER-ALLIED debts bids fair to become as popular a political pastime in Great Britain as it has long been in the United States. Winston Churchill is now making loud noises about the impropriety of letting any of England's debtors off. *The Nation* knows no good reason why France should pay her debt to the United States any sooner than she pays her prior debt to Great Britain, and if our Mr. Mellon were getting away with any such magic it might be well for England's Mr. Churchill to stop it. Mr. Churchill, however, is not content to demand that France pay England as soon as she pays us. He wants her to pay everybody, in particular to pay England as well as England is paying us. But political speeches do not produce money where money does not exist, and some of Winston Churchill's speeches seem more likely to dry up the sources than to increase them. An intelligent creditor naturally adjusts terms of payment in accordance with the conditions of his bankrupt debtor, and it does not help much if sound debtors cry out that they were not treated so considerately. Mr. Churchill believes that France should not get better terms than England did. In fact, she will—because she is less able to pay. If he objects to France paying on terms which might be possible, the result will probably be to stop France paying anything at all—either to the United States or to Great Britain.

THAT ZINOVIEV LETTER refuses to stay out of the news. England's Tory Government says its members have no doubt of its authenticity, but they refuse to explain the reasons for their faith. This is the famous letter, alleged to have been signed by Zinoviev, the president of the Third Internationale, and Arthur McManus, leader of the British Communists, last October, virtually appealing for armed revolution. Four days before the election it was printed in the English newspapers and it undoubtedly cost the Labor Party hundreds of thousands of votes. Ramsay MacDonald, away from London campaigning, at first accepted the word of the permanent officials of the Foreign Office that it was genuine; he now doubts it. The Tory *Daily Mail*, it appears, had the letter before the Government, and the British Government has admitted that it has never had in its possession, or even seen, the original of the letter. All it has ever had is an alleged photostat copy, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain has hinted in the House of Commons that he doubted the authenticity of McManus's signature. Both McManus and Zinoviev have denounced it as a forgery. The Soviet Government has suggested reference of the question of its authenticity to neutral experts. Mr. Chamberlain replies that his mind is made up and he will do nothing more. That leaves the British Government in as cowardly a position as the French Government was in when the Dreyfus case began.

THERE IS A NEW MAGAZINE for people to buy before they board the train. But its contents will never be new. Doubtless many a commuter will glance at a cover of the *Golden Book* and, seeing in the usual fashion there the names of a dozen or so star contributors, never realize that most of these stars have gone out—that the contributions come mainly from the grave. The first number of the *Golden Book*, just published, contains serials by Stevenson, Gaboriau, and Maupassant; short stories by Tolstoi, O. Henry, Kipling, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and H. C. Bunner; a play by Anatole France; an essay by Montaigne; travel sketches by Sir Richard Burton and Sir Harry Johnston; and poems by Burns, Villon, William Dunbar, Christina Rossetti, and Emily Dickinson. It is to be hoped that the commuter will read on. For he will make the acquaintance of Mark Twain's jumping frog, of Anatole France's man who married a dumb wife, of Bunner's Hector, and of Gaboriau's Lecoq, to mention no more. The experiment is a bold one, the outcome of which will be awaited with some eagerness by those who have always suspected that tons of older literature went unread because unseen. The place for a classic may be in a bound book; yet numerous unprofessional readers do not know how or where to buy books, and even professional readers have to admit sometimes that they have no text of "The Notorious Jumping Frog"—for instance—about them. The editors of the *Golden Book* are particularly to be envied, however. All of their contributions will be worth reading; there will be no painful letters to write, and no rejection slips.

EVEN THOUGH WE have not yet been included among the 500 members of the Monday Opera Club, or even among its 2,500 invited guests, we have our opinions. Alexandra Feodorovna is a grand duchess and the sister of a queen and the wife of a pretender, and she doubtless exudes the dignity and good breeding which New York society intends to import from Europe. For aught we care she may rejoice in all the presidential suites and special trains that society ladies wish to engage for her. All we object to is the philosophy lurking behind this expensive importation.

The committee of the Monday Opera Club has this to say: If dignity and good breeding are not restored "there will be a social revolution here like the French Revolution." So the grand duchess was invited to come to America. Now there are two things at least which help revolutions along: the flaunting of social differences by pretentiousness and pomp and the intriguing of discredited royalist émigrés. The husband of this grand duchess thinks he is the Czar of Russia, and since Russia inconveniently thinks otherwise he has set up a little private Russian court in Coburg. But even Bavaria doubts if the Grand Duke Cyril's court should be maintained in a country at friendly peace with Russia and may ask him to move to more monarchical shores—perhaps the United States. At a New York reception to the grand duchess the other day Russian royalists knelt at her feet and Boris Brasol hailed her as the Czarina. If we were worried lest a French or a Russian revolution were lurking under the plush sofas of New York society, we would not seek to avert it by hiring an unemployed Russian grand duchess.

HAS THE PRACTICAL JOKE passed from the American scene? Regretfully we answer: Almost. In rural regions this peculiarly national type of humor still survives, at least in such parts of the country as have not been too much disturbed by progress. But in our cities public opinion and the police have pretty nearly done it to death. New York City has just lost its last notable practical joker at the age of seventy-five, and we do not look to see him replaced. Some of the pranks of Brian G. Hughes were simple horse-play, as when he put up signs on his land: "Not for Sale, B. G. Hughes, America," or when he set all Asbury Park to digging in the sand by pretending to have found $50,000. At other times he came close to satire, as when he "dolled up" an alley cat purchased for ten cents, hired a uniformed valet to attend it, and won a blue ribbon at a cat show. Later he just missed doing as well with a worn-out street-car nag which he entered in the horse show. The practical joke is part of the individualistic and pioneer America which is almost gone. It belongs to an era when our humor was amateur—when everyone rolled his own or his neighbor beat him to it. It dies of loneliness or fright as our fun-making and humor are professionalized and syndicated.

WHEN A WOMAN decides to keep her name after marriage she is frequently criticized for making so much ado about nothing; but when she seeks later to obtain a passport under her own name, or open an account in a conservative bank, or draw her pay from a government job, her name suddenly becomes of the utmost importance to all the authorities; the State Department refuses her a passport, the president of the bank will not honor her signature, the government department will not make out a check to so misguided and miscalled a female. Precedent has been upset, however, in the case of Miss Helena Normanton, English barrister, who was admitted as a member of the Middle Temple in 1919, a few hours after the enactment of the Sex Disqualification Removal Act. She was married in 1921 and continued to practice under her own name; but when, a year later, she was called to the bar, bitter opposition arose among serious legal authorities. The Joint Council of the Four Inns of Court solemnly sat upon the question for eight months or so and finally decided that Miss Normanton had a right to use her own name if she chose. Last September she applied, under her hard-won name, to the British Foreign Office for a passport. It was refused on grounds of public policy. She submitted a brief citing the arguments and precedents that had convinced the jurists of the Inns of Court. The Foreign Office considered the evidence and granted the passport. This will not, of course, alter the attitude of the American State Department which has refused passports in like cases, apparently for reasons of tender sentiment without reference to any law. But American precedent has been broken none the less, for the American consul in London has given Miss Normanton a visa and thus has planted the seal of the State Department of the United States on an unsanctified and improper "maiden" name.

CHARLES PATRICK SWEENEY, cut down in his early thirties, had all the Irishman's love of a good time, zest for a fight, and capacity for spending himself without measure in a cause in which his heart was enlisted. His sense of humor never left him, nor his good-fellowship; as a journalist or propagandist he could attack and attack hard and yet love, and be loved by, his opponents. He had many adversaries but few enemies. When this country entered the World War Mr. Sweeney left the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and was attached first to the Committee on Public Information and then to the War Labor Board. Later he investigated working-class education in Europe for the Department of Labor. Upon his return to the United States he did publicity work for the Irish Republic and Farmer-Labor Party, and put before the country the report of twelve distinguished lawyers condemning Attorney General Palmer's illegal drive against radicals; in 1921 he went to the New York *World*, where he did notable work in the exposure of the Ku Klux Klan. "Charley" Sweeney was a frequent and valued contributor to the columns of *The Nation*, and in his death the liberal cause loses a valiant and lovable champion.

MUSSOLINI AND KING GEORGE have this in common: they both collect stamps. King George is known to have one of the finest stamp collections in the world, and Mussolini must be a philatelist, else why should he have made his name so beloved to the stamp fanatic? When Italian troops landed in Corfu Mussolini rushed to order new postage stamps. The fact that his troops were out of Corfu before the stamps were off the printing-presses did not disturb him; collectors bought the stamps just as eagerly. Now he has a new trick. Instead of advertising military training camps in the cancelations, as is the wont of the peace-loving American post-office department, Mussolini has cannily enlarged the size of his stamps and taken to selling advertising space on them. The Italian fifty-centesimi stamps now cross the water with all sorts of gay additions to the sober face of Victor Emmanuel. "Un grafono Columbia con una lira al giorno—cataloghi gratis," say some of them in easily translatable Italian; and another advertises a white-goods sale in Rome. If only King George had equal dictatorial powers what a boon he might be to his subjects—they must grow weary of his somber Windsor visage repeated eternally on stamps of every denomination.

Gompers—The End of an Era

SAMUEL GOMPERS was sufficiently great to encompass and express an era in American labor. For over forty years, even toward his end, he voiced the hopes and fears, the reforms and the bigotries of the craft phase of the movement he headed. It is a short view which considers him merely the conservative chieftain of a machine oligarchy; he was a movement embodied in one man. From the mildest to the most rabid dissenter, all knew that he was the head of the organized expression of labor. And they all acted on the slogan, Get Gompers and Labor Is Yours. His personal history is not merely the story of his own successes, but of his opponents' failures. One can get a more significant picture of his rivals—Powderly, Debs, De Leon, and Foster—by learning all about Gompers than by knowing all about them.

Gompers's orthodoxy was distinguished by two main traits, probably reducible to one: his naive self-righteousness and his chronic pugnacity. Intellectually he was but mediocre, a lesser man than Frey or Perkins or others of his associates. When he ventured into philosophical speculations about labor he was sophomoric. The absurd backwardness of his jealous craft separatism, forever entangled in fratricidal "jurisdictional disputes" while industry was rapidly amalgamating, was only too obvious. In fact, his intra-labor tactics, by which he maintained his machine and his power, were always directed against those sufficiently thoughtful to have a philosophy of labor as against his own hand-to-mouth opportunism. He was so much of a realist in his long guerrilla campaign that any "ism" antagonized him. All his life he fought the "intellectuals"—within and without the labor movement. He fought the anarcho-socialists of the last century; then the present socialist movement, as well as all partisans of independent political action by labor, no matter how mild. He fought the I. W .W. and all the rest of the syndicalist schools; finally, of course, he fought the communists. Toward the end of his life this anti-intellectualist complex developed into unreasonable hatred of anyone with a formal training who took an interest in labor otherwise than as "expert" in his hire. There is little doubt that since the war leadership has been passing to the New Unionists, who are accepting the essential structure of capitalist management, and are trying to work within it by developing a sort of trade-union capitalism. But even that proved too much for Gompers, in spite of his belief in the framework of capitalism. And he fought labor's entry into finance, into business and managerial cooperation with capital, almost as bitterly as he fought the Reds. He was born to fight at close quarters—for more wages, fewer hours, better work rules; through the weapon of the strike and the armistice of contract.

Yet for his time and place Gompers was essentially right. The visionaries could not scout and strike effectively in the primitive battles of our industrial frontier. Before the war American labor could not be led by philosopher-kings because its culture was necessarily simple. Gompers was king, but he was no philosopher. He gave the impression of wisdom because he was so uncannily shrewd and so vastly experienced.

As sheer fighter Gompers was unequaled not merely in the history of American labor but in the history of the entire republic. His tactics were perfect. One by one he outwitted opponents, chasing them off the labor field and leaving them stranded in the desert to the Left of the mass movement. True fighter that he was, he never admitted to himself for a moment that he might be wrong. He had the fighter's cold and merciless fury. Yet he had something in him which warned him when his enemies expressed a real, mass disaffection. When the craft movement became almost self-defeatingly "autonomous" and the radicals were howling for amalgamation, Gompers got the progressives to fight, successfully, for the industrial departments in the Federation. When, last summer, the rank-and-file cry for independent political action seemed too insistent, he "non-partisanly" indorsed La Follette. Had La Follette won a strong congressional bloc, Gompers would have won with the winner. When La Follette lost, Gompers hailed a victory for his "nonpartisan policy." He always fought with this Heads-I-Win-Tails-You-Lose shrewdness. Yet he always fought essentially incorruptibly; what Royce called Loyalty to Loyalty Gompers gave to the labor movement as he saw it. Much has been said about his fanatical fire-eating in war time, which seemed to transcend his devotion to labor. This is only half true. There was much craftiness in his frenzy. He felt about trade unionism much as Lincoln felt about the Union. Anything to strengthen it! Whether he actually strengthened it—is another question.

A man of his blind self-righteousness and of such cunning alacrity could not stand the collaboration of strong characters. Unconsciously Gompers always surrounded himself with lesser men. And now that he is no more American labor faces the jealous interregnum of a coterie of feudal chiefs whose master is gone. Were it not for the growing circumstance that our labor movement is becoming too intricately and significantly a part of the national life such a period might prove fatal. But leadership is bound to drift increasingly to such men as Johnston, Hillman, Stone, and other progressives within and without the American Federation of Labor. It takes little boldness to prophesy that the next half century will see all the tendencies against which Gompers fought with his splendid ferocity enacted into some sort of progressive labor philosophy.

No sketch of the dead leader would be complete without mention of his fine human qualities. Some one said that "nothing human is alien to the Jew." This certainly was true of Gompers. To those who worked with him or agreed with him or were in no way entangled in his tactics he was abidingly kind with that courtesy which the Germans so untranslatably call *Herzensbildung*. He really did have the rare magnetism of one who had the genius to synchronize his own personality with the fortunes of a cause.

The obituary notices emphasize his rise from lowly beginnings, his terrible struggle with adversity, his death as a poor man. Of course Gompers was born in the indescribable squalor of Whitechapel and not in fashionable Mayfair. Of course he went to work at the age of ten. Of course he had to work years at his trade as cigarmaker in the daytime in order to support himself as President of the American Federation of Labor at night. Of course Gompers had these tremendous advantages. Else greatness could never have touched him as it did.

League Ahoy!

ENGLAND has resoundingly slapped the League of Nations in the face and returned to a policy of impenitent imperialism—that is the meaning of the diplomatic antics at Rome. With a "Mind your own business, please," she has turned her back squarely upon policies which Conservative, Liberal, and Labor ministers had developed and maintained.

It was a Conservative Prime Minister who invented the "independent" kingdom of Egypt, and if the world still takes that word "independent" seriously surely no Conservative Englishman should complain. But the present attitude of the British Government, translated into simple English, is this: "We didn't mean it; and if anybody outside of England acts upon the assumption that we did mean seriously what we said two years ago, we'll knock his block off." On the day on which the Sirdar was assassinated England dispatched a note to the Powers warning them that her difficulties with Egypt were a private quarrel within the family, and that good manners required that neighbors should behave as if they did not hear the din. Since then she has gone a step further; the Irish treaty must not be registered with the League, she says, because Ireland is also within the family, and the treaty is not properly to be called international. Just how this can be squared with England's sponsorship of the Free State as an "independent" member of the League is not explained; thus far, apparently, no other member of the League has dared raise the question. We may trust the Irish, however, not to let the issue pass.

Meanwhile the League has received two other blows—the shelving of the so-called protocol, and the failure of the opium conferences. It took all of M. Briand's persuasive powers in the League Council at Rome to induce the British to agree to the diplomatic fiction that the protocol was not being rejected but merely required more prolonged study. Such forms deceive no one; the protocol is dead. That in itself might not be so ill, were it not that with it go the radiant hopes of a new European spirit which seemed so bright in October. The protocol was essentially a program to enforce peace, by military means if necessary; and *The Nation* has never believed that the path to peace is one of military power. The worst aspect of the present position is that the British newspapers contain plain hints that while England will draw back from any international agreement she might contract a special protective bond with France. The black days of secret understandings which brought on the European war are with us again. France and England have already agreed to give each other a free hand in their respective spheres in Africa—a development of the 1904 negotiations by which France dropped out of Egypt in return for a free hand in what has become known as French Morocco. Now France is to have Spanish Morocco, too, and no French voice will protest when England violates her own agreements with Egypt regarding the Sudan.

The opium situation is as discouraging. The American delegates went to the League's Geneva conference with a program of sweeping reforms, and in this program they were in general supported by the Asiatic delegates—the Persian, Turkish, Chinese, and Japanese—but opposed by the British and French, and by the gentlemen with such fine Oriental names as Campbell and Clayton who appeared to "represent" India. As a result of this opposition by the Powers which prate most of the "white man's burden" substantially nothing will be done.

All this leaves the League in a position from which the half-expected announcement that the United States will participate in its Conference on the Control of Traffic in Arms next May will hardly rescue it. It stands flouted by the Great Powers which have, in the main, dominated it, and it has not dared to protest. That, some of its friends will say, is the fault of the United States which has refused to join it. It is rather, we believe, the fault of the construction of the League out of the victors in the Great War. One by one, as they lost their real independence and submitted to Allied control, the lesser "enemy nations" have been admitted. Germany and Soviet Russia remain outside, and Germany's admission is planned only when, under the Dawes Plan, she has lost her freedom of action. A passionate desire for better things has at times animated the sessions of the Assembly of the League, but the Council, still dominated by France and England, has chilled every hope. Something is needed to shock the world out of the well-worn path which it is treading, and the League seems incapable of providing that shock.

As It Will Be Soon

CHARLOTTE, N. C., December 8.—A trust fund totaling $40,000,000 was created here today by James B. Duke, tobacco and power capitalist, with which to finance and maintain a vast educational institution for North Carolina to be known as Duke University. If Trinity College, at Durham, already the beneficiary of the Duke family many times, sees fit to change its name to Duke University, $6,000,000 will be spent in expanding it; otherwise the proposed Duke University will be located elsewhere in the State.

DURHAM, N. C., December 9.—Trinity College will comply with the conditions upon which the donation of James B. Duke to the college is based and the trustees will do all in their power to cooperate with the philanthropist in carrying out his ideas.—Press dispatches.

CHICAGO, December 1, 1930.—William Wrigley, the chewing-gum king, today announced that he had offered $75,000,000 to Northwestern University on condition that it change its name to Wrigley University and that of its medical school to Chicle College.

EVANSTON, December 12, 1930.—The president of Northwestern University today declared that its trustees would undoubtedly change its name as requested by William Wrigley. "The slightest wish of that great and good man who has done so much for the teeth, jaw muscles, and digestion of the American people will be our first consideration," he declared. "The name Chicle College especially appeals to me. I have often thought that our new-fledged doctors pay too little attention to the gastric juices. Thanks to this great philanthropy, Northwestern—I mean Wrigley University—will now outshine any other in the Northwest.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1931.—Not to be outdone by William Wrigley, Harry F. Sinclair today announced that he was donating $80,000,000 par value of Sinclair Oil Company stocks and bonds to the University of Oklahoma upon condition that the city of Norman change its name to Sinclairia and the university to Sinclair. Otherwise Mr. Sinclair will make the same offer to Tulsa and start a new uni-

versity there. He denied a later report that H. M. Doheny would make half the gift. "I am underwriting this whole deal myself," he said, "and the university will have within it the finest oil laboratory the world has ever seen. The discoveries I confidently expect from that laboratory will enormously increase the oil reserves of the country and the profits of the Sinclair Oil Company. I shall give the name of Albert B. Fall to the laboratory."

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, May 1, 1936.—Henry Ford today announced that he had offered $250,000,000 to Harvard University upon the condition that it establish a laboratory for auto experimentation and change its name to Ford University. "I cannot take it with me," he said, "but I should like to have my name perpetuated after the last flivver has run out of gas. I have chosen Harvard because it shows the world the way to do it by making the business school the most important part of the university."

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, May 7, 1936.—When asked today what Harvard's attitude toward the Ford offer of a quarter of a billion would be, President Lowell said: "I cannot, of course, presume to speak for the overseers or the corporation, but I am sure that Mr. Ford's offer will receive the immediate consideration of our governing bodies. We are very proud of the name of John Harvard; it has been a trade-mark which has served us well. It may be, however, that a compromise can be arrived at so that Harvard College could remain Harvard College within the new and greater Ford University. The medical school could be called Edsall College and the business school be rechristened the Dearborn School of Economics. I am particularly gratified that the greatest of our business men approves of our policy of making the science of business the foremost consideration of our university."

An American "Who Was Who"

THE need for a really competent dictionary of American biography is to be satisfied. The American Council of Learned Societies Devoted to Humanistic Studies appointed a committee two years ago to investigate the possibilities of such a reference-work, and when this committee reported recently upon the cost of the project there was consternation. But funds are forthcoming. The New York *Times*, through its publisher, Adolph S. Ochs, has offered $500,000—a sum sufficient to produce the manuscript of the dictionary if not to print it—and now a special committee of management is considering the appointment of an editor. The staff will reside at Washington, where the Congressional Library offers, of course, the best facilities in the country for investigation, and it is expected that the first volume of the dictionary will be ready in four years. There will be twenty volumes, according to present plans, each containing about 750 pages and the whole presenting biographical information upon approximately 20,000 Americans, none of them living. The articles will be written either by specialists in the various subjects or by persons trained in biography and bibliography, so that a dozen years hence, when the dictionary is expected to be done, American scholars, journalists, and teachers will be in possession of a body of knowledge hitherto without parallel.

The Nation, commenting in 1920 upon the news from England that the "Dictionary of National Biography," recently given over from private hands to the University of Oxford, was in danger of neglect and even death, had occasion to regret the failure of most modern states to assume an interest, either through subsidy or through supervision, in the progress of scholarship. The case of the "Dictionary of National Biography," which ideally should have been from the beginning an enterprise of the British Government, seemed a particularly flagrant one; but it was pointed out that neither in England nor in the United States had adequate attention ever been paid to this kind of thing.

In the present case, although Mr. Ochs and the *Times* are to be congratulated upon their enlightenment and their liberality, it seems regrettable again that the emergency which they met should ever have arisen. The new dictionary will be in every sense a national product; scholars from all sections of the country will be asked to contribute, the work will be directed from Washington when it is not done there, and national ends will be served. What more logical then, than that the government pay the costs? Without Mr. Ochs the book would have been left to chance, and chance has rather a rude way with learning. To be sure the attitude of governments is not too stable a thing, and there might have been the chance that Congress would change its mind about the "Dictionary of American Biography." A few years ago President Harding made the appalling remark that the only act of administrative economy he could think of at the moment was doing away with the Bureau of American Ethnology! But it is unlikely that even a President would dare to hint that the dictionary was becoming too expensive—was costing almost as much as the Mayflower.

The choice of an editor will be no easy task, for he should be a man neither too young to be soundly informed nor too old to need the reputation which the work will give him. Needless to say he should be interested in everything; the council which appoints him represents societies not only of historians and students of literature but of philosophers, scientists, antiquarians, philologists, archaeologists, economists, sociologists, and political scientists. In particular it is to be hoped that he will not be satisfied merely with biographies which can be pieced together from documents already collected and catalogued in libraries. On this basis preachers celebrated in memorial sermons delivered by other preachers and politicians puffed by brother-politicians would get more than their share of space. Business men, about whom it is often difficult to find much satisfactory information after their death, should receive attention proportionate to their really great importance. Explorers, pioneers, and persons of all sorts influential along the various frontiers should be treated as fully and clearly as the materials will permit. The circuit-rider, the vagrant, and even the rogue should appear whenever distinction of some kind has been achieved. Perhaps it is not too fantastic to suggest that certain entirely mythical—yet nevertheless enormously influential—figures ought to be honored with sketches. The precise dates of Paul Bunyan might be hard to discover, but there is no denying that he has had a career; and so have Pecos Bill, and Tony Beaver, and Strap Buckner. The only reason for ruling them out, and on second thought it seems an important one, is that they are still very much alive.

Radio or Newspaper—Can Both Survive?

By MARC A. ROSE

SIX national elections have come and gone since I joined the guild of those who serve the roaring presses. On six Presidential election nights I have looked out from newspaper office windows upon a sea of faces upturned toward bulletin boards. (To be meticulous, several times the faces were not visible but only the style of haircut of the period, because we were projecting our bulletins upon a screen across the street. That, however, is a detail.)

What I set out to say was that rain, sleet, or moonlight, the crowds were just as dense one year as another—up to 1924. This year, in our town, there was a falling off in numbers and a deterioration in the quality of election-night crowds. Where were the absentees? Why, at home, grouped in front of the loud-speaker. The old family hootodyne that had brought in the sweet unison of Cleveland, the raucous dissonance of Madison Square Garden, the speeches of Bob and John and Cal, wound up the campaign by reporting its results.

It was the first radio campaign. Now that it is over we newspaper makers are trying to figure out what it all meant—to you and to us. Especially to us, since we are humanly selfish.

What will the radio do to the newspaper? Will the radio hurt the sale of newspapers? Will it destroy them by supplanting them? If it does not kill their sales, will it kill their influence? Or can radio be made to help the newspaper?

The Associated Press is exceedingly wary. It is on record through its board of directors as forbidding its members to broadcast, or to supply for broadcasting, any news belonging to the A. P. And note this: News originating in the territory of the member newspaper, and gathered by the newspaper's staff, belongs exclusively to the association.

The attitude of the board of directors, however, does not represent a united body of opinion. Twenty-two newspapers, many of them A. P. members and most of them large, own and operate broadcasting stations. Many others broadcast news through arrangement with stations they do not own. One member of the A. P., the Chicago *Tribune*, openly defied the board of directors, announcing its intention to broadcast election returns and "carry to the highest court" any attempt to discipline it for so doing.

I am not authorized to speak for the Associated Press. I think, however, the sentiment of its directors is no secret. They feel they should be cautious. They frankly do not know in what way, or how greatly, radio may develop. As radio stands today they do not fear it—much. But radio doesn't stand; it leaps forward in its improvement and extension with a speed somewhat comparable to the velocity of the waves it utilizes. Conceivably it may become a rival of the newspaper. Why help it along?

That is a perfectly understandable state of mind. Yet one suspects that if it is possible to develop radio into a great rival of the daily press it will be developed—with or without the newspapers' consent; in which case there is no sense in emulating the worthy King Canute. One had better be building a tide-mill. Maybe that is what the Chicago *Tribune* and twenty-one other newspapers are doing—building tide-mills. If the tide turns to radio—well and good, they are established in business. If not, very well; charge the outlay to advertising.

The United Press so far dissents from the opinion of the A. P. that it broadcast its complete election-night news, and a dozen great newspapers enthusiastically cooperated, paying large sums in order to give this service to their communities. Karl A. Bickel, president of the United Press, put his view succinctly when he said: "No one can eliminate radio from the field. Whether we like it or not, it is here." So his organization is determined to play along with radio, study it, be ready to utilize it as its possibilities unfold.

You, sir and madam, eventually will answer the question, Shall the newspaper survive, or the radio? That is propounding the problem in extreme form. More moderately phrased, will an important fraction of the public sooner or later prefer to get its news, and interpretation thereof, by radio? There are corollaries: Will you eventually pay more attention to broadcast advertisements than you do to printed advertisements? Or even as much? And since a large part of many newspapers is merely entertainment, will you increasingly seek entertainment by radio to the neglect of newspaper reading?

Perhaps it will help to state a few fundamentals.

To begin with, the gathering of news costs money. You wouldn't believe how much. Election-night service cost the A. P. $250,000. The cost was kept down to that trifle because every member supplied free the figures for its community. You don't pay for that service now, not directly, and so you do not appreciate its cost—or its value to you.

Not so very long ago a shrewd merchant discovered that if he paid for an announcement that marvelously good mousetraps could be had at his store people would beat a path to his door. More merchants quickly followed his example and the newspaper editor had found a new source of revenue. With the cash he did two things. First, he began selling his newspaper for a fraction of what it cost him to gather its contents and publish them. Second, he began spending lavishly to get more and better news. He hired famous writers; he sent men to Africa. He established offices in Paris and Tokio and all points between; he hired airplanes and set up private wires.

Take the advertising revenue away from the New York *Times* or the Chicago *Tribune*, or the Oil City *Derrick* for that matter, and your copy would cost you (a wild guess) ten cents a day.

Today the radio has no revenues adequate to supply so rich and splendid a service. It can now at comparatively small expense let you listen to a candidate's speech or a description of a fight or a ball game. Or, it can give you the news by sponging upon some newspaper which gathered it at great cost, hoping for reimbursement from you, indirectly, when you go shopping.

So today radio is not greatly to be feared—you jump at that conclusion. Ah, my friend, unfortunately all newspaper readers are not like you! You are thoughtful and thorough. You want all the news and you want it carefully and completely set forth. But the thousands, the millions,

who buy newspapers, and without whom the newspapers will starve—they are more easily satisfied. Headline readers, these, and devotees of the comic strips and the stuff you despise as "trash": the 800,000 "readers" of the *Daily News* in New York, in which there is nothing to read. Perhaps they will be satisfied with a clever, catchy, sketchy bulletin service such as radio can improvise, without much cost.

This is today. Tomorrow this lusty, this amazing baby may discover how to make money! Perhaps by broadcasting material that is hash and gibberish unless you buy a certain receiver or pay for a certain key. Perhaps, tearing a sheet from the newspapers, by developing huge revenues from advertising. Some stations have pioneered far into this field already. Suppose they divert from newspapers a considerable portion of their revenues?

Now the other view—the opinions of those who feel that radio never can displace or even seriously damage the popularity of newspapers; those who are convinced that radio even can be made a genuine ally of the newspapers, bringing in more readers, and increasing their intelligence and interest. The best customers for the baseball extras are the crowds pouring homeward from the ball parks. They've sat through the game, seen every play, perhaps kept a box score. Then they buy a newspaper to read it all over again! Paradox? Not at all. The most interesting item in the newspaper is the item that contains your name. The next most interesting is the one that relates the incident you saw. You want to match your eyes against the reporter's—check his accuracy or yours, discover whether you missed a detail, learn the true inwardness of something that puzzled you at the time.

By analogy, so goes the reasoning, the man who listened to a speech by radio, is the man who will buy a newspaper next day to look it over in type. The great task confronting the newspaper today is to stimulate the public's interest in news, to arouse a genuine intellectual curiosity as to the world we live in. There are today too many who read nothing but racing results or eight-column headlines. Radio, many believe, can help here.

Is this sound? I don't know. I listened in while Davis talked in Chicago, 500 miles away, and I eagerly looked up telegraphic reports to reread certain passages and to see if I could get particulars about the heckling I overheard. A few nights later I heard Coolidge, and next day I carefully ducked reading his speech. I mean no invidious comparison. I was equally interested in each address, but I felt I knew all about the Coolidge meeting. The announcer was better, perhaps, and there was, it happened, no unexplained incident. That's fifty-fifty. But I think the weight of experience tends to prove that listening to the broadcasting of public events makes newspaper readers. It was my fate to sit in Madison Square Garden on a kitchen chair that got harder and harder as the Democratic convention dragged on, so I didn't hear it broadcast. But scores of my friends did. They all say it made them read the newspaper accounts much more eagerly. More critically, too. (We'll come back to that point.)

For decades the newspapers have used bulletin boards to stimulate curiosity and interest in news. Now science gives us the most splendidly sprawling bulletin board the world ever has known. If the old-fashioned bulletin board was a good thing for the newspaper, isn't a glorified bulletin board better?

There is another argument to allay the jumping nerves of radiophobe publishers. It is the time-and-human-patience argument. It took an hour, about, to broadcast a recent Presidential speech. You could read it in fifteen minutes. Furthermore, you could read it at your convenience, but to hear it you had to be listening at a definite hour—at his convenience. You may have just two investments, American Can and United States Steel. You can skip the stock table from "A" to "U" and get the day's prices in ten seconds. Or you can tune in your radio and listen while the announcer reads his weary way from "A" to "U." Suit yourself.

This, however, is not a final and crushing argument. The mischief is that too many buyers of newspapers are not readers at all but headline scanners. They might be glad to escape even the little reading they do now and take their bulletins in the intervals between jazz and humorous monologues.

Let me be fantastically imaginative for a moment. Suppose privacy of communication by radio is developed, and somehow I believe that is coming soon. May we not then see the newspaper of the future selling a complete service to subscribers? A year's subscription to the newspaper and a radio set that will receive the hourly-bulletin service of the newspaper's broadcasting station, as well as whatever other program the station has to offer, for so many dollars. A refinement of detail might be a key, not unlike a Yale key, that would tune the set to the secret-wave combination of the newspaper's broadcasting. Unlocked, the set could be tuned in the usual way to receive from public stations—if there are any left by that time. So if there is profit eventually to be made in broadcasting the newspaper need not be left out in the cold.

I alluded to the critical faculty developed by radio listeners, and promised to return to the point. It is a comfort to be sure of something in the midst of this sea of uncertainties. I am dead sure the broadcasting of public events—conventions, meetings, speeches—will improve the accuracy and honesty of newspapers. We're reasonably honest and all that, but the best of us do better work when we're checked up. The newspaper reporter nowadays "covering" a meeting that Mike the demon Microphone also attends has a million critics. He'd better be right. If he isn't his newspaper will hear about it.

The newspapers up our way accepted the prepared copy of a candidate's speech and printed it "as wrote." The candidate deviated from his manuscript—not in any important particular, at that—and radio fans told us about it. Let that be a lesson to us.

We welcome this, or we should. We court tests of our accuracy. Maybe this will stop a lot of loose talk about the unreliability of our newspaper. As for our loathed contemporary—well, it serves him good and right. He *will* chop and invert and distort the speeches of our candidate, will he? And how about the "tumultuous enthusiasm" and "wild cheering" he reported for his candidate? Say, did you hear that cheering? Lasted just thirty seconds. Timed it myself, and so did every reader of his miserable sheet.

My own opinion, since no one asked for it, is that radio cannot be strangled, that it will play an ever-increasing role as disseminator and publisher of news, *but* as the ally, not the enemy, of the newspaper.

And, of course, if I guess wrong, I can turn announcer.

England and Egypt: The Rights and Wrongs

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

London, December 2

LET us try to be calm and reasonable about it. A party of Egyptian extremists have in open daylight in the streets of their capital violently murdered Sir Lee Stack, Governor General of the Sudan and Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief of the whole Egyptian army, which shared in the defense or policing of the Sudan and Egypt. The Sirdar by universal admission was a British administrator and general of the best type—kindly, reasonable, above suspicion of corruption, and wholly devoted to the service under his charge, especially for the Sudanese tribes. His murder naturally stirred his friend and colleague, Field Marshal Lord Allenby, the British High Commissioner in Egypt, to extreme rage. He attributed the crime, probably with justice, to the prolonged incitements of the extremist organization known as the Wafd, with which the Prime Minister, Zaghlul Pasha, was intimately connected, if he was not actually the originator and chief exponent of its nationalist doctrines. Lord Allenby is one of our greatest cavalry officers, and besides he won the highest praise for his campaign in Palestine toward the end of the war. But he is a man of passionate nature, accustomed to control others rather than himself. Under the stress of violent emotion he issued his ultimatum to the Egyptian Government, couched in offensive terms, describing them as having "allowed" the murder. He brought his cavalry clattering up and down the streets of an independent and sovereign capital. Against all etiquette, he made a visit of state in a soft hat and lounge suit, obviously with the intention of offending Egyptian feelings, punctilious on such points. And indeed he behaved as though Egypt were not even under a protectorate, as she was from 1914 to 1922, but had become a subject country, to be punished as such.

Here I would urge a point in his defense that is likely to be forgotten. Living as we do at a safe and comfortable distance from the scene of danger, we are all apt to omit "the haggard element of fear," as Carlyle called it. Egypt has a population of about 14,000,000, of which about 12,000,000 are Moslems. Cairo itself has a population of nearly 800,000 and Alexandria of 450,000. In the midst of those vast populations dwell mere handfuls of British, French, Italians, and a few other European and mainly Christian races. The Egyptian army numbers about 17,000 men who could not be relied upon to defend Europeans in case of a nationalist rising. Last year the British forces counted three regiments of cavalry, three batteries of horse artillery, three batteries of field artillery, seven battalions of infantry, and four squadrons of aeroplanes. The British force is being rapidly increased since the murder, but at the time it was small. You may say that even a small force of well-trained, disciplined, and confident British troops would suffice to deal with a rising of random mobs, even if supported by ill-disciplined Egyptian troops which have never been distinguished for martial behavior. I think that may be true, but before the British troops could come into action and suppress a widespread revolution how many innocent Europeans might have been plundered, ravished, and slaughtered with impunity by the rioters! That is where the haggard element of fear comes in, and we must make allowance for it. I felt that very keenly when I was in India. A tiny proportion of any European race dwelling in the midst of a different and possibly hostile population to be counted by millions always lives in fear and on the edge of panic. You may say that the Europeans have no right to be there at all. I will not argue that question now. I only say that under such conditions one must make allowance for fear.

So, urged by natural indignation at the murder of his friend and by a resolve to show the Egyptians that he was prepared to protect the foreign settlers to the utmost of his power, Lord Allenby issued his ultimatum and went clattering about the streets with his cavalry and marching his infantry battalions through the most dangerous parts of the city with fixed bayonets. Now let us consider the terms of the ultimatum. No one objects to the demands for an apology from the Egyptian Government and an inquiry into the crime, to be followed by the punishment of the murderers if caught. The prohibition of political demonstrations may also be granted, since such demonstrations are always likely to lead to violence and bloodshed in Cairo, chiefly owing to the excitability of the students in the famous Moslem University of El-Azhar, with its 405 professors and 10,000 students over whom the British representatives of official education never had recognized control. The demand for an indemnity of £500,000 is far more questionable, and its identity with Mussolini's demand upon Greece after the murders on the Albanian frontier is unfortunate, for it suggests a close parallel with the Italian behavior on that occasion—behavior which nearly the whole of England condemned. These terms, however, were accepted by Zaghlul Pasha before his resignation. Then came the retention, pending the conclusion of a further agreement on the subject, of the protection of foreign interests in Egypt, such as "the position and powers of the Foreign, Financial, and Judicial Advisers, and the officials of the European Department of the Ministry of the Interior." In that clause there is nothing new, for the "defense of Foreign Interests" was expressly reserved for "future discussion" when the British Protectorate was abolished in 1922 and Egypt was declared an independent and sovereign state. But it has now been exacted without discussion. Zaghlul refused it. Ziwar accepted it yesterday with all the rest.

So far, I think, one may say that there was nothing outrageous in Lord Allenby's demands, though the manner in which they were presented was harsh and violent. I should have thought that compensation to the Sirdar's widow (say to the amount of £50,000) would have been sufficient as reparation, but one hears that the "fine" of £500,000 already paid is to be devoted to the service of charitable objects in the Sudan, and so some excuse is possible, though I regret the sum. Then we come to the two demands having reference to the Sudan itself, and both of them are debatable, while one appears to me dangerously mistaken. The first is the withdrawal of the Egyptian troops from the Sudan and of the Egyptian officers in the

Sudanese battalions. That demand raises the whole question of the British and Egyptian rights in the Sudan. Both nominally rest on the agreement of 1898-1899, concluded between ourselves and Egypt after the Mahdi had been "smashed" by Kitchener at Omdurman and the Sudan relieved of a bloody tyranny which had oppressed it for nearly twenty years. Whether that Mahdist tyranny was more detested than the corrupt and disgusting tyranny exercised over the Sudan by Egypt for the sixty years before the Mahdist rebellion in 1880, I could not say. Both were detestable, and the memory of the Egyptian rule still remains a horror in the Sudanese mind. After Gordon had tried in vain to appease the rising, and Kitchener had released the Sudan, as was hoped, both from Mahdist and Egyptian misgovernment, British officials under a British Governor General, who was also to be Sirdar of the whole Egyptian army, undertook the administration of the country. But the government was now to be called a "condominium," and the British and Egyptian flags were to fly side by side on the citadel of Khartum.

Of all forms of government a condominium seems to me the worst. We have never been able to get on with France in the condominium of the New Hebrides; nor could we get on with her so long as we had till the beginning of this century a condominium with France over Egypt. As to the triple condominium declared yesterday over Tangier, heaven help us all! For vain will be the help of man. When Egypt was declared a sovereign state two years ago the Sudan was one of the four points reserved for "future discussion," and it seems to me that by ordering the Egyptian troops and officers out Lord Allenby has canceled further discussion and taken over the government of the Sudan for this country. The whole moral question is whether the Sudanese still detest the Egyptian race so much as formerly. I hear different reports, and certainly the small mutiny of Sudanese platoons from one battalion under Egyptian officers seems to show that the tyranny of fifty years ago is becoming forgotten history. On the other hand British inhabitants of the Sudan represent the native tribes as devoted to the British in deep gratitude for our honorable administration and the fertility we have extended over the country by peace and irrigation. Assuming that the Sudanese tribes are still incapable of self-government, one must incline to think that British government is likely to be more popular than Egyptian as long as we maintain our high standard.

But the mention of irrigation brings up the last demand. Lord Allenby stated that for the future we would pay no attention to the agreement that only 300,000 feddans (acres) of the district called the Gezira should be irrigated. In future there would be no limit to the irrigation of this so-called "Island," which is really a vast promontory between the Blue and the White Nile, especially favorable for the growth of cotton. There we come hard up against a "snag." Our Sudanese Cotton Syndicate is a powerful company, and the day after Lord Allenby's demand was published up went the shares. Among its directors are included members of our "governing classes" and relatives of our ministers. Mr. Asquith's son is one of them, and perhaps you may remember the scandal that arose in the House of Commons when Mr. Tom Johnston (now candidate for Dundee owing to the death of my dear friend E. D. Morel) raised the question of Mr. Asquith's advocacy of the company's concession when Mr. Bonar Law was Prime Minister. Some members took the trouble of writing out an apology for Mr. Johnston to sign, but he refused to sign it, and no apology was ever offered. There comes the trouble. The Egyptians naturally clamor that the water of the Nile on which the very existence of their country absolutely depends is to be diverted for the benefit of a British company supported by political influence. I am told the fear is unfounded, for the two Niles supply more than enough water to irrigate both the Sudan and Egypt, leaving plenty over for navigation up the rivers. But it looks bad in any case, and Lord Allenby's demand is more than ill-timed. It looks like the act of a bully who says: "I don't like you. I distrust your way of going on. So I am going to cut off your water-supply at the main, and in future you will not get anything to drink or wash with, except at my pleasure."

It is important to keep the Egyptian demands separate from the Sudanese. In my opinion both should be referred to the League of Nations for separate decision. Have we a right to make the demands on Egypt herself? Have we a right to order her out of the Sudan and to divert a large quantity of the Nile water? The League might refer both questions to the International Court at the Hague. The Egyptian Parliament has petitioned the League to interfere, and if we refuse on the merely technical ground that the Parliament is not the Government, we shall be doing our worst to kill the League that we have done so much to foster. My own opinion further is that, assuming the Sudanese are incapable of self-government, and definitely refuse the Egyptian Government, we ought to ask the League to grant us a mandate over the Sudan. A mandate is not the same as annexation, for the holder is responsible to the Mandatory Commission of the League, and must present accounts and reports every year. The alternative is flat annexation, and if we insist on annexation the League may as well close its shutters.

P. S.—Since the above was written I have consulted a high authority (I might say the highest authority in this country) upon the subject. I was sorry to find that he disagrees with me as to appeals to the League of Nations. He says that the League could not take the matter of Egypt up on the sole petition of the Egyptian Parliament, for the reason I gave above: i. e., the Parliament is not the Government, and the Government under Ziwar certainly will not have the will or the courage to appeal. If some other country, such as Persia, took it up, he thinks that the League would be split in half and could not survive.

Nor does he think the time yet ripe for a mandate over the Sudan, though he regards that solution as the best ultimately. At present Egypt would certainly say: "Oh, that's all jolly well, but we too have a share in the Sudan. The Sudan is not a derelict like the other mandated countries taken from your ex-enemies. England may grab it if she likes, because we cannot prevent her. But we will not consent to any talk of a mandate."

I give you that as the opinion of a very progressive statesman, not a member of the present Tory Government, but one whose connection with the Egyptian and other foreign questions has been very intimate.

I am sorry he sees these objections (rather technical objections, I think) to my own suggestions, and I should not have given you his opinion had he not been a man of such wide experience and accurate knowledge of the subject.

The One-Party System

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THERE'S nobody—pretty nearly nobody—in Democratic National Committee headquarters here. The Progressives are scurrying about wondering if they have a home somewhere sometime in the bosom of the future of the republic. Republican National Committee headquarters are bubbling with people and desks and statistics and conferences and files and facts and newspaper releases and personal and political activities.

Why not? A two-party system, we are told, is better than a three-party system. Fine! Very well. Why, then, isn't a one-party system better than a two-party system?

Great! We've got it.

The only party there is in these United States today is the Republican Party. That's all there is of that.

Senator Heflin of Alabama, white-waistcoated, portly, archangelic avenger of the Sunny South upon the perfidies and insidious and enervating diabolisms of the Federal Reserve Board, sits silent now in his seat. Minute after minute passes without a speech from him. Walsh of Montana arises not to intimate that political corruption is the road to political ruin. Walsh, the clarid avenger, like Heflin, the turgid avenger, seeks vengeance no more. The Democrats lie back to watch the Republicans make another record and hope—ah! how they hope!—that it will be sufficiently worse than the last to speak for itself.

They begin to doubt the wisdom of speaking for it.

Last time they pointed out to the country how awful—as they thought—it was. The country thereupon said: "Aw! Politics!"

In the House the mass of the Democrats were committed to the Barkley-Howell bill for abolishing the Railroad Labor Board and for substituting for it a set of arrangements more satisfactory to the railroad trade unions. The Republicans, on the whole, were and are against the bill. It nevertheless had the parliamentary right to be considered and debated on December 15. The Democratic leader of the House—Mr. Garrett of Tennessee—thereupon agreed with the Republican leader of the House—Mr. Longworth of Ohio—to set aside December 15 as a day on which eulogies would be delivered in the Congress of the United States to the urn of Woodrow Wilson.

Mr. Longworth would rather deliver eulogies to any urn than advance the Barkley-Howell Bill which was introduced into the House and waved out onto the floor of the House by—as it were—secret signals, without consulting him. He regards the Barkley-Howell Bill as a case in which he has got to show whether or not he is running the House, or who is? In any case the Democratic leader joins him now in doing the Barkley-Howell Bill out of its December 15 and in postponing it to the first Monday in January, which perhaps will be dedicated to memorial ceremonies by the Department of Agriculture to the apple which led to the discovery of the law of gravitation by Isaac Newton.

Meanwhile Senator La Follette's seat in the Senate is usually regally empty, and Senator Wheeler attends only to be as amiably inconspicuous as his dashing cavalryman appearance will permit. Brookhart of Iowa postpones his panegyrics on the cooperative economic system to another time. The Republicans—the regular Republicans—at this time have it all to themselves.

In Britain the vanquished David Lloyd George and the vanquished James Ramsay MacDonald may rise in Parliament to level tranquil sneers at the victorious Stanley Baldwin. In the United States the fans for the vanquished team take off their buttons and sneak home to supper voiceless.

The Democratic Party is at this moment not a party. It is perhaps much better. It is much better, if multiplying and replenishing the earth is as good a thing for parties as it is said to be for people. The Democratic Party, by fissure, like an amoeba, has split itself into two parties. There is the Al Smith Party. There is the McAdoo Party. Each thrives and conducts all sorts of propaganda in Washington and elsewhere for the campaign of 1928.

We now in truth have one party and three factions. We have the Republican Party. We have the La Follette Progressive faction. We have the Democratic Al Smith "boss" faction. We have the Democratic McAdoo "anti-boss" faction. Because of the existence of these two last factions the Democratic National Headquarters in Washington are as Romish catacombs or Pompeiian atriums, elegantly preserved but destitute quite of all flocks of worshipers or traversers.

Three sects, Al Smith Democratic and William Gibbs McAdoo Democratic and Bob La Follette Progressive—and One Church, the Republican Church! That is the present situation.

The Republican Church has within it even now, it is true, high churchmen and broad churchmen and low churchmen. Senator Wadsworth of New York is a high churchman, burning incense before a red lamp of private property and refusing to be disturbed at his devotions by any modern hymns to public ownership. Senator Curtis of Kansas is a broad churchman, seeing an occasional need of a restatement of eternal verities into kaleidoscopic language. Senator Johnson of California might even refuse to allow any incense at all to be burned in any Republican Church edifice of which he was the pastor.

Yet among them all there is a certain acceptance of unifying truths or myths, as distinguished from a pursuit of disintegrating inquiries or facts, which establishes them as concertedly a church. They agree that almost anything can be transubstantiated into the body and blood of the republic on the Republican altar.

The others have today no such similar faith. That is their political practical weakness. The McAdoo Democrats think that a "boss" is a "boss"—and wicked—even if a Democrat. The Smith Democrats think that a "demagogue" is a "demagogue"—and despicable—even if a Democrat. The Progressives think that any Progressive who disagrees with any other Progressive on the subject of the meaning of the fifty-fifth verse of the two hundredth chapter of the third book of the prophet Daniel regarding the valuation of railroads has sold out to The Interests.

These three elements are all sectarian. The Republican Party today is the only political national church in Washington. The problem of the other three elements is profoundly psychologically this: How to get over being dividingly sectarian and become compositely churchmanlike enough to command a majority of ordinary people in a human country in a world which, after all, wishes to stick together rather than fall apart.

The Unimp

A Unique and Very Important Contribution

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE

By HUGH W. SANFORD

is important for

1. Business men
2. Statesmen
3. Philosophers
4. Biologists
5. Scientists

for it offers a theory of

1. Business cycles
2. Economic principles
3. Evolution
4. Idealism
5. Government
6. Law

by combining in one large work (two volumes) an interwoven argument in which Economics, Philosophy, and Biology are associated and related.

Two volumes Net $10.00

At all booksellers or from the

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

American Branch — 35 West 32nd Street, New York

The New School Bookshop

will be glad to help you choose your

Christmas Gifts

Books for Children and Grown-ups

Gift Cards of Unusual Beauty

Open Evenings

465 West 23d St. Call or Telephone Chelsea 1386 **New York City**

The Right Book for Christmas

Let us help you select just the right books for your Christmas giving. We have many interesting volumes to choose from, including charming ones for children. We have some very attractive Christmas cards, also, ranging in price from 75 cents down to two for five cents. Come in person or order by mail or telephone. We are open evenings, too, except on Wednesdays.

Why not join our rental library? We carry all the latest fiction as well as much of the good non-fiction.

The Channel Bookshop

279 Park Avenue New York City

Telephone Murray Hill 4864

OUR CHANC

A S

by Bertrand Russell, Elsie Clews Pa

"FIFTEEN voices in the wilderness con Such a document cannot be overlooked

Edite

ALBERT & CHARLES BON

THE WOMANS PRES

600 Lexington Avenue, New York, N

For Christmas Giving

Little Robin Stay-Behind

KATHARINE LEE BATES $

Whimsical, delightful plays in verse children. The book for the devoted moth aunt or uncle to bestow.

Ceremonials of Common Day

ABBIE GRAHAM $1

"Abbie Graham's charming bibelot sha ens our apprehension of many da miracles. Its paragraphs have the delic mental flavor of fine verse."

—Christopher Morley

The Ascending Life

RICHARD ROBERTS, D.D. $

"Divinity," Dr. Roberts believes, "is j that 'next hill' that lifts its crest above as we top each rise."

Christ in the Poetry of Today

MARTHA FOOTE CROW $2

An exquisite anthology from our mod American poets. A veritable life of Chr in verse.

UNCENSORED RECOL

"IT should be tremendously popular," said Laurence Stallings made its first appearance. Mr. Stallings can take credit as George, it is reported, has read his copy three times and this make it the literary tid-bit of the season. If you like sparkling in "not even Margot Asquith presented social gossip and scandal, the *Times Book Review,* sees in it "an important contribution to Boston." The *New York Herald Tribune* agrees, finding it "th many a season. Gossip about personalities of international noto If you are looking for a gift to please the particular, give this here and abroad.

Large Octavo. 346 Pages.

PHILADELPHIA J. B. LIPPIN

chable Gift

G MORALITY

JM:

ell, Ludwig Lewisohn
dwin Muir, etc.

his volume . . . and do the subject to a turn.
ew York World.
introduction, by Freda Kirchwey. $2.50 net.

39 W. 8th Street, NEW YORK

List of Beautiful **BOOKS** on Travel and Adventure

GALAPAGOS: World's End
By WILLIAM BEEBE
The distinguished naturalist's colorful account his expedition to a range land of marine onsters and curious eatures never before en by man. With a ealth of gorgeous illusations in color and ack and white. $9.00

PEARLS AND SAVAGES
By CAPTAIN FRANK HURLEY
You plunge into New Guinea's savage heart where cannibals and head-hunters still live in their primitive state, where the sensuous excess of color and life staggers the senses. Illustrated with magnificent photographs of these savages and their rites. $7.50

THE SEA GYPSY
By
DWARD SALISBURY
and
IERIAN C. COOPER
Storms — shipwreck — venture—romance— an citing record of three ars' wandering down e world's strange seaths by a little Ameri- n sailing vessel. Illusated with fascinating otographs. $3.50

VOYAGING Southward from the Strait of Magellan
By ROCKWELL KENT
In a small boat the artist-rover wandered along the stormy coast off Cape Horn and Tierra del Fuego. The account of the voyage is enchantingly told and illustrated with rare and beautiful drawings. $7.50

IN THE LAND of the LAUGHING BUDDHA
By UPTON CLOSE
Modern China, thrilling, humorous and tragic in her struggle to catch up with the world — China seen intimately by one who knows the inner nature of her people. Illustrated with an unusual collection of photographs. $3.50

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
West 45th Street NEW YORK

TIONS *Anonymous*

York World when this book of entertainingly indiscreet gossip r the volume at once proved an International Sensation. King wondered at in view of the piquant and racy revelations which ou will enjoy these, for, according to the *San Francisco Chronicle,* licity and snobbery, as this writer does." Walter Littlefield, of Biography, not overlooking that of London, New York and taining volume of intimate memoirs the reviewer has read for ne runs through its pages like the swift flow of a swollen stream." Already eight printings have been necessary to satisfy the interest

At All Bookstores.— Postpaid $4.65

T COMPANY LONDON

Security Against War

A narrative of the

ADVENTURES OF PEACE AND JUSTICE

In Persia, the Burgenland, the Polish-Russian War, Albania, Corfu, Vilna, Memel, Fiume, the Ruhr, Turkey, Teschen, Eastern Galicia, Upper Silesia, the Aaland Islands, Armenia, Poland, Rumania, Thrace and Macedonia, Irak, Peru, Chile and Bolivia, Georgia, the Saar, Danzig, and on the frontiers and waterways of Europe.

EXPERIENCES OF ARBITRATION

At the Permanent Court of International Justice, at the Hague Organization, at Geneva, at Paris, at London, and wherever tribunals sit.

FATE OF NATIONAL SECURITY

Through reduction of armaments, compulsory arbitration, military alliances, mutual assistance and outlawry of war.

By

Frances Kellor *and* *Antonia Hatvany* (*Collaborator*)

In two vols. Price $6

THE MACMILLAN CO. New York City

Gifts
for every Member of the Family
BOOKS

are always acceptable as Gifts, particularly at Christmas time. We offer a wide Selection, suitable for every age, taste and purse, and embracing the best in Poetry, Music, History, Old Books, Rare Books, Fine Bindings.

For Gifts other than Books, our stock affords an opportunity for the choice of such articles as Book Ends, Desk Sets, Portfolios, Brass Goods, Leather Goods, Stationery, Fountain Pens, and many interesting Novelties.

BRENTANO'S
Booksellers to the World
Fifth Ave., at 27th St.
New York

Quaker Revolutionaries
The Death Battalion of Youth

By MOLLIE BEST

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for an hermitage;
> If I have freedom in my love,
> And in my soul am free,
> Angels alone that soar above
> Enjoy such liberty.
>
> RICHARD LOVELACE

THE mention of Quakers usually calls up pictures of quaint old gentlemen in quiet clothing or serene old ladies in ample gray skirts, while the pioneers of Quakerism are thought of vaguely as well-meaning folk leading lives as drab as their clothes. Like many popular opinions this is far from fact. Compared to the primitive Quakers the life of an I. W. W. in the oil-fields of Oklahoma is a sheltered and protected one. Far from being drab their lives were, in fact, lurid. They reached out toward danger like plants for the sun. They trekked the whole wide world and challenged all the autocratic powers and potentates of their time. They sailed the seven seas in leaky tubs, and ran afoul the Algerian pirates before Commodore Decatur was born or thought of. They were even sold as slaves to the profit of their Christian queen and fellow-countrymen; vivisection was practiced upon them in New England and in Old. Deported on convict ships where they had hardly more than standing room only, they died like flies or survived to fatten in stockades in the Barbados. They founded great states and administered them, without once making the Sermon on the Mount a scrap of paper. In fact, the history of their lives reads like a fragment out of the Teutonic fairy tales.

For in the beginning Quakerism was distinctly a youth movement, and characterized by zeal rather than discretion. To us, heirs of their victories, some of their war cries seem trivial or even absurd, but if they had been obsessed with the idea that God willed them to be nourished by a diet of dried prunes it would not have hampered their drive against intrenched authority and custom, nor obscured the fact that they fought one of the most cruel wars in the history of English-speaking people for individual freedom, the right of free speech and free assembly, and the separation of church and state. They went over the top almost alone, with nothing to back them but spiritual force, unparalleled courage, and a mighty power which they called God.

Like the prophet Samuel many of the Quaker leaders heard the call of God as little children, and long before they reached maturity their valorous young lives were snuffed out in dank and stinking prisons. Of all the grewsome tales none is more affecting than the martyrdom of little Elizabeth Fletcher and little James Parnell, both under twenty when they were done to death by highly respectable and pious people.

An eloquent and persuasive preacher at sixteen, Elizabeth was fired with an ambition to civilize and Christianize the institutions of higher education. Her first attempt was Oxford, an arduous undertaking, for the he-man red-blooded model was the fashion in that aristocratic seat of learning. The high-born youth of Oxford, many of them in training for holy orders, had a habit of breaking in on Quaker meetings, smashing doors and windows, throwing the worshipers to the floor, and riding on the backs of men and women. When their victims refused to drink, beer was forced down their throats and their clothing saturated with it. It was also thought proper to behave indecently to the women, use obscene language, fire gunpowder and bullets to terrorize them, and otherwise assert themselves as jolly English gentlemen.

Stirred by the atrocities of these young savages two earnest north country girls moved on Oxford, "under a Religious Concern, to exhort the Inhabitants of that Place, and the scholars in the colleges to Repentance and Amendment of Life." The call to repentance was unfavorably received by the vivacious students, who carried the two girls to the college pump and forced water down their throats till they were partially strangled. They were then roped together and dragged through a muddy ditch to the cemetery, and after a battering against the gravestones thrown into an open grave.

Mangled in body but unshaken in their conviction that amendment of life was desirable for the students, the young women rose from the grave to continue their mission. They were arrested and taken before a court where the vice-chancellor of Oxford sat on the bench, the most severe of the judges. For the merry pranks of his students there was no condemnation—boys will be boys—but the exhortations of the two Quaker girls horrified him. He sternly declared that since the spirit of God and the grace of Christ had been dishonored by the unseemly and riotous conduct of the girls they should be whipped out of town. For the execution of this sentence the mayor's signature was necessary, and here the chancellor encountered a snag. That official flatly refused to affix his name to the order. He went further and offered to supply the young Quakers with garments to replace those torn to shreds by the fighting students and to provide other necessaries.

The imperious vice-chancellor, lately so eloquent on the duty of obedience to magistrates, absolved himself from that duty. In defiance of the mayor's veto, he signed the order himself, and the girls were whipped out of town by a very reluctant executioner, more compassionate than his superior. Elizabeth Fletcher's frail body was not constructed to stand water treatment followed by violent contact with gravestones. The wounds she received in the battle of Oxford proved mortal, though she lingered on in great agony, fighting valiantly to the end.

The story of little James Parnell makes a perfect companion piece to that of Elizabeth Fletcher. At the age of fourteen this serious child began a quest for the peace which the world cannot give. He was quite wicked, he assures us, probably preferring other diversion to the entertainment offered in the sanctuary. He learned that George Fox wandering on the same quest had found what he sought, and the boy set off afoot for Carlisle, where Fox

was imprisoned. His search was over; in that miry dungeon he found the young Quaker leader joyful and triumphant, and immediately fell into rank. The peace he sought and found was not of this world, for his short Quaker life ended as it began in prison.

The records tell us that Parnell was "raised in the schools of literature." His family had given him educational advantages with a more ambitious view than turning him into a Quaker, and his conversion to that heretical sect resulted in his being turned out of doors. The activities of the young gentlemen at the universities decided young Parnell to embark on the dangerous life of Christian missionary to the divinity students of Cambridge. They received him with "rude and bad entertainment." He was imprisoned and then expelled as a vagabond. Many of the plainer people were "convinced" by his eloquence and sincerity, but the better class were die-hards. Coming out of church one pleasant Sabbath morning a zealous worshiper struck the lad a cruel blow with his stick, saying, "For Christ's sake take that." The little fellow replied, "Friend, I do receive it for Jesus Christ's sake."

Startled by the success of the youth the clergy proclaimed a day of fasting and prayer against Quaker errors. On the appointed day James attended church, listened quietly to the thundering from the pulpit denouncing Quakers as deceivers and their doctrines as built on sandy foundations. The sermon ended he rose and said: "I will prove our foundations not to be sandy and thee to be a false prophet." To speak lightly of or to the clergy was unlawful, and James was escorted to prison, charged with contempt of magistracy and ministry, of creating a riot, and of otherwise indecently behaving himself. In rebuttal the boy claimed that he did not think it indecent to call an unjust judge unjust, a persecutor a persecutor, or a deceiver a deceiver. His superiors differed with that opinion and denied his plea. Manacled day and night to felons and murderers he was compelled to walk eighteen miles to stand trial, but the murmurs of the populace had that menacing note which English authorities had learned to respect, and on his next appearance at court it was deemed prudent to omit these unpopular features.

Four magistrates and seven clergymen sat on the bench, and in the naive manner of that time the jury was charged that if they failed to bring in a verdict of guilty the sin would rest on their own heads. They were hard-headed, and feeling equal to the weight refused to bring in the verdict demanded of them. Upon which the judges ignored the jury and took the liberty of fining the prisoner £40, knowing that he had conscientious scruples against paying an unjust fine and would remain a prisoner.

This sentence silenced the young preacher forever. Authority is a jealous god, and crimes against it are always more harshly punished than crimes against humanity. Toward Barabbas chief priests and scribes may relent; toward Jesus never, for "he stirreth up the people." For the same crime little James was to pay the same penalty. The jailer was a brutal man; his wife was venomous. She beat the little lad continually and swore to have his blood. The jail was a relic of the Roman occupation, and, strictly speaking, James occupied a sarcophagus, a mere shelf in a thick stone wall, twelve feet above the ground and approached by a ladder reaching but half way up. The remainder of the ascent was a scramble effected by means of a rope. The beatings of the gentle jaileress and the cold, damp stone soon wrecked the delicate body that housed James's indomitable spirit. Making the ascent to his shelf on a bitter winter day, his stiff hands missed the rope, and he plunged to the floor, shattered. It now became necessary to assign him a shelf near the floor, but fresh air or any other alleviation of his suffering the malice of his jailers denied him. He lingered for a time on the stone shelf, gradually fading out of a hostile world, tenderly cared for by Thomas Shortland and Ann Langley. The Quakers frequently restored their sick to health by prayer, and the tired boy with the mangled body pleaded anxiously with his two friends. "Thomas," said he, "I have seen great things; don't hold me, but let me go." And again he questioned, "Will you hold me?" "No, dear heart," Ann said, "we will not hold thee." And so comforted he went to sleep; destroyed at the age of nineteen by a world he risked his life to better.

Another young soldier who fell scaling the cliffs of clerical power was Roger Hudson. Having proved delinquent "in a certain cause of Tithes and other Ecclesiastical Rights," the warrant read, "the right worshipful Richard Lloyd, Knight and Dr. of Laws, vicar general and Official of the Right Reverend Father in God, Nathaniel, by divine Providence Lord Bishop of Durham," attached the body of the said Roger Hudson, who was thrown into a dark and airless dungeon, where he languished many months. He pleaded for a breath of fresh air, but the right worshipful ecclesiastic had warned the jailer against any such indulgence to this enemy of society and of his lawful perquisites. The prisoner grew very weak and, compassion finally conquering fear, the jailer moved him to where he could breathe pure air. For this humane disobedience of orders the vicar had the jailer summoned before a magistrate, who after a severe reprimand fined the poor man £20.

Robert Selby, a physician of Durham, now entered the contest with the vicar, and let him know in plain language that Roger Hudson, who was not a criminal, would surely die if he continued in a dark cell. The man of God replied:

> I hope I am and desire to continue a tender hearted Man. Yet I would not have you or others judge me a soft fool, and one easily to be wheedled out of his right Reason and Senses by little phanatick Bugbears. If Roger Hudson were not able to pay (though a Turk) I know what I have to say, but if either he or you pretend Conscience for non-payment of just Debts or dues, you must pardon me if I have as little Credit for, and give as little respect to that Coynage and Cozenage, as one that picks a Purse or cuts a Throat by the same Pretense.

The good-will of the jailer and the physician was unavailing. Smothered to death for a conscientious refusal to pay a tax of a few shillings Roger Hudson died in his cell, but even when he had reached the place where the wicked are said to cease from troubling the ire of the tender-hearted man pursued him. The body, as required by law, was wrapped in woolen, but the bereaved sister was a day late in making the necessary affidavit that the law had been complied with. Like a hawk the vicar bore down upon her with a warrant for her arrest, and half of the £5 fine—the penalty for *failure to comply with the law*—went to that good man as informer. Besse's two huge volumes of twelve hundred pages, "The Sufferings of the People Called Quakers," are a wearisome repetition of such martyrdom. Like the pagan temples, the pillars of our liberties rest on the bodies of the martyrs.

In the Driftway

AT a critical moment the Western Union Telegraph Company is prepared, as usual, to step into the breach. It has suspected—or, rather, hoped—that many persons would want to express their holiday greetings by telegram; it realizes that no one ever knows what to say in a telegram. And, behold! a list of canned wires all prepared and numbered so that the sender has only to pick up the telephone, call Western Union, announce that he would like to send No. 200 to Aunt Mary in Spokane, and the thing is done. But stay; would No. 200 do for the relative in question? No. 200 reads as follows:

> We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. At the same time we want you to know how thoroughly we appreciate your untiring efforts to advance the interests of our company (firm) during the past year. Good luck to you.

On second thought, the Drifter thinks that Aunt Mary would not consider that one entirely suitable. No. 11 might be better:

> Over the many miles which separate us I (we) send you this message of love and affection with all my (our) best wishes for a Merry Christmas.

The only objection to that one is that Aunt Mary, being a frugal soul, would sniff and wonder if her nephew did want to send her a telegram and get her out of bed at seven o'clock in the morning to fetch it in, why in tarnation he couldn't limit himself to ten words; on the other hand, if he hadn't forgot all about her until the last minute, he could have put as many words as he liked on a post card with a penny stamp and mailed it to Spokane. All this reflection would undoubtedly be bad for an aunt and might even make her change her will. Nephews have been disinherited for less.

* * * * *

THE Drifter, mind, does not mean to disparage the obviously well-meant efforts of the Western Union to help out (and increase the number of) its customers at the glad Christmas season. But he feels that the company has failed, as the business phrase is, to "think the matter through." Difficulties would arise, as he has pointed out, which have evidently not been foreseen. Nor is the Western Union entirely to blame for its lack of foresight. It has merely fallen in line with the multitudes who are trying to send Christmas greetings in a new way. Every year the Drifter, lured by the crowds who throng around the Christmas card counters, pushes his way in to inspect the merchandise that is so popular. He reads a dozen cards, neat squares of pasteboard with envelopes to match, almost, on which a decoration—a lighted candle, a sprig of holly, a blue sky sprinkled with gold stars—accompanies a sentiment, and he takes himself off sadly. It is the sentiment which finished him: "For Father. A glad New Year to a Good Old Scout," "For Mother. May 'Santa' bring 'Good Cheer' to the Sweetest Little Old Lady in the World," "Wishing you a Merry Christmas with Great Joy for the New Year," or, saddest of all,

> I'd like to send a little gift
> To express my dearest wish
> For Christmas and New Year joy to you,
> But this card will have to do.

THE Drifter does not send greeting cards. To those persons whom he meets on Christmas morning right lustily he shouts "Merry Christmas!" To the rest no card of his comes to swell the morning mail; for him no postman's back is bent. On the other hand, he would not go so far as to forbid entirely the sending of cards; he would merely order to be hanged, drawn, and quartered all persons engaged in the business of making them. After that, if anyone wished to write, on a plain white piece of paper, the only two words that are suitable for Christmas greeting, and wished also to deliver the scrap to the door of a friend, he would have no objection. Friendship would be served, the post office would be saved a great rush of overtime work, and the cause of art and literature would be immeasurably advanced. Meantime, to one and all, "A Merry Christmas" from THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The "Gang" Loses in Cincinnati

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the last election Cincinnati voted for a charter amendment which not only provides for the city-manager plan but for proportional representation.

For years Cincinnati has been considered the worst-governed city in Ohio, if not in this entire section of the country. People in the northern part of the State had a way of referring to the "black spot" which was Hamilton County and to "you gang-ridden people down in Cincinnati," accompanied by ominous shakings of the head as though they wondered why we put up with such a state of affairs. One got to the point of rather being ashamed to admit a home in the city on the Ohio River. From the old days, when George B. Cox ruled it with an iron hand from the back room of the corner saloon, up to the present time, under the absent but none the less autocratic guidance of R. K. Hynicka, there has been but little change.

Came the Presidential election and a group of public-spirited men and women who offered a remedy to the people of Cincinnati in the form of a charter calling for a city manager and proportional representation in the government of the city. The "gang" was dead against it naturally. It had perpetuated itself in office for so long it must have viewed with dismay the idea of losing, so it endeavored to cloud the issue by substituting its own amendment. A systematic course of education was carried on by both groups, and wherever one went the principal topic of conversation was the proposed charter with its city-manager plan and proportional representation, or one of the substitute amendments proposed by the ruling powers in the City Hall.

As election day came nearer and nearer watchers for the polls were secured, because it was realized absolutely that unless watchers were on hand the chance of winning was very remote. At the same time the Progressive (La Follette) group was just as busy getting its watchers signed up. But this group had its eye on the Supreme Court of Ohio, which had under consideration the question of permitting watchers at the polls for the Progressive Party. On Saturday before election day I arrived at headquarters and was greeted with a wail of dismay and discouragement, the decision of the Supreme Court that no watchers were to be allowed the Progressive Party, on the ground that it was not a political party in the strict meaning of that term but a committee spreading propaganda, having just been given out to the press. For the first time in the history of the city a watcher for a progressive movement had been secured in every precinct.

The campaign committee got busy at once, because it was learned that the City Charter Committee had not secured a

full quota of watchers, and a La Follette watcher was put in every vacant place with instructions to remain for the entire count. And they were all on hand; every precinct in Cincinnati had its charter watcher. When I appeared at the precinct in my ward I was immediately informed that I was a watcher for the charter amendment only, and it was agreed that the charter vote would be counted first in order that I might go home. But I announced my entire willingness to remain and my desire not to be the recipient of such consideration. Then I was told bluntly that I couldn't stay; but I stated that I rather thought I would anyhow. Then it was suggested that I might get tired, as it was quite a tedious process to count all the ballots and it would probably take a long time. I cheerfully admitted that even so I was not asking for favors. At last I was informed that it was against the law for me to remain for the entire count, but that threat didn't seem to have the effect on me it was supposed to have. I said I was perfectly willing to have a test case made. Finally I was told I could stay if I "wanted to" and the "boss" said I could. So the "boss" took the matter under consideration and finally announced that it was perfectly proper and likewise perfectly legal for me to remain.

The "gang" has learned that when the public conscience is aroused it speaks with no uncertain voice.

Cincinnati, November 16 MARY D. BRITE

Farmers and Their Debts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read the article by Gertrude Mathews Shelby entitled The Politicians Betray the Farmer. She says among other things: "Ultimately, by 'loans at cost and loans that never come due' (repaid in regular instalments), the farmers will *get out of debt.*" I beg to differ with that statement. As long as the system that put the farmers in debt continues they will never get out of debt. Of the six million farmers in the United States, three million are tenant farmers, and that is due to the fact that the land provided by the Creator for the equal use of all is rented to them by LAND-lords, thereby producing a nation of creditors and debtors.

Brooklyn, November 28 GEORGE LLOYD

An Open Letter to Ex-Soldiers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an ex-soldier and a pacifist I was delighted to read A. H. Gibbs's article, What Every Veteran Knows. We ex-soldiers owe it to our generation to "speak out" about war. We owe it even more to the kiddies and the unborn than to our comrade dead in "Flanders Fields."

Why are so many ex-soldiers silent about the whole war system? Why do so few of them ever speak for the principles for which we youth fought—on every front? They know how we were made to hate by lying propaganda; lured on by ideals which were insincere; deceived by a "peace" which is only a truce. Almost all ex-soldiers know these bitter truths; why do they not speak up before younger brothers and little sons before the time when younger brothers and little sons grow up, as General Ian Hamilton expressed it, "to march, as we marched, to the paths of glory, and to find them, as we found them, a grave"?

One answer to this question is to be found in the degrading influence of war. Many ex-soldiers are spiritual casualties. Though they are repelled by the naked savagery of war, yet they cling to the brutal philosophy of life with which they were infected by military service.

But fortunately for humanity, there are many ex-soldiers of the type of Major Gibbs, Major Stallings (author of "What Price Glory"), General Currie of Canada, General Hamilton of England, General Shoenaich of Germany, and Generals Verraux and Percin of France, who have had the courage to call war what they know it is, to break with the war system, and to stand forth for a new day.

The British youth in their "No More War Movements" number many ex-soldiers. The American Fellowship of Youth for Peace has five former soldiers on its national council and scores of soldier members who are living refutations of the charge that war-abolitionists or pacifists are cowards.

Even though disabled men are leaders in the Fellowship of Youth for Peace the Hearst press declared on Defense Day: "We look in vain among these purple-scented, lily-livered pacifists for empty sleeves."

Ex-soldiers, here is a challenge to your moral courage. How many of you dare to join our ex-service men's section of the F. Y. P.? If you are interested in the world-wide youth movement to end war in our generation, write our office for literature and information concerning enrolment.

Your Tank-Corps Buddy,

New York, November 15 THOMAS Q. HARRISON,
National Secretary,
Fellowship of Youth for Peace

Catholicism and the State

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your September 3 issue is a letter from David Y. Thomas of Fayetteville, Arkansas, in which appears the following statement: "The supremacy of the church over the state is a fundamental tenet of Catholicism." Judging from the tone of his letter, Mr. Thomas will welcome information showing the error of that statement, while *The Nation*, one may be sure, will not object to it. In his "Encyclical Letter on the Christian Constitution of the State," published in November, 1885, Pope Leo XIII, addressing his words to the Catholics of the entire world, set forth Catholic teaching in respect to the relations of church and state in the following words:

> Almighty God has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over divine and the other over human things. Each has fixed limits within which it is contained, and each in its sphere is supreme. Whatever is of a sacred character, belonging either of its own nature or by reason of the end to which it is referred to the salvation of souls or to the worship of God, is subject to the church. Whatever is to be ranged under the civil and political order is rightfully subject to the civil authorities.

As applied to America, we have the interpretation of that principle from the same illustrious pontiff given in an encyclical letter addressed to the Catholics of America in 1895:

> All men will agree that America seems destined for great things. The Catholic Church should not only share in, but should help to bring about this prospective greatness. She should keep equal step with the republic in the march of improvement, striving to the utmost by her virtue and her institutions to aid in the rapid growth of the States . . . ever keeping before the minds of the people the enactments of the Council of Baltimore, particularly those which inculcate the observance of the laws and institutions of the republic.

Of more recent date is the statement contained in the pastoral letter of the Catholic archbishops and bishops of our country, meeting in Washington in 1919, as follows:

> The state has a sacred claim upon our respect and loyalty. It may justly impose obligations and demand sacrifices for the sake of the common welfare which it is established to promote. Within its proper limits it has a right to our obedience, and this obedience we are bound to render not merely on grounds of expediency but as a conscientious duty.

Louisville, Kentucky, September 4 BENEDICT ELDER

Books, Music, Plays

First Glance

THE study of American folk-literature must in the nature of things proceed sporadically. We might prefer to see a vast net thrown over all the continent at once, a net from which no single deposit of song or superstition could escape; but we must be content with something dragged up here and something caught, perhaps by accident, there. The search has been especially active in recent years. Popular ballads have been collected from Kentucky, the Southwest, the Carolinas, and the lumber camps of the North. Myths about mighty men—Paul Bunyan, Tony Beaver, and Pecos Bill—have got into the monthly magazines. Four years ago appeared a volume devoted to Kentucky superstitions. And now appears "Legends of Texas" (Austin; Texas Folk-lore Society: $1.50), edited by J. Frank Dobie from materials gathered by himself and others through years of riding and talking and reading. It is an entertaining volume, one which Mr. Dobie has put together not so much for the professional anthropologist—he furnishes no apparatus for the comparison of his findings with those of scholars in fields remote from his—as for the lay Texan who some time will appropriate these legends for literary use. However that last may be, the book is rich in suggestion for any mind, and incidentally it has value as a picture of a people.

Mr. Dobie gives the largest share of his space to legends of buried treasure and lost mines. Other sections, dealing with supernatural visitations, for instance, and lovers' leaps, are less interesting than this one because their stuff is obviously less indigenous and authentic. Mr. Dobie finds the very soul of Texas in these beliefs, cherished by so many persons over so long a time, concerning Spanish gold sunk under sand or spilled into streams or hidden beneath hillside rocks. No Spaniard who came up as far as Texas ever brought real treasure with him, it would seem; but all of his race had dreams of gold, and now the settlers from the North have inherited those dreams, contracted that credulity. Texans of simple faith will pay a good price for charts—*platas*—directing them to buried wealth, and they will dig whole acres up with never a penny for their pains. Mr. Dobie, doubtless not without some relish for the plainness of the details, speaks of "four hundred dollars in Mexican coin that were rooted up by hogs in Frio County forty years ago"; but men have no such luck. The pile of stones that marked the site is scattered. As your horse leaps over a spring a bar of silver shines up out of it, but you go back the next day and you cannot find the spring. A Mexican leads you into a valley where he once saw trains of pay-carts standing full; somehow as you proceed the terrain ceases to be familiar, and the search ends nowhere. And there is Mike Wilson, "who is believed to be on his death-bed in a little hut in the Guadalupe Mountains, vainly trying to remember the location of probably one of the richest gold mines in the world."

Not so very long ago such stories as Mr. Dobie and his collaborators tell were dressed up in literary language borrowed for the purpose. Here they are quite naked; the language is local, the figures are homely, and there are no false moves toward romance. "One day while Murphy was holding down a wormy calf out in the pasture to doctor it he raised his eyes and saw . . ." Heroes ride to the scene of action not on foaming steeds but in buckboards. The spirit of a murdered man manifests itself in the form of a strange dog, and of a gate that will not stay shut. And the mysterious music in the San Bernard River at Music Bend in Brazoria County is reported sometimes to resemble "the sounds made by a steer which, having been knocked in the head, falls, kicking and beating the ground and bellowing in pain." The result is romance after all, of course—or, what is better yet, conviction in the reader that ordinary people with ordinary eyes believe they have beheld romance.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Nietzschean Novel

The Boy in the Bush. By D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

IT may be left to the psychoanalysts to explain the cause of the peculiar ambivalence of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's emotions, but whatever its cause this ambivalence is the most striking thing about his work. Neither he nor any of his heroes can love without at the same time hating, and the sense of maddened frustration thus generated is the driving force behind his work. Never desiring anything without being at the same time desperately anxious to escape it, he wanders from country to country in a state of almost unbearable irritation until the pressure of suppressed emotion becomes too great to be endured and he is compelled to discharge it in a book where various projections of his own personality fret and boil. Sometimes the passion may be obscure enough, but it is always too intense to seem dull; and even his mere accumulated irritation, always ready to be launched at whatever happens to catch his eye for a moment, imparts an unfailing vigor to his style. Thin legs, for example, can become a symbol of all that is contemptible in a contemptible world and he can dispose of them thus, once and for all:

> He hated a man slouching along with a discolored face and trousers slopping down his insignificant legs. He loathed that look which tramps and ne'er-do-wells usually have, as if their legs weren't there inside their beastly bags. Despicable about the rear and the legs. The best of the farmers, on the contrary, had strong, sinewey legs, full of life. . . . And Tom had good live legs. But poor old Dad had not been very alive, inside his pants.

So genuine is the passion that the reader is compelled, for the time being at least, to hate thin legs almost as much as the author; and the same sweep of passion carries him through more weighty passages. Yet when the spell of the book has passed he will realize that he has been vicariously experiencing Lawrence's turmoil without entirely understanding the reasons for it, and he will be led to ponder not so much the problems of his own existence as the problem of the author's peculiar temperament. Whence comes his baffled fury, and why is it that the rage of his characters is at once obviously genuine and yet not wholly rational?

Doubtless the original difficulty lay in that peculiar psychological twist which made it impossible for the hero of "Sons and Lovers" to unite himself wholly with any of the women whom he loved. But this sexual frustration has spread until with Lawrence it has produced a parallel in every activity of life, and no desire, whatever it may be, can be direct or clear. Finding himself utterly unable to be satisfied by any of the commonly accepted values, he has retired further and further into himself until at last he has developed a psychological system and an ethic which serve to justify his irritation in his own eyes. More and more his books have ceased to be objective representations of life and come to be projections of his own ego into situations which will help to make clear both the nature

of his feelings and the scheme of thought by which they explain themselves. Thus "The Boy in the Bush," though it is said to be the rewriting of a novel published some time ago by an Australian woman novelist, is so completely assimilated by him that it becomes obviously a spiritual autobiography.

It tells of a young man expelled from the "tame" society of England to make his way in Australia; but its *raison d'être* is the development of his consciousness and his opinions along the lines upon which all of Lawrence's characters have been working. Like his creator he has always hated the place where he found himself; gradually he discovers that his only possible home is within himself. Born of a mother who teaches him that there is both a tame virtue and a wild virtue, he wishes first to be free without knowing from what or for what. Then by stages he deifies his own impulses into Lawrence's "dark God within" and becomes a law to himself. Love all but conquers him, until by taking two wives instead of one he proves himself its master instead of its slave and thus escapes destruction. "Before he went over the border he might have been tricked into a surrender to the soft hideous thing they called love, but now he would have love in his own way, haughtily, passionately, and darkly." We leave him as he is conducting this second wife home to the first, and the implication is that he has at last become reconciled to his restless discontent through the conviction that it is the distinguishing mark of a superiority which places him in the master class.

Thus the book seems to be thoroughly Nietzschean, even down to the express acceptance of the doctrine that life is good because it is painful. Yet, interesting as it is, it is not wholly convincing as doctrine for the reason hinted above: the philosophy is invented to fit the emotions instead of being the cause of them. The reader cannot escape the suspicion that some maladjustment to life has called forth Mr. Lawrence's mysticism and that the maladjustment is one too rare to be more than an interesting curiosity. The author can hardly hope to win disciples save among those who suffer from his own particular psychic twist. Fascinating as his books are, he must be put down as another one of the many who have mistaken the twinge of a nerve awry for the voice of a hidden god.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Frank Cobb

Cobb of "The World": A Leader in Liberalism. Compiled from his editorial articles and public addresses by John L. Heaton. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

FRANK COBB believed in the anonymous impersonality of the editorial; the *World* was to him an institution, not a medium through which to express himself—yet his work had a sweep and a ring that made men who knew say, as they read the *World*, "That's Cobb" and men who had never heard his name cry with enthusiasm, "That's the real old *World* style." He stamped his character on the most characterful editorial page in American newspapers and came to be one of the few nationally known editors of an editorless age.

John Heaton, Cobb's collaborator through nearly all his twenty years' service on the *World*, has collected a hundred of Cobb's characteristic editorials and articles, and added a sketch of Cobb the Man by Lindsay Denison, another long-time associate. Cobb never went to college; he was a rural high-school superintendent in Michigan before he began his newspaper career in Grand Rapids; and he was only thirty-four when Joseph Pulitzer drafted him from the Detroit *Free Press* after scanning the editorial pages of the continent. Meanwhile, however, Cobb had been studying. He knew American history as few university men knew it. He could quote the founding fathers aptly and easily—indeed these editorials quote from amazingly few except Lincoln and the founders. Apart from a few political writers the literary allusions include one passage from the Bible, one from Lowell, one from Beaumont and Fletcher, and two quotations from Kipling's verse; in an essay on Shaw he refers rather limpingly to Ibsen and Zola. Cobb's power lay not in literary grace or charm, but in a sledge-hammer directness, a manifest sincerity, and a capacity to dig and discover facts and then array them vigorously. He used short sentences; he knew the force of repetition; and he never wasted space in persiflage, intellectual subtleties, or fine writing. He knew what he wanted to say before he began writing an editorial; and when he had said it he stopped. There are no introductions and no perorations in his writing, but he had the gift of the final sentence that leaves an echo. At schools of journalism classes in editorial writing will have to use this selection from Cobb's work as a textbook.

Fortunately for him Cobb had none of the disheartening doubts of these latter days. He had unhesitating faith in democracy and in the American people. In 1913 he wrote that "In the course of these thirty years democracy has fought its fight with plutocracy and triumphed; the supremacy of human rights over property rights has been established"—and he probably still believed that when he died in 1923. As with many another survivor of early battles memories of the old obscured the significance of later struggles.

A kind of laissez-faire liberalism related to the eighteenth-century philosophy in which he steeped himself made him blind to the meaning of the labor movement. He was an almost purely political thinker; post-war economic issues meant little to him, and the new psychology less. He saw issues in black and white as right or wrong. In the war the Germans were all black; he swallowed the Potsdam myths. But the old-fashioned American streak in him made him staunch for free speech throughout and a crusader against propaganda when the war was done. He stood the test of defending free speech where he hated it: "The rule that applies to the Sinn Fein Irish, the Socialists, and the I. W. W.", he wrote in August, 1917, "applies to the militant suffragists and all the other assistant Germans who are trying to bedevil the Government of the United States when all its energies are needed for the prosecution of a great war. . . . The least dangerous thing that the most disloyal American can do is to talk or scribble. . . . The free play of public opinion can be trusted in war as well as in peace, and it is well to trust it." With his readiness for freedom of speech and of discussion went a confidence in it as a solvent of ills. Set public opinion free, he felt, and all would be well. He seemed to believe that public opinion could be set free by an act of will, as a moral principle. He did not appreciate the rarity of his position under Joseph and Ralph Pulitzer, the independent owners of the *World*. Increasingly, newspapers are businesses and editors hirelings. Inevitably and unconsciously newspapers become class and mass organs, stifling minorities; and only organized minorities can safeguard freedom.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

The Genealogy of a Genre

The Short Story's Mutations. By Frances Newman. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $2.50.

THE legislature, the mob, and the fundamentalists of Georgia have conspired to make the name of their commonwealth a synonym for unenlightenment and reactionary violence, so that Heywood Broun, recently listing the things he instinctively hates, set Georgia high on his list. There must, however, be in that State something of a civilized minority, or certain Georgians would not have written the books which they have lately published. W. E. Woodward cannot be too confidently ascribed to Georgia, though he began his career as a writer there, and he has indeed just left the United States for an indefinite stay in Europe; moreover, Laurence Stallings and Walter F. White, while born in Georgia, live in New York. But Julia Collier and Julian Harris have successfully ridiculed the Ku Klux Klan in Columbus, John D. Wade keeps his head in the University at

Athens, and Frances Newman flourishes as librarian and journalist in Atlanta. Possibly more significant still is the story of that modest young Atlantan who not long ago told a Manhattan editor that he had been led by reading Sherwood Anderson's "Story-Teller's Story" to give up an uncongenial business and to vow that he would do something more creative or else be a vagabond. The imbecilities of the anti-evolutionists may yet sting the educated Georgians into action. Where there is difference of opinion, there is always hope.

Miss Newman's book, of course, does not concern itself in any sense with Georgia, but it proves that an inhabitant of the city which shelters the Imperial Wizard can do a thing so unrepresentative of the Georgia majority as to trace the line of the short story, with erudition and intelligence, from Petronius to Paul Morand. "The Short Story's Mutations" is a remarkable anthology, and more. Besides reprinting sixteen stories, from Petronius, the *fabliaux*, the "Gesta Romanorum," Boccaccio, Voltaire, Hans Christian Andersen, Musset, Mérimée, Maupassant, Laforgue, Henry James, Chekhov, Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, and Paul Morand, Miss Newman furnishes a commentary which sets a new standard for the American anthologist. What she has done, in brief, is to genealogize her own preferences. Leaving to more orthodox authorities the task of general history, she has traced the line of descent of the type among short stories which she herself prefers. That there are other types she knows well enough, for she is widely and discriminatingly read. But she makes no pretense of abstract justice to types outside her favorite line. She works, that is to say, not so much with a critical as with a creative mind, seizing upon those qualities which, it may be guessed, she herself would like her own stories to have, and viewing the successes of rival practitioners of the art with the magnanimity, as Mr. Cabell says, of a teased cobra.

The reference to Mr. Cabell serves to introduce a comparison of "The Short Story's Mutations" with "Straws and Prayer-Books." The method of the two treatises in much the same, except that whereas Mr. Cabell varies his discourse with illustrative stories which he himself has written, Miss Newman varies the stream of hers with stories which have been written by the masters whom she approves. Of their art she says many shrewd and pertinent things, but, like Mr. Cabell, she says less about their artistic processes, strictly considered, than about the intellectual attitudes which they take toward the life which furnishes them with materials. Thus she does not deal merely with substances which have come to her second hand; she strikes through the art to the artist, and through him to his directing intelligence and to the objects of his contemplation. This is not the simplest form of criticism, nor is it perhaps at all points the justest. But it is in the long run the best.

CARL VAN DOREN

"The Land of the Fathers"

The Land of the Fathers. By Sergey Gussiev-Orenburgsky. The Dial Press. $2.50.

TRANSLATIONS from the Russian nowadays should be dated. This novel of Gussiev-Orenburgsky's was written on the eve of the 1905 revolution. But to the vaguely informed the announcement on the gay orange jacket—"depicts a Russia strange to foreigners brought up on Tolstoi and Turgenev"—suggests an interpretation of the Russia after the deluge. Add Gorki to Tolstoi and Turgenev, and foreign readers will find nothing strange about this Russia of the opening century. The characters address their familiar and unanswerable questions to life: Why do we live? What, then, shall we do? The young proclaim that their liberated spirits have broken out of the cage of their fathers' prejudices—as they have proclaimed in each decade of Russian fiction. And the workmen rattle their chains, lift solemnly exalted faces toward the sunrise, and sing the songs of the future. These themes come like touching and beautiful echoes across the gulf of the Great War and the Revolution. It may be that they are being played now in Russia, but with the variations that would make all the difference of novel suggestion. New cages for old, perhaps, but with the illusion of freedom brightening the new.

The voracious capitalist oppressors in this book, the downtrodden peasants, the village revolt, the strike in the factory, the secret meetings, the eloquent speeches, the arrests, the riot—and the riot is a stirring bit of narrative—recall the striking display of posters last year at the Moscow Agricultural Exhibition, in the building called Lenin's Corner. Posters in vivid blacks and reds, crude, effective—and yet curiously unreal, like all propaganda viewed in retrospect. Moving in and out among the posters in this novel is the quite solid and fully realized figure of the robust priest, Father Ivan, who learns to fear neither thinking nor loving, and therefore comes to see that he must unfrock himself. In his church there is no place for the free man who seeks to serve a free God—and, the flippant may add, to take his neighbor's wife. Father Ivan battles vigorously with his difficulties, material and spiritual, and emerges at last on the heights, whence he sees humanity in the plains below, tormenting and being tormented meaninglessly; sees the injustice of it all, and feels that "he must hearten them with something strong and dominating, something which would echo like the sound of a bell in their hearts. What was it? He did not know yet . . . he did not know what it was . . . but he would learn!" One would be more hopeful of his learning if one understood him more intimately; if, in short, the author had not relied so much on propaganda posters to explain his priest's progress.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Benjamin Constant

Benjamin Constant. By Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

ONE of the most inexplicable things about Napoleon is that though he had no friends, though nobody who came in contact with him ever learned to love him, thousands of men followed him blindly. The most difficult myth to explain away is the Napoleonic legend. Even Professor Guérard, whose recent fascinating reflections on that subject have left admirers of Napoleon gasping with indignation, has not seriously challenged Napoleon's hold on the imagination. One of the earliest victims of the legend was Benjamin Constant. After he had followed Madame de Staël into exile, after he had been swept back into Paris in the train of Louis XVIII, after he had declared when the news of the return from Elba arrived that he would never play the part of a miserable renegade, the inevitable capitulation followed. Constant was invited to present himself at the Tuileries and he came away "hypnotized, astonished, convinced."

For the rest of his life Benjamin Constant dragged after him the charge of apostasy. "Go hang yourself, Talleyrand!" he remarked cynically, "we have been playing traitor and you weren't in it." If he was a traitor it must be admitted that he was in good company. Ney, who boasted that he would bring back Napoleon in a cage, had succumbed to the Emperor's personality without firing a shot. The bravest of the brave, the man who had fought five hundred battles for France and never drawn his sword against her, was executed for treason, while Constant lived to guide his countrymen into the path of liberal government.

In spite of the pose of cynicism, which, like most cynics, he adopted to hide his real emotions, Benjamin Constant did not give his services to the Emperor with any thought of personal advantage. Being susceptible to flattery he was an easy victim for Napoleon, but he yielded from the highest motives. He believed, and there is no possibility of proving him to have been wrong, that Bonaparte would be compelled to restore the

liberties of France. No man was more enamored of liberty than Constant. Throughout his life he never swerved from the support of religious toleration, freedom of the press, and constitutional government. His speeches and pamphlets on these subjects were in everybody's hands, so much so that he came to be known as the first publicist in Europe. Even today his famous pamphlet "De l'Esprit de Conquête" is curiously alive and applicable to the needs of the twentieth century. It was reprinted in 1918 with an introduction by Albert Thomas, not as a literary curio but as a contribution to the problems of peace. "In modern times," says Constant, "a victorious war costs infinitely more than it can bring into the treasury." What a pity that that little pamphlet could not have been included in the prescribed reading for Junkerdom along with the ponderous tomes of Treitschke!

Unfortunately the character of Constant was not up to the level of his intellectual attainments. Something was lacking which might have given him the popularity or at least the respect that he craved. Béranger had it, a man not nearly so gifted as Constant, and because of it he went to prison and became the idol of France. We may call it the capacity to suffer for a conviction. No one can read Constant's autobiographical novel, "Adolphe," without realizing that the author had suffered; but the luxury of grief depicted in Adolphe was not exactly the experience calculated to temper a weak character. "Adolphe" is one of those curious novels, like Chateaubriand's "René," in which the author analyzes the memory of his emotions long after he has ceased to feel them. Character and environment count for nothing; the only source of interest is the pageant of a bleeding heart. We are not quarreling with the genre, but it is almost incredibly out of date. It is strange that Constant the novelist should be so infinitely removed from our tastes and sympathies when his pamphlets, usually the most ephemeral things in literature, still command our attention.

Miss Schermerhorn complains that Benjamin Constant has been unlucky in his biographers and that Sainte-Beuve in particular has damned him with faint praise. If this be so, justice has at length been done to him. Miss Schermerhorn has followed the sinuous path of his career, his love affairs with Madame de Staël, his philanderings with Madame Récamier, his achievements as an author and a statesman, without once intruding herself upon the reader's attention. Her method of biography is not as ambitious nor perhaps as creative as that of Guedalla or Lytton Strachey, but perhaps for that very reason the picture gains in intensity. It is a fascinating story that up till now had never been adequately told.

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

Books in Brief

Mobilizing for Peace. Edited by Frederick Lynch. Fleming J. Revell Company. $2.

This is a series of addresses by a number of prominent churchmen who, a few years ago, were mobilized during the war to make the world safe for democracy—not in the trenches but on the platform—and who now profess an admirable interest in peace. Outside of the usual peacetime generalities of clergymen they have little to say about the problems of peace except that most of them profess the very comfortable gospel of the League of Nations. As an exposition of Christian pacifism we prefer the works of a certain unpopular minority of students at Northwestern University to the amiable platitudes of these gentlemen, who were, temporarily, so much more successful in making the last war holy than they yet have been in tackling the problem of a just and lasting peace.

Bushrangers. By Charles J. Finger. McBride. $3.

Mr. Finger has traveled enough in strange lands himself to have a taste for the adventurous life everywhere. In these tales of Australia before it became too civilized and tamely dull there are reckless and daring men, men able to endure incredible hardship and pain, men urged to become outlaws by a thirst for excitement and the monotony of London poverty, and men betrayed at last by their own bravado or stupidity or by mistaken kindness to a fellow-sufferer. Like the heroes of "Highwaymen," these gentlemen nearly all end their careers on the gallows or in the convict colony, yet it is certain that if they had been more respectable they could not have been more gay or dashing, and they would have furnished considerably less entertainment. Stormy Petrel Popjoy, the brave lad who almost broke up the coronation of His Majesty King George IV out of pure love for a joke, and who as a result spent his life in exile and rebellion until pardoned for as gallant a deed as heart could wish, is fit to stand beside certain epic heroes. Unfortunately, his Odyssey ended in disaster, but it and the tales of his companions in Mr. Finger's latest thriller from life are worth a dozen books of fictitious adventure.

My Brother's Face. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Dutton. $2.

This book presents both ancient India, with all its color and beauty and its doctrine of renunciation, of being, not doing, and India as it is being changed by contact with the West. The smoke of factories mingles on the shore of the sacred Ganges with the funeral pyres of the dead; the old, old streets of Calcutta have been widened to admit automobiles; the gold or purple or green sari which wrapped Indian women in dignity and grace is giving way to a dark skirt and a white blouse. Dhan Gopal Mukerji, after twelve years of living in the midst of Western civilization, is shocked to see the changes in his native country; he is disturbed by the possibility of conflict between the East and the West; when he takes his problem to a holy man in Benares he is told that external conflicts do not matter if there is inner peace. Therein lies an even more perplexing dilemma for India: she may attain inner peace at the price of stagnation and exploitation by the West; or she may become industrialized and, fighting the West with its own weapons, lose her own integrity. Mukerji does not know the answer to this problem; nobody knows it at present, although it may be that Gandhi, that man "in whose eyes shines the peace of Allah," with his boycott of foreign goods and his doctrine of non-resistance may be nearer a solution than anyone.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter

Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Puccini and Fauré

By PITTS SANBORN

IN the month of November died two composers who count—Gabriel Fauré in France and Giacomo Puccini in Italy. Fauré has interested an audience of comparatively few; the appeal of Puccini has been well-nigh world wide. And yet these two musicians of different nationality and artistic heritage were not so remote one from the other as a hasty observer might suppose. Puccini unquestionably owes his enormous popularity in all lands where occidental music prevails to his gift for provoking that primary purging of the emotions which is the shedding of tears. Fauré, too, can speak to the heart—witness his exquisite song "Les Berceaux"—but often he seems to address the intellect only. Neither man had the abounding native inspiration which makes the achievement of a Mozart or a Schubert (dead the one at thirty-five, the other at thirty-one) so impressive in its sheer ease and volume. Each was in his way a fastidious workman; each made haste slowly (even Puccini with the relentless whip of popularity urging him on); each cultivated his garden with an assiduous care; and, dying respectively in their sixty-sixth and eightieth years, each has left the world an important musical contribution.

The fame of Puccini suffers undeniably from a kind of paradox that dogs the footsteps of success. Were he less widely popular today his repute would be higher. Weber, Verdi, Wagner himself have tasted that contradictory cup. "Oh, Puccini . . . !" exclaim pretended addicts of Schönberg and Stravinsky, as if all of contumely were in the two words. Yet even Stravinsky will never be caviare again. Already he is welcome at many a bourgeois hearthside; tomorrow he will everywhere be sipping the tea of respectability, as secure in his comfort as Ibsen or Hardy. The fact that bootblacks and barbers stand three hours enthralled by a Puccini opera and lustily shout their joy of it is absolutely no reason why anybody else who avows his liking for Puccini should forthwith be set down as unbelievably naive, shockingly unsophisticated, stricken with bad taste beyond all hope of recovery or redemption.

The fact is, in "La Bohème" Puccini has created, as human products go, a perfect work. The life of young and struggling artists, their poverty, their hunger, their comradeship, their out-at-elbow joys and sorrows, was enshrined by Murger in his celebrated idyl of brick and mortar, "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème." Puccini was the man designed by God to make of it an opera. I would not dream of maintaining that his "Bohème" is so consummate a performance as "Die Meistersinger" or even as "Pelléas et Mélisande" (though here doubt enters), but it does preserve in music of intimate eloquence one phase—and not an unimportant one—of our manifold human experience.

Take the airs of Rodolfo and of Mimi in the first act. Was the shy avowal of amorous youth in that separate heaven which is an unheated garret ever so beautifully, so tenderly expressed as by this music which begins timidly and tentatively, gathers courage, swells to passionate disclosure, and then recedes, abashed and frightened at what it dared to say? And the act before the Café Momus, with its holiday hurly-burly amid gusts of snow, the lyric measures of the happy lovers, Musetta's challenging waltz shot through with latent fever, the irruption of the street band, the quick curtain; that act is a brief masterpiece. In the combination of disparate elements it is in its lesser way comparable with the first and second acts of "Die Meistersinger."

The individual quality of Puccini's melody (so unmistakable that it comes natural to use the singular in speaking of the melodic element in Puccini's work) finds its perfect mating in the subject of "La Bohème." To be sure, Puccini's melody first asserts its idiosyncrasy in "Manon Lescaut," an opera whose best pages are of a delightful spontaneity and freshness. But "Manon Lescaut" has always to contend against the captivating "Manon" of the Frenchman Massenet. "Madama Butterfly," owing its vogue to an effective libretto, is musically an adroit rehandling of earlier material, plus a generous dash of Japanese flavoring. What followed—"La Fanciulla del West," "Le Rondine," the triptych of one-act operas—could not, despite Puccini's abiding sense of the theater, last long. To the eye, "Gianni Schicchi" is a diverting enough farce of medieval Florence because it acts well. But Puccini's muse, like the earlier Bellini's, is a muse of sadness and tears; her laughter even is sorrowful. The liveliness of "Gianni Schicchi" is as desolate as a beribboned skeleton, and for its music, consciously or not, the composer turned in his extremity to Chaminade and Charles K. Harris.

Purposely I have not so far spoken of "Tosca." That opera stands apart from the rest of Puccini's work. It is both "grand" opera and hot, swift, lyric melodrama. And one indisputable distinction it possesses: it is the most successful piece of Sardoudling ever achieved in music. The trail of Meyerbeer is over some of it, and Puccini knew his "Boris" before Moussorgsky's masterpiece was even suspected by the audiences of western Europe. But Puccini is there too, a Puccini that does not care how hard he punches. "Tosca" is an opera of uneven merit; for raw brutality certain scenes have not been matched; but there is no gap in its effect as theater. Both in the primary matter and in the treatment, however, "Tosca" is outside the current that flows, now in a broader, now in a narrower stream, from the melodic reservoir tapped first for "Manon Lescaut" down through "La Bohème," "Madama Butterfly," and "La Fanciulla del West" to "Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi" (it is too early yet to speak of "Turandot"). It is a curious fact that though "Tosca" captured the public from the beginning, Puccini never returned to the trail that it had profitably blazed.

"Tosca" in 1900 really ends Puccini's period of creation. And Puccini, in his turn, ends an epoch. He stands fifth and last in the big line of Italian composers of the nineteenth century. He took over the domination of the Italian lyric stage when Verdi left it, as Verdi had succeeded to the place of Donizetti and Donizetti to Bellini and Rossini. Deriving from Verdi only in the slightest degree, Puccini casts his roots rather into that emotional stratum of which Ponchielli and Boito were major and Catalani, Leoncavallo, and Mascagni minor manifestations. The impress of Wagner is, of course, patent. The curious, moreover, may trace the influence of Moussorgsky, of Debussy, and perhaps of other outlanders. Today Italian music is in the hands of a vastly different group. The future looks to Pizzetti, Malipiero, Zandonai, Casella, and their colleagues and disciples. But in that future the real fame of Puccini will undoubtedly increase, as the inflated currency of his operas shrinks to a healthy parity.

Fauré had not within him the seeds of popular appeal, and in some ways luck was against him. His penetrating, delicate, scrupulously wrought songs—of which "Les Roses d'Ispahan" is an ideal specimen—have been neglected by singers in favor of more obvious, more striking, more extravagant compositions. His fine incidental music for "Pelléas et Mélisande," the play, is all but forgotten in the fame of Debussy's opera. Musicians praise the fabric of his chamber music, but some folk dare to find it dry. His real importance as an innovator is obscured by the moderation, the measure, the balance, the refinement of his method. The humorous grotesqueries of Erik Satie, the

explicit idiom of Debussy, the *élan* and vividness of Ravel caught on where Fauré's intellectual subtleties passed unnoticed.

And yet the young have sat at Fauré's feet and called him master. There are those who declare that he was the greatest musician (a dubious phrase) since Bach—a tribute also paid Saint-Saëns! Most find a world of patience indispensable to hearing through his opera of the patient "Pénélope," despite rare fineness in the workmanship; but a few who cannot be neglected profess to believe it an imperishable masterpiece. There are some who maintain that his sonatas, quartets, and quintets deserve to rank among the chief glories of chamber music. So the fame and fortune of Fauré have often fallen between the two stools of proverb. But at least his work is never meretricious. When the shockers of today are the Mrs. Winslows of tomorrow, time may be trusted to discover its just place.

Meanwhile, three aspects of the Fauré case may not be overlooked. One is the persistence of Fauré's creative activity up to the very end. He was sixty-eight when he gave "Pénélope" to the stage; and a requiem, the songs collectively entitled "L'Horizon chimérique," and a brave array of chamber compositions, including the second piano quintet and a quartet finished just before he died, belong to his last years.

Another is the fact that Fauré is an essential span in that bridge which leads from the great Frenchmen of the eighteenth century to Debussy, Ravel, and the Six themselves. As Wanda Landowska says in her acute review of the "Musiques d'aujourd'hui" of Emile Vuillermoz: "Between this 'astonishing andante, so pathetic and so restrained,' of Fauré and the 'Muse Plantine' of François-le-Grand [Couperin] are there not invisible bonds fine in the extreme?"

And finally Fauré is an important factor in the development of the modern French atmospheric technique.

Drama

Pure Theater

FROM the revival of an ancient Hindu classic, "The Little Clay Cart" (Neighborhood Playhouse), one might expect chiefly the exotic and the quaint. Actually, however, the impressions produced go infinitely deeper than either of these words would indicate, and they suggest reflections not only upon the whole theatrical art but upon civilization itself. Here, if anywhere, the spectator will be able to see a genuine example of that "pure theater" of which theorists talk, and here, too, he will be led to meditate upon that real wisdom of the East which lies not in esoteric doctrine but in a tenderness far deeper and truer than that of the traditional Christianity which has been so thoroughly corrupted by the hard righteousness of Hebraism. Here he will see acting which has abandoned all pretense of literal imitation but which is yet strikingly beautiful and impressive; staging which belongs frankly to the make-believe of children at play but which is nevertheless artistically satisfying; and, in addition, a play wholly artificial yet profoundly moving because it is not realistic but real.

To the producers at the Neighborhood Playhouse must, of course, go the credit for the penetration to see in the bare text the possibilities it held and for the skill necessary to set them forth. They have created upon the stage an adequate suggestion of the serenely curved line of Eastern architecture, and they have found actors capable of the exquisitely artificial intonation and gesture which produce the illusion of something simpler and more satisfactory than life. Yet no possible praise of their work can obscure the fact that the soul of the beauty which they have produced lay dormant in the ancient text. Whoever the author may have been, and whether he lived in the fourth century or the eighth, he was a man good and wise with the goodness and wisdom which come not from the lips or the smoothly flowing pen of the moralist but from the heart. An exquisite sympathy with the fresh beauty of youth and love tempered his serenity, and he was old enough to understand how a light-hearted story of ingenious complication could be made the vehicle of tender humanity and confident goodness. His simplicity was not the simplicity which knows little; it was instead the great and final simplicity which is simple because it can take for granted nearly everything about which others fret and wrangle.

Such a play can be produced only by a civilization which has reached stability; when a civilization has thought its way through all the problems it faces it must come to rest upon something calm and naive like this. Macbeth and Othello, however great and stirring they may be, are barbarous heroes because the passionate tumult of Shakespeare is the tumult produced by the conflict between a newly awakened sensibility and a series of ethical concepts inherited from the savage age. The realistic drama of our own time is the product of a like confusion; but when problems are settled, and when passions are reconciled with the decisions of an intellect, then form alone remains. Given an adequate wisdom, neither the tragedy of "Hamlet" nor the tragedy of "Ghosts" is possible; but the charm of lovers' intrigue and the beauty of generous forgiveness—these form the theme of "The Little Clay Cart"—are eternal, and the function of the artist is merely to realize anew their beauty. Nowhere in our own European past do we find, this side the classics, a work more completely civilized.

Never, it seems to me, has the Neighborhood Playhouse conducted an experiment so successful or so valuable. Miss Kyra Alanova as the courtesan heroine and Miss Paula Truman as her maid are charming, and the whole production is marvelously harmonious. Moreover, the delight which it brings is a delight different in kind from that which the theater ordinarily affords. Poetry has long been banished from the stage, and every recent attempt which has been made to achieve it by means of spoken verse has been at best a qualified success; but here is poetry absolutely genuine and exclusively theatrical. No words can describe it and no picture can convey it; it belongs to the theater alone, because nothing except the spoken word interpreted by the accompaniment of living pictures could call it forth.

The pre-holiday lull falling upon the theater has made it necessary to mention only two other productions. "Badges" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is one of those conventional crook plays in which everybody turns out to be somebody else. It is, however, ingeniously told; and Gregory Kelly, as the youthful graduate of a correspondence school for detectives, who nevertheless makes good, is genuinely amusing. "Artistic Temperament" (Wallack's Theater) is preposterously bad.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

DEBATES ▣ LECTURES

The New School for Social Research
announces the following lecture by
COUNTESS CATHERINE KAROLYI
"Why I am an Exile"
Saturday, December 20, 8.20 P.M.
465 West 23rd Street Admission $1 New York City

OPEN FORUM Sunday, December 21, at 8 P. M.
MEXICO
FRANK TANNENBAUM
CARLETON BEALS
SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, 2 West 64th St., N. Y. C.
The Public is invited

International Relations Section

New Life in the Law

By FRITHJOF TOKSVIG

DENMARK'S first Labor Government came into power, it will be remembered, not long after Ramsay MacDonald moved into Downing Street. In addition to a Minister of War who is trying to do away with his own office by abolishing the army and navy at one stroke and a Minister of Education who, besides being the first woman Cabinet Minister in the world, is also an administrator of much sagacity and action, it contains a unique figure: a Minister of Justice who has lately concluded a tour to the prisons and penitentiaries of the country for the purpose, so to speak, of making the personal acquaintance of each convict. Though a hard task physically it was not an insurmountable one in a little country of three millions. But it is a task for which ministers of justice have hitherto lacked the mental agility necessary for trying to look at the law from the point of view of the law-breaker. The Danish Ministry of Justice is working at a revision of the penal code, and its head, Mr. Steincke, has shown a delightful directness in finding out what the convict has to say about his crime, his sentence, and his imprisonment—an important contribution to the formation of any penal code. These methods adopted by the Danish minister ought to be of interest to the Department of Justice of the United States and similarly conventional departments in other countries.

Whether or no Mr. Steincke has ever read Thomas De Quincey, it is a fact that he found the murderers to be the most interesting and intelligent category. The death penalty is not applied in Denmark and the psychology of these long-term convicts must surely throw light upon some important effects of the law.

Most of the convicts were "interviewed" in the wardens' offices of the various institutions without witnesses, while the comparatively few who serve their sentences in single cells were visited there—also without witnesses. A humorous touch was Mr. Steincke's meeting with a burglar who broke into his house two or three years ago. The recognition was mutual.

Brought thus face to face with the highest legal authority the majority of the convicts had remarkably few complaints, though there were, of course, requests of various kinds. The actual complaints were three in number: having been innocently condemned "this time," having received too severe a sentence in relation to the crime, and having been convicted because of remaining silent during the hearings. The latter is an interesting illustration of that "what I might have said" feeling which all of us have experienced.

This investigation, said Mr. Steincke to the press, was actuated neither by sentimentality nor mere humanitarianism, but only by a desire for that complete understanding of conditions which it is a legislator's duty to try to achieve. He believes that the penal code and the prison arrangements are of far less importance than people generally think, and that the general view of crime and the criminal would undergo a considerable change and many brutal and stupid assertions would be avoided if these human fates were met face to face.

Danish Disarmament

THE Danish Government bill for the abolition of the army and navy and the disarmament of fortifications is still before the Rigsdag. Its drastic proposals have excited violent opposition from the conservative parties within the country as well as from foreign governments. The important sections of the bill, together with "remarks" contained in the government paper giving the official text, are printed below:

Disarmament

1. Compulsory military service as per the law of June 8, 1912, is abolished, the military and naval conscription rolls become null and void, and the personnel thereon is crossed off. The Conscription Department, the Army and Navy, and the Ministries of War and Marine are abolished.

2. All fortifications are to be disarmed and razed. The material, buildings, and sites released from the army and navy are to be transferred for other public use or offered for sale.

3. The work of the general staff's topographical department and of the sea-chart department is to be continued. The army's and the navy yard's factories, workshops, laboratories, and the like are to be transferred for civil use under the state.

4. A watch corps shall be established and equipped to aid, in certain situations, the frontier gendarmerie, the customs service, and the police in guarding the frontier and coasts and in maintaining law and order.

A necessary number of ships, etc., shall be equipped and armed for fisheries inspection and charting, for the patrolling of Danish waters, and to safeguard the interests of Danish citizens in Danish sea-territory; more detailed decisions regarding this to be fixed by law.

5. Private corps, which are trained or organized for military activity, may not be established or exist. The volunteer corps now existing shall be disbanded within three months after this law goes into effect. Their weapons become the property of the state. Rifle associations which train their members in target practice are permitted when they are not organized as military corps, do not supply their members with firearms outside of practice, and do not hold military exercises.

Details regarding the manufacture and sale of firearms and ammunition shall be further fixed by law.

Remarks on the Bill

The bill corresponds in all essentials to the bill for a disarmament law put forward in 1922 by the Social-Democratic members of the Folketings army law committee.

The contention then made that Denmark as a member of the League of Nations has no obligation to maintain a military apparatus for use in war has since been strengthened still more.

When the World War broke out in 1914 it was seen that the Military Arrangement of 1909 failed completely. The main point of this arrangement was that Copenhagen should be safeguarded against having to surrender under the threat of bombardment. But when the highest authorities of the army and navy were asked in 1914, they declared that from the seaward side it was impossible to prevent a bombardment of Copenhagen to its very center and a defense from the landward side could only be of very short duration.

After the end of the World War, therefore, all quarters were agreed that in view of the experience we had gained the Military Arrangement of 1909 could not be maintained and in accordance with a law of February 12, 1919, there was appointed a Commission for Investigation and Consideration of the Future Arrangement of the Army and Navy. One of the tasks of this commission was "to draw up a collective plan for the future arrangement of the army and navy in which particular

consideration must be taken to insure that the arrangement be compatible with Denmark's position in relation to other countries."

The commission submitted its report in the financial year 1922 and immediately thereafter the Government put forward a bill for a new defense act. In August of the same year the Government passed the laws for the arrangement of the army and navy now in effect.

In the new arrangement the direct defense of Copenhagen, the main feature of the Arrangement of 1909, was completely abandoned, and instead, as far as the army was concerned, the main emphasis was laid on the defense of Jutland.

But also in this respect is it certain that the army and navy created by the laws of 1922 will be completely unable to carry out the task intrusted to them. And this has also been fully affirmed by the statements of military experts since the laws were passed.

By adopting the present disarmament bill and the bills for the establishment of a watch corps and a state marine, Denmark will be in a position to fulfil her obligations and an arrangement will be created which will not only mean considerable economies but will also give greater security than the military arrangement of 1922.

Russia Answers Britain

THE Russian replies to the recent British notes repudiating the treaties negotiated by the MacDonald Government and discussing the Zinoviev letter have been published in the *Manchester Guardian* for November 29. The first on the subject of the treaties is addressed to the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs:

November 28, 1924

SIR: I received, and acquainted my Government with, your note of November 21 in which the British Government notifies its refusal to advise the ratification of the general and commercial treaties of August 8 signed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the British Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The Soviet Government expresses its regret at the rejection of these treaties, the conclusion of which constituted an important step toward securing general peace, and in particular toward the strengthening of friendly relations between the peoples of Great Britain and of the Soviet Republics.

I am directed by my Government to state that on its part it has displayed the maximum of good-will and of concessions in connection with the working out of a basis of agreement on questions of particular interest to the British Government, to the working class, and to other sections of the British population. Therefore my Government cannot take any of the responsibility for the feeling of discontent which the decision of the British Government will cause in both countries.

I have the honor, etc. C. RAKOVSKY

The Russian reply to the letter on the Zinoviev incident, also addressed to the British Foreign Office, follows:

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of November 21 and of Mr. Gregory's letter of the same date, with the contents of which I have acquainted my Government. I am instructed by my Government to recall the following facts:

The alleged letter of Mr. Zinoviev addressed to the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party of Great Britain was the occasion for this correspondence and for Mr. Gregory's note of October 24, handed to me on the evening of the same date, four days prior to the British elections. Immediately upon receipt of the above note I informed Mr. MacDonald in writing of my absolute conviction that the alleged letter from Mr. Zinoviev was a forgery. Further, in a note to Mr. MacDonald on October 27 I stated that after having made careful investigation in Moscow my Government had instructed me to declare categorically that the alleged Zinoviev letter was an absolute forgery.

In view of the very great attention given by British public opinion to this document my Government, in order to remove any doubts whatsoever and in order to establish the unbiased truth, offered to submit the document in question for impartial investigation and arbitration. During several weeks my Government received no reply to its offer. In the meantime many members of the British Government had publicly expressed their doubts as to the genuineness of the alleged document and some of them had even expressed their conviction that it was a forgery.

In view of the doubts existing in the matter the British Government found it necessary, after the election campaign, to appoint an authoritative committee of the Cabinet, including the Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to examine the nature and origin of the document. This committee established that neither the Government nor any of the government departments of Great Britain had seen any "original document." This fact was made public on November 4.

These curious circumstances explain why public opinion throughout the world considers the "Zinoviev letter" as an undoubted forgery. This declaration by an authoritative British committee destroyed the grounds upon which were based the accusation made by Mr. Gregory against the Soviet Government in the height of the election campaign, and my Government was inclined to consider the declaration as an actual withdrawal of the accusation. Indeed, the most elementary rules of jurisprudence forbid the making of accusations on the strength of copies of documents which have been neither verified nor certified by anyone and which no one of the accusers has ever seen.

It might be well to add that we understand that the delegation from the British Trade Unions Congress, consisting of Messrs. Purcell, Tillett, Bromley, Findley, Bramley, Turner, and Smith, has, as a result of its investigations in Moscow into the genuineness of the "Zinoviev letter," unanimously came to the conclusion that "the delegation is absolutely convinced that the 'document' is a forgery, that no evidence to the contrary can be produced, and that the refusal of the Russian offer of arbitration can only be explained on that ground."

In view of the above my Government expresses its extreme surprise that the present Government of Great Britain has found it possible completely to ignore the fact established by its predecessor and that after having declined the offer for an investigation of the "document" by an impartial court it makes vague statements unsupported by any evidence that the "document" is genuine. My Government cannot accept such unproved allegations.

My Government considers that it has even more reason for rejecting the unfounded allegations made by the British Government since in the past accusations have repeatedly been made against the Soviet Government based on documents which on closer examination were found to be forged and of which even the origin has been established. My Government considers as established and proved the fact that in a number of cities in Europe and America there exist organizations under the leadership of Rusian counter-revolutionary emigrants and of other suspicious elements engaged especially in the fabricating of forged documents with a view to undermining the international position of the Soviet Union. Quite recently I have submitted to the Foreign Office documental evidence at my disposal proving that on the territory of Great Britain there exist political organizations engaged in the fabrication and distribution of false documents concerning the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

In the name of my Government I express my deep regret that the British Government should base political acts having

the most serious bearing upon the further relations between the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and Great Britain on unverified documents emanating from doubtful sources, and should thus place the relations between the two governments on a very precarious foundation in that it makes them dependent upon the action of malevolent and sinister persons and political organizations pursuing selfish aims.

My Government considers that the declaration made by the British Cabinet committee on November 4 as to the absence of the document referred to by Mr. Gregory in his note of October 24 fully disproves the accusation made by him. My Government cherishes the belief that the British Government will in future be more circumspect in its accusations and that it will examine more carefully facts on which it bases official communications. If, however, the present Government wishes to ignore the statement made by the Cabinet committee on November 4, and reiterates the accusations based on a forged document, the Soviet Government, on its part, must insist on its offer of arbitration as the sole means to an unbiased settlement of this question. This offer was made in its note of October 27, which unfortunately was "lost" on the change of Government in Great Britain, but the contents of which, according to Mr. Gregory's note, are known to the present British Government. The British Government must be aware that the rejection of this offer of arbitration cannot but be considered by the public opinion of all countries as establishing that it is impossible for the British Government to substantiate and prove the accusations put forward during the election campaign.

Further, my Government regrets that in its note of November 21, the British Government evaded a direct reply on the question of arbitration on the concrete point at issue concerning the "Zinoviev letter," and that it thought fit to pass on to general accusations against the Soviet Government in connection with the activities of the Communist International. As regards these accusations I am instructed by my Government to reiterate the declarations repeatedly made as to the complete political and administrative independence of the Communist International from the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. My Government has never undertaken and cannot undertake to refuse the right of asylum to the Communist International, or to any other working-class organization, still less can it undertake to exercise pressure upon them. My Government considers any further discussion of attacks on international workers' organizations as useless and fruitless, and has requested me to declare that it has loyally carried out, and will in future carry out, on the principle of reciprocity, the obligations which it has undertaken.

Nevinson on Morel

HENRY W. NEVINSON has written a letter to the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, in which he says of the late E. D. Morel:

I knew him first nearly twenty years ago, when I returned from a long journey in Central Africa, where I had been engaged upon a cause similar to that with which his name must always be associated: I mean the cause of delivering native tribes from an atrocious system of slavery and mutilation at the hands of European speculators and exploiters.

He was then in the midst of his struggle against the method of procuring rubber instituted or maintained by Leopold, King of the Belgians, and the rubber companies to which concessions had been granted. Few, I think, can imagine what labor that struggle involved. The poor and unknown clerk had enormous forces of wealth, royal influence, and international diplomacy ranged against him. Whenever I attempted to sound the depths of iniquity gathered to thwart his efforts I felt that I was wallowing about in a dark and bottomless bog, and I believe that no one of our generation has ever undertaken such a labor as his. The very chests that held the documents of the contest, all carefully arranged, would fill a room; and when only a few weeks ago he urged me to undertake his biography it was the memory of those chests and cases that made me refuse at once. For such a biography would be the work of a lifetime, and I have not a lifetime before me now.

Yet he persisted, and against all those odds he won. I shall not forget the occasion (I think in 1913) when we, including many leading people in the press, the church, and Parliament, honored ourselves by giving him a presentation because we all accounted him, as was said at the time, "a great knight-errant of humanity."

Then came the war, and almost at once he realized, like Edith Cavell, that patriotism was not enough. That is a dangerous knowledge to reveal in war time, and bitterly was Morel made to suffer for it. I suppose that throughout the war no one in this country was so madly hated and so shamefully vilified. Even witty and famous writers condescended to fling mud at him, and I only hope the mud will stick to their reputations forever.

Again he persisted, but he was a sensitive man and he felt the injustice deeply. Once when I was at home on short leave from the Dardanelles I happened to meet him in the Strand, and he passed me with a cold nod. I ran after him and asked what was the matter between us, and with tears in his eyes (for he never had the average Englishman's way of suppressing the signs of emotion) he replied: "I did not suppose that anyone would speak to me now!"

But once again time brought its revenges, and he has gone from us at the height of his popularity, his fame, his intellect, and his character. The opposition benches could miss no one more, so great was his knowledge, and his courage equaled it. We can do no more now to please him, but let us at least resolve to silence as far as we may the yapping and snarling of the ill-conditioned creatures who would hound him even in his grave.

Contributors to This Issue

MOLLIE BEST has spent over a year collecting from early records material on the lives of the Quaker leaders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

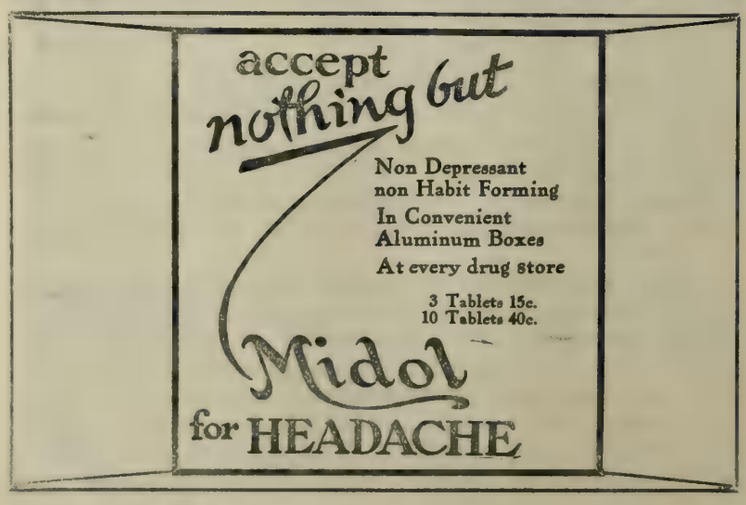
HENRY W. NEVINSON, English poet, essayist, war correspondent, has written frequently on Imperial affairs.

MARC A. ROSE, formerly of the New York *Sun*, is managing editor of the Buffalo *Evening News*.

DOROTHY BREWSTER, co-author of "Dead-Reckonings in Fiction," has frequently reviewed books for *The Nation*.

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE is the author of "Critical Ventures into French Literature."

FRITHJOF TOKSVIG is a newspaper man in Copenhagen and *The Nation's* Scandinavian representative.



The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1924 No. 3104

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS..... 719
EDITORIALS:
The Preparedness Maniac Again 722
Advancing Backward 723
Cities in the Sand 723
THE RETURN TO JERUSALEM. By Ludwig Lewisohn 724
A $10,000,000 VERDICT. By Frank P. Sibley 726
QUAKER REVOLUTIONARIES:
The Woman's Battalion. By Mollie Best 729
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 731
CORRESPONDENCE 731
BOOKS AND PLAYS:
Poems—Quag-Hole. By Whittaker Chambers 732
Carib Canoe Under Sail. By Grace Hazard Conkling 732
Ballad. By Charles Norman 732
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 732
Glimpses of Early Religion. By Alexander Goldenweiser 733
The Perfect City. By Stuart Chase 734
All Are Swine. By A. Donald Douglas 734
Books in Brief 734
The Nation's Poetry Prize 735
DRAMA:
Miscellany. By Joseph Wood Krutch 736
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
How to End War. By William E. Borah 738
England Turns Down the League 739

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FREDA KIRCHWEY, Managing Editor MARK VAN DOREN, Literary Editor

DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

Contributing Editors

ROBERT HERRICK LUDWIG LEWISOHN NORMAN THOMAS

JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

SENATOR BORAH'S clear-cut address, which we print in this week's International Relations Section, follows the outline of the foreign policy which *The Nation* has been advocating for more than four years. We urge our readers to study it. Too many faint hearts in America, we believe, cling to the Geneva League as "the only hope we have," and overlook the immediate steps of a forward-looking policy. They tend to overstress the importance of paper and machinery. As Senator Borah says: "There is no hope for peace so long as the great and powerful nations will that there shall be no peace. . . . We confine our love of peace to paper; our war spirit finds its expression in deeds." The United States could do more for world peace by getting out of Haiti and offering that pitiful republic reparation for our crimes there than by joining the half-hearted World Court at the Hague. The League's ban still maintained against Germany and Soviet Russia is more significant than all the pious resolutions which it has enacted since it was born in a flood of honeyed words. If we are to take forward steps on paper let them be whole-hearted, as Senator Borah urges, not hesitating gestures of timorous good intentions. If we join the World Court, let us make our action count by insisting that it be made a court of real authority. Let us not be afraid to move for the outlawry of war. The fact that Senator Borah has replaced Senator Lodge as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate is one of the best New Year's gifts which the world could have.

THE PROGRESSIVE GROUP in Congress is not so cowed and dispirited as some observers believed at the beginning of the present session. Certainly Senator Norris is not hesitating in his magnificent fight against the scheme of President Coolidge and the Republican majority to despoil the rights of the people in the great natural water-power at Muscle Shoals. The Underwood bill does not give, as has in some places been stated, the alternative of government or private control. It provides for a lease for half a century to a private money-making corporation, merely containing the proviso that if a bid is not forthcoming satisfactory to the Secretary of War the Government shall continue (pending further legislation) a control which it already has. In spite of the report of the Committee on Agriculture in favor of continued government control, the Senate majority is sponsoring almost without discussion or consideration a brand-new plan which Senator Norris describes accurately as carrying "a deed of conveyance to the electric water-power trust of America for one of the greatest inheritances of unborn generations of American citizens."

ONCE IN A WHILE a paragraph appears on the editorial page of one of the daily newspapers which so precisely and pertinently expresses our thought that we can only reprint it, wishing we had written it. Such an editorial is the following from the New York *World:*

> Zamboanga lies at the extreme western end of the Island of Mindanao in the Philippines. It is a port of entry and an important trading-point. A band of Moro outlaws raided a Chinese store near there, murdering five Chinese and robbing the store. Since the scene of the crime is American territory, under the American flag, the killing of five nameless Chinese causes no great agitation in official circles in Washington. No one feels called upon to proclaim that the persons of all foreigners must be held sacred and in frantic haste to cable a peremptory demand for the payment of large indemnities.
>
> But change the scene from the Philippines to China across the sea. Establish an American trading-post or mission there. Then, if a party of Chinese bandits raids the Americans' property, threatens to hold them for ransom or mistreats them, that's another story. It's an international incident that calls for the use of American gunboats in Chinese waters, for the landing of marines, and for official messages to the Chinese Government bristling with solemn threats.

MANY SUPPORTERS OF SENATOR LA FOLLETTE in the recent campaign were disquieted because his proposals were attacked so largely and successfully not by argument but by misrepresentation. They have questioned how democracy was to function in the future if the electorate could be hoodwinked so easily and effectively. Evidently this uneasiness is not confined to Mr. La Follette's supporters. Speaking before the League of Women Voters in Chicago lately David Lawrence, whose Washington correspondence goes into the most conservative newspapers, said that never before in his recollection had there been

such misrepresentation "not only of the spirit but the letter of the Constitution by campaign speakers."

> Let us revert for a moment to the proposal made by Senator La Follette in the last campaign with respect to the Supreme Court [he said]. I am not in sympathy with Senator La Follette's programs nor do I believe the wrongs he seeks to remedy should be corrected by the method he proposes, but as an American I cannot refrain from expressing disappointment that a proposal to amend the Constitution in the regular way should be hailed as an attempt "to overthrow the Constitution."
>
> Senator La Follette proposed that an amendment be submitted to Congress to be passed by a two-thirds vote and to be submitted thereafter to three-fourths of the States for ratification. Even if he had been elected President he could not have approved or disapproved the amendment. Presidents cannot veto or ratify constitutional amendments. That power is lodged wholly in Congress and the legislatures of the several States. Did we tell the electorate that frankly in the last campaign or did we exaggerate? I leave it to you to decide.

IN ELECTING WILLIAM GREEN to succeed Samuel Gompers his fellow-members of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor chose the man whose advent to the presidency would mean least change. Of his two chief rivals one, James Duncan of the granite-cutters, was an old man and weak, who could not have held the helm; the other, Matthew Woll, of the photo-engravers, was a younger man with ideas of his own. Green is more dependable than either. In the mine-workers' union he has served as a sort of permanent official, surviving changes in leadership and loyally doing the bidding of his successive chiefs. In recent years he has often disagreed with John Lewis, but he has done Lewis's bidding—and the mine workers, once the leaders of trade-union progress, have become a bulwark of labor reaction. In his home at Coshocton, Ohio, Green is known as a "joiner," a good Sunday-school teacher, and a regular party Democrat. He was one of the minority who voted against indorsement of La Follette's candidacy by the labor federation. His arrival at its top means that Gompers's old cabinet continues its control of federation policies; but the permanence of that cabinet without "the old man" is another question.

EVEN IN GERMANY no one seems to be quite sure what happened at the December 7 election. The extremists lost—yes, but who won? The Republican parties gained, and so did the Nationalists. Communists and Fascists lost, but the shift toward the center was so slight that weeks of parliamentary negotiations are necessary for the formation of a new Cabinet. Part of the difficulty in interpreting the results is due to the amorphous nature of some of the German parties. The Centrum, to which Chancellor Marx belongs, is primarily a Catholic party, with otherwise vague principles; it includes avowed monarchists and virtual Socialists. The decision as to the new Government depends largely upon it. If the Centrum decides to form a coalition with the People's Party and the Nationalists, who stand to the Right of it, the new Government, despite the trend of the elections, will be more reactionary than its predecessor; if it throws in its lot with the Socialists, who are now the largest party in the Reichstag, Germany will have a Government pledged, like the present one, to fulfilment of the Dawes program.

THUS THE YEAR ends in Germany with the political situation practically unchanged. Mediocre men compelled to compromise all along the line are simply holding things together. But we have only to think how the welkin would ring with denunciations of the German menace had either the extreme Left or Right taken hold to appreciate how welcome is the present situation for all its temporizing, for all the difficulty of forming a new Cabinet. As it is, calumny is still at work. Thus, despite previous reports to the contrary, we now have a report from the Interallied Commission that Germany is still a menace because she has 400,000 police of one kind or another who would be available militarily in addition to her army of 100,000 men. Grant the 500,000 men; what could they do? Every German fort is razed or disarmed; her coasts are defenseless; she has admittedly no heavy or siege artillery, no Zeppelins, no bombing planes, no tanks, no rifles for the 500,000, no automobiles, no general staff, no supply reserves, no piles of ammunition. But what's the use? Those who wish to make her out a danger will continue to do so. Has not a member of the Reichstag just produced a book to show that chemically she can wage war—and so can any other land that turns to science for destruction of the race.

DANGER OF A COMMUNIST REVOLUTION in France exists almost exclusively in the minds of the fascist groups who would like to ride into a dictatorship of their own on the fear of a proletarian dictatorship. M. Millerand leads these groups; the Paris *Liberté* has made itself their organ. After the liberal election last spring Millerand was forced to resign as President of France, largely because while in office he had flirted with the idea of sweeping Parliament aside and making himself a French Mussolini. Now he is out for revenge, and every time a rusty machine-gun is lost or a group of sardine-packers go on strike he and his friends shudder publicly at the menace of bolshevism. Premier Herriot shuddered with them at first, but now he has gone to the other extreme; he has ordered the prosecution of the *Liberté* for dissemination of false news, and threatens to expel foreign correspondents who send out false alarms. Such action is likely to help the fascist cause; it never pays to make martyrs. The only country west of Russia where the Communist peril is real is Esthonia, and there it is being drowned in a sea of blood. Following the summary execution of two Communist leaders their party mates rose and seized the government buildings at night. They held them, however, less than a day, and wholesale executions followed.

COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI, according to the Hungarian supreme court, is a traitor. His vast estates, with the ancient castle and many houses and farms, which have been in the hands of the Government throughout the reactionary regime, are finally confiscated; his private fortune of 10,000,000 gold crowns is seized. Count Karolyi was a pacifist and tried throughout the last years of the war to bring his Government to a negotiated peace. When the revolution swept Hungary he became the head of a liberal republican Government. Inside the country he was opposed by communism and by royalist reaction; and the Allied Powers did all they could to weaken and discredit this man who had fought the Hapsburgs and opposed the war. Rather than plunge his country into further revolution and civil war, in 1919 Karolyi turned the Govern-

ment over to the Communists. But bolshevism was no more to his liking than reaction and, with many of his most intelligent and liberal supporters, he left the country. White terror succeeded communism; he was officially declared a traitor by the Horthy Government and his property was confiscated—an act which the present verdict merely confirms. Although he is not even charged with offering aid or comfort to the enemy, a new definition of high treason has been made to fit his case. Somewhere in this record of his sympathies and acts, phrased in other words and covered by laws created for the purpose, lies Count Karolyi's "treason." Perhaps to be a democrat and an honest man it is necessary to be a traitor to the Hungary of today.

SLOWLY THE ARCHIVES open. First Russia, then Austria and Germany; and now, hesitatingly, England. Ramsay MacDonald resigned before announcing his policy of uncovering British pre-war diplomacy, but he had taken the first steps in a program which Austen Chamberlain has decided to follow. The British archives, hitherto open only up to 1860, will be opened without restriction to research historians up to 1878. This modest decision—which, however, will be welcomed by historians for the light it may throw on British policy during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and the Russo-Turk War of 1878—is accompanied by a more interesting program. The Government has asked Harold Temperley, reader in modern history at Cambridge University, and G. P. Gooch, the distinguished author of the "History of Modern Europe 1878-1919," to study the records of the decade preceding the outbreak of the war, and to make and edit a selection from them. The selection will be eagerly awaited. Mr. Temperley has been an historian of the official school; Mr. Gooch's name will carry assurance that documents which might have supported Mr. Morel's distrust of his own Government will not be reburied.

TO TACKLE THE PROBLEM of automobile accidents at this late day is like locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen—or shall we say the garage door after the car has disappeared? But drivers of motor-cars themselves are awakening to the urgency of the problem—partly because of the delays and accidents to their cars. We are glad to pass on a recent comment of Secretary Hoover's: "The automobile is the greatest development of twenty years both economically and socially. It is no longer a luxury—it is a complete necessity. But if we wish for its fullest development we must reduce its terrors." This, he added, means that

> We must find constructive measures to meet the crisis of tens of thousands of deaths, usually with hundreds of thousands of serious personal injuries and millions of property damage, accompanied by an economic loss of some staggering sum such as $600,000,000. Here is a waste of human lives each year equal to one-third of the American losses by death in the World War and two and one-half times as many casualties as all those suffered by the American forces.

FATALITIES DUE TO THE AUTOMOBILE, however, have decreased in recent years when compared with the number of cars in use. Perhaps drivers are more careful; possibly pedestrians are more wary. We have more than three times as many automobiles in the United States today as we had when we entered the World War seven and a half years ago, but the total of accidents has not quite doubled. The National Conference on Street and Highway Safety recently compiled for Mr. Hoover the following figures, which give at least the pale comfort of knowing that if this much has been done more can be done:

Year	Total Number of Motor Vehicle Deaths	Total Registration of Motor Vehicles	Fatalities per 100,000 of Motor Registration
1917	9,184	5,104,321	190
1918	9,672	6,146,617	160
1919	9,827	7,565,446	130
1920	11,358	9,231,941	123
1921	12,500	10,463,295	119
1922	14,000	12,238,275	114
1923	16,000	15,092,177	106

THE PLAN TO FOIST on the public an issue of $40,000,000 in silver "cartwheels" is to say the least an unreasonable inconvenience to the public and to say the most a plain impertinence. The scheme is a piece of penny-wise, pound-foolish economy by which government officials expect to make a saving without any sacrifice in their own expense accounts, solely by imposing a burden upon the public. If Mr. Mellon thinks that by his own fiat and a little government propaganda he can popularize the silver dollar he is mistaken. It is too large and heavy a coin to carry in a purse, while put loose in a pocket it soon wears a hole. Mr. Mellon hopes that the public will "cooperate" in his scheme for not printing so many paper dollars. We learned the meaning of that word during the war. He hopes, otherwise stated, that the public will knuckle under. We hope it will do nothing of the sort but, on the contrary, return Mr. Mellon's silver dollars to the banks as fast as it gets them. Helpless government employees, we note, are to be paid partially in silver, willy-nilly. We wonder how many silver dollars will be put in Mr. Mellon's pay envelope.

NEW YORK NEVER KNEW a greater newspaper sensation than the famous *Sun* moon hoax, when, in pre-telegraphic days, that genial paper exercised its fancy with the sights which it reported seen through a new South African telescope. When Percival Lowell, a brother of Harvard's president, reported canals and life-zones on Mars from his observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, a quarter-century ago, it seemed as if the desert had driven the good man as mad as a *Sun* hoax-maker. Wise scientists stepped forth to prove, figures in hand, that life on Mars was an impossibility. For one thing, they said, the temperature of Mars is generally below the freezing-point of water, and life requires more warmth. Lowell, Pickering, Schiaparelli, and others, however, kept their eyes glued to their telescopes, and persisted in seeing beyond the white polar ice-caps broad blue areas as of polar seas, and toward Mars's equator areas which seemed to indicate the growth and decay of vegetation. Now Messrs. Carl O. Lampland and W. W. Coblentz, of the Lowell Observatory, have succeeded in measuring the temperature of Mars. They find, as one might expect, the equator hotter than the poles, the afternoon warmer than the morning, and summer milder than winter. An ordinary summer day shows a range of temperature from 45° to 65° Fahrenheit—quite enough to sustain a rich fauna. But we still know as little of the character of life on Mars as of the geography of that greatest land of mystery, the other side of the moon.

BUR... PUBLIC LIB...

The Preparedness Maniac Again

THE preparedness maniac is again abroad in the land. He has learned nothing from the World War. Logic has departed from him if it ever rested within his mind. He still places his entire faith in force and in a preparedness which never protected anybody and never will. When he is of the army or navy type he fills the air with alarums if he believes that a single battleship gun has not just the elevation that somebody else's has. He lives in a perpetual state of fear and of panic. He sees enemies at every turn, and if the course of history removes three or four possible rivals on the sea he concentrates his attention upon the remaining one or two. Publicly he will assert that blood is thicker than water, that we are bound to our allies by sacred ties sanctified in the shedding of our unforgettable blood; privately he puts spies on English battleships, and plays endless war games, with England as the enemy, in which the entire American battle fleet is always sunk and only 58 per cent of the British. Thereupon he imparts this dreadful information to our jingo editors, to naval and military experts who make their living by writing and lecturing on our unpreparedness. The dailies begin to howl, berate, denounce, to prophesy the end of the American Government, and then do their best to hasten the catastrophe by giving currency to every rumor, suspicion, charge of falsehood and sneaky underhandedness which will serve to embroil this nation with one of our two possible naval rivals, Japan and Great Britain.

This is no exaggeration, but an exact statement of what has been and is going on. The propaganda has, indeed, gone so far and given such evidence of an organized undertaking that President Coolidge found it necessary to speak strongly against it in his annual message. Within two weeks he has again let it be known that he takes no stock in this hysteria; that he is more than ever set against any international armament race and any sensational congressional overhaulings for the purpose of starting fresh jingo fires—and he appears still opposed to the elevation of the battleship guns. If he still permits the tactless and dangerous naval maneuvers off Hawaii and the coming cruise to Australia—where the anti-Japanese politicians may be counted on for calculated indiscretions—his Secretary of the Navy has ordered two captains before a court of inquiry to ascertain how confidential information in their possession found its way to the most belligerent of the civilian "experts" and through him to the newspapers. That is a commendable move. If naval officers, however sincere and able and however honestly alarmed for the welfare of their country, are behind this campaign we ought to know it.

The worst offender is, as usual, Bradley A. Fiske, a retired admiral whose stock in trade is appearing before men's and women's clubs to prove that preparedness alone will save; that preparedness is necessary to protect our women, and that, as the bulk of our women are tinged with pacifism (we quote from a recent bit of his rubbish), they must be taught that men are for war and preparedness only in order to protect their women in their virtue and the enjoyment of the luxuries of civilization. Some millions of farmers' wives and factory employees who have never seen those "luxuries" may think what they like of that. Finally, in the face of the record of our American manhood in the World War, he declares that the fiber of our manhood is gone because we are not adequately preparing.

Now, with these demagogues abroad in the land, it is time once more to set down a few unimpeachable facts as to this question of military preparedness. *Preparedness never kept any nation out of war.* While usually portrayed as an insurance for peace, it is a preparation for war, and it inevitably leads to war. The United States during its history as a nation has had five foreign wars, each one of its own seeking—that of 1812 with England, the brief hostilities with France, the Mexican War, the Spanish War (and the Philippine), and the World War. The state of our military and naval defense had nothing to do with our getting into a single one of these; we were put into each by executive and congressional acts. Our foremost historian, James Ford Rhodes, has just proved how unnecessary it was for President McKinley to put us into the Spanish War; General Grant in his memoirs called the Mexican War, in which he served, "one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation." Had we been as prepared as Europe in 1914 these wars would still have occurred, for they were brought on deliberately for ulterior purposes. As for the World War, President Alderman of the University of Virginia in his recent official eulogy of President Wilson before Congress has done history the service of repeatedly saying "President Wilson put us into the war because. . . ." That is the simple truth. Not Congress, not the people, but a single man put us into the war and he would have done so had we had ten times as much or ten times as little armament.

Preparedness never saved any European nation from war. Napoleon III thought he had a big enough force to beat Germany in 1870. The conversion of Germany into a military machine did not prevent her being dragged into war in 1914 by her ally, Austria. Russia was ready in 1914 to put larger legions into the field than any other country in the world; did they keep her out of the war? England voluntarily went in, without regard for the state of her preparedness. As for France, it is the happy custom of our militarists to point to her as the victim of unpreparedness. Her own General Buat, the late chief of staff, has declared that the French army was the equal of the German and surpassed it in some services.

Preparedness is never more than relative. No general and no admiral in human history has had men or ships enough. If you give them what they ask for safety against one nation, they ask for more to guard against two nations combined. The little nations can never hope for adequate preparedness against the great. They should follow the program of Denmark and disarm totally—they would be safer if they did. Advocates of preparedness insist that if the little countries of Europe—Switzerland, Holland, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden—give up troops their manhood will perish. But there are no hardier, manlier lands than the Scandinavian, although for years they have had relatively small armies. There is no argument of the preparedness war-mongers that is not similarly vulnerable—as vulnerable as it is destructive, archaic, anarchistic, and anti-Christian.

Advancing Backward

IT is said that toward the close of the Civil War a patriotic Southern newspaper, anxious to maintain the morale of its readers, published the following dispatch: "Our glorious army is rapidly advancing backward and the enemy is retreating after it." For the truth of this story we do not vouch, but we do give solemn assurance that a metropolitan daily recently headed an article "Rush of Progress Menace to the World, says Rockefeller."

Progress a menace? What then does "progress" mean? It sounds like a meaningless paradox. One would not say that a man was dying from excess of health, but one can, it appears, speak in all seriousness of a civilization which is going backward because it is "progressing" too fast. If there is any word of which the modern world has made a shibboleth "progress" is the word, and in the language of popular thought it has no definite meaning.

Asked to define it the average man would doubtless give some fairly satisfactory reply; unconsciously he uses it to mean no more than any increase in size, in power, or in speed. Words are but counters, and sometimes it makes little difference what they are taken to mean; but it makes a great deal of difference when an important word happens to mean one thing in theory and another in practice. When progress became the religion of the modern world and came to be identified with things which are not necessarily in themselves good, the present age of confusion began. Gradually men forgot that speed might be uncomfortably hurrying them nowhere and that power might destroy civilization itself. Ceasing to criticize their definition they ceased to criticize their aims, and the result is knowledge and speed and power which are constantly increasing without any proportionate gain in happiness or virtue. There is wealth enough to make every man comfortable and power enough to relieve him of all except a comfortable minimum of work, but there is no immediate prospect that poverty will disappear or that the majority of men will be released from the necessity of deadly toil; yet the average man never doubts that the world is progressing at an ever-increasing rate. His eyes glitter with enthusiasm when he speaks of the size of his city, which is stifling him with its congestion, he points with pride to accumulated wealth, which is crushing him; he will even regard with complacency the prospect of being blown sky-high with the rest of his family by an aerial bomb because he can rejoice in the "progress" which makes such an event possible.

The present age has little use for logical subtleties; "facts not theories" is its motto. Yet a little dialectic might save civilization. No frequenter of the Platonic Academy would ever have made a word the cornerstone of his faith without first defining it. Plato did not know countless things which we know, but had he known them he would have seen to it that something better came of them than the mad world in which we live. He would have laughed at progress which goes backward and he would have called a halt in the perfection of the machine until he had learned to use it for instead of against himself. We, having already so much power that we are in danger of destroying ourselves, think of nothing except how to make it greater. We can go anywhere we like and faster than we need to go; few realize that it is time to ask where it is most worth while to go.

Cities in the Sand

WHEN archaeologists pried open the ultimate door and entered the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen they found what, after all, had never been more than a tomb, a buried thing. The triumph was real enough, but the thrill was perhaps not quite so great as that which comes with the news that a city, once poured full of sun and rain, has been reclaimed from centuries of darkness. Objects were left in an Egyptian burial-chamber to await some kind of eye at any rate. Troy and Mycenae and Cnossos and Pompeii passed unconsciously into oblivion, and now excavators among their ruins can have the sensation of assisting life to resume—of letting light in again upon angles of houses, intersections of streets, and tips of distant mountain-shadows, even though the actual eyes that used to see these things are long since pinches of dust.

Little enough was unearthed at Troy and Mycenae, but Cnossos in Crete continues to yield the most astonishing archaeological treasures. The digging there is not done yet, and one is advised to watch developments. King Minos's throne and the great Ali Baba oil-jars seem to be only a promise of what some time may reveal all the splendor of this city on an island which once served as a stepping-stone between Egypt and Greece. Even in Pompeii, which was beginning to be uncovered more than a century ago, there are acres of earth and ashes into which no shovel has been struck; pavements rutted by chariot wheels still lie in silence, innocent of the tourist's foot.

The Romans built cities in Northern Africa for very special reasons, and these cities died at various times their special deaths. The fact that they were never centers of civilization, or even capitals of provinces, makes them peculiarly interesting now. As Pompeii was merely a city of resort, a breathing-place for well-to-do families from Rome and Naples, so Timgad, for instance, was merely a city which Trajan ordered his legion at Lambessa to rear in the intervals of their expeditions against the Berbers. It was a magnificent gesture in marble, a monument for Africa to look at if she chose; back home it hardly counted, and the historians made almost no mention of it. But there its columns stand, meaning much or little as one prefers, and meaning nothing at all to the sand about their bases. For the empire is gone, and with it the necessity of making an impression.

Timgad, as it happens, was never buried. But other cities of the sort were, and only recently Italian excavators have been busy with Leptis Magna in Tripoli. Because Septimius Severus was grateful to Leptis Magna for having given him birth, he lent it a factitious importance, when he became emperor, by endowing it with a palace and decorating it with statues and baths. It decayed as Rome decayed, and before long it was all but submerged by the desert. Photographs of those portions still uncovered show merely the tooth-like tops of columns estimated to have been more than twenty feet high. Elsewhere images of Venus and Apollo have been found, and even a marble fish-pond—dry, of course. When the remains of Cnossos are fully exposed we shall perhaps have the key to an important civilization. Timgad and Leptis Magna teach us little except that men have always had a good time while they could. They are pathetic for that reason, but also for that reason they are important.

The Return to Jerusalem*

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Jerusalem, November 1

THE change from West to East is abrupt and complete. The edges of Atlantic winds reach Warsaw; at Trieste the sky touches the top of the steep little Via del Monte; the young Jewish pioneers who trundle their luggage down that street are bareheaded; their shirts are open at the throat; a wind furrows their dark hair; their eyes seek the half-naked hills that jut out into the Adriatic. Night may bring the rainy Hyades; ships in the harbor have passed the Acroceraunian walls.

A world begins here which is, in truth, neither West nor East. It is that old, old Mediterranean world which is one, which saw all the beginnings of history, which gave birth to all the arts, to all the wisdom by which man lives, which has changed little, careless of millenniums, deaf to tumult. The naked cliffs of Crete, more myth than island, are mauve and tan in the translucent air, rough and yet shapely as the Judaean hills. At Brindisi, above a sordid little harbor street with shops aping the North, rise a palm and a Roman column, clear, definite yet soft against the sky, solitary and slender as obelisk or minaret, careless of giving shade or shelter in this light-flooded world.

The ship belongs to all worlds. It is a hired go-between. There are merchants from Germany, thoroughly well informed, but not likely to bring home more than they brought with them. There are handsome, likable British youths going out to colonial jobs and appointments, jolly and essentially supercilious. There is a family from Sedalia, Missouri, on a Cook's tour. They cannot tell you precisely why they came so far. But some day there will be a paper read before a women's club in Sedalia about Bible lands. The excellent husband and father is delighted at the cheapness of whiskey and soda on board and tells how he made his little pile lending money to farmers. There is a morose pasha whose emaciated daughter wears her conventional Western clothes like a masker's costume. There is a suave and Europeanized pasha who flirts in equally good French and English. There is an elderly cloak and suit manufacturer who lives in the Bronx and has, a little shyly, slipped away from his assimilated family to get a glimpse of the land of Israel.

At noon the passengers, half-surreptitiously, glance toward the plunging steerage deck. A group of stern, bearded Jews appears. Their phylactery boxes project from their foreheads; they are draped in their great, grayish praying-shawls. They rock back and forth and chant the words their fathers chanted centuries before England had a name. They, at least, are not going east. They never left the Mediterranean world. The voyage is less to them than a pin's prick. To them dream and reality were never divided. They are going from Jerusalem to Jerusalem. They know where to find the tomb of Maimonides and the house of study by the boiling springs on the shores of Lake Kinnereth.

It is not so simple for everyone. The tourists and merchants bring eyes and minds and leave their souls at home. Their case is not complicated. But how is it with the pioneers, the Chaluzim whose songs are heard from the steerage at twilight? Now that they are on their way it may be that landscapes of the North haunt them—pools in autumnal forests covered with leaves of bronze, upland meadows, cities by stormier waters with their lights at dusk. The Chaluzim are going east and south in no light fashion. They are putting off a spiritual garment that chafed and ached. But it had been long worn and its very imperfections were familiar. A garment—a world. They have entered the Mediterranean sun, the illimitable sun. If their adventure is to be a triumph, their souls must melt into a new earth and a new heaven and the sight of the flat roofs and white towers of Alexandria must be to them the beginning of the end of a journey home.

The first plunge into Alexandria is wild and fantastic. The Arab burden-bearers swarm in swirls of disorder, raising a coldly passionate clamor. Fezes and turbans and tattered cloaks of red and blue and orange reel in a strange rout. An old Arab, all wrinkled skin and taut sinews, one-eyed, bent double, obsequious with ten thousand years of slavery, swings a mountain of luggage on his back and rushes forward cursing all who obstruct his path. The burden-bearers, the customs sheds, the train, the wayside glimpses—fields, villages, cities, even the Nile: these are to the thoughtful eye as yet not Egypt, not Mizraim, not the house of bondage. Here is part of the wide domain of the Moslems, of the Arabs whose story-tellers told the immortal tales of A Thousand and One Nights, of the folk who still sit in calm places in the cool of the evening telling tales and matching rhymes. Theirs is Alexandria, theirs Cairo with its tombs of the Caliphs, with the narrow, clamorous streets of the Mousky, where in the alley of the goldsmiths a hundred artificers mold the soft, intensely yellow metal on little ringing anvils. Here the Arab ladies throng to buy their golden chains and hangings. They are not swathed in black veils as the orthodox demand. They have reduced modesty to the symbol of a bit of transparent white fabric covering mouth and chin.

But an hour from here is the edge of the desert. Among the white dunes of the sand and the rubble of the ages rise the pyramids and on the road that leads to the desert and the tombs there begins the life of the road, that life of the road that has changed little since the vast tombs were built. Women on donkeys or in ox-carts, clad in dusty black robes, men in green and blue on camels.

This is Egypt, this and the tombs and the memorials that have been brought from the tombs: golden jewels of kings and priests and princesses, alabaster libation tablets and urns, models of ships and shops, the incomparable statues in stone and wood that were ancient of years when Jacob sought a Pharaoh's favor, the throne and bed and caskets and intricately carved vases of alabaster that served the uses of Tut-ankh-Amen. This is Egypt. The Egypt of a gorgeous little upper class, like that of our own owners of castles and sea-going yachts and private railroad cars. Once a Jew named Joseph climbed into this class. Centuries later a Jew named Moses slipped by a legendary

* Mr. Lewisohn will send letters from Palestine through the winter.

accident into the same class and was considered the son of the daughter of Pharaoh. . . .

I stood in the Museum at Cairo and contemplated the remains of an elaborate and splendid world. Here was a completely equipped civilization. It lacked science; it was not articulate in speech. But its instinct for the plastic was faultless, down to the design and execution of the humblest utensil of daily use. Into this civilization, as into many another since, the children of Israel were invited. They prospered and increased in numbers, as they have done many times since in many lands, and doubtless were good Egyptian subjects, loyal and patriotic. This state of affairs is said to have lasted for about four hundred years. By that time the prosperity and number of the Israelites excited the envy and the fear of the Egyptians and an anti-Israelitish agitation began. The fear was expressed that these strangers would become "too many and too mighty" for the natives of older stocks and, by the drastic action of a barbarous polity, the Israelites were reduced to the status of slaves. We may be sure that they had friends and defenders, that, having intermarried with Egyptians during the four centuries of their presence in the land, they had kinsmen among the members of the ruling race. But the fear of the predatory tribe was too great. For it may happen, the stout Egyptian patriots pleaded, "that when there falleth out any war, they also join themselves unto our enemies and fight against us." And so the classical cry against a minority was sounded for the first time in recorded history.

To these lives now "made bitter with hard service" Moses was probably not the only exception. No doubt there were Israelites of wealth and position who by giving bribes or by embracing the state religion saved themselves from the "anguish of spirit" and the "cruel bondage" of their brethren. They probably took good care to have their children marry into one hundred per cent Egyptian families and thus provided for the security of themselves and their posterity by merging themselves with the majority. Moses was, of course, in an exceptionably favorable position. He was a member of the court and thus wholly removed from the possibility of attack. But when "he was grown up he went out unto his brethren and looked on their burdens." He slew one of their Egyptian tormentors, despite the recorded meekness of his nature; he fled only to return as the leader and savior of his people, steadfast, majestic, greatly enduring, careless of happiness or content for himself, destined to die and lie in an unknown sepulcher after that one glance from Nebo across the glistening waters of the Dead Sea to the Judaean hills beyond.

Whatever this story be—history or fable—is it not the eternal symbol of a recurring fate? The argument that the Egyptians used against the Israelites, do not the Poles and Hungarians and Rumanians use it today? Did we not use it against every racial or spiritual minority in the days of the Great War? The story is the symbol of the fate of Israel; the fate of Israel is the symbol of an ultimate sin and an ultimate necessary redemption. The delusion that war is necessary nourishes the delusion that minorities must be absorbed or crushed. It was so in Egypt; it is so today. Thence springs a meaning deeper than he dreamed from the words of that Chassidic rabbi who exclaimed: "Lord of the world, redeem Israel! But if thou wilt not, redeem the Gentiles!" The redemption of Israel and the redemption of mankind are one.

The way goes eastward still. At Kantara a little ferry crosses the Suez Canal from Africa to Asia. The train winds into the wilderness of Sinai. Blinding white sand in hills and mounds, in graceful curves and slopes. On the sand is the exquisitely patterned tracery of the winds. The direct light pours down. A shadowless ocean of light. Here and there tufts of wilted grass or herb, enough to feed a few camels, a few hardy black goats. At long intervals a spring or a group of springs. Are they the springs of Elim? For here, too, are threescore and ten palm-trees. They are date-palms and the yellowish clustered fruits hang below the spreading leaves. The sea is not far here. Perhaps it is Marah, where the waters were bitter and trees were cast into the water to make it sweet. The Arabs still cast trees into the bitter waters here, as Moses bade his people do. Then the salt crystallizes about the boughs and the bitterness of the waters grows less.

Elim and Marah are left behind and Horeb, the holy mountain, and soon the desert on which the manna fell—"small as the hoar-frost on the ground"—is passed. Hills come and the rumor of ancient cities: Gaza, where was the border of the Canaanite and later the Philistine stronghold and shrine of Dagon; where Samson turned the mill as the asses and camels do to this day and then brought the god's temple down upon himself and the adversaries of his people. Here are the vale of Sorek and the cave in which Delilah beguiled Samson; here the valley in which Israelite and Philistine confronted each other and young David, shepherd and poet, shot the stone from his sling.

The hills of Judaea. . . . Once groves of the olive, the fig, the pomegranate stretched to their summits. Today the slopes and summits are barren and the great light beats upon them. The ancient terraces are still to be seen. But they are ruined and their stones clutter the sides of the hills. Cave after cave. Arabs live in a few. A woman in a dusty blue cloak comes out of one and lifts the water jar upon her head. Yellow sheep and black goats clamber near a few sun-baked Arab huts. No tree or bush or shade. Only the grim, contorted cactus here and there.

The forty years' journey is made in a day. The children of Israel continued their march northeast toward Hebron and the Dead Sea and the towers of Jericho. The train hugs the coast, goes a little northward to Ludd, then east toward Jerusalem.

It was long before Israel reached this city. And even when Joshua, the son of Nun, came there with his men he could not conquer the stronghold of the Jebusites. Not until David came did Israel possess the holy hill-top on which Abraham went to sacrifice his only son to God. Israel did not possess the hill-top long and does not possess it today. But cities do not matter, nor walls nor temples nor the tops of holy hills. Before the desert was crossed, before Hebron was taken or the walls of Jericho had toppled, Israel had become Israel. In the desert, in the barren places, a people had said to itself: "Thou shalt not take vengeance, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people; but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not do him wrong. The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be unto you as the homeborn among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were sojourners in the land of Egypt." From its first exile Israel had learned the lesson that mankind still waits to learn. . . .

Jerusalem. . . .

A $10,000,000 Verdict

By FRANK P. SIBLEY

THE latest chapter in the history of the great American habit of doing business on credit has been written in Boston. The chapter is not yet completed, though it has been more than a year in the writing. But when it shall have been completed, an effect almost as tremendous may be produced as that which followed the celebrated panic of 1907 when "somebody asked for a dollar."

The result of that panic, and its accompanying discovery that if everybody's loans were to be called at one time there would not be enough currency to go round, was the establishment of the Federal Reserve Bank. That new device did not exactly curtail credit; it sublimated it.

Men continued to borrow money on which to do business. Sometimes they could not pay their obligations when they became due. Here and there cases developed where the borrowers could not get their notes renewed or extended. Such a business was called "sick." In many instances, the lending individual or banks simply took over the borrower's business, "cured" it, and sold it or carried it along. Very few indeed have been the instances in which a business, cured of its sickness, remained in the hands of its original owner.

This "taking over the business" by banks has been common enough. Until recently, there seemed to be nothing to prevent it. However, a few years ago a law was passed by Congress which was aimed at the labor organizations; it forbade combinations to prevent employers from hiring whom they wished to hire, regardless of union affiliations or lack of them. Still later, the Supreme Court ruled that this law would apply to capital also. In other words, as the plaintiffs in the case which has just been tried in Boston claim, it is still possible for any financier to demand exorbitant terms for the use of his money. But if several financiers combine, having found a business in need of financing, to compel the owner of that business in return for money loaned to turn over his business to the lenders at a ridiculous price, an action will lie.

Something like this process of "curing a sick business" was gone through in Boston in 1918 and 1919, with the same old result. When it was all over, the former owner complained bitterly that he had been robbed of a perfectly sound and profitable business. He took his complaint first to Charles E. Hughes, who was an eminent lawyer before he was Secretary of State.

At the time Mr. Hughes was just starting for Europe and could not undertake the case. He advised that Sherman L. Whipple of Boston be retained. This was done. Suit was entered, and after the long and formal processes of law, came to trial in Dedham, Norfolk County, Massachusetts, on November 6, 1923. Interrupted once by the illness of the presiding judge, Christopher T. Callahan of Holyoke, the case has dragged through a weary year. For most of the time, court has sat four days a week; the case was finally given to the jury at noon on Monday, December 15, on the 184th day of court sessions. The jurors were kept together from that time until a verdict was reported. This came at the opening of court on December 18—the 187th day—when the jurors sent word that they had agreed upon a verdict. When it was opened, it was found that they had given the plaintiff practically all he asked for; the damages, based on the value of the two companies as taken away on March 24, 1919, with interest to date, minus the $500,000 the defendants paid on July 31, 1918, and the $125,000 paid on March 24, 1919, were set at $10,534,109.07.

It is interesting to note that during the trial one of the jurors was stricken by mental trouble, and that the case went on with eleven jurors—an unusual though not unique procedure.

The plaintiff was George F. Willett, who sued for $15,000,000 damages for the loss of the American Felt Company and the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company by an alleged conspiracy. The defendants were headed by Robert F. Herrick, a well-known Boston attorney, the real founder and former president of the Harvard Club, who has been closely associated with banking interests in Boston. Other defendants were Daniel G. Wing, president of the First National Bank; Sewall H. Fessenden of the note-brokers' firm of F. S. Moseley & Company, and that firm; Robert Winsor of the great banking house of Kidder, Peabody & Company, and that firm, and the Chase National Bank of New York.

Willett was formerly a member of the firm of Willett, Sears & Company, and sued as the surviving partner of that firm, the partnership having been dissolved in 1920 with an agreement that Willett should assume all the liabilities and assets. Willett is an unusual man. One of his friends says "he is not interested in a company that is going along smoothly. He can see nothing but the development of industrial units; he is not interested in profits. Once he has acquired a company and fitted it into place in an industrial combination, he is interested only in the next step." His opponents described him as a danger to the financial world.

Willett was first in a bank, then in the wool business, next in the leather business, and finally in the felt manufacturing business. He acquired the American Felt Company, which at that time owned the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company, in 1911. When a certain dividend of the American Felt Company was paid to Willett, Sears & Company by a check, this check was turned back to the company in exchange for its shares in the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company. Then the expansion began.

By 1918 Willett, Sears & Company owned these two companies, and controlling interests in the stocks of some sixteen other companies. They included the Roxbury Carpet Company and its subsidiary, the Boston Belting Corporation; the Boston Piano Supply Company, the Luxemoor Company, Doremus & Company, and the Importers' Company. The last two were organized as selling and purchasing agencies for the Willett-Sears combination. Besides these, there were companies comprising what Willett called the "machinery unit"; these were the Woonsocket Machine & Press Company, the United Printing Machinery Company, the Framingham foundries, and the Ames Plow Company. Housing associations in Norwood, Franklin, and Framingham; a Norwood Construction Company and a Norwood Plumbing and Heating Company were real-estate propositions intended primarily to serve the interests of the em-

ployees in these towns, where the Willett-Sears plants were located. Finally—to the great confusion of inter-company accounts in the end—there was the Industrial Service and Equipment Company, intended to do the accounting, the laboratory and efficiency work, for all the Willett-Sears companies.

The story of what happened in 1918, so far as both sides agree to the facts, started in May. Willett's companies had millions of dollars' worth of notes outstanding and they had come suddenly up against the war conditions. There was a great rush of business, and simultaneously an immense increase in the cost of material and labor. Financing was needed to carry the two principal companies over the turn of the year.

The defendants say that this first became apparent when Willett himself made a tour of his banks of deposit in Boston, in June of 1918. The plaintiffs say that it was started by a delayed annual statement of the American Felt Company, which was sent out by the accountants on May 22, as of December 31, 1917. They say that the statement was unfavorable enough to cause the vice-president of the First National Bank to tell Mr. Sears, the financial member of the firm of Willett, Sears & Company, that the bank could not "check" their paper on that statement. Mr. Sears protested that the first three months of 1918 made a far better showing, and that if the figures were brought down to date they would show a condition that would enable the bank to check the paper. Unfortunately, however, the note brokers usually employed by Willett, Sears & Company (F. S. Moseley & Company) were already having difficulty to sell their notes. Then, the plaintiffs say, they requested Mr. Fessenden of that firm to set about arranging a special loan, and that he first advised Mr. Willett to "see the banks."

The defendants say that Mr. Willett first went to the Old Colony Trust Company, notified its president, Philip Stockton, that he wanted to use his full line of credit and that he wished also an extension of that credit by $100,000. From that bank he went to the National Shawmut, and told its president, Alfred L. Aiken, the same thing, adding that Mr. Stockton had agreed to his request. Mr. Aiken testified that he demurred to an extension except under conditions. Later in the same day Mr. Aiken was in communication with Mr. Stockton, who said there had been a misunderstanding; he had not promised Willett any new loan of $100,000. Almost at the same time Mr. Aiken heard from C. H. Dwinnell, vice-president of the First National Bank, that Mr. Willett had been there also. It seemed to the bank presidents that it was high time to call a meeting of the banks who had dealings with Willett, Sears & Company and to consider the status of that firm. The meeting was held on June 15; the bankers decided to get some more information, and called another meeting on June 18, at which Mr. Fessenden was asked to be present and to tell how much commercial paper Willett, Sears & Company and their companies had out. Mr. Wellington of the accountants' firm was also asked to be present to tell of the condition of the companies. In the version of the plaintiffs, these meetings were called by Mr. Fessenden for the purpose of arranging a special loan with a syndicate of banks.

A third meeting was called for June 24, and at this there were present representatives of the Old Colony Trust Company, the First National Bank, the National Shawmut, the Merchants' National, and the Webster and Atlas National. Mr. Sears was called in, and an effort was made to determine how much would be needed to finance the two felt companies across the turn of the year. The bankers knew all about the subsidiary companies in the Willett-Sears combination. They had not a very high opinion of them; they regarded the American Felt Company and the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company, they testified, as "worth saving," but from the beginning of the negotiations refused to lend any money to carry on the other companies.

It was determined that $3,000,000—or in the careful bankers' phrase, "not more than $3,000,000"—would suffice. Willett and Sears protested that they did not need any such amount, but they testified that Mr. Fessenden told them they would better take what was offered and not be obliged to come around a second time for more help. There was another meeting on June 27. By this time the bargain was taking shape; the bankers offered a loan for six months, and demanded 6 per cent interest on the amount of money that might be drawn under the special loan. Six per cent on the whole $3,000,000 was to be paid "for the commitment"—that is to say, as a commission or bonus. This, as Mr. Whipple pointed out, amounted to an interest charge of 18 per cent. Furthermore, the bankers demanded that the entire control of the American Felt Company and the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company should be turned to a committee of their appointing, to serve for the life of the loan.

Mr. Fessenden drew a memorandum of this agreement. Daniel G. Wing, president of the First National Bank, suggested to his vice-president, Mr. Dwinnell, that the First National's interest in the Willett-Sears affair be turned over to C. F. Weed, another vice-president, and Mr. Weed began to get up a draft of a formal agreement for the loan. He suggested, however, that the bank ought to retain counsel, and suggested that his brother, Arthur H. Weed, was in Robert F. Herrick's office, and might get Mr. Herrick to take the case. Mr. Herrick was general counsel for the bank and an intimate associate of Mr. Wing. Mr. Herrick agreed to come in on condition that Arthur H. Weed do the actual work, and that he advise from time to time. He was engaged also by the Old Colony Trust Company as counsel. Willett and Sears say they knew nothing of this, and that they were merely hearing from time to time through their financial agent, Mr. Fessenden, of the progress of the loan. Meanwhile, the time was going on, and the loan was not being made. Time was an important element to Willett and Sears; they had a note for $200,000 coming due in the Chase National Bank on July 15.

After the bankers' meeting on June 27, this Chase Bank note assumed more importance. It was one of two notes, each for $200,000, and they were notes of Willett and Sears, not of the felt companies; the second note fell due on October 15. And they were secured by 12,000 shares of American Felt common. Still another note, for $100,000, secured by 2,000 shares, lay in the Girard National Bank of Philadelphia. Unless Willett and Sears could somehow secure this stock which was up as collateral they could not comply with the condition imposed by the Boston bankers, that they should turn over the stock control of the American Felt Company during the life of the special loan.

Another meeting of the bankers was held on July 5, and this matter was discussed. At the end of the meeting a telegram was sent to E. V. R. Thayer, president of the Chase Bank, asking him to extend the notes and to deposit

the stock with the Boston men. Mr. Fessenden sent the telegram. On July 8 Mr. Thayer came to Boston to a meeting of the bankers. They made the same request of him, and he refused to part with his collateral. He told them they could trust him just as well as he could trust them. But, he said, he wanted to help in the situation, and offered to have his bank participate in the loan, and to take as large a share as anybody. He asked Mr. Fessenden to write him a memorandum of what had occurred and departed. Mr. Fessenden did write that same day, stating the terms of the loan. Willett, Sears & Company were to convert $500,000 of non-liquid assets in the American Felt treasury into liquid assets; a "group of banks" was to lend the American Felt Company and the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company not in excess of $3,000,000 until February 15, 1919, and this loan was to be a preferred debt. Not a word was said in the letter about the stock held by the Chase Bank.

Mr. Thayer answered on the following day, agreeing to the terms and saying his bank would take $440,000 of the loan. The plaintiffs claimed that these two letters constituted an agreement to make the loan, with the stock remaining in Thayer's hands. The defendants say that the meeting of July 8 resulted in a deadlock, and Willett and Sears were still obliged to raise $500,000 and to redeem the stock and bring it to Boston. In any event, Willett and Sears knew nothing of the facts, and went to everybody they knew, trying to raise the $500,000. They were unsuccessful until Mr. Fessenden suggested that they go to Robert Winsor of Kidder, Peabody & Company.

The bankers had already insisted that Moseley & Company ought to take part of the loan, as being the house that had put out so much of the American Felt commercial paper. Mr. Fessenden had agreed to take $440,000, and had persuaded Mr. Winsor to put Kidder, Peabody & Company in for a similar amount, as the banking house had sold the preferred stock issue of the felt company. Willett and Sears called on Mr. Winsor, and Willett put the matter before him. "If you will raise this money for us," said Mr. Willett, "you can have anything you want." Mr. Winsor agreed to form a syndicate and raise the money; his commission for doing so was to be 5,000 shares of the stock, with the proviso that Willett and Sears might buy it back for $500,000. This loan was to be for two years at 6 per cent interest.

The interview with Winsor was on July 18, three days after the first note in the Chase Bank had become due and had gone to protest. On July 24 Mr. Winsor told Willett and Sears that the terms of the loan would have to be changed. The transaction must be a purchase instead of a loan; he would buy their stock—16,500 shares of American Felt and 500 shares of Daniel Green—for $500,000, and give them an option to repurchase it at any time within two years. But also, he had taken in another man in the syndicate, and another share must be added to the repayment price. So the repurchase would cost them $1,227,000; it was made up of the original $500,000, a bonus of $500,000, the added share of $167,000, and $60,000 interest. With a note already gone to protest and a $3,000,000 loan hanging on the issue, Willett and Sears agreed to this bargain.

Papers were passed on July 31. The $500,000 syndicate consisted of Kidder, Peabody & Company, F. S. Moseley & Company, the Chase Bank and the Girard Bank, and Robert F. Herrick. The $3,000,000 loan was made, and the companies began to draw money against it. The full amount was never used; the Daniel Green paid up its share as due, and the American Felt Company reduced its debt enough within the six months so that renewal of the remainder was easy. The bankers appointed Messrs. Fessenden, Herrick, and Winsor managers of the subsidiary companies, and they set about liquidating them. Willett and Sears resigned all the offices they held in all their companies and began working on "plans of reorganization."

Willett had bought, or contracted to buy, the stock of the Plymouth Rubber Company. In his situation in the fall of 1918 he was unable to carry out this contract, and suit was brought in November by Mr. Sydemann, the owner of that company, to compel the fulfilment of the contract. Sydemann put attachments on all Willett's property. By this time bankruptcy for Willett, Sears & Company was more than a possibility.

In December Mr. Herrick bought up from several banks in Boston notes of some of Willett's companies, indorsed by Willett and Sears or by Willett. After the first of the year he caused suit to be brought on these notes, not against the makers but against the indorsers. He also put attachments on all the property of the firm and the individuals. There now seemed to be no way out for Willett and Sears except through the door of bankruptcy. They appointed assignees to settle with their creditors, and this was done in March, the $500,000 syndicate paying $125,000 more for all the remaining stock Willett and Sears had in the American Felt Company and the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company, and the option to repurchase. The plaintiffs pointed out during the trial that this $125,000 was precisely the sum that was taken out of the treasuries of the subsidiary companies that were being liquidated, for "expenses."

Willett and Sears settled with their creditors, and the companies belonged to the syndicate. The transaction was complete. It was by no means unique, and the defendants have said frankly that their purpose from the beginning was to eliminate Willett, who was considered a dangerous man because of his reckless schemes of expansion.

The verdict produced intense excitement in Boston, where the defendants are some of the best-known men of the city. The newspapers got out extras and they sold literally by the thousands in the streets. The jury had believed that there was some thread of connection through the jumble of apparently isolated events, and that the things which happened did not happen of themselves. The effect of the verdict, if it be sustained by the Supreme Court a year or two hence, is almost incalculable.

If financiers are not to be allowed to protect their loans by ample margins of profit to protect their risks; if they are not to be allowed to foreclose on collateral; if they are not to be allowed to decide whether to loan or not, credit is going to be much more difficult to secure in this country. On the other hand, if business men are not entitled to credit upon a showing of their financial condition, business will have to be done at a much slower rate. One question that seems to be involved is whether national banks can refuse credit on their own judgment; another is whether any man with the ability to trade and to make book accounts appear more favorable than they might be is at liberty to go on buying one company after another, and indefinitely to spread out until a check in his income must bring down the whole structure of credit-supported business.

Quaker Revolutionaries

The Woman's Battalion*

By MOLLIE BEST

Even in war, moral power is to physical as three parts out of four.—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE modern woman's movement has yet to make proper acknowledgment of its debt to George Fox, the moving spirit of the Quaker insurgency. His whole religious creed was based on the belief in the divine light in every soul, without regard to incidental and insignificant distinctions of race, color, or sex. His mental processes were simple and direct; if the Holy Spirit dispensed the gifts of the spirit impartially, he was not the man to question the wisdom of his Creator. He tells us he met with a people who claimed that women had no souls, adding in a light manner: "No more than a goose. But I reproved them and told them that was not right; for Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord." His sex heresy extended to his wife's property, over which he refused to exercise any control. His bold stand for the right of women to a voice in spiritual matters almost resulted in a Quaker schism.

Under his discipline women forged to the front and distinguished themselves as audacious fighters. The clergy were shocked when untrained men intruded on their preserves; when the women took the field they were frantic, and neither youth nor extreme age escaped rough usage. "A religious maiden," Mary Fisher, was concerned, says the cautious Sewel, "to go with a message from the Lord, *as she believed,* to Sultan Mohammed IV, then encamped with his army at Adrianople." Mary was a veteran of the war in New England, where her attempt to preach Christianity met with much resistance and little success. "Stripped naked and so barbarously used that modesty forbids to mention it," she was clapped into prison the moment her foot touched the soil of the land of the free, and was held incomunicado till she could be shipped back to England. It was Quaker strategy to attack the powers of darkness in their strongest positions, and as New England proved impregnable for the moment Mary directed her next attack on the Near East.

Mary got as far as Smyrna, where she was stopped by a vigilant English consul who disapproved of religious maidens interfering with the Turkish problem. The consul placed the docile Quaker lady aboard a ship headed for England, but he had failed to take her measure. Mary disembarked at the first stopping place and executed a flank movement. It was six hundred miles to Adrianople over the wild lands of Greece and Macedonia, but as her advance by sea was blocked Mary determined to attack by land. Alone and afoot, without knowledge of the language, she marched those six hundred miles. Not a word in the Quaker record of the adventures of that journey; it was sufficient to say that to the glory of God she reached the Emperor's headquarters safe and sound.

Though in the field with an army of fifty thousand men, Mohammed IV was not roughing it; surrounded by his great nobles he was camping in Oriental splendor. Mary would have had the company of citizens of Adrianople to the royal camp, but they were timid, therefore "she went to the camp alone, and procured information to be made to the Grand Vizier's tent that there was an Englishwoman who had something to declare from the Great God to the Sultan, who sent her word that she should speak with him next morning." This quick conquest of the Vizier is another unsolved mystery, for he was famous for his opposition to petticoat influence in his master's affairs, petticoats perhaps of another color.

Received with the ceremony accorded an ambassador of state, the next morning the Quaker girl stood in the presence of the Emperor, his nobles, and councilors. The Turks were less suspicious of an ambassador from God than the Puritans. Questioned by the Sultan whether it was true, as he heard, that she had a message from the Lord, "she answered, Yea. Then he bade her speak on, and when she stood silent a little, waiting on the Lord when to speak, he, supposing she might be fearful to utter her mind before them all, asked her whether she desired that any of them might go forth. She answered, Nay." This biblical frugality of speech was deceptive; it was the mental poise of the Quaker before the verbal leap.

"Then the Sultan bade her speak the word of the Lord, and not to fear, for they had good hearts and could bear it, for they were willing to hear it, be it what it would." Then Mary spoke, while the assembled statesmen and nobles of the empire "all gave diligent attention with much gravity and seriousness till she had done, then the Sultan asked her, Whether she had anything more to say. She asked whether he had understood what she said. He replied, Yes, every word: Adding that it was the truth, and *desired her to stay in that country,* saying that they could not but respect such a one as had taken so much pains to come to them so far as from England with a message from the Lord.

"Then they asked her what she thought of their prophet Mohammed? She answered warily, that she knew him not, but Christ who enlightened every man who came into the world, him she knew. Concerning Mohammed, they might judge him to be true or false according to the words and prophecies he spoke. The Turks confessed this to be true, and Mary, having performed her message, departed for Constantinople without a guard, whither she came without the least hurt or scoff. The Turks in this behalf receiving her message with far more respect and civility than she had often met with from those who covered themselves with a profession of Christianity. And so she returned to England."

In the countries through which the Reformation had spread the Pope rivaled the Turk for first place among national hatreds. The hatred of the papacy combined the venom of religious and political animosity, for the head of the Roman church was also a dreaded temporal sovereign. Two other Quaker adventuresses, in the hardihood of their faith in an invincible God and an endless life, set out for Alexandria to convert the Egyptians, but the vacillation of a Dutch captain resulted in their being set down in Malta,

* This is the second of three articles on Quaker Revolutionaries. The first appeared in *The Nation* of December 24.

a citadel of the Roman church. Premonition or prevision seems to have been common among Quakers, and as they neared land Catherine Evans was seized with anguish of mind. "Oh we have a dreadful cup to drink in that place. Standing on the deck of the ship, and looking upon the people who stood upon the walls, she said, Shall ye destroy us? If we give up to the Lord he is sufficient to deliver us out of your hands; but if we disobey God, all these could not deliver us out of His hand. So all fear of man was taken from them."

The timid English consul at Malta warned the women that the Inquisition was in eruption, which convinced them that the hand of Providence had diverted them from Egypt that the light might shine in the greater darkness of Malta. Against the trembling entreaties of the consul they boldly sallied forth, and their exhortations to repentance and Christian charity created no little furor.

Accustomed to hunt down heretics the Holy Office was nonplussed by two women who deliberately thrust their heads into the noose. They were finally arrested on a charge of sedition, and while their fate was tragic their trial was amusing. The Inquisition moved with caution; it may be that the pious and immortal memory of the Great Protector was still potent; there may have been a moderate party; or the steady supply of Jews and Turks may have been sufficient to feed the fires and demonstrate the awful power of the church. Whatever the restraining influence, Catherine Evans and Sarah Cheevers were not led to the stake, put to the rack, or impaled on spikes, as was the custom. The pious monks, however, whiled away monotonous hours by assuring them that the fate of heretics would eventually be theirs. If they refused to become Catholics the Pope would destroy their bodies and souls. Their bodies, they replied, were at the service of the Lord to live or die, and their souls safe beyond the power of any potentate. A thousand devils would carry their souls to hell. They were not afraid of all the devils in hell, nor of the Inquisition, though it were backed by all the countries round. "You are possessed!" cried the monks in despair. "We are," they admitted, "by the power of an endless life."

To the Holy Office the Quakers proved a white elephant; they would gladly have been rid of them on any terms that would save face. Kissing the cross, receiving the holy sacrament as the actual body of Christ, any act symbolizing submission to the papal power would set them free. But their whole purpose was resistance to compulsion; submission meant defeat, they would never surrender.

Believing in his innocence that they were obstinate through fear, a well-meaning monk suggested that they might become Catholics secretly, while outwardly professing their avowed religion. If they had required proof that they were captives of the anti-Christ, this ill-advised brother supplied it.

They escaped the worst tortures of the Inquisition, but their lives were bitter enough. By close confinement in an unbearably hot climate, "We were fain to rise out of bed and lie down at a chink of the door for air to fetch breath; with the fever within and the heat without, our skin was like sheep's leather, and the hair did fall off our heads. We desired to die, but death fled from us." Still feminine though a warrior, Sarah did her hair "as she would lie in the grave," but far from being tamed by suffering they wrote the Inquisitorial Court: "If it was our blood they did thirst after, they might take it any other way as well as smother us in that hot room." For this insubordination their writing materials were confiscated, their Bibles having already been removed as the source of their propaganda.

Since threats failed to weaken their defiance it was decided they corrupted each other, and they were condemned to the most dreaded of punishments, solitary confinement; still the taming process made no progress. They must have broken into the monotony of monkish life. Constant prophecies of the monks as to her ultimate and eternal destination wore on Catherine's fagged nerves, and to one of her pious tormentors she commanded, "Depart from me, thou worker of iniquity." This astonishing irreverence toward his habit appalled the good man, and he dropped in on Sarah's solitude to acquaint her with the outrageous behavior of her fellow-heretic, who had called him a worker of iniquity. "Did she?" inquired Sarah, "and art thou without sin?" He believed he was. "Then," said Sarah judicially, "she hath wronged thee."

From the darkness and ignorance of human nature we turn to its brighter side. Many skippers who touched at the port, not Quakers but men of moral backbone, braved the Inquisition to beg liberty for the unhappy women. Workmen on the Inquisition buildings at great personal risk showed them much kindness. But a "poor young Englishman" bears away the palm for courage. Captured by the Turks and recaptured by Christian soldiers, who confronted him with the alternative "Our religion or your life," he expediently became a Catholic, as all religions must by that time have looked alike to him. At the risk of his life, on the forlorn hope of rendering assistance to the unfortunate women, he scaled the dungeon walls. He succeeded in talking with them before he was safely put behind the bars. With their habitual gloom the monks regaled the prisoners with dismal speculations as to his fate, but they were poor prophets, for he was released.

Daniel Baker, a Quaker who had also been intercepted by the English consul on Turkish territory, walked boldly into the lion's den and without mincing matters announced in good Italian: "I am come to demand the just liberty of my innocent Friends." Worn out apparently, the Inquisitors expressed a willingness to compromise on a money basis, but Daniel and the women were adamant; no tribute to the Babylonish woman.

Strongly opposed to Catholic teaching the Quakers had always been equally strong against the persecution of Catholics, and George Fox, who never rested while any of his followers suffered, appealed to the Catholic Lord d'Aubigny, an English nobleman with sufficient power at Rome, to cut the red tape of the Inquisition.

So the long imprisonment came at last to an end, and the journey home was in the manner of a triumphal march. "At length came one of the King of England's frigates called the Sapphire, commanded by Captain Titswel, who took them in, together with some Knights of Malta, among whom was the Inquisitor's own brother, who often spoke to the captain that they might not want for anything, and he told them that if they came to Malta again they should not be persecuted so. And to the captain he said: "If they go to heaven one way and we another, yet we shall all meet together at last." This was rank heresy and sedition in the very household of faith. Not without reason were these women deemed dangerous by the Inquisition. Into the established order of Malta they had driven the thin edge of the wedge of a new order.

In the Driftway

SOMEONE remarked that the pumpkin pie which graced the club menu that day was the best "since grandmother used to make them." Another member voiced the unorthodox view that he abhorred all those concoctions generally catalogued as "home cooking." From the beginning thus made there soon evolved a discussion as to whether the average woman cooks to please the male members of her household or to suit herself. One man offered as evidence that since early childhood he had been bedeviled by his mother to eat things he did not like. " 'Eat a little bit of it and you'll like it,' is what she always tells me," he said. "And although for thirty-five years I've known perfectly well that I don't like spinach, kale, parsnips, and a few other things, I'm being constantly urged to 'try them' on the theory that I may grow to like them. And they are constantly set before me in spite of the fact that everyone knows only extreme starvation would tempt me to eat them."

* * * * *

SUCH was one argument in support of the theory that woman cooks to please herself. Another was voiced by a quiet home-loving individual who apparently spoke with conviction. "When I was young," he said, "I always said my mother made the best coffee in the world. Then, on orders from the doctor, she quit drinking coffee herself. She still made it for me but it wasn't long before I quit too —but not because of any orders from the doctor."

* * * * *

BUT the housewives were not without defenders. "Look at the way hundreds of women constantly scheme to cook things their husbands and sons like," a meek-looking member piped up. "They go to all kinds of trouble to find out what the men like and to remember it." One of the club bolsheviks made short work of him. "No woman ever knows what her husband likes to eat," he said with finality. "I've been married for fifteen years, and my wife has been cooking for me 99 per cent of that time and she hasn't the slightest idea of what I like or dislike today. For instance, I like onions. But once, several years ago, I passed them up when they were on the menu for dinner. I did it because I was going to a theater that night and I've always felt onions should more properly be eaten and digested in privacy. But I had eaten them probably a thousand times during my married life previous to this time when I didn't eat them. And ever since my wife insists on telling everyone that I loathe onions and that I can't even eat anything that has been seasoned with them. I have a great fondness for porterhouse steak. But about six months ago I came home one night with a very poor appetite, due to nothing more startling than an unusually heavy lunch. We had porterhouse steak for dinner that night. I ate very sparingly because I wasn't hungry. About two months later, when I remarked that we hadn't had porterhouse steak recently, I was much surprised to be told 'I thought you didn't like it.' When I protested I did like it and pointed out that I must have eaten it several thousand times the response I got was that 'you didn't eat it last time we had it.' On the other hand, I'm not very fond of pork chops. But one night recently I came home hungry after playing golf all afternoon. There were pork chops for dinner and I ate six of them. I would have preferred something else, but the pork chops were there and I was hungry, so I ate them. We had pork chops four times a week thereafter until I protested, and there was great surprise when I did so.

* * * * *

SOME of the audience nodded assent and some didn't. Probably the symposium would be going on yet had not a new arrival broken in with: "I got WGN last night on a one-tube set with WCAP going at the same time."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Morel and MacDonald

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just noticed in your obituary tribute to Morel the statement that "when the MacDonald Government came in he was appointed liaison officer between the British Foreign Office and the League of Nations."

Unhappily that is quite untrue. Morel was passed over entirely by MacDonald—and passed over without a word of explanation or regret. The last months of his life were for him—as for many others—months of bitter disillusion. He had hoped to find the principles of the Union of Democratic Control translated into practice by a U. D. C. Foreign Secretary. He found them thrown aside in favor of the "principle of continuity." MacDonald's attitudes on Dawes, on Mexico, on Egypt were successive blows to him. So was the fact that only a revolt of the back benches, in which he played a very important role, secured the signing of the Russian treaty. Of the "affaire Zinoviev" I cannot speak, for I did not see Morel after the election. But I can imagine how he would have felt the new humiliation of MacDonald's hyper-Curzonian note.

Morel would have hated that he should be thought in any way responsible for MacDonald's foreign policy or that he held any official appointment in or under a government of which he was an untiring critic whenever it ran counter to the principles for which he had always, and the Prime Minister had sometimes, stood.

London, December 4 W. N. EWER

[Our statement was based on British press reports.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The Average Citizen's Thinking

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Krutch, reviewing in your Holiday Book Number, deprecates any tendency "to simplify the thinking of pacifists as the thinking of the average citizen was simplified by the convenient assumption that the Kaiser was, in his own person, the only remaining obstacle to universal brotherhood."

When did the average citizen make that assumption? As I observed him during the war he had plenty of curses left for Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Tirpitz, the Sultan, and he showed no sign of having lost any of his habitual distrust of the Czar and the Pope. He was quite as likely to accuse the Kaiser of letting himself be made the tool of a camarilla as to accuse him of initiating the crimes. He certainly believed that the existence of such a station as that of emperor, whether in Germany or in Austria or in Russia or in Turkey, was a leading obstacle to universal brotherhood; does Mr. Krutch, or his pacifist, think otherwise?

To show up one's opponents' absurdity by misrepresenting their ideas so as to make them absurd is to vitiate one's own thinking.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, December 10

Books and Plays

Poems

Quag-Hole

By WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

He waited and, as he waited, grew less eager.
He had come first, believing he was anxious.
The quag lay buried in the darkness at his feet.
The village lights shone far between and meager.

He must not whistle here. His nerves grew tauter.
A wind, that rose among the woods behind him,
Died through the fields. Then silence—broken only
By turtles puddling the invisible bog water.

Then, through a stillness, listening, he heard
Her running on the path, night-terrified
Or eager. And he watched her body slacken
And look for him. She stopped. He never stirred.

But saw how credulously, hour by hour, she stood.
And when, at last, the longing woman went,
He set his face to make the nearest light,
And marched to beat the silence through the wood.

Carib Canoe Under Sail

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Beyond the peacock furrow plowed by the sun,
Where the foam-ridges break and feather to green,
Let the canoe be sharp on aquamarine
With twin sails of split silver. Let her run
Shrewdly along the sea as she has done
So many centuries, supple and lean,
And let those rakish moons of hers careen
And quiver, proud that she is the only one
To wear the wind.
At night from the shore mist
Her moth-wings flutter as they might forsake
The jungle dusk to haunt the harbor-mouth.
Out of its sleep the sea rouses to twist
Lianas of great stars along her wake.
Creature of sea and jungle, she is the south.

Ballad

By CHARLES NORMAN

When Christ came down from Galilee
  He was most plainly clad,
And villages turned out to see
  The look he had.

Christ was a good man, preaching love,
  And brotherhood, and pity;
And so on the hill that stood above
  The towered city,

They nailed him on a cross with two
  Who sinned in other fashion.
And splendidly he died, as do
  Most men of passion.

First Glance

A GOOD deal has happened in the rather small world where poetry is discussed since Matthew Arnold, endeavoring to say once and for all what poetry was, quoted a passage from Pindar and remarked: "Such poetry kills Dryden's the moment it is put near it." We cannot be so sure any more that poetry is a single definable thing, and certainly we have learned that one good kind never kills another. Remembering Arnold's condescension to Dryden, whom he granted a place only among writers of prose and apostles of reason, I derive rich satisfaction from the title of T. S. Eliot's new venture into criticism, "Homage to John Dryden" (London; The Hogarth Press: 3/6). Not only is Mr. Eliot one of the most considerable of contemporary poets; he comes very near to being the clearest and subtlest of contemporary critics. In an earlier volume, "The Sacred Wood," he was somewhat tantalizing through a failure to draw his excellent doctrines into line one with another and so shape a creed, and here also he is content to analyze rather than to legislate. To note this is to acknowledge his intelligence—which never flags; yet one cannot help suspecting that a greater degree of explicitness would have produced a profounder effect. However that may be, Mr. Eliot has perfectly defined Dryden, and in doing so he has justified him.

Mr. Eliot's preferences largely proceed from the dissatisfaction which he feels with the poetry of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. "To enjoy Dryden," he says, "is to pass . . . into a new freedom." For Dryden—and this would have seemed a paradox to Arnold—is one of the most purely poetical of all writers, possessing as he does the power to charge any material, even the most unlikely, with music and to render small things great through the vitality of his touch. It is this touch which Mr. Eliot has set himself to define. The details of his exposition cannot be gone into, though it should be remarked that as he advances he does not shirk the task of disengaging the precise quality of Dryden's wit. "He lacked insight, he lacked profundity," Mr. Eliot concludes. "But where Dryden fails to satisfy, the nineteenth century does not satisfy us either; and where that century has condemned him, it is itself condemned. In the next revolution of taste it is possible that poets may turn to the study of Dryden. He remains one of those who have set standards for English verse which it is desperate to ignore."

Some notion of the kind of poetry which does not fail to satisfy Mr. Eliot may be gained from the two essays which follow in this booklet. The essay on Andrew Marvell is the happiest that we have, and in the essay on the "metaphysical" poets of the seventeenth century Mr. Eliot states more clearly than ever before not only what he likes but what he himself is. He finds Donne and Herbert and Marvell and Cowley standing in the main current of English poetry by virtue of the fact that they "possessed a mechanism of sensibility which could devour any kind of experience. . . . When a poet's mind is perfectly equipped for its work, it is constantly amalgamating disparate experience; the ordinary man's experience is chaotic, irregular, fragmentary. The latter falls in love, or reads Spinoza, and these two experiences have nothing to do with each other,

or with the noise of the typewriter or the smell of cooking; in the mind of the poet these experiences are always forming new wholes." The metaphysical poets were satisfactory because they absorbed all of the life about them and without sentimentality gave it forth again. Mr. Eliot adds: "Poets in our civilization, as it exists at present, must be *difficult*. Our civilization comprehends great variety and complexity, and this variety and complexity, playing upon a refined sensibility, must produce various and complex results. The poet must become more and more comprehensive, more allusive, more indirect, in order to force, to dislocate if necessary, language into his meaning." This is a long way from Dryden, and it is very close to the author of "The Waste Land."

MARK VAN DOREN

Glimpses of Early Religion

Primitive Religion. By Robert H. Lowie. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

NOT since the days of Daniel Brinton has America produced a comprehensive volume on primitive religion. The classical evolutionists always found in the field of religion unexampled opportunities for the application of their doctrines. The content of religious phenomena being elusive and the record of prehistoric religion thoroughly innocent of chronology, it was always possible to find similarities when similarities were sought and differences when these were desired, and to build up stages of development to one's heart's content. But with the rise of ethnographic technique, and the development of more rigorous methods and a wholesome critical attitude toward speculative theories, the ambitious works of the older authors were, one by one, discredited and discarded. The ghost theory of Spencer, with ancestor worship and the emotion of fear as the root of all religion; Jevons's elaborate structure with totemism at its base; Wundt's over-complex even though somewhat more critical scheme; even Durkheim's highly talented but withal speculative interpretation of Australian religion—these were unable to withstand the onslaught of modern ethnological criticism.

But it was easier to destroy the synthetic efforts of an earlier generation than to build up new and equally comprehensive ideological structures. Thus for many years the field of primitive religion presented an aspect forbidding to the layman, for detailed monographs on primitive faiths and rituals do not make easy or entertaining reading. In many ways, then, Mr. Lowie is to be congratulated upon a book which is comprehensive even though selective in scope and popular in form. The author offers four descriptive sketches of types of primitive religion; he then launches into a critique of some of the older students of the subject; and he winds up with a somewhat elaborate discussion of theoretical problems of a psychological and historical nature.

Of the concrete sketches the one on the Crow is easily the best, for here the author's personal intimacy with his data is constantly felt. The sketch of Polynesian religion is somewhat less successful than the other three, as the task of presenting in a brief space the essentials of the religion of so vast a district probably presented insuperable difficulties. The reader will not fail to note the marked subjectivism of Crow religion, with its absence of a rigid dogma or a moral code sanctified by religion; the somber magic and terrifying ghost worship of the African Ekoi; the high development of professional magicians among the Bukaua of New Guinea, among whom the power of these practitioners occasionally rises above that of the gods themselves; the formalism in thought and act in the religions of Polynesia, among whom the worshipers, the priests, the high chiefs, and even the divinities are encased in a rigid framework of ritualistic imperatives.

The critical section is perhaps the least interesting, for the authors here discussed, Tylor, Frazer, and Durkheim, have repeatedly been attacked and the conclusions thus reached have become familiar even to the general public. Still, the major conclusions of the author deserve to be stated: first, the belief in spirits may be a constant but is not an essential characteristic of religion; second, magic and religion differ in the method they adopt in approaching the supernatural, but are united in their common acceptance of it; and third, whatever the importance of the social determinants of religion, it is certain that the basic core of religious life rests in the personal experiences of the individual.

Most of the original contributions of the author to method and theory will be found in the last section. The most valuable point here is the author's insistence on the presence of individual variability in primitive communities. This may be seen in the varying suggestibility of individuals, male and female; in unequal capacity for leadership; in types of memory and imagination. Here Mr. Lowie makes skilful use of some of the findings of experimental psychology, a procedure unusual in anthropological literature. He is happily free from the tendency, common among American anthropologists, of substituting historical explanations for psychological ones: he takes care to point out that every historically formed variant of religious belief and ritual must at some time have originated in an individual psyche and must to that extent be amenable to individual psychological interpretation.

Less satisfactory are the author's ideas on the orientation of religion with reference to sex, art, symbolism, and ceremonialism. The sexual aspect of religious phenomena is dismissed too cavalierly. While it is true enough that the Freudian conception of religion as a sublimation of sex, pure and simple, deserves unstinted condemnation, one cannot afford to disregard the significant similarities between the thrill of a religious experience and that of a sexual one, nor the characteristic association of religious life with orgies of sex indulgence on the one hand and of sex continence on the other. The fact that religious hallucinations usually occur in persons starved not only for want of food but also of sex must be given due weight.

As for art, too much remains unsaid about the power of concrete objects to hold religious associations and the tendency observable everywhere to embellish or mark these objects in an artistic way. But over and above this, the conspicuous part played in later historic religions by architecture and music, especially through the introduction of the crowd psychological element, surely deserves some attention in a book on religion as general as Mr. Lowie's.

In the discussion of ceremonialism the author was misled by his predilection, previously noted by critics, for the purely social or play aspect of rituals. While the presence, interest, and even importance of this phase of ceremonialism will be readily granted, ceremonialism itself may not be dismissed as an "obvious form of religious behaviorism," for it contains in its mechanisms elements that are of the very core of religion. Among these are standardization of form and movement, rhythm—whether of the exaggeratedly slow or exaggeratedly fast type—and the psychologically potent intrusion of the crowd factor. Nothing, again, is said about what Marett called the evaporated emotions consequent upon ritualistic fixation, nor about the power of ritual as such to revivify and even to create anew religious emotion.

In dealing with symbolism the author is certainly right in emphasizing the significance of the historic determinants of locally current symbols, but the very universality of religious symbolism remains unelucidated. Nor is due heed taken of the frequency in such symbolism of the father image, a thesis on which Everett Dean Martin has built his recent book, "The Mystery of Religion." It is also surprising not to find any but the most passing reference to the relation between ritualistic behavior, which is always fortified by religious sanctions, and

secular behavior, which is frequently but by no means uniformly so fortified.

The shortcomings noted above are, after all, but slight. The book is certain to have a wide appeal. Sufficiently orderly and systematic to be used as a text, it will attract the general reader by the inherent interest of its data, and it contains enough theoretical wisdom to prove of value to the professional brotherhood.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

The Perfect City

The Super-City. By Robert Kern. Published by the Author.

MR. KERN is professor of economics and sociology at George Washington University. He is also a little mad. He plans a city where every apartment has space, sunshine, and beauty; where one looks from one's window along noble façades and out over open spaces bright with leaves and gleaming fountains; where there are no elevated trains or subway trains; where all manufacturing is kept to its smoke-eliminated area; where great "servisoriums" with their central kitchens and supply depots cut the labor of housekeeping in half; where the outlying districts are organized in mass-production farming and dairy zones, feeding the city with goods which travel in unheard-of straight lines; where waste and noise and friction have ceased, and one lives unhurried as the gods on Olympus. This city Mr. Kern proposes to build for 20 cents a cubic foot against current metropolitan rates of from 40 to 70 cents. Unfortunately I am not enough of an engineer or architect to know just how mad the author is. But I am enough of a moony sociologist to stand enchanted before the bright spires and pinnacles of his new Atlantis.

He cannot be quite daft, because his analysis of the almost perfect infelicity of New York, say, as a place for human habitation parallels in many respects that of Mr. F. L. Ackermann, an engineer and architect of the highest qualifications. When he says he can get more people on less land cover, with less crowding, by exercising a little advance intelligence, I know that he is only following in Mr. Ackermann's accredited footsteps. He writes with just a trifle too much assurance and too much sweetness and light: Come children, let us inspect this beautiful new home of ours . . . walk right along . . . everything is provided for. . . . If only real cities could be built so readily! The Super-City calls for a fresh start; a bare, clean tract of land, with, so far as I can make out, the laws of property in rigid abeyance. It calls for more foresight and intelligent community-control than any group of people has possessed since the days of the Incas of Peru—who built a lot of supercities along the western ridges of the Andes. Its engineering I suspect is mainly sound, but its social psychology is pretty terrible. Still, when Mr. Kern selects his site—and he will have to be a fast worker to beat the Babbitts to it—I will pick up stakes and join him. Such a brave, mad dream is worth losing a dozen jobs in the canyons of New York for, any day.

STUART CHASE

All Are Swine

Some Do Not. By Ford Madox Ford. Thomas Seltzer, Inc. $2.

IF it was the single purpose of Mr. Ford in "Some Do Not" to describe, or perhaps invent, the waste barrenness of English bureaucracy and English women, he has no doubt sought and found an angry accomplishment. If you are prepared to accept the world offered by Mr. Ford as any typical world of English society you can hardly deny the confused strength of his indictment. Even though he appears in hardly more than a dozen author's comments in the course of the narrative, he seems to transfer to his characters a bitterness which does not logically belong to their natures. They all suffer a kind of vicarious atonement for Mr. Ford's own distemper. What happens to them is pretty bad, and from first to last they are all very definitely annoyed. Yet their personal tragedies and their manifest anger do not always spring either from a temperamental ill-humor or from an enforced disillusion. Unlike the characters in Mr. D. H. Lawrence's greater novels they are torn not so much by a splendid fury as by a need of obscure irony. They unpack their bosom of curious words which flow black and muddy from a core of corrupted purity.

Some rest on snowy bosoms; some do not. Christopher Tietjens never finds his eventual snowy bosom. He has been tricked into marriage by a woman who already bore another's child under her heart. His astounding memory for miscellaneous information (he has learned by rote most of the Encyclopaedia Britannica) is utilized by a cynical bureaucracy to float disingenuous schemes of public finance. His wife runs away with another man, returns without repentance, and tortures him at her leisure. He goes about shouting that most men and all women are swine, and is rewarded with important jobs. The one pure love of his life never becomes an established fact. For all his innocence he is slandered, cheated by his bank so that he must resign from his club, humiliated by his wife in private and public. During the war an exploding shell destroys most of the brain cells which once so completely housed corroborative detail about any subject that rose in any conversation on anything all the way from taxes to architecture. He is reported to have had a child by a woman who in reality is having an affair with a man Tietjens has raised to eminence. At the last he returns to the war without even the hope that he may come back to his one pure love. No one except her fine soul has understood the incorruptible chastity of his mind.

Like all chaste minds, that of Tietjens displays an abnormal curiosity about the darker sins of sex. Like the irascible Lear ridden by an obscene vision of a lustful world, Tietjens breaks out into sudden tempests of an incomprehensible rage wherein the world shows darkly through a risen fume of sex. He is a chaste Circe who turns all women into swine and all swine into men. Somehow the rage appears to rise not from a desperate horror of the world but from a source unrevealed even in the long pages Mr. Ford gives to his anger. All the characters are broken and spent with an anger which does not belong to their natures even where you are quite prepared to accept those natures. Admitted that Tietjens never found his snowy bosom, he should not therefore see all feminine bosoms as giving refuge to the unsleeping worm. He exclaims: "Not a woman in the country who won't let you rape her after an hour's acquaintance!"; and you protest that not even his wife's treatment of his love would inevitably suggest to him so extensive a conclusion about English maidenhood.

A. DONALD DOUGLAS

Books in Brief

Germinal. By Emile Zola. Edited with a Preface by Ernest A. Vizetelly. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

The Dram-Shop. By Emile Zola. Edited with a Preface by Ernest A. Vizetelly. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

The first two volumes of a projected edition of Zola based upon the standard English translation.

Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland and Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides. Edited by R. W. Chapman. Oxford University Press. $4.20.

A valuable because convenient edition in one carefully prepared volume of two rival records of a famous journey.

P. Ovidi Nasonis Tristium Liber Secundus. Edited with an introduction, translation, and commentary by S. G. Owen. Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

A masterly edition of Ovid's most personal and, in a way, his most interesting poem.

The Rise of the Greek Epic. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Oxford University Press. $4.70.

A standard work on the origins of Homer, enlarged by the addition of historical material.

Diary of Samuel Pepys. Deciphered by the Rev. J. Smith. With notes by Richard Lord Braybrooke. With an introduction by Guy N. Pocock. Thirty-four drawings by Major Benton Fletcher, and many contemporary portraits. E. P. Dutton and Company. 2 vols. $6.

Though the text of this Pepys remains far from complete, the charming illustrations—numerous, if a little too neat—make the edition necessary to a Restoration collector.

Songs and Sonnets of Pierre de Ronsard. Translated into English verse with an introductory essay and notes by Curtis Hidden Page. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

A welcome reprint, in the four-hundredth year after Ronsard's birth, of the only sizable volume presenting the poet in an English version.

Travels of Carl Philipp Moritz in England in 1782. A reprint of the English translation of 1795. With an Introduction by P. E. Matheson. Oxford University Press. $1.20.

Readers of Austin Dobson will know this naive yet sensible German travel-book for one of the most entertaining accounts of late eighteenth-century England in existence. It now takes its place in that admirable series, The Oxford Miscellany.

The Acropolis of Athens. By M. Schede. Translated from the German by H. T. Price. Berlin: Schoetz and Parrhysius. 11/6.

Elaborately illustrated and carefully composed, this volume offers an agreeable introduction to the available knowledge concerning the hill upon which Athene reigned for a thousand years.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

WINNERS

of the

PRIZE REVIEW

Contest for

THE PEOPLE'S CORPORATION

by King C. Gillette

1st Prize, $500.00
MR. STUART CHASE
of the Labor Bureau
New York, N. Y.

2nd Prize, $250.00
MR. GEORGE SOULE
of the Labor Bureau
New York, N. Y.

3rd Prize, $100.00
MR. NORMAN THOMAS
of the League of Industrial Democracy
New York, N. Y.

4th Prize, $50.00
MR. HARRY SALPETER
New York, N. Y.

5th Prize, $50.00
MR. RALSTON FLEMMING
Norfolk, Va.

6th Prize, $50.00
MR. J. N. AIKEN
of the Virginian Pilot
Norfolk, Va.

In addition to the cash prizes the next 100 winners each receive a volume from the Modern Library selected by them.

BONI & LIVERIGHT GOOD BOOKS 61 WEST 48th STREET NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Pulse of the World

The busy reader wants to get at the gist of affairs and the real facts of what is going on in the world with directness and without circumlocution.

The view of the world and its doings gathered from the reading of indiscriminate magazines and newspapers is necessarily partial and imperfect.

The Manchester Guardian
WEEKLY

is specially edited to give the reader a comprehensive view of the world's salient happenings each week without distortion or suppression of facts.

Its news columns are uncolored by propaganda; its editorial opinion is always unbiased; its reviews of current literature, music and the drama are always illuminating and not hackneyed adulations.

In more than sixty countries readers find that, given a half hour each week, The Manchester Guardian Weekly registers for them the pulse of the world, keeping them in touch with all vital happenings and all important new currents of thought.

MAIL COUPON BELOW

The Manchester Guardian Weekly,
220 West 42nd Street,
New York City.

I enclose three dollars for a year's subscription to The Manchester Guardian Weekly, to be mailed to me direct from Manchester, England, commencing with the current issue.

Name .....

Address .....

Drama

Miscellany

THE qualities which made not a few once famous plays seem classics of the new drama were qualities which belonged to the infancy of the modern theater. Not so many years ago veracity and honesty seemed in themselves enough to make a play distinguished, simply because neither was familiar. To set down grim facts, to look frankly at the injustices of society, and to imitate as accurately as possible the unromantic aspects of humble life was to issue a challenge and perhaps to fight a battle. Playgoer and author combined to affirm, the one by writing and the other by admiring, their protest against romantic superficialties. They forgot even to be bored when they might reasonably have been, because, believing that good plays were truthful, they were inclined to consider all truthful plays good—and so for the moment they were. But the new drama is no longer new. The principles for which it fought have been almost universally recognized; no one is surprised at honesty. Accordingly we ask of a play that it shall be sincere to some purpose, that it offer some significant comment; or better still, that it move with an emotion powerful enough to seem new and fresh. Mere propaganda for realism is, like all other propaganda, dead as soon as it is successful, and half of Ibsen, like a part of Shaw, is no more than that. "A Doll's House" and "Widower's Houses" seemed in their day hardly less important than "Ghosts" or "Candida."

Herman Bahr, author of "The Mongrel" (Longacre Theater), was never a first-rate dramatist. A skilful practitioner in various manners, he took up the realistic drama at the height of its career and at the moment when to be veracious and grim seemed enough. Without the genuine passion of those who created the new mode, he turned a clever pen to the description of humble life and as late as 1914 produced the play under discussion. It tells the story of an ignorant peasant who conceives the idea that society has wronged him because it refuses to punish the "murderer" of his only companion—a mongrel cur—and who finally takes vengeance into his own hands. The central character is skilfully conceived and the atmosphere is faithfully reproduced, but the implied criticism of the legal system is modish rather than profound and the whole incident is too slight to sustain the interest of an audience not committed to the enthusiastic support of all naturalism good or bad. Today it seems frankly insignificant.

Mr. Rudolph Schildkraut could sustain, if anyone could, the interest of a contemporary audience in this slow-moving story; yet not even he can make it exciting. His impersonation of the old man, maddeningly pig-headed and yet intensely pathetic, is a remarkably complete piece of character-acting, fertile in its invention and moving in its sympathy; but the character is without development and the result upon the audience is to produce admiration untouched by enthusiasm. Although the play (adapted by Elmer Rice) has been mangled, it is hardly worth while to protest.

Doubtless some of the hits in "Candida" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) are less telling than they were when the play was written, but as a whole it springs into vigorous life in the admirable production given it at a series of special matinees by the Actors Theater. Timely it undoubtedly was, but the timeliness was no more than an accident of its greatness. Neither Morell's socialistic Christianity, Marchbank's impetuous individualism, nor Candida's firm reliance upon something greater than her purity to keep herself faithful to her husband is any longer startling. The genuine emotional power of the piece and the ideas with which it deals keep it perfectly fresh because they are eternally true. Katherine Cornell and Claire Eames have received and deserved the praise of the daily press, but Mr. Richard Bird deserved more credit than he has been given. The role of Marchbanks not only is the most difficult one in the play; it is extremely exacting in its demand for a suggestion of great intellectual and emotional power combined with physical timidity and weakness of the kind commonly thought contemptible. Mr. Bird makes Marchbanks not only credible but likable, and that is no easy accomplishment.

In "The Sap" (Apollo Theater) Raymond Hitchcock reveals very considerable ability as a legitimate comedian in a play which is about as bad as can be conceived. Aside from the presence of Mr. Hitchcock only one thing can be said in its favor. It is so consistently unreal and preposterous that its absurdities never annoy. Upon "Day and Night," produced at David Pinski's new Jewish Theater in the Bronx, I can pass no adequate judgment since I do not understand the language in which it is played. The settings, done in the latest Russian manner, are undoubtedly interesting, and the ensemble acting of the fantastic second act is particularly good.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says:*

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—seems to me extraordinarily interesting.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD—emphatically worth the while of any person with the slightest taste for one of the most exquisite creations of the past.

THE GUARDSMAN—Philip Moeller, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Helen Westley, and Dudley Digges have, working together in marvelous harmony, made it one of the current plays indubitably worth seeing.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS will be, with one exception, the most moving play seen during the current season.

MINICK—In less than a quarter of a minute from the raising of the curtain, a ripple of laughter announces the fact that the audience has achieved a delighted recognition of itself. "Minick" is a succession of such recognitions.

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE—has the advantage of having with it Miss Ina Claire, our foremost expounder of that light charm which is not inconsistent with the most complete sophistication.

CONSCIENCE—The spectator can go late and come away early, yet still spend a more profitable evening than the average theatre affords.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Unquestionably the finest play of the war which America has seen.

THE LITTLE CLAY CART—Acting strikingly beautiful and impressive. Staging artistically satisfying; a play wholly artificial, yet profoundly moving because it is not realistic, but real.

GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES—Mordkin.

THE SHOW-OFF—An exceedingly veracious, telling play of American life, beautifully observed, admirably acted.

* Excerpts from reviews in *The Nation*.

Those Who Recognize

that a play excellent enough to extract unusually high praise even from a Nation critic has something behind it deserving encouragement should communicate at once with the

Cherry Lane Players, Inc.
40 Commerce Street, New York
Telephone: Spring 2480

"The Way of the World," by Congreve, now is being played at the Cherry Lane Theatre. Of this play Joseph Wood Krutch said in *The Nation:* "Emphatically worth the while of any person with the slightest taste for one of the most exquisite creations of the past to seize an opportunity not often afforded."

Please inform me of the plans and purposes of your group of players.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation